

punch

VOL CXX



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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1901.

PREFACE.



GRATEFUL on this afternoon of midsummer was the double line of lofty elms that led up to the Moated Manor-house, with its guard of Norman towers. So it struck the fancy of the person of exotic aspect who was striding easily up the avenue at the end of a long cheroot, with a small Stars-and-Stripes flag under each arm, and whistling a bar or two of "*The Stately Homes of England*." "Say," said the perfect Stranger, as he overtook a gentleman of homely exterior, and clapped him pleasantly on the back, "you happen to know if the pro-prietor of these ruins is anxious to do a deal?" The Lord of the Manor answered with a noble dignity, "If you are good enough to refer to myself," he said, "I have no intention of disposing of my ancestral property. My name is Bull."

"Proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Bull. Shake. You are at present conversing with Jonathan M. Yankes, of New York City (M. for Monroe, Sir), and Agent of the Great American Pioneer and British Isles Development Trust. That is my card, Sir. And let me tell you there is a future before your country, Sir, soon as we start in under the Pond with our Pan-Anglo-Saxon Submarine Toob. We are dead-set on opening up these Islands, Sir; but we allow that there are some institutions in the Old Place which give us a six-holes beating in the matter of sentiment and picturesqueness, doo to age." The Lord of the Manor bowed coldly.

"Where we can persuade the holders to let go of their assets," continued the Stranger, "we propose to take these relics over as going concerns and preserve them for posterity. We are now sizing up some of your brightest antiquities, such as Stratford-on-Avon, and the like. With your permission, Sir, I will proceed to sample the heirlooms. Ef you hev a cat'logue handy, we might get through with this business in time for me to hitch my private car on to your Down-South Night Crawler. A *séance* of the British Museum Roof-Garden Café Syndicate is fixed for to-morrow, 10 a.m.; and at noon I reckon to take a short run west to peg out the Old Windsor Boar Park, where we are laying down our Whitney-Huggins Stud Farm for the Improvement of the British Race-horse; and at 3.30 p.m., I come right back to the Metropolis for the Crystal Palace and Piccadilly Overhead Track Combine Meeting, when a notion for All-fired Crow-Catchers will be on the tape. Things are humming, Sir, both in and around your Capital."

A fine reserve characterised the reply of the Lord of the Manor. "You do not appear," he said, "to grasp the fact that there are things which money cannot buy from an honourable Englishman. But I shall be happy, in the capacity of host, to show you over my place. By the way, may one ask how you reconcile your schemes of annexation with what is known by you as the Monroe Doctrine?"

"The late Colonel Monroe," replied the Pioneer, "was a whole-souled man, Sir. But he lacked imagination. He failed to grasp the re-verse of the medallion. And he overlooked the twentieth century. The twentieth century, Sir,

will bulk pretty consid'ble in the history of the de-velopment of Eurôpe. I guess it would surprise C'lumbus some if he could resurrect and see Amurica discovering the Old World."

"That there, Sir," said the Pioneer later on, "is a cunning soot of armour. Med'eval, I guess?"

"One of my people wore it at Agincourt, I believe," said Mr. Bull.

"Wa'al, I grant it looks more at home here than it would in your War Office. Its rel'tive up-to-dateness would jar on the official sense of antiquity in that Burreau. We opine, Sir, that we have no place in our Pioneer Scheme for your military institootions. We reckon to keep them on ice for the future stoodent of antiques. And now, Sir, I will ask you to name a price, right away, for this baronial mansion, with grounds, relics, and general fixings, as it stands."

"I repeat," said the Lord of the Manôr, "that money cannot buy my family possessions. I would not part with them even for ten times their market value; no, not for a million sterling. English gentlemen, I am glad to think, retain something of their old pride and patriotism."

"Ef you will throw your eye over this document," replied the Stranger, imperturbably, as he handed him an envelope, "I will walk around the par-tares for a matter of five minutes and come back to you right here."

The interval for reflection, brief but sufficient, had expired. The eye of the Lord of the Manor still rested lovingly on a cheque to bearer for fifteen million dollars. "You see me, Sir, on time," remarked the Pioneer. "I reckon we've fixed that trifle up straight enough. Say, how soon can you quit?"

"Had you been a foreigner in the full sense," replied Mr. Bull, "I must undoubtedly have declined your highly generous offer. But Blood, as I now feel, is thicker than water, and I am conscious that our two countries are daily drawing closer under the influence, if I may employ a pleasantry, of the recent Morganitic Alliance. But I must put one condition upon my acceptance of your handsome proposal. It is that I shall be allowed to retain a single treasure from my library, the very latest of a long series of which the previous numbers are already known to me by heart."

"Sir," replied the Pioneer, "as representing the Trust, I claim to have a soul above low-down greed. The work in question is yours. And ef it is to be had on the book-stores anyway, I grant I shall annex a dooplicate."

Not wholly suggestive of despair was the figure which, before the afternoon was out, might have been seen retiring down the long avenue of lofty elms. It belonged to the ex-Lord of the Manor, who thus "through Eden took his solitary way" towards the lodge-gates, an exile from the home of his birth. Secured in his small bundle of necessities lay the potent draught (at sight), a princely compensation for disturbance; while under his arm he held that priceless balm of adversity, Mr. PUNCH's

One Hundred and Twentieth Volume.





"Make your game!"

CHRISTMAS.

I.—OLD STYLE.

DEAR OLD BOY,—As you're still a confirmed bachelor like me, please come and spend the so-called festive season here, if you've nothing better to do. Our respective nephews will be with us, and a few other young folk who will want to be amused in the good old fashion.

You must put up with the regulation dinner on Christmas Day—Roast Beef of Old England, turkey, plum pudding, and the rest. One must keep up these traditions to please the rising generation: and, indeed, I believe that England's proud position among the nations has been attained on this diet; but you shall have a bottle of '48 port when the youngsters have got down to go and play, and one of the few real Havana brands that one can still be certain about.

We shall have to romp about a bit to please the children; snap-dragon, mistletoe, charades and all that: still, they will serve to correct the liver; and, after all, it might be worse, as Reggie has a very pretty sister just turned eighteen, who will appeal to your matured tastes.

I'm afraid it must be a pantomime on Boxing Night, for the sake of the young people (times change, but not the *Aladdin* that we loved as boys!); however, *en revanche*, I have promised myself a free evening on the Thursday, and am asking two young friends to an early supper at a little Italian restaurant that is new since our time. They are dancers at the Giddity, but just now enjoying a temporary *relâche*. I daresay they will want to bring some of their "boys" with them, but we can count on our superior knowledge of the world to carry off the honours. I have arranged this off-night very astutely. I have given out that I am going to a late political meeting. My nephews will be bribed with stalls for Moore and Burgess (you remember the old Christy Minstrels?) a performance which is suited to their juvenile instincts: and the female section of my guests will be looked after at home by my sister. By the way, they include Mrs. Clarges, the still presentable widow, who used, I think, to have a certain fascination for

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.



January.

MR. PUNCH IN CANADA.

you in your salad days. Do come, dear old boy, and earn the reward which is due to an unselfish devotion to the happiness of others. Yours ever, JACK.



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

Cissy. "WHY SHOULD THEY CALL THE HARE'S TAIL THE SCUT?" Bobby (with a reputation as an authority to keep up). "OH—ER—WHY—YOU SEE—OH, OF COURSE BECAUSE THE HARE SCUTTLES, YOU KNOW, WHEN SHE IS HUNTED."

CHRISTMAS.

II.—NEW STYLE.

DEAR BOBBIE,—As your people are away, you've got to come and spend Christmas with me at my Uncle Jack's. It's awful rot, I know, this keeping up what he calls the old-fashioned festivities, but you have to do it to please the old boys.

There'll be the usual bally old spread, Roast Beef of Old England, turkey, plum-pudding, and all that rot. Still, it's a fairish blow-out, and I know where they keep the cherry brandy, and can lay my hands on a decent lot of cigarettes, which we can sample upstairs.

You mustn't mind playing some rotten games afterwards, to please the girls. Oom Jack is ripping at musical chairs. The girls, of course, will be nothing; but there's rather a smart widow, the Clarges woman, a fancy of mine. You'll be wanting to cut me out there, you old rotter!

Same old dull pantomime, I suppose, on Boxing-Day. Uncle insists on it, to please us! I know better. He really goes so as to make us believe that he's been the devil of a flier in his time. But the next night I've a nice little thing on. The old boy is going out to some political rot, and I've been given stalls for Moore and Burgess. Great Scott! what does he take me for? Well; I've sold them back cheap at the box-office, and I've asked two little dancers from the Gid to supper—early, as we have to be home by twelve, and I've lost my skeleton latch-key.

The supper is really given by some old geyser, who says they may bring any friends they like: he stands the racket, of course. He must be a bally old fool, if he fancies he's got much chance against fellows like me and you. It's at a foreign restaurant, very *recherchy*. Wonder if old Frogs will be there. These French masters are always dark 'uns. I say, couldn't we rot him in form about it next term?

Well, so—long, you rotter. Mind you turn up. We'll have to do the civil thing, and all that: but we'll make up for it with a high old time when we're on our own.

Ta-ta, REGGIE.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1901.

FERDINAND AND DIANA.



DI CAME OVER TO-DAY WITH THAT CONFOUNDED FOX-HUNTING COUSIN OF HERS, TO SEE MY LATEST ORCHIDS. THE BEAST WANTED TO KNOW IF I KEPT SILKWORMS. FANCY HE'S TRYING TO CUT ME OUT WITH DIANA. I'M HALF A MIND TO SHOW HIM WHAT I CAN DO IN THE SPORTS LINE. BY JOVE! I WILL!"



TOLD DI. SHE APPROVED GREATLY. SAID I THOUGHT I'D MAKE A START ON CROQUET. WISH THAT COUSIN HADN'T BEEN THERE: PUT ME OFF MY GAME. DI SAYS MY STYLE WILL BEAR IMPROVING.



FEEL MY SHOOTING IS RATHER SHAKY, SO WENT OUT FOR A LITTLE PRACTICE ON THE RABBITS. FLATTER MYSELF THE LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR IN REGARD TO COVER HAVE NOT BEEN THROWN AWAY IN MY CASE.

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.



February.—Newfoundland.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MEMS. BY A NEW MEMBER.

UNDERSTAND most desirable thing for Member who means business is to get a good seat.

"If you want to catch the Speaker's eye," the Member for Sark said to me, when I went to him for a little advice, "get in the line of it. Stand at 'point,' so to speak; don't get away to 'square-leg.'"

Remembered this when I had scrambled through the oath and began to think of taking my seat. Regarding the Chair as the batting end of the wickets, corner seat below gangway to right would, near enough, represent position of "point." Took it accordingly. Most agreeable, commanding position. In centre of assembly;

in front row; convenient for cheering my esteemed leaders when they rise from Treasury Bench, and of overawing Front Bench men opposite.

Pleased reverie interrupted by discovery of gentleman standing before me earnestly regarding me. Must be a Member or wouldn't be on floor of House; fancy he knows me; or, having heard of my great victory, wants to; evidently doesn't like to speak without introduction.

"How d'ye do?" I said, nodding affably.

"Quite a crowd, isn't there?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "and there's one too many. You've got my seat. Of course, being new Member, you didn't know. Lowther's my name, plain James. Don't d—, I mean, confound me with James William, Chairman of Committees."

So this was the Right Hon. Jemmy: often read about him; begged his pardon for taking his corner seat; looked about for another.

One vacant immediately behind Treasury Bench. Scores of Members sitting about; didn't seem to care for this place.

Took it; found it equally convenient for dominating House. Settled down comfortably, when smartly-dressed, middle-aged young man, walking with long strides approached. Stood at foot of gangway and stared at me.

"Are you any relation of Mr. Gedge?" he asked. Protested I hadn't that honour.

"Ah! thought you might be," he said,

adjusting his necktie. "Gedge was a well-meaning man, but someone put him up to take my seat, and when he presented himself for re-election, at Walsall, he found himself at the bottom of the poll."

"Indeed," I said. "Very interesting scene this, such colour, such movement."

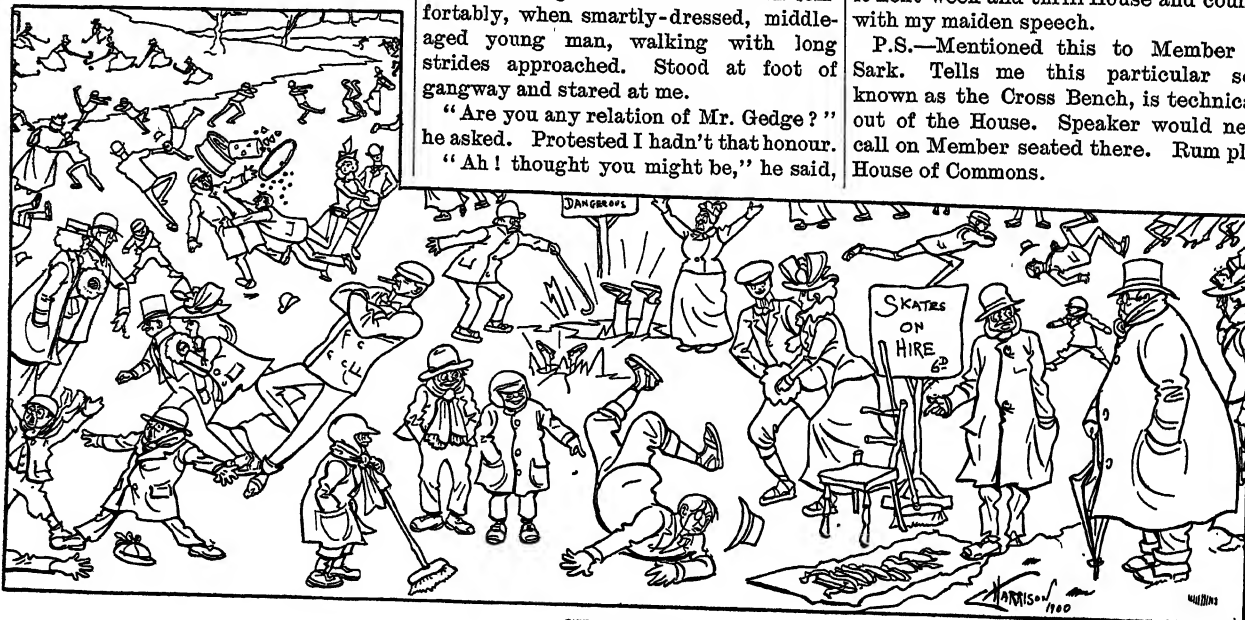
"Yes: perhaps you'll join it by moving out of my seat. I'm Gibson Bowles."

"Cap'en Tommy Bowles!" I cried. "Oh, no you don't. I've often read of him, and seen his portrait. He hobbles about on a wooden leg, and turns over blue books with a hook attached to an armless stump."

"Garn!" said the new-comer fiercely.

Wasn't very tall, but strongly-built. Evidently in good condition, and there was that in his eye made me tremble as if I were an error in computation of the Death Duties. Besides, no use beginning your career in a new field by making a row. So gave up the seat. Rewarded by coming upon comfortable pew, big enough to hold two, near the Bar. Find it just as well to speak from as the others. No one attempts to turn me out. Shall rise from it next week and thrill House and country with my maiden speech.

P.S.—Mentioned this to Member for Sark. Tells me this particular seat, known as the Cross Bench, is technically out of the House. Speaker would never call on Member seated there. Rum place House of Commons.



SKATING.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1901.

FERDINAND AND DIANA.



WENT OUT FOR QUIET TURN ON THE LINKS. GOT RID OF THE CADDIE: HATE THEM, SO SUPERCILIOUS. GOT RATHER IN A HOLE TRYING TO RECOVER THE BALL, BUT DI CAME ALONG AND RESCUED ME. SAID SHE HOPED I WOULDN'T MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF IN PUBLIC. I THOUGHT HER REMARKS RATHER UNCALLED FOR.



VIVE LA CHASSE!

Foreign Visitor (an enthusiastic "sportsman," viewing Fox attempting to break). "A-H-H-H! HALTE-LA! HALTE! YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE!"

SENTIMENTS FOR THE SEASONS.

MAY the glad receipt of the Happy New Year end all Christmas bills.

May Yule-Tide fare never lead to the visit of the doctor.

May the shadow of the smoke from the kitchen chimney never be less nor the gas bill higher.

May those who make the rates have to pay them.

May the black Monday of the children usher in the peaceful Tuesday of their parents.

May the automatic payment of the Club subscription never unduly disturb the balance at the bankers.

May the bursting of the water-pipes never disturb the harmony of the servants' hall.

May the claims of friendship never detain the dinner guest of the evening, to increase the expense of the brougham from the stores.

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.



MARCH

VICTORIA.

SENTIMENTS FOR THE SEASONS.

MAY those who banquet away from home never taste "the nameless brand."

May the cheque to the charity fund find its record in the daily papers.

May the rather lazy scullery-maid of to-day, on the sudden departure of her superior in the kitchen, be the perfectly efficient cook of to-morrow.

May the bliss of spring compensate for the miseries of the annual cleaning.

May the dressmaker never be the guide to the Court of Bankruptcy.

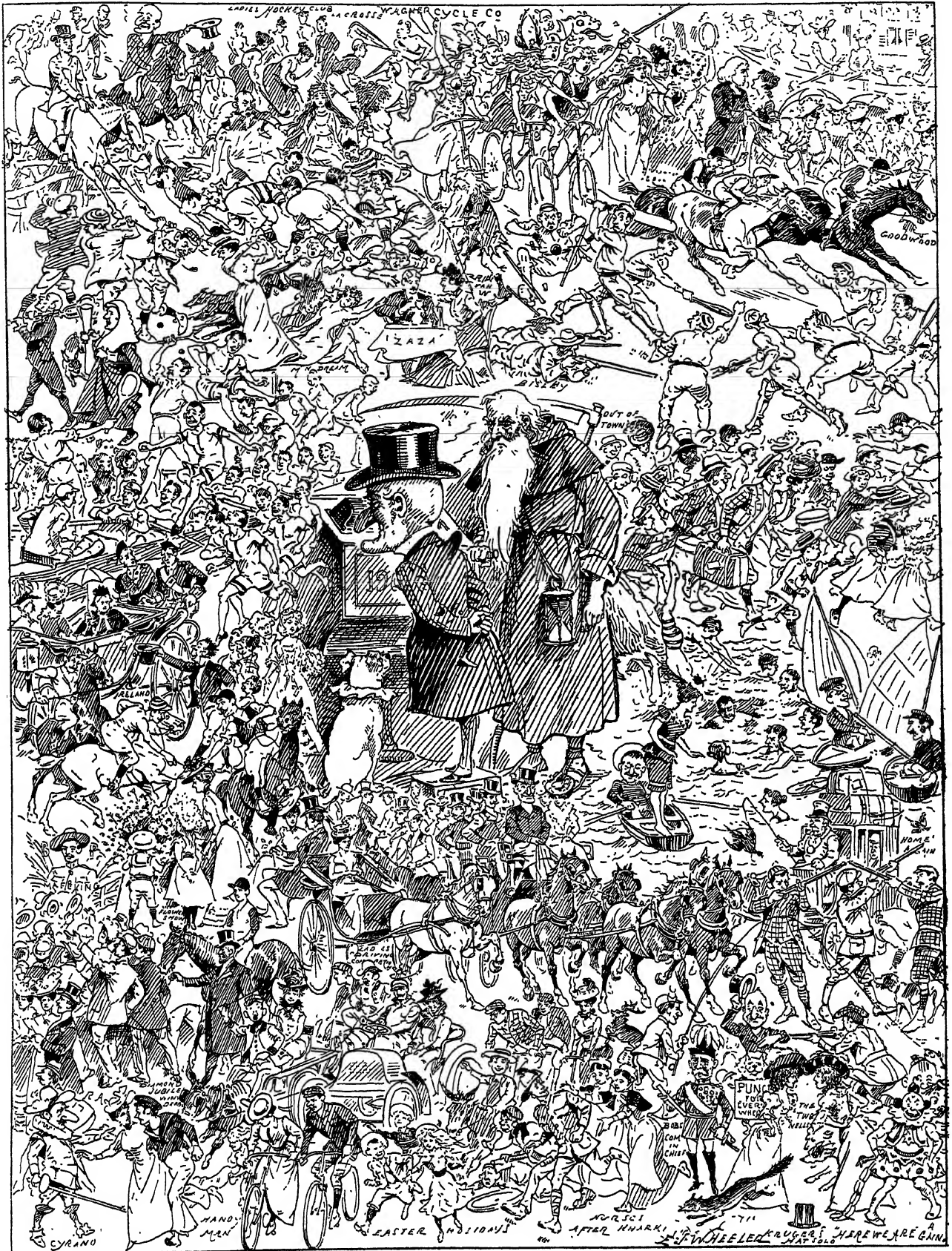
May the drawing-room costume contribute three extra frocks to the chagrin of the modiste.

May the book on Epsom never put the balance on the wrong side at the bankers.

FERDINAND AND DIANA.



DI INSISTED ON MY PLAYING IN LOCAL MATCH. HAVEN'T PLAYED SINCE I WAS AT SCHOOL, WHEN MY AVERAGE WAS 2. HOWEVER, DETERMINED TO DO MY BEST, BUT SWIPED TOO VIGOROUSLY AT MY FIRST BALL. WICKET-KEEPER RATHER DAMAGED. WISH THAT COUSIN WOULDN'T CALL ME-JESSOP. DI RATHER COOL TO ME FOR SOME REASON.



MR. PUNCH'S OWN CINEMATOGRAPH.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH CHARLES?

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS BY A
PERTURBED PATER.

CHARLES HENRY will be sixteen next



March. His mother justly remarks it is time we decided what to make of him. I, being jocose by nature, say "a mutton pie, or a suit of dittoes." She retorts it is no joking matter; which, indeed, it isn't.

Through the so-called Christmas holidays have been going into the matter. What we want is to select the profession which shall offer fullest promise of lucrative and honourable employment with the smallest preliminary expense. Began with the Army, not because it begins with an A, but because Charles's mother's uncle knows a General who has pay amounting to £1,700 a year, not to mention table allowance. That is encouraging.

Spend a morning in working it out. Find Charles must be entered at Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, or at Sandhurst. Cost of passing through either institution, minimum of £200. If he gets appointment to ordinary Infantry, bang goes £70 for his uniform. In a Highland Regiment (I suppose because they wear shorter clothes) uniform tots up to £120. On the other side, Charles would, to begin with, draw 5s. 3d. a day, running as high as 18s. a day when he came to be Colonel if, indeed, in the meantime he hadn't been shot. Am told no officer can live on his pay. If Charles joins the Army I shall have to fork out something like £200 a year.

Don't think the Army will suit Charles. Try the Navy. Begin with the *Britannia*. *Britannia* on her part begins, I find, with



demanding a term in advance at the rate of £75 per annum. There are outfit and extras which total, for first year, up to £150. On joining the fleet, £70 goes for uniform. £60, at least, contributed per annum to mess expenses. *Per contra*,

Charles would for the first two years receive 1s. a day when afloat; promoted to be be midshipmite, he gets £38 a year. When, after five years' service, he passes examination for sub-lieutenant he is gorged with pay amounting to £91 a year.

Don't think Charles will suit the Sea.

His mother mentions the Church; sounds well. The Rev. Charles might throw air of added respectability over the family. Go into this new quest with vigour. Rev. C. must, of course, hold University degree. That means going to Oxford or Cambridge. Expense may be anything; put it down at the round £100 a year, with extras accumulating. Be-



Short-sighted Old Lady (to little Binks, who is going to the Golf Links).
"HOW MUCH WILL YOU CHARGE ME TO MEND THIS UMBRELLA?"

lieve the average is £150; must admit the prospects of remuneration are attractive. Archbishop of Canterbury, for example, draws £15,000 a year, not including apartments. Charles's mother thinks that worth any present sacrifice. But there is nothing in the appearance of Charles to suggest an Archbishop. Beginning as Curate, would more probably draw his £90 a year, and make up the average by having a large family.

Charles's mother suggests the Law, Medicine, a post under the Government, or something in the City. I say we will talk of it another time. Fact is, have had an idea which I think well not to communicate to Charles's mother. What shall I do with Charles?

Why, I'll brick him up in the back kitchen wall.

SENTIMENTS FOR THE SEASONS.

MAY Henley have no rain, Ascot no dust, and Lords no bar to a properly-situated luncheon.



May the trip to the sea never be the forerunner of symptoms pointing to illness of a contagious character.

May the caretaker's "at homes" never end in the destruction of the drawing-room furniture.

May the servants' visit to the seaside villa never end in wholesale warnings.

May the neglected gas account never end in the severance of the connection between the supply-pipe and the meter.

May the forgotten bread bill never be the herald of the summons to the County Court.

May the charwoman of the present make good the deficiencies of the caretaker of the past.

May there be no place like home without the suggestion of other reflections.

May the benefit of the summer's outing compensate for the cost of the undertaking.

May the tips at a country house never detract from the pleasure of a country visit.

May a little shooting never end in the death of a valuable dog and the peppering of your host's jacket.

May the accidental slaughter of a fox never provoke the vengeance of an entire county.

May the poulterer never intervene between the sportsman and his quarry.

May the trip to the Continent never have a bad send-off between Dover and Calais.

May the hotel bills at Paris never be outrivalled by those to follow.



May the beauties of Switzerland never be marred by the vagaries of the clerk of the weather.

May town on the return home compare favourably with the distractions of the Continent.



P. H. M.
1900

SHOW SUNDAY.

Brown (trying to find something to admire in Smudge's painting). "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP, THOSE FLOWERS ARE BEAUTIFULLY PUT IN!"
Smudge. "YES; MY OLD FRIEND—THINGUMMY—'R.A.' YOU KNOW, PAINTED THEM IN FOR ME."



AT THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

Extract from Miss X's letter to a friend in the country:—"MR. ROBIN BLOBS OFFERED TO TAKE US IN HIS BOAT. AUNT ACCEPTED FOR JENNY, FANNY, ETHEL, LITTLE MARY, AND MYSELF. OH, SUCH A TIME! MR. BLOBS LOST HIS HEAD AND HIS SCULL, AND WE WERE JUST RESCUED FROM UPSET BY THE POLICE. 'NEVER AGAIN WITH YOU, ROBIN!'"

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

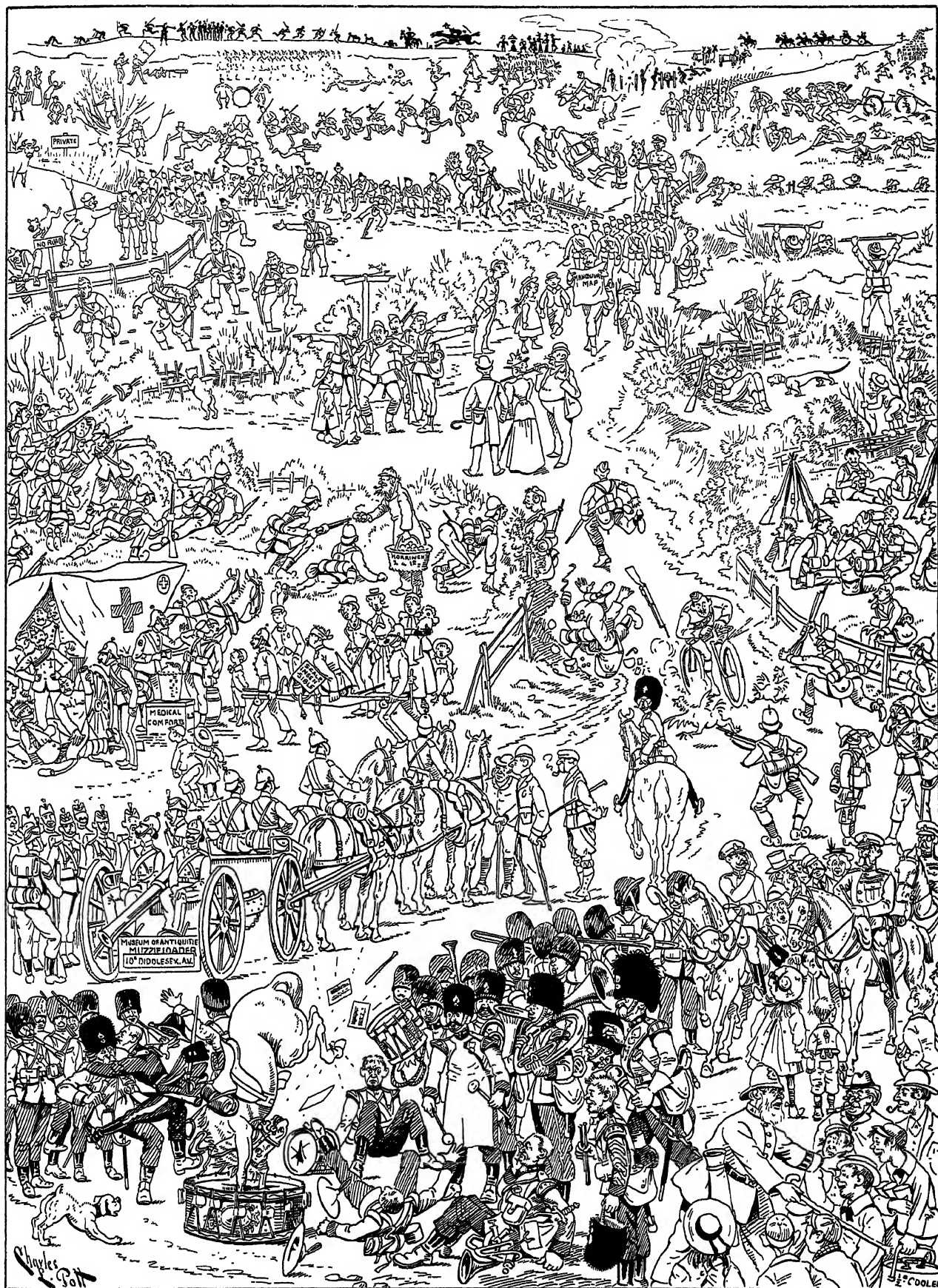


'AH! CHARMING DAY! DELIGHTFUL OCCUPATION! SOME GOOD FISH ON THE RISE. SHALL TRY A CAST FROM HERE.'

[Does.]



"CONFOUND!!! WISH TO GOODNESS THEY'D PUT HAND-RAILS TO THEIR BEASTLY BRIDGES!"



EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SPARKLETS.

By a Cramped Contributor.

ALL very well for the Editor to ask me to do a few "sparkling paragraphs" for the Almanack, but I like a lot of space to sparkle in, myself. I want elbow-room. You can't call two inches elbow-room, can you? But it's all I'm allowed! Unless they're very small jokes, they won't fit in. Never mind; knocked off one paragraph, anyhow. Let's try another.

* * * *

Must try to work in a joke here somehow. But *what* joke? That's my difficulty. There was that one I made yesterday. One of the best things I ever said in my life! But it wouldn't do *here*. Too lively. It would be across the line in no time, and running all over Mr. Cleaver's drawing. No, I'm sorry, but, daren't risk it.

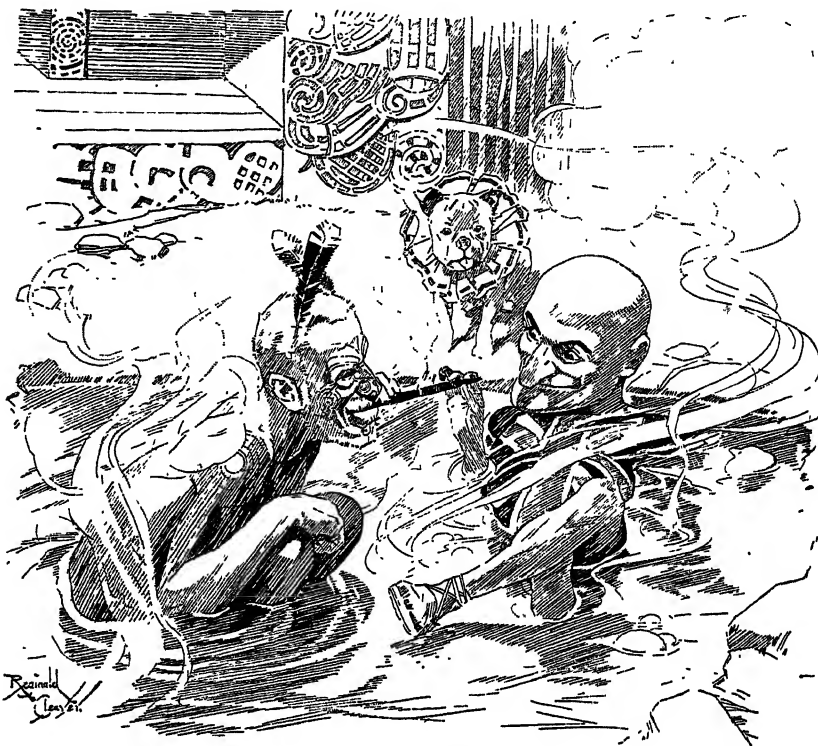
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Let me see: that was rather a smart thing that struck me last week about—it was more than *rather* smart—it was positively brilliant. Many a man's reputation has been founded on worse. Yes, but it wouldn't make *my* reputation here—for the simple reason that nobody would ever read it. I don't mean *you*, of course; but, then, you're an exception—and even you would grumble afterwards. You *know* you would! You always *do*! I really *can't* throw it away on you. Little do you know what you've missed, though,—it would have made you laugh like anything. That is, if you didn't skip it.

* * * *

But after all, as you 'probably know,

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.

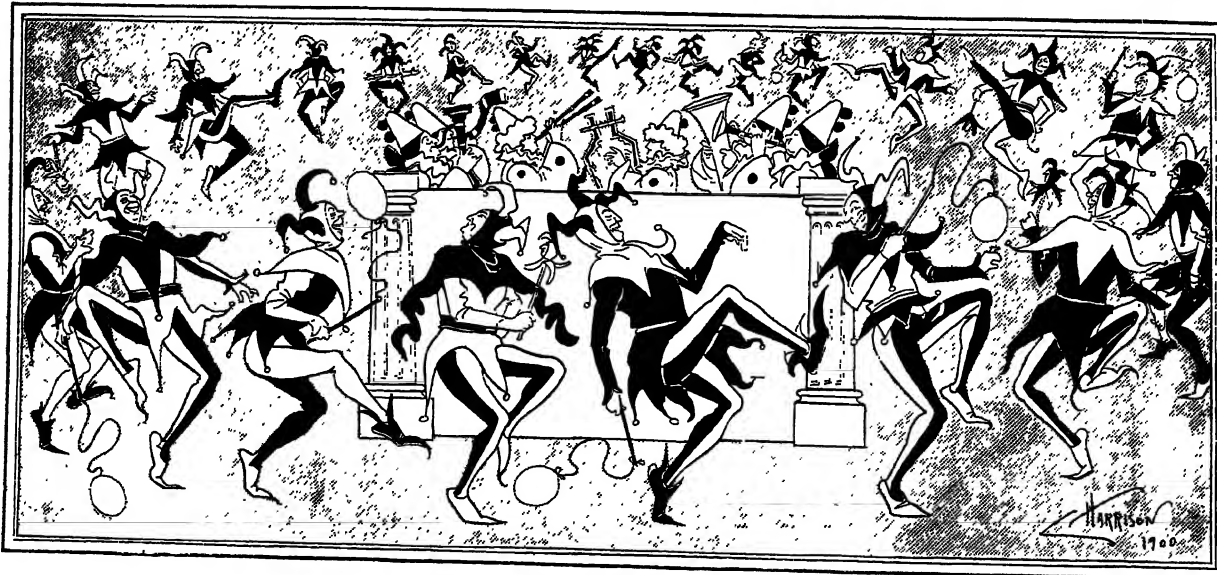


April. New Zealand.

MR. PUNCH "DROPS IN" ON ORIGINAL MAORI CHIEFTAIN, WHO IS ALWAYS "AT HOME" IN HIS BEST HOT SPRING, AT WHAKAREWAREWA, HAVING PASSED THE MORNING AT TAPUACHARAVEN AND MAUNGAKAKARAMEA MOUNTAINS.

you're not supposed to *read* any of this. The idea is to arrange the print so as to form a sort of decorative border or background for the illustrations, and rest the public's eye. If I didn't happen to be a highly conscientious person, I shouldn't attempt to provide any genuine sparklers here: I should just write out the multipli-

cation table, the fifth proposition of the First Book of Euclid, or the testimonials to Somebody's Pale Pills for Pink Pigs, or else scribble off the first rubbish that came into my head—and nobody would ever notice. But I'm not that kind of person. I think a paragraph should have a *point*. A point, as mathematicians know,



APRIL FOOLS.



A GOOD MATCH.

Extract from Letter; from Kitty to Ethel.—"IT WAS A LOVELY MATCH—BUT THE SUN WAS TERRIFIC—SO LANCE TOOK ME TO A DELIGHTFULLY SHADY SPOT. HE TOLD ME THEY ONLY WANTED SEVEN RUNS TO WIN. THE HIT AFTER THE SIXTH RUN WAS ONE FOR THREE. LANCE WENT QUITE MAD, AND SEIZED HOLD OF ME TO KISS ME. I CLOSED MY EYES, BUT THE KISS NEVER CAME! WHEN I LOOKED, HE WAS GAZING WITH STARTLED EYES, OPPOSITE. BOB HAD FOLLOWED US WITH HIS CAMERA—THE LITTLE WRETCH!"

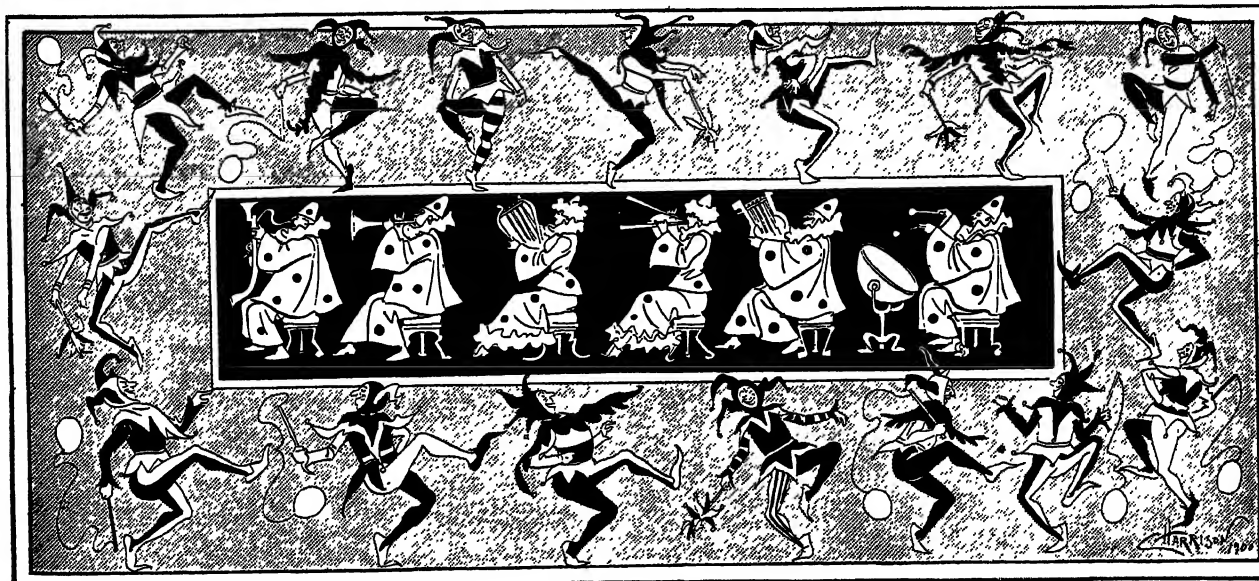
has no parts and no magnitude. My paragraphs are all point.

* * *

Hooray! only one paragraph more! What shall it be? I should like to tell an anecdote. I know several very amusing ones—but I've only three-quarters of an inch left—and not a single anecdote under

seven and a-half! No; you must do without an anecdote. There's that humorous stanza I composed last July on holly and plumpudding. But that's rather heavy—might drop down on Mr. Harrison's drawing and spoil it. Look here, how would you like a conundrum? Some people do. And they're Christmassy, too. Yes; we'll

make it a conundrum . . . "Why is the bow on the end of the Emperor of China's pigtail like a Cook's hotel coupon which doesn't include meat at breakfast?" . . . "Because"—now, isn't this annoying? Answer crowded out for want of space! Perhaps there'll be room for it in next year's Almanack.



APRIL FOOLS.

MEMS FOR MOTHERS.

If your little one frets
There is much to be done:
Take it out of its cot
And expose in the sun.

With no clothes on its body
No cap on its head, oh,
It's fun to take baby
To play in a meadow.



You should leave it alone;
And the humour of course is
Far best when the field's
Full of cattle and horses.

Then collect the remains,
Fit them all in their places,
And tie up the parcel
With ribbons and braces.

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.



BURMAH.

Get the pram, put it in,
And, absurd though it may be,
You'll find with surprise
That you've got a new baby.

The next question is,
Having got the new kid,
How to do something fresh,
And not do as you did:



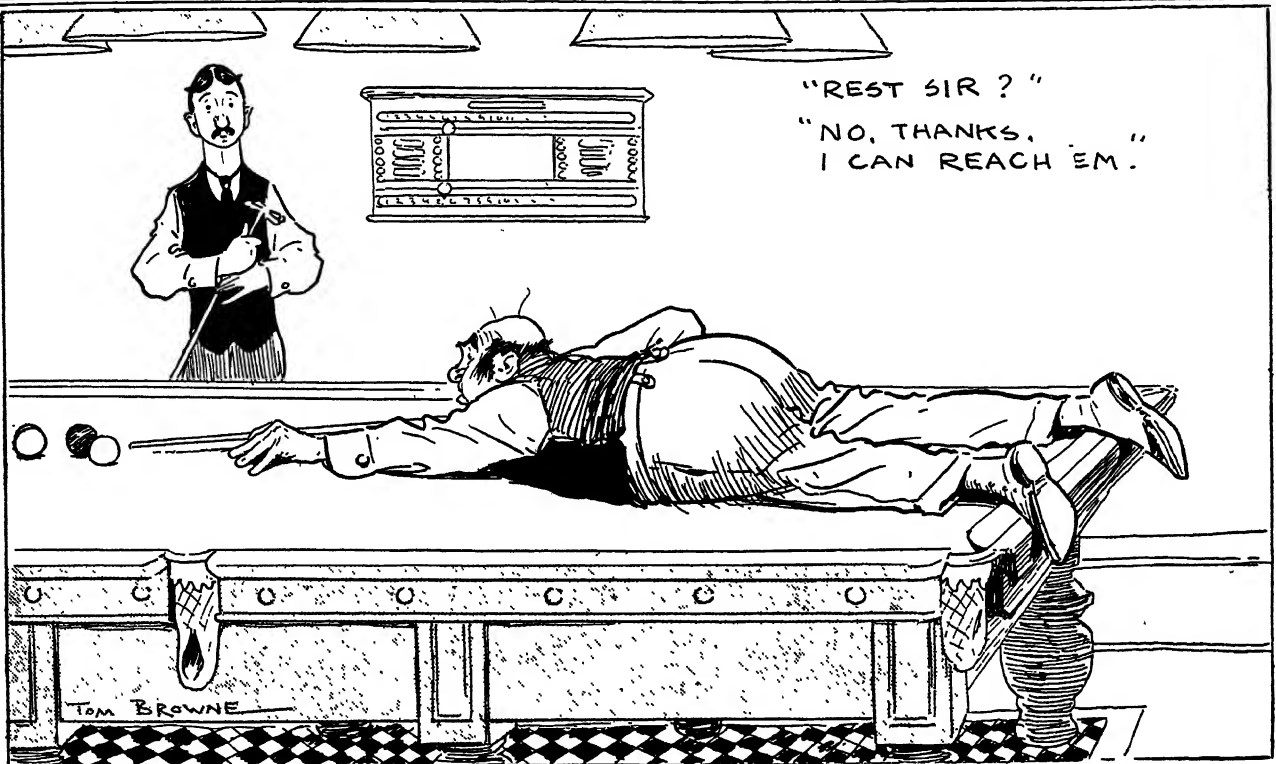
You must buy a toy cat
That can purr and can mew, too;
It will keep the child happy,
And may amuse you, too.

Buy a poodle on wheels
With a chest that you press.
What to do after this,
Well—I leave you to guess.



"DOWN IN THE DEEP."

FUN AT HENLEY REGATTA. BERTIE ATTEMPTS TO EXTRICATE HIS PUNT FROM THE CROWD.



DON'TS FOR SHOOTERS.

Don't miss; but if you do miss, don't invent excuses.

Don't say the light was bad: it was as bad for everybody else.

Don't say you are sure it's a dead bird, and it must have dropped in the hedge two fields away.

Don't stop the whole shoot by insisting on looking for it. You know it isn't there.

Don't fire at a pigeon far overhead: you won't hurt it, and the partridges will choose that moment for flying over you.



Don't say you killed four brace when everybody, yourself included, knows that you killed only two.

Don't bring with you a wild, unbroken dog, if you do,

Don't be surprised if (1) he pulls you over just as the best covey of the day is coming to you, or (2) escapes from you after a hare and puts up all the birds on the next drive.

Don't flog your wild, unbroken dog perpetually. The effect is inconsiderable, and his yells irritate everybody.

Don't kick him in the ribs.

Don't abstain from sending him home.

Don't complain constantly of your bad

FERDINAND AND DIANA.



DI GOT ME TO PLAY HOCKEY. NEVER AGAIN!

luck, the quality of your cartridges, the tightness of your boots, or the slowness of your loader.

Don't, when smoking, carry pipe in right side of mouth, or, if you do,

Don't be annoyed when you find you have missed your bird, filled your eyes with hot ashes, and crammed your pipe half-way down your throat.

Don't whistle to warn your neighbouring guns when there are no birds in sight. They'll spring to attention, of course, but they won't be half as much amused as you, and may make nasty remarks when you miss your next bird.



Don't favour your host or his keeper with your private opinion as to how their partridges should be driven or their coverts beaten.

Don't yell out "Ten to one on the bird!" just as your neighbour is firing at a tall pheasant. If he kills, you'll look a fool; if he doesn't, he'll call you one—probably with an adjective thrown in.

Don't, when your host asks you to walk with the beaters, say "Just my luck."

IN FACT—

Don't be an idiot, or, if that be impossible,

Don't behave like one.

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.



G. R. Halkett

June.

MR. PUNCH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SENTIMENTS FOR THE SEASONS.

MAY the Rhine improve on acquaintance and Rome and Venice bear re-visiting.

MAY the annual cure this time not be followed by the annual reaction.

MAY the rate-collector never exchange his courteous visits for a recognition of a more serious character.

MAY the coal-merchant never be a hateful name to the coal consumer.

MAY the pleasure given to the club secretary by the closure of the club compensate for the inconvenience caused to the club members.

MAY the autumn balance prove equal to the expenses of the winter.

MAY the stirring of the plum pudding never lead to a misunderstanding in the family circle.

MAY the sending of Christmas cards never end in misapprehension.



FERDINAND AND DIANA.



RAVEN HILL

OUT AFTER PARTRIDGES. UNLUCKILY, TRIPPED UP JUST AS DI'S COUSIN GOT IN THE WAY. THOUGHT DI RATHER UNNECESSARILY SYMPATHETIC, AS HE WAS BY NO MEANS DANGEROUSLY HIT.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1901.

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.



SENTIMENTS FOR THE SEASONS.

MAY a wealthy uncle never take offence on the receipt of a card recalling the happy (?) memories of Auld Lang Syne.

May the good wishes of the annual paste-board always receive the most favourable interpretation.

May Christmas-boxes never increase in number, and the disestablished dustman never regain his lost largesse.

May the children's return be pleasanter than the total of their school bills.

May the annual gathering of relatives at Yule-tide never end in a first-class family row.

May the visit to the pantomime not be productive of a cableless walk home in the falling snow.

May new friends outnumber our enemies at the end of the twelvemonths.



G. R. H. H. H.

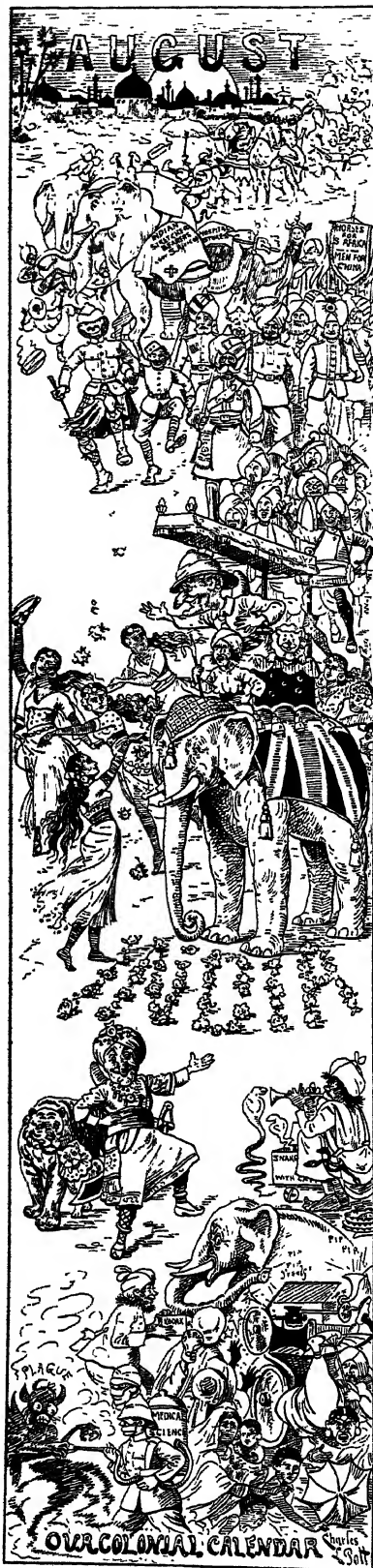
July.

MR. PUNCH IN EAST AFRICA.



"JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN."

THEY HAVE OPENED ALL THEIR THINGS, AND ARE EVIDENTLY JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN, WHEN A PLACARD CATCHES THEIR ATTENTION FOR THE FIRST TIME—"BEWARE OF THE BULL."



THE PLEASURES OF OTTER HUNTING.

HAVING DROPPED YOUR WATCH, FLASK, AND MONEY INTO TEN FEET OF WATER, TO BE LOUDLY ASSURED BY EVERYONE THAT IF YOU DON'T "COME OUT OF THAT" YOU WILL SPOIL THE HUNT.



A SATISFACTORY SOLUTION.

"No, sir. But I'm thinkin' it'll be all right if you wass to go wan side o' him and Mr. John the ither. He canna shoot baith o' ye!"

FERDINAND AND DIANA.



DI WOULD GO SEA-FISHING TO-DAY. I WENT TOO. SHE SAYS WE HAD A GRAND DAY, SO I SUPPOSE WE HAD. AT THE SAME TIME, I DON'T THINK IT WAS QUITE RIGHT TO GIVE MY LUNCH TO THE BOATMAN WITHOUT ASKING ME WHETHER I WANTED IT OR NO. DI SAYS SHE'LL ASK HER COUSIN—HANG HIM!—TO GO WITH HER NEXT TIME.



NAVAL REVIEW.

(From an Antique.)

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.



THE GLORIOUS PRESENT.

SIR, is not ours a happy life,
Lived on a lofty level?
In comforts, joys, and luxuries
Of every kind we revel;
I do not mean the common kinds—
They rouse no exultation—
I mean the higher kinds that come
Of our civilisation.

For instance, we have telephones;
Our humble fathers had not.
So daily we can tangle up
Our tempers in a mad knot.
We talk unseen, a trick till now
Confined to wraith or ghost, Sir,
And realise that all our friends
Are deaf as a post, Sir.



September.—Queensland.



OFF HIS GUARD.

Blind Man. "I'M UNCOMMON PLEASSED TO HAVE MADE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE AT LAST.
I'VE KNOWN YOU SO LONG BY SIGHT!"

We ring a bell, the message speeds,
A voice replies, "What is it?"
We then communicate our plans
For sport or friendly visit;
But shout as loudly as we may,
It's ten to one a grumble
Comes from the other end and says,
"Speak up, and do not mumble."

Steam-launches give us heaps of fun
Unknown to our ancestors:
We wash the river's banks away,
And aggravate the best oars.
Our lady-love has lunch on board,
And, while we gaze on *her* face,
We raise Atlantic billows on
The Thames's tranquil surface.

In ancient days they ran a race,
And handed on their torches;
But now on every rural road
The hump-backed scorcher scorches.
The Greeks lit up their torches, though
No watch told *them* the right time;
The scorcher scorns the lighted lamp,
Especially at night time.

In fours-in-hand or curricles
Our fathers took their shy way:
Ten miles or so an hour they did
When trundling on the highway.
A plague upon their tardy wheels!
They would not now be in it,
When every throbbing autocar
Does half a mile a minute.

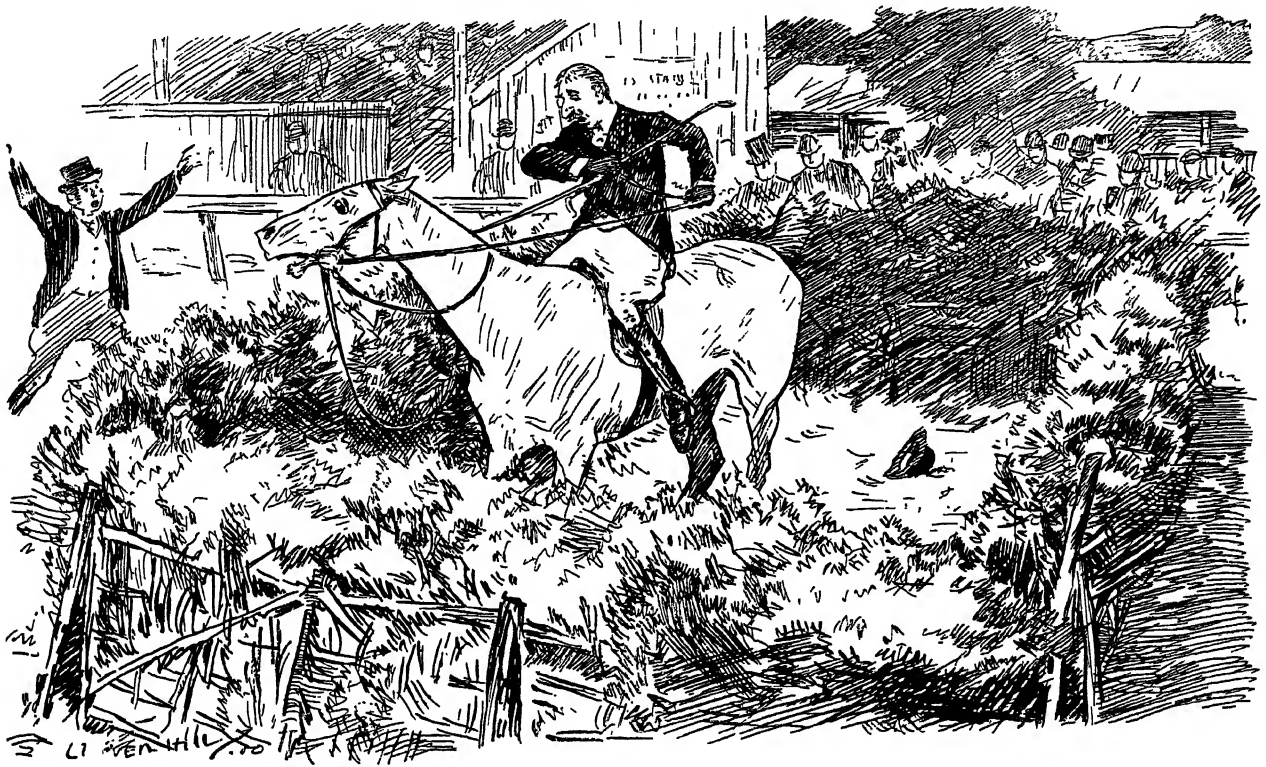


Then think of all our high-bred brood
Of literary chickens—
Where's Fielding now, or Thackeray,
Or Tennyson, or Dickens?
Poets and novelists and all,
By thousands we can grow 'em,
And boom the Hall Caine novel and
The Rudyard Kipling poem.

And Alfred Austin? Doff your caps,
Ye verse-admiring mortals!
Was ever bard so brilliant sped
Through glory's flaming portals?
Immutable poetic rocks
Our Laureate's fame is built on,
Out-swanning Avon's swan and far
Out-Miltoning John Milton.

To Gladstone or to Beaconsfield
No thought we need be giving;
They're dead and gone—but Chamber-
lain,
J. Chamberlain is living!
Although to see this noon-day sun
I very much am minded,
I should not dare to gaze too long
For fear I might be-blinded.

FERDINAND AND DIANA.



THAT CONFOUNDED COUSIN BEGGED ME TO RIDE ONE OF HIS JUMPERS IN THE LOCAL HORSE SHOW. GOT THE BRUTE INTO AN INFERNAL PLACE THEY CALL THE "DOUBLE." NO RECOLLECTION OF HOW WE GOT OUT. DI SAYS SHE 'LL NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN.



"HEAVY WAITS."

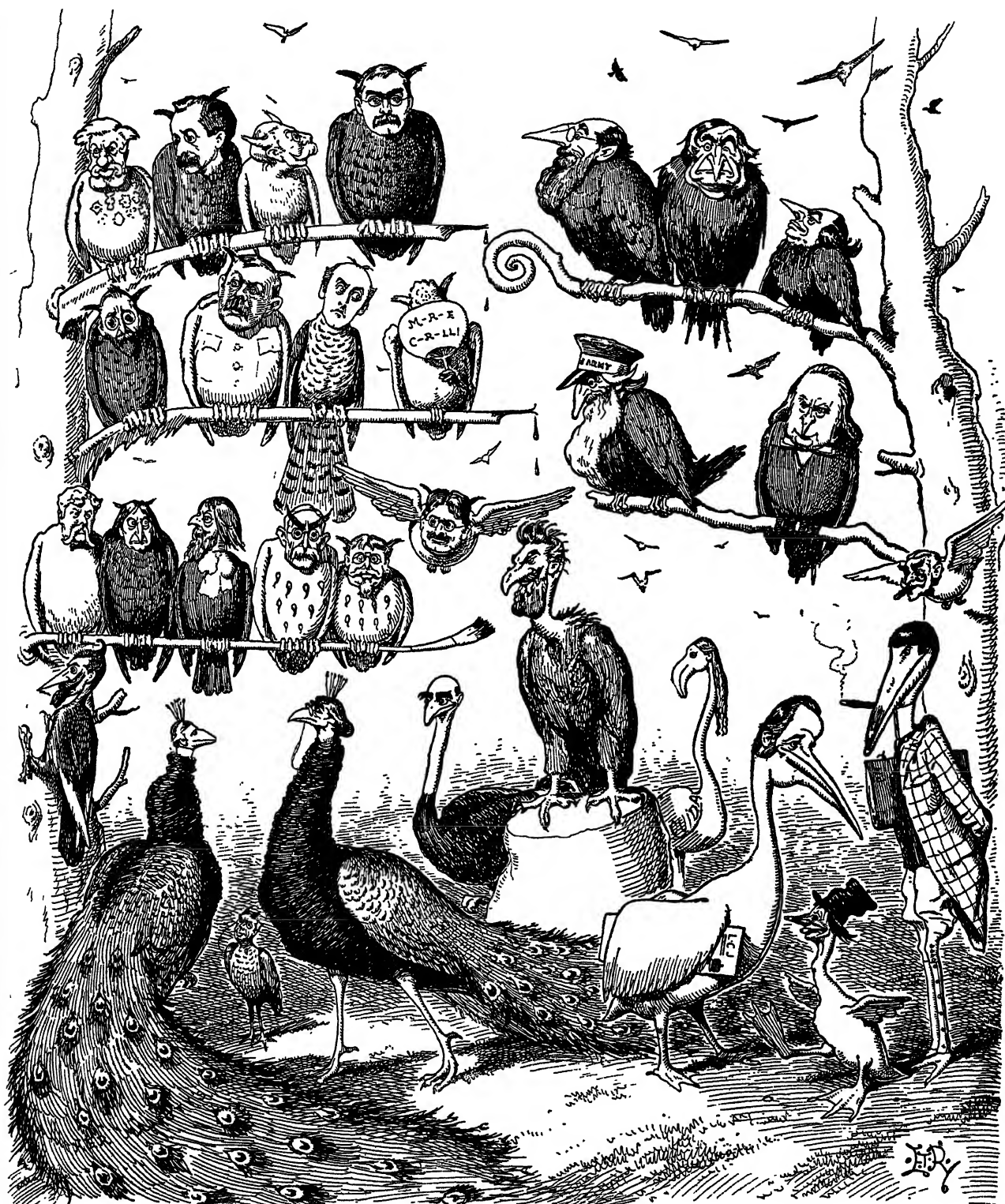


"LIGHT WAITS."



THE PARLIAMENTARY AQUARIUM.

CONSERVATIVE, LIBERAL, RADICAL, ETC.



MR. PUNCH'S AVIARY OF CELEBRITIES.

LITERARY, ECCLESIASTICAL, ARTISTIC, DRAMATIC, ETC.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS.

Christmas Eve.

To absent friends where'er they roam,
Summoned by fancy ranging wide
To fill their places in the home
With holly hung for Christmas-tide—

To absent friends! We give the toast,
Which none may drink with careless
heart;

Ever, as now, remembered most,
When danger holds our loves apart.

To those that, counting Christmas dear
Because of other unseen eyes,
Contrive, this hour, to keep its cheer
Under unseasonable skies.

To absent friends! and, named with these,
By equal perils proved and known,
That kindred of the circling seas
Whom England's need has made our own.

Ah! soon to longing lips that call,
To hands outstretched, to hearts that
burn,

Long ere another Christmas fall,
God give them swift and safe return!

But, when the evening's spell is past,
And mirth declines, and hidden grief,
Tearless and proud, is free at last
In common pride to find relief—

At last, in silence, which is best,
We pledge the memory of the slain;
Our dead, that from their warrior-rest
No Christmas-tide shall bring again!
O. S.

OUR COLONIAL
CALENDAR.



Planter Mr. Punch. "You two are at the
bottom of all the mischief here."

October.

TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(See Almanack Cartoon.)

O YOU whose name at least excites
No horrid heat of rival schools,
Seeing the twentieth comes by rights
Next to the nineteenth in the rules—
Most common people who can cope
With plain addition pretty well
Cherish the sound and certain hope
That you will shortly burst the shell.

Others (an esoteric cult)

Remark in you a yearling babe;

I think they get at this result

By something like an astrolabe.

As for our Mr. Sambourne's views—

Putting them, with respect, apart,

Well satisfied to see him use

The liberty allowed to art—

We venture at this early stage

To wish you what success you will,

Whether, dear child, your actual age

Is nearly one, or less than *nil*.

You have, if not a hundred years,

A lease of ninety-nine to run;

How few enjoy such fine careers!

O may the thing be nicely done!

Thorns will beset your arduous way,

But there shall be sweet-briar too;

And *Punch*, your friend of every day,

Will always show you what to do.

He sends you forth with rolling drums,

He rives the air with eager shouts,

And at the finish when it comes

Means to be there, or thereabouts!

O. S.



"OH, WOULD I WERE A BIRD!"

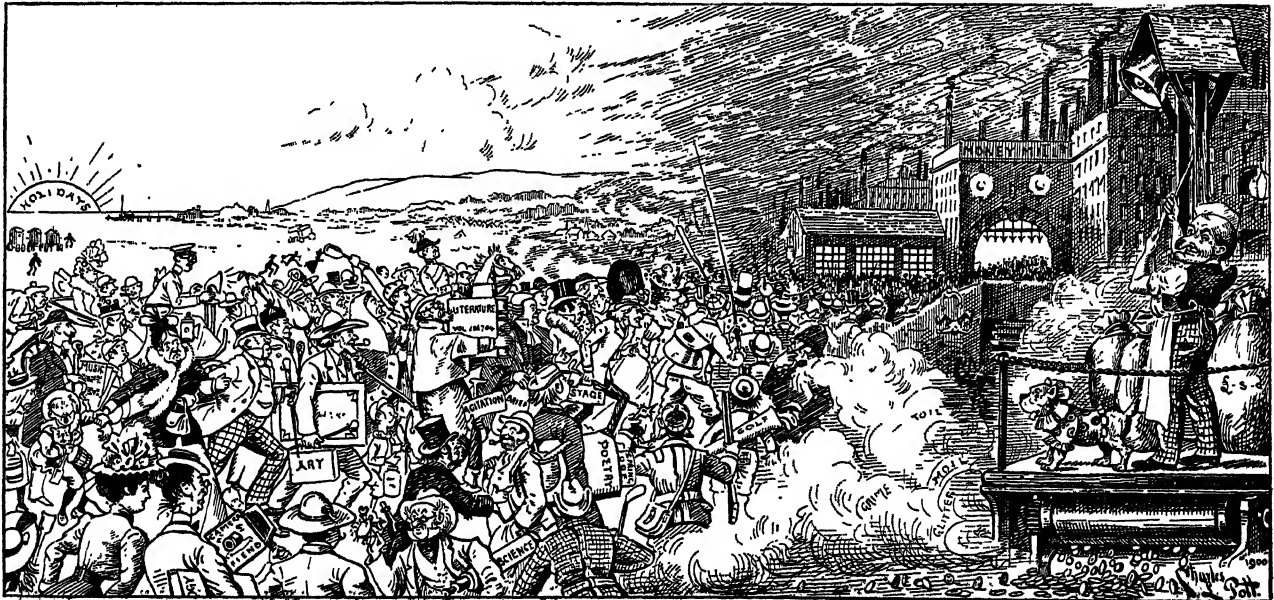
Major Grealish. "YES, I'M AWFULLY FOND OF CUB-HUNTING, MISS CONNIE. FEEL SO LIKE A DICKY-BIRD BEING UP SO EARLY,
DON'T YOU KNOW!"
[And he rides at least twenty stone.]

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1901.

FERDINAND AND DIANA.

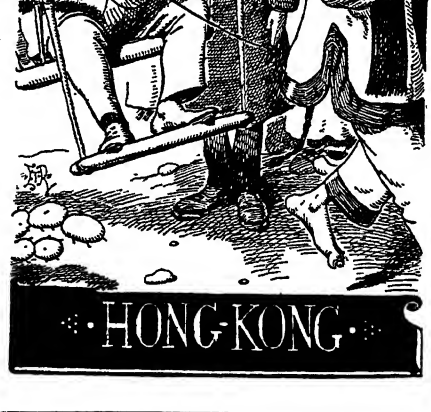


DI STILL REFUSES TO SPEAK TO ME. WENT DOWN TO NEWMARKET FEELING VERY DESPERATE. PLANKED EVERY CENT I HAVE ON AN OUTSIDER. IT WON! DI SAYS THERE'S NO HOLDING OUT AGAINST LUCK, BUT THAT I MUST GO BACK TO MY ORCHIDS. SO WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED IN THE SPRING.

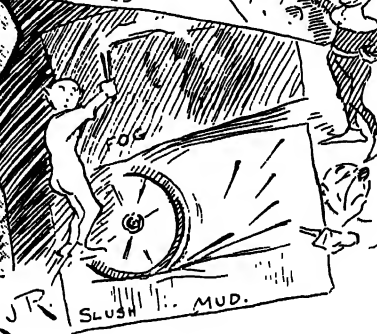
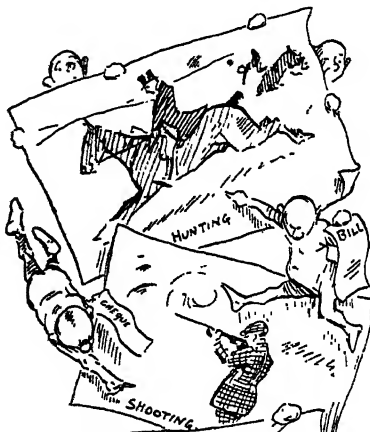


END OF VACATION.

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.—NOVEMBER.



WHERE SHALL I ROAM O'ER THE WORLD SO WIDE?
I THINK I WILL STAY BY "MY 'AIN FIRESIDE."



WHERE TO SPEND THE WINTER.

"TO BE (IN TOWN) OR NOT, THAT IS THE QUESTION!"

OUR COLONIAL CALENDAR.—DECEMBER.



Sydney Harvey 1900

"THE ALDERMAN'S DREAM."



THE NINETEENTH CENTURY EXAMINATION.

(Extracts from a Model Paper on the Leading Names and Features of this Period.)

Q. Name the greatest military authorities of the century.



A. Wellington, Napoleon the Great, and Mr. Punch.

Q. Give the chief sources of England's present greatness.



A. Free Trade—



undoubtedly — and the Poet Laureate.

Q. Mention the most distinguished families of the century.

A. The Smiths and the Joneses.

Q. The greatest master of language?



A. William Kaiser.

Q. The grandest poems?

A. All those that have appeared in Mr. Punch's pages.



Q. The most pathetic figures?

A. Napoleon III. in exile, and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett on the battle-fields of Thessaly.

Q. The finest musical compositions?

A. Wagner's *Ring*, and the tune of *The Absent-minded Beggar*.

Q. The greatest all-round men?

A. Goethe,—and Mr. Punch.

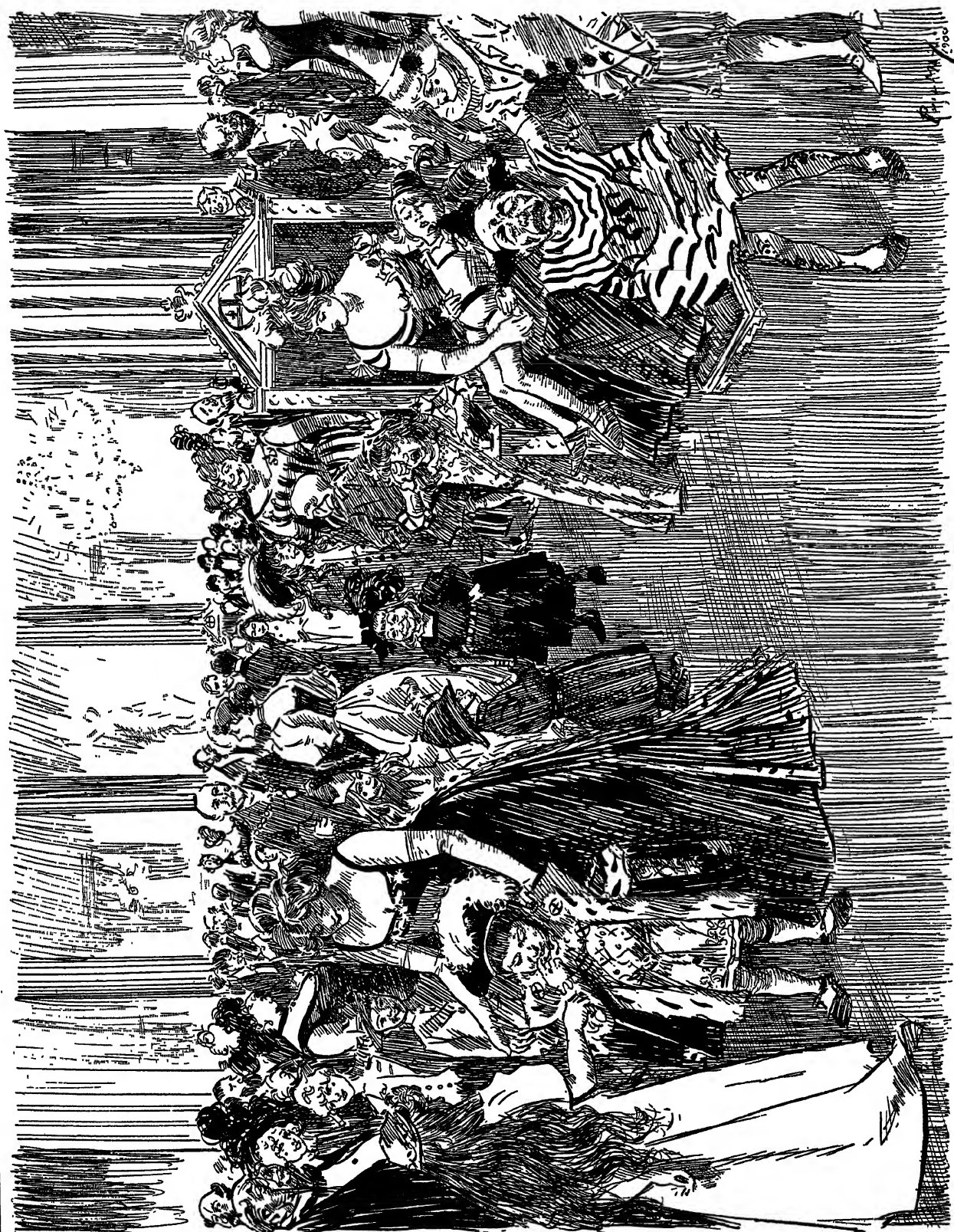
Q. The most perfect gentlemen?

A. George IV. and—Mr. Punch.

Q. The most splendid journalistic achievement? A. PUNCH.



HARRY'S SON



CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE—"GOOD NIGHT!"







Lucy Sanderson. Drawn by J. R. Smith.

The Dawn.



"JACKIDES."

"His last appearance!" Most of us can appraise at its worth the value of this announcement when it concerns a popular comedian or vocalist. Thenceforth, we might fairly deduce many "last appearances" ere the well-graced favourite should bow his final farewell. But, with Mr. Punch's great cartoonist, this is not so. It is his wish that his words should be taken literally. His last cartoon for Mr. Punch appears this week. During a period of something over fifty years, working with almost unbroken regularity, week after week, and year by year, he has given the British public his very best. A grand, and, in the history of pictorial journalism, unique record.

Yet, "His last appearance!" Can it be possible? Is it permissible? "Look at this picture and on that!" Compare with his cartoon for this week any one of his most memorable cartoons! Perfect in its classic design, as fresh in its fancy and as vigorous as ever in its execution, is it possible that this is the last we are to see of his work? Will he do no more "cartoons"? No. He will not. The artist has decided. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" We do not doubt the wisdom of his judgment, and we bow to his irrevocable decision. But though to the public is lost the charm of his graceful pencil, among us, his fellow-workers on "Mr. Punch's" staff, he remains, retaining his seat at our council-board, the historic table, ever most warmly welcome as "Our Jackides," that is, to

paraphrase *Falstaff*, "JACKIDES with his familiars, JOHN with his relations, and Sir JOHN TENNIEL to the whole world."

So Sir JACKIDES, *preux chevalier et sans reproche*, hangs up his pencil-sword, still bright with the polish of true wit, which, ever ready to be drawn on the side of right, he has never felt himself called upon to use in self-defence. Would that, like *Prospero*, he were simply laying aside for a while his magic art to resume it at will.

JOHN TENNIEL summoned, at a critical moment, to join "the Staff," by the first Editor MARK LEMON, was on it with DOUGLAS JERROLD, GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT, JOHN LEECH, SHIRLEY BROOKS, and WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. It is possible, that, at some future time, Sir JACKIDES, as a courteous Nestor, may reason with a youthful Atrides and newly elected Pelides, each intolerant of the other's opinion, in his wise prototype's words—

"You are not both, put both your years in one,
So old as I. I liv'd long since, and was companion
With men superior to you both, who yet would hear
My counsels with respect."

Whereupon the two heroes shall reconsider the matter, quietly and calmly.

Sir JACKIDES will, I trust, pardon me, his fellow-worker during nearly forty years, for writing this *à son insu*, but my excuse is that he would never have "consented to the deed" had I besought his leave and license. In the character of "Manager," I plead the occasion as sufficient apology for my appearance, with those few inadequate words, before the curtain which, by the time this number appears, will have already risen on the First Scene of the Great World-wide Drama of *The New Century*. F. C. B.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WERE the Baron asked, "What shall I give a youth or a mere boy as a New Year's present?" he would reply, "Kind Sir, or good Madam, as the case may be, whether the youth, or mere boy, has been good, bad, or indifferent, during the past year, I should strongly recommend you to give him a Wiggin." And when the Baron thus expresses himself he would have it understood that the "Wiggin" he means is Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, whose two works, old friends, with new faces by Mr. CHARLES BROCK, *Penelope's English Experiences* and *Penelope's Experiences in Scotland* (GAY AND BIRD,—the very description for publishers of such light and airy books) will be one of the delights of his life. The Baron emphasizes them as "old friends," as they first saw the light in 1893, but "the new faces," the pictures in these books, endow them with a vitality that will considerably extend the popularity they have already achieved. The name of the artist, Mr. CHARLES BROCK, recalls one associated with artistic brilliancy in fireworks as is that of this-present artist with artistic brilliancy in apt and humorous illustration.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL does well to bring out a new edition of his *James Macdonell, Journalist* (HODDER & STOUGHTON). It is what it professes to be, the life of a journalist, "perhaps," he claims, "the only life of a journalist pure and simple ever written." The materials are arranged with great skill, and the story is told with that simplicity of style which seems so easy till you try to reproduce it. My Baronite remembers JAMES MACDONELL in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons and other fields of work, a quietly mannered, earnest toiler who, starting from the lowest rung of the journalistic ladder, worthily reached the top.

The Baron is puzzled by the proven fact that, up to within a very few weeks ago, he had not heard of "The Rev. P. A. SUREHAN, P.P., Doneraile, Diocese of Cloyne" the author of *My New Curate*, a book published (by MARTIN CALLAHAN & Co.) in 1899, and which reached its eighth edition in October, 1900. Having heard of it, to order it and receive it was

the work of a moment; to read it and enjoy it, at leisure, was the work, protracted on purpose, of several days. No "scenes of clerical life," not GEORGE ELLIOT's, not TROLLOPE's, nor even the story of Monsieur L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN, have ever given the Baron so much honest, healthy-minded, and purely high-comedy entertainment as is provided, for all readers capable of appreciating such a work, by this "Parish Priest of Doneraile Diocese." His latinity and his delight in the classics reminds the Baron of THACKERAY's friend, Father PROUT. It is full of that quiet humour in pathos, of those smiles amid tears, which are the touches of nature that make the whole world kin, irrespective of creed and country. Not infrequently was the stony-hearted Baron compelled to deposit this book on his knee, search swiftly for his kerchief . . . and blow his nose vigorously. *Ad lectores meos, "tolle lege!"*

Who's who who says he can get along through daily life without possessing a copy of *Who's Who* (A. & C. BLACK)? His range of interests must be exceedingly narrow. When Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL went out to Central Africa he took with him a single book, *Shakespeare*. My Baronite, starting on shorter journeys, makes a point of packing up *Who's Who*, the most compendious library of its kind known to him in single-volume form. In the new edition is incorporated *Men and Women of the Time*, an admirable work in its way, long since elbowed out of the field by its strenuous, up-to-date and far more comprehensive rival. Messrs. BLACK also issue *The English Woman's Year-Book*. It tells a woman everything she wants to know, save how to get married. It is on a far loftier plane than that.

Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER leaped into fame by her novel *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, round which to-day rests the pleasing halo of a seventeenth edition, completing the sale of fifty thousand. My Baronite knew her earlier, and hailed her genius as a writer of verse in some of the weeklies. They are brought together and published in a dainty volume, the text set in good black type within luxuriously broad margin. "*Love's Argument and Other Poems* (HODDER & STOUGHTON). The poems, in many rhythms, have each something pointed to say, and the point is well turned. It is high praise for a young writer in verse to say that Miss FOWLER's shows no trace of imitation of established models. It's all her own, and very good, too.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A FAREWELL.

TIME, who devours his children, now claims thee,
Poor dying Century! With eager pace
The New Age hurries on to take thy place,
And thou goest forth into the Darkness. We,
Who knew and loved thee, turn reluctantly.
To the new comer's unfamiliar face,
Look in his eyes and strive in vain to trace
Thy likeness in the features that we see.

In vain! What there is shown none may descry.
But we can smile though skies be overcast,
Can front the future as we faced the past,
And bear a light heart with us till we die,
Can find a laugh for the New Century,
And just one tear at parting with the Last!

CHANCE FOR AN INTENDING UNCLE.—If, according to a statement at a recent trial, *Charley's Aunt* has made over £100,000, where does CHARLEY's Uncle come in? Or is CHARLEY's Aunt a widow? In this latter case, it won't be long before some fascinating bachelor, or widower, may induce the excellent lady to change her name for his, but, of course, without ceasing to be the same *Charley's Aunt* that she has ever been. She certainly has proved herself to be a most attractive person.



A FUTURE LORD MAYOR.

Fond Mother. "OH, GRANDMA, ISN'T HE JUST MADE FOR IT!"

THE HOME-COMING OF THE CHIEF.

TO FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.
January 2, 1901.

WELCOME, welcome, long desired !
Now the watching eyes astrain
Over the misty-curtained main
Have the sight that sets at rest
Hearts the sport of hope and fear.
Now the signal-lights are fired ;
Now with shattering thunder-shock
Battleship and cannon'd rock,
Booming out their iron cheer
Greet you where your vessel rides
Swinging on familiar tides
Off the land you love the best !

So for you the circled year
Rounds the term of labour wrought,
Victory snatched from out defeat,
Pledge redeemed as with a charm
By your skill of scheming thought
And the strong destroying arm.
Marshal of a mightier host
Than our conquering keels of oak
Ever bore from Britain's coast,
Yours were yet the nobler arts,
Where with Justice, swift of stroke,
Milder claims of Mercy meet.
So you come, long waited for,
While the gathering of the strands
Streaming from your web of war
Lies with other younger hands,
Younger hands and sterner hearts !

First before your Empress-Queen
You shall lay your laurels low ;
Her whose hand has learned to lean
On your undimmed warrior-strength ;
Her for whose dear honour's sake,
When the nations laughed to know
England's lordship like to fall,
You obeyed the instant call,
Led the van and turned the day.
So, your warfare done, at length
From her lips you go to take
What of thanks a Queen may pay.

Next, saluted by the port
Whence with heartening faith you fared
Toward your task beyond the foam,
Now your haven, nearing home—
Come where she, through street and
Court,

Mother of Cities, hails her choice !
Come to us whose myriad voice
For the year of dangers dared
Shall in one bright hour atone !
Come beneath the banners blown,
Down the roar of serried ranks,
Hearts aglow with love and pride !
Come and hear your country's thanks !
Come, for she remembers well
How in that last winter-tide
When the night around her fell
All her hopes on you were set
As upon a magic spell !
Should she, then, so soon forget ?

Ah ! but while a nation's cries
Storm against our sullen skies,
Midst the madness and the mirth

Flung about your victor's way,
If behind the brave array
All the hidden heart were known,
Save for love of England's name
Gladly would you yield the prize,
Glory, triumph, wealth and fame,
Could you win one grace alone,
Could you have your boy again
Home from where he takes his rest
Lying under alien earth
By Colenso's dreadful plain
With the Cross above his breast !

O. S.

MOGGSON'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

MOGGSON was alone in his library. He had been working hard till quite late in the evening, and felt tired—too tired to read. So he leant back in his chair, and enjoyed the blaze from the fire. Now and then he would take a look round at his well-filled shelves. It was good to be near so many friends—even though too tired to converse with them ; for one of the rare joys of intimate friendship consists in companionable silence.

So Moggson smoked and thought—no, thought is too severe an expression ; he let the mental reins go slack, so that his fancy should carry him wheresoever she willed.

His gaze wandered to the far corner of the room where a number of new books, written specially for Christmas time, had threatened by their smart appearance and fashionable ways to eclipse altogether a few, well-worn, shabby old friends, who had been there for years. *Had* threatened ! Yes, but surely—. It was odd.

MOGGSON rubbed his eyes. In the fire-light the new-comers seemed to have lost their brightness and alertness. They looked positively insignificant. And, curiously enough, there was a strange brightness about an odd, old-fashioned little chap at the end of the shelf. A murmur of disgust came from the new-comers. MOGGSON caught the words. "Hopelessly out of date." "Such bad taste, dressing like that." "Never mind"—(this from one of the latest arrivals—he had looked a gorgeous fellow, now he seemed draggled and miserable)—"that vulgar little chap in the red coat."

MOGGSON was interested. He rose and walked towards the shelves. The odd little chap in the corner was chuckling : certainly he looked old-fashioned enough, yet there was a strange glow of vitality about him which his spick-and-span companions lacked.

MOGGSON was delighted. Here was the right comrade for him. He felt ashamed that he had paid so little attention to him lately. "Come and chat with me, will you?" he said. The little chap sprang off the shelf. His movements were grotesque, and his dress certainly open to criticism. Yet Moggson felt amazingly at home with him, and at some observa-

tion he put back his head and laughed as he hadn't laughed for months. How the hours sped on. The fire was replenished and he listened to his friend talking.

Sometimes he would laugh, till some of the serious friends on the shelves almost died of disgust ; at other times the laugh got mixed up with an odd feeling in the throat ; and things looked a little dim for a moment or so ; until another laugh came, and—

* * * * *

He opened his eyes. The grey dawn gave the flickering gas lamps outside a slate background. MOGGSON stretched himself and looked at the book on his lap, "A CHRISTMAS CAROL." "Men, women and children of England," said MOGGSON, addressing an imaginary audience, "let me give you a Christmas toast. Here's to the gentleman who has discovered the secret of perpetual youth—CHARLES DICKENS !"

A. R.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(An Old Fogey addresses his Great-Nephew on the New Year.)

I MAY not sing the New Year's praise,
E'en though a century begins.

No ! I look back on other days,
On bygone virtues, bygone sins ;
On decades that went all too fast,
Though now they are so very slow.
Give me the ne'er forgotten Past,
The ups and downs of Long Ago !

Then men were brave and women fair,
I don't deny they're so to-day,
But is Life now so *debonnair*,
And are its sorcs so blithe and gay ?
Why did the World seem *then* so bright,
Why did we quaff our wine, not sip ?
Well, some folk like electric light,
Give me the good old tallow dip !

You much prefer a touzled head
Above a figure limp and lean !
Give me the visago plump and red
That beamed above a crinoline !
Give me the Dandy's splendid glare
That proudest damsels could abash,
For such a being can't compare
With half-bred screws, who live on
"mash."

We backed our fancy with a will :
Bead ! the money used to fly,
And though our judgment might be *nil*,
We wagered on it, "do or die" ;
But you young fellows don't o'en go
To see how racing flyers shape.
At home you all are "in the know,"
And lawyer-like, employ re(a)d "tape."

And then we fought—Yes ! we could fight,
Face odds with stern, determined brow,
Stand up as one for Britain's right.
Can you do this who battle now ?
What's this I read ? "Each stubborn rank"
'Gainst three to one the Boer can't tire !
Here, put this cheque into your bank,
And put this doggel in the fire.



"THEY KNEW HIM!"

She. "MR. WILDSHOT HAS BEEN MAKING AN EXCUSE, AS USUAL, FOR HIS BAD SHOOTING. THIS TIME IT IS THAT THE BIRDS ARE SO WILD."
He. "OH, INDEED! I RATHER THINK I COULD SUGGEST A BETTER."
She. "YES."

He. "WE SUPPLY HIM WITH BLANK CARTRIDGE NOW. IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO THE BIRDS, AND IT PROTECTS US!"



CONTENTMENT.

Giles. "A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, MARM, AND I HOPE YOU'LL BE AS LUCKY THIS YEAR AS I WAS LAST."

Lady. "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH, GILES; BUT YOU SURELY FORGET THAT YOU LOST YOUR WIFE IN THE SPRING, AND BROKE YOUR LEG IN THE SUMMER."

Giles. "YES, BUT T'OTHER LEG'S ALL RIGHT, AND AS FOR PAW SOOSAN, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN I TO BE TOOK INSTEAD."

YULE-TIDE PAST AND PRESENT.

(A Couple of Specimens.)

SPECIMEN No. 1. OLD STYLE.

NEVER was there such a merry time. The walls hung with holly and mistletoe glistened in the soft candle-light. The party included everyone. There were grandpa and grandma, and the Colonel and the Captain R.N., and numbers of grandchildren, nephews, nieces and cousins twice removed. It was Yule-tide — glorious Yule-tide — season of happy goodwill.

How they danced! How they travelled down the centre of the hall. How the musicians in the gallery played *Sir Roger de Coverley* until they nearly dropped asleep from sheer fatigue. Indeed, indeed, it was a right merry time.

And how the portraits of the ancestors smiled from their canvases! Generation after generation of statesmen, warriors and divines. There they were, beaming on their descendants.

And the dinner! Ah, that was the time for mirth. How they laughed! How they pledged one another! How the entire family—from the senior of seventy to the junior of five—met together to fraternise!

"I am glad to see you all!" cried the white-headed host. "Why, my dear relatives? Why, because it is Christmas!"

SPECIMEN No. 2. MODERN.

They were seated facing one another in the coffee-room of the hotel. They had left town for about a week and were quietly enjoying themselves.

"Glad to escape the family circle," said he.

"Quite so," was her laconic response.

The waiter had served them with the regulation *table-d'hôte* dinner. They had come to the sweets.

"Which will you have, Madam, mince-pie or plum-pudding?"

"What an odd menu!" he exclaimed.

"Why do they give us such indigestible dishes?"

"Can't say, Sir," replied the waiter. Then he hazarded. "It may be, Sir, because it is Christmas."

A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

["Twelve Clitheroe publicans applied for extension of time on New Year's Eve, on the plea that 'a good many people would desire to see the end of the old century and the beginning of the new.' The magistrates have granted an extension of time until one o'clock."—*Daily Paper*.]

DRINK out the old, drink in the new,
Drink out a strait-laced Clitheroe;
The beer is flowing; let it flow;
Drink out the sober, in the fou'.

Drink out the century severe,
Drink in an age more free and gay;
Drink out the joyless U. K. A.
And temperance reform austere.

Drink out the old teetotal cause,
Drink in the CECILS' new régime;
Drink in, drink in, the drunkard's dream

Of more indulgent liquor laws.

Drink out Sir WILFRID'S long crusade,
A nation's shame, a CECIL'S sport;
Drink out the foolish PEEL report
Drink in the golden new Free Trade.

Drink out all beverages thin,
The sign of these degenerate times;
Drink out Sir WILFRID'S sober rhymes,
But drink the "fuller" minstrel in.

Drink in the complaisant J.P.,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Drink out a dull and sober land,
Drink in the vice that is to be.

"WHAT! HARE!" — Widely, and as a rule favourably reviewed, are the three concluding "volumes, iv. to vi." (a very good time in the day for reading) of AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE'S *Story of my Life*. It seems, judging from the notices, that Mr. HARE might with greater accuracy have styled the work "Stories of other people's lives," and have appended to it the alternative title of "The Hare and many friends." Such a book, while imparting to its readers a quantity of more or less useful or entertaining knowledge, must contain a considerable amount of padding, which need not, in this instance be heavy, but might consist of "Trifles, light as Hare."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"SING a song of Christmas,"

The Editor did cry,

"Of turkey and plum-pudding
And endless revelry."

When the song was opened

He found this little thing—

Wasn't it a funny song

For a Christmas bard to sing?

"When the postman daily fills
My letter-box with Christmas bills,
When with winning smile he knocks
For his wonted Christmas box,
When the duns are at my door,
Asking more and more and more,
When from their wives I vainly fly,
Then doth my harassed spirit cry,
Though Christmas comes but once a
year,
Once too often it is here.

"When the Christmas snow and sleet
Permeate my frozen feet,
When the Christmas 'flu' doth rack
Legs and arms and bones and back,
When with feet in mustard cruel
I am sipping Christmas gruel,
Then as I groan and cough and sneeze,
Through my red-hot throat I wheeze,
Though Christmas comes but once a
year,
Once too often it is here."

A STORY OF THE LONG.

(Told in the Short Vacation.)

It was in Bristol City. A Representative of the Sage of Bouverie Street met the Poor and Disreputable Member of the Family. As usual, the Disreputable One was committing his popular atrocities before an enthusiastic audience. The spectators were of tender years, but, in spite of their School Board training, cheered to the echo the slaughter of the wife, the murder of the son and heir, the crushing of the policeman, the undoing of the clown, and the final triumph over Old Bogey.

"But where is the dog?" asked a Representative.

"He's been sacrificed, Sir, for the good of the Public," replied the Disreputable One's Business Manager.

"What do you mean by that?"

"That when they put his muzzle on, Sir, he could not bite the nose of his employer."

"Oh, that's the short of it, is it?"

"Well, no, Sir; I should say it was more Long than Short."

And when the story was narrated that evening at the annual dinner of the local Press Fund in the presence of the President of the Board of Agriculture (late President of the Local Government Board) it went with roars. Three cheers for Bristol City.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

First Burglar. "'ERE'S A GO, MATE! THIS 'ERE BIT O' TURKEY, KNUCKLE HEND OF AN 'AM, AWF A SOSSIDGE, AND THE 'OLLY OFF THE PLUM-PUDDIN'! MIGHT AS WELL 'AVE LOOKED IN ON A BLOOMIN' VEGETARIAN!'"

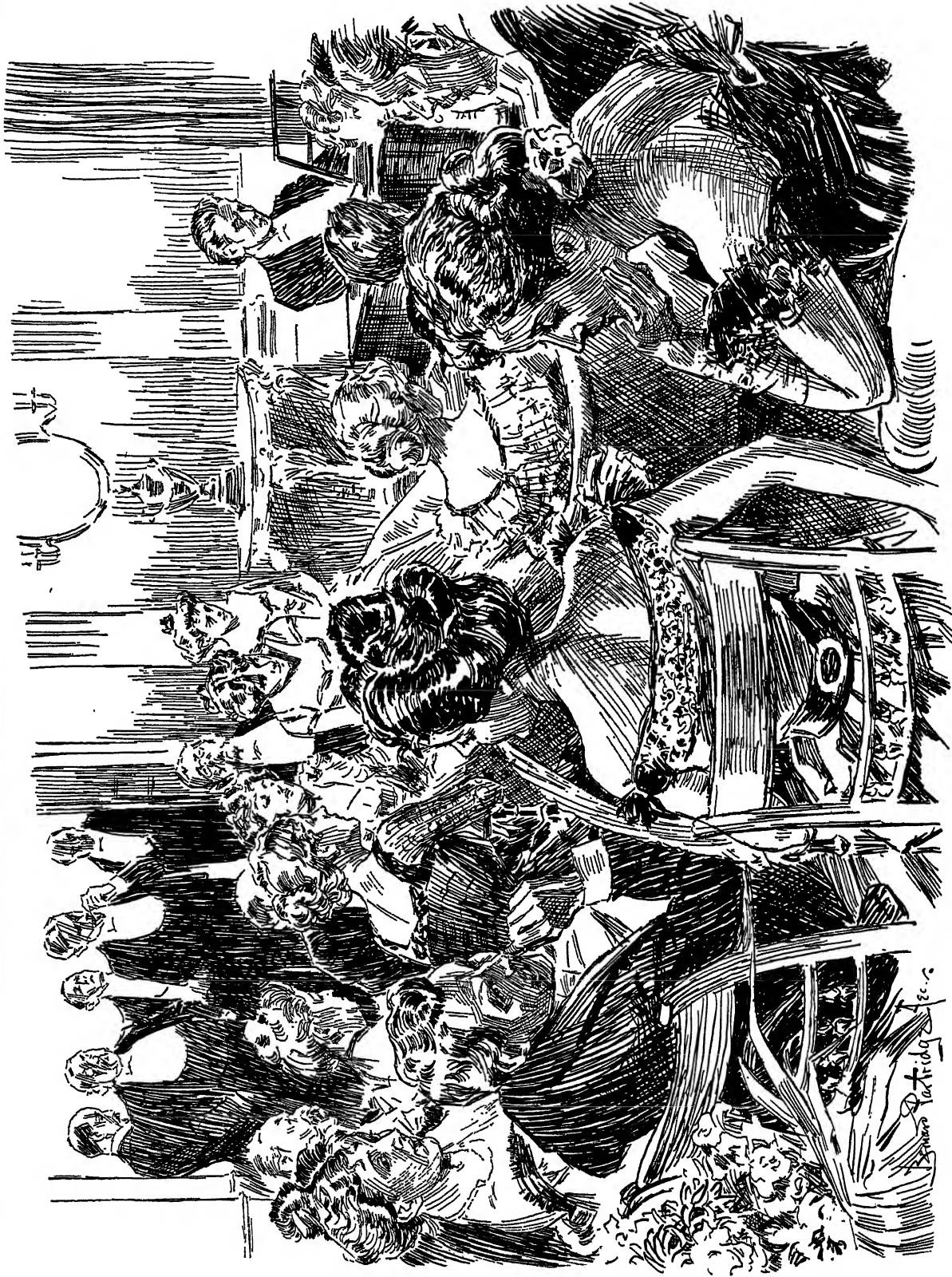
TO THE NEW CENTURY.

New century, whom now we greet,
Upon your threshold gladly standing,
Come with your blessings, we entreat,
Over the world your reign expanding;
We, with old pains and griefs depressed,
Hail you a glad and welcome guest.

Rich, glorious times we hope to get
Out of your store before you leave us;
We possibly shall catch DE WET,
Microbes may haply cease to grieve us,
And, maybe, London thoroughfares
Shall some day finish their repairs.

And those whose roving fancies turn
To the North Pole perchance may reach
it;
Teetotalers at least may learn
True temperance as well as teach it;
Thus many a hope, with longing eyes,
We look to you to realise.

Yet if for ills that we endure
The remedy in vain we ask you,
New century, of this we're sure,
That when our sons in turn shall task you
With all the ills wherewith they're vexed
They'll hope to lose them in the next.



Enthusiastic admirer of Signor Pazzamano (who has been pounding away for nearly half an hour). "WHAT AN ARTIST, ISN'T HE? SUCH VERVE! SUCH FINISH!" Fair American (bored). "WELL, I'LL ALLOW THE VERVE'S THERE ALL THE TIME; AND I'M JUST PRAYING THE FINISH 'LL COME SOON."



TIME'S APPEAL.



WELCOME HOME!

Mr. Punch (to Lord Roberts). "WELL DONE, INDEED, SIR! YOU HAVE HAD A TOUGH JOB IN SOUTH AFRICA; BUT HEAVEN HELP YOU WHEN YOU GET INTO THE WAR ICE!"

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

I.—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

WHEN Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S Comedy *A Debt of Honour* was being given recently at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. ALEXANDER had the happy idea of playing after it a drama in one act by the same author, showing the further fortunes of the characters in the piece. This idea of dramatic sequels is one which seems capable of further extension. For example, we have ourselves prevailed upon the Shade of Sheridan to provide a sequel to *The School for Scandal*. It is called :

THE RELAPSE OF LADY TEAZLE.

SCENE—Room in Sir PETER TEAZLE'S house.

Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE discovered wrangling as in Act II.

Sir P. Lady TEAZLE, Lady TEAZLE, I'll not bear it.

Lady T. Sir PETER, Sir PETER, you've told me that a hundred times. This habit of repeating yourself is most distressing. 'Tis a sure sign of old age.

Sir P. (in a passion). Oons, madam, will you never be tired of flinging my age in my face?

Lady T. Lud, Sir PETER, 'tis you that fling it in mine. How often have you said to me (beating time) "when an old bachelor marries a young wife—"

Sir P. And if I have, Lady TEAZLE, you needn't repeat it after me. But you live only to plague me. And yet 'twas but six months ago you vowed never to cross me again. Yes, madam, six months ago, when I found you concealed behind a screen in Mr. SURFACE'S library, you promised that if I would forgive you your future conduct should prove the sincerity of your repentance. I forgave you, Madam, and this is my reward!

Lady T. And am I to blame, Sir PETER, for your ill-humours? Must I always be making concessions? To please you, I have given up all routs and assemblies, attend no balls nor quadrilles, talk no scandal, never ogle nor flirt. I go no more to my Lady SNEERWELL'S, though I vow her's was a most delightful house to visit. Such fashion and elegance! Such wit! Such delicate malice!

Sir P. (fretfully). Just so, Madam; that is what I complain of. All the while you are longing to return to these follies. You are not happy when you are alone with me.

Lady T. Great heavens, Sir PETER; you must not ask for miracles. What woman of fashion is ever happy alone with her husband?

Sir P. There it is, Lady TEAZLE. You think only of fashion. And yet, when I married you—

Lady T. (yawning). Lud, Sir PETER, why will you be always returning to that painful subject?

Sir P. Vastly painful, no doubt, Madam,

since it prevents you from marrying Mr. SURFACE, behind whose screen I found you.

Lady T. (yawning more heartily). Mr. SURFACE? But 'twas CHARLES you used to suspect.

Sir P. (angrily). And now 'tis JOSEPH. Zounds, Madam, is a man never to be allowed to change his mind? (Raising his voice in fury) I say 'tis JOSEPH! JOSEPH!! JOSEPH!!!

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE. Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE are obviously disconcerted at this inopportune arrival, and say nothing. JOSEPH has greatly changed in appearance in the six months which have elapsed between the play and the sequel. He has lost his sleekness and his air of conscious virtue, and looks like a careless, good-humoured man-about-town.

Joseph (obviously enjoying their discomfort). Sir PETER, your servant. Lady TEAZLE, your most obedient (bows mockingly).

Sir P. (stiffly). To what, Mr. SURFACE, do we owe the honour of this visit?

Joseph (blandly, correcting him). Pleasure, Sir PETER.

Sir P. (testily). I said "honour," Sir. Joseph (easily). I came at the invitation of Sir OLIVER, who is staying in your house. He desired to see me.

Lady T. (viciously, to Sir P.). If this gentleman's business is with Sir OLIVER, perhaps he will explain why he has intruded in this room.

Joseph (amused). With pleasure. My attention was arrested by the sound of voices raised in dispute. I heard my name mentioned loudly more than once, and, recognizing one of the voices as that of Lady TEAZLE (with a low bow), I thought it better to interpose to defend my character at once.

Lady T. (stamping her foot). Insolent!

Sir P. (chuckling). Ha, ha! Very good. I' faith, Mr. SURFACE, I could almost find it in my heart to forgive you for your injuries towards me when you talk like that.

Joseph. Injuries, Sir PETER? I never did you an injury. That affair of the screen was the merest misunderstanding. I had no serious desire to capture the affections of Lady TEAZLE. On the contrary, 'twould have been highly inconvenient for me. 'Twas your ward MARIA that I wished to win.

Lady T. Monster!

Joseph (continuing). Unhappily, Lady TEAZLE mistook the nature of my attentions and I, knowing her temper (bowing to Lady T.), feared to undeceive her lest she should use her influence to prejudice me in the eyes of your ward. That, Sir PETER, is the true explanation of the situation in which you found Lady TEAZLE on that unlucky morning.

Lady T. (with suppressed fury). Pray,

Sir PETER, do you propose to continue to permit this gentleman to speak of me in this way?

Sir P. Certainly, Madam. Everything that Mr. SURFACE has said seems to me to bear the stamp of truth.

Lady T. Ah!

Joseph. So, you see, Sir PETER, you never had any real cause of jealousy towards me. My conduct was foolish, I admit, but it was never criminal.

Sir P. JOSEPH, I believe you. Give me your hand. Six months ago I thought you guilty of the basest treachery towards me. But a year of marriage with Lady TEAZLE has convinced me that, in her relations with you as in her relations with me, it is always Lady TEAZLE who is in the wrong! [They shake hands warmly.]

Lady T. I will not stay here to be insulted in this manner. I will go straight to Lady SNEERWELL'S, and tear both your characters to tatters.

[Exit in a violent passion.]

Sir P. Oons, what a fury! But when an old bachelor marries a young wife—

Joseph. Come, come, Sir PETER, no sentiments!

Sir P. What you say that! My dear JOSEPH, this is indeed a reformation. Had it been CHARLES now, I should not have been surprised.

Joseph. Egad, Sir PETER, in the matter of sentiments CHARLES, for a long time, had a most unfair advantage of me. For, having no character to lose he had no need of sentiments to support it. But now I have as little character as he, and we start fair. Now I am a free man; I say what I think, do what I please. Scandal has done its worst with me, and I no longer fear it. Whereas, when I had a character for morality to maintain, all my time was wasted in trying to live up to it. I had to conceal every trifling flirtation, and had finally wrapped myself in such a web of falsehood that when your hand tore away the veil, I give you my word, I was almost grateful. Depend upon it, Sir PETER, there's no possession in the world so troublesome to the owner as a good reputation.

Sir P. (digging him in the ribs). Ah, JOSEPH, you're a sad dog. But here comes your uncle, Sir OLIVER. I'll leave you with him.

[Exit. Enter Sir OLIVER, reading a sheaf of legal documents.]

Sir O. (reading). Eighty, one hundred and twenty, two hundred and twenty, three hundred pounds! Gad, the dog will ruin me.

Joseph. Sir OLIVER, your servant.

Sir O. (looking up). Eh? Is that you, Nephew. Yes, I remember. I sent for you.

Joseph. You are busy this morning, Uncle. I'll wait upon you another day.

Sir O. No, no, JOSEPH. Stay, and hear what I have to tell you. I sent for you



Old Stubbles (having pounded the swells). "AW—HAW—— ! LAUGH AWAY, BUT WHO BE THE ROIGHT SIDE O' THE FENCE, MASTERS?"

to say that I had decided to pardon your past misconduct and restore you to favour. Six months of CHARLES'S society have convinced me of the folly of adopting a reprobate.

Joseph. I thought they would, Uncle.

Sir O. Your brother's extravagances pass all bounds. Here are four writs which were served upon him but yesterday. And the fellow has the assurance to send them on to me. (*Joseph laughs heartily.*) Zounds, Nephew, don't stand chuckling there. And his character has not reformed one whit, in spite of his promises. His flirtations with my Lady SNEERWELL and others are so excessive that MARIA has quite thrown him over, and the engagement is broken off. Add to this that I have paid his debts three times, only to find him contracting fresh liabilities, and you may judge that my patience is exhausted.

Joseph. But these are old stories, Uncle. You knew that CHARLES was vicious and extravagant when you made him your heir. He has done nothing fresh to offend you.

Sir O. On the contrary. He has done something which has hurt me deeply.

Joseph. How absurd of him, Uncle, when he knows that he is dependent wholly on your bounty!

Sir O. Wait till you have heard the

whole story. A week ago your brother came to me for money to meet some gambling debt. I refused him. Whereupon, he returned to his house, had in an auctioneer and sold everything that it contained.

Joseph (much amused). And did you play little Premium a second time, Uncle?

Sir O. (testily). Certainly not, Sir. On this occasion I left the rogue to settle matters for himself.

Joseph. But I see no great harm in this. Why should not CHARLES sell his furniture?

Sir O. (angrily). Deuce take his furniture. He sold my picture!

Joseph. What, "the ill-looking little fellow over the settee"?

Sir O. Yes.

Joseph. Ha! ha! ha! Delicious! Sold his Uncle's portrait! Gad, I like his spirit.

Sir O. You seem vastly entertained, Nephew!

Joseph. I confess the humour of the situation appeals to me.

Sir O. Happily for you I am less easily amused. No, no; CHARLES is a heartless scoundrel, and I'll disown him.

Joseph. No, no, Uncle. He's no worse than other young men.

Sir O. But he sold my picture!

Joseph. He was pressed for money.

Sir O. (exasperated). But he sold my picture!!

Joseph. He meant no harm, I'll be bound.

Sir O. (still more enraged). But he sold my picture!!!

[*Enter Sir PETER hurriedly, looking pale and disordered.*]

Joseph. My dear Sir PETER, you are ill! You have had bad news?

Sir O. Sir PETER, old friend, what is it?

Sir T. (gasping). Lady TEAZLE—

[*Stops, choked with passion.*]

Sir O. Not dead?

Sir P. Dead! Hell and furies! if it were only that! No; run away with your profligate Nephew CHARLES!

Joseph. Impossible!

Sir O. Is this certain?

Sir P. Aye. ROWLEY saw them driving together in a postchaise towards Richmond. not ten minutes ago.

Sir O. Then I disown him. JOSEPH, you are my heir. But see that you behave yourself or I'll disinherit you, too, and leave my money to a missionary society.

[*Curtain.*]

Q. Why does the pantomime at the Hippodrome remind one of a cricket-ground at Cambridge?

A. Because it is PARKER'S piece.

A BALLADE OF DREADFUL DISEASES.

THOUGH the season of Christmas by right should be gay,
Yet the outlook is certainly black,
For most dreadful diseases will come in our way,
Though the crackers may merrily crack.
Though we claim happy days by consuming a stack
Of mince-pies—and we all of us try—'tis
Quite certain that few will avoid the attack
Of some malady ending in "—itis."

Just to take an occurrence of every day,
Which the wet weather brings in its track,
A sore throat, with a rather bad cough, let us say,
Of the kind that professes to "hack"—
Well, the owner is cheerfully placed on the rack,
For his doctor, ignoring his fright, is
Afraid he'll be thought an incompetent quack
If he doesn't say "Bad laryngitis!"

To this proposition, then, none can say nay,
Of strange maladies there is no lack,
And alcoholitis, the prophets all say,
Will be prevalent during the "vac."
For hundreds of people possessing the knack—
I'm not quite prepared to say why 'tis—
Love to talk by the yard, with a medical smack,
Of their own or their friends somethingitis!

Envoi.

Boys, at Christmas take only a moderate "whack,"
For the horrible truth which I write is
That you can't have an old-fashioned bilious attack—
You'll be laid up with plumpuddingitis!

NEW CENTURY GREETINGS.

THERE is reason to believe that some of the Ministers, unwilling that Lord LANSDOWNE'S French, so frequently mentioned, should seem to be the only linguistic achievement of the Cabinet, have written the following letters.

The Lord Privy Seal to Count Bülow, Berlin.

GEEHRTETER FREUND, — Mein junger Freund LANSDOWNE schnitt uns alle hinaus mit seinem Französisch. Es ist wunderbar! Wenn jemand fragt warum er Foreign Secretary ist, antworte ich immer, "Weil er Französisch so erstaunlich, so meisterhaft, so prachtvoll spricht und schreibt." Viele Leute denken dass es nicht genug ist, und sie sagen es sind Kellner und Friseur welche zwei Sprachen sprechen. Sehr dumm, nicht wahr?

Sie wissen dass die meisten Minister meine Söhne, Neffen, und so weiter, sind. Die Familie CECIL unglücklicherweise spricht nicht Französisch wie LANSDOWNE. So muss er Foreign Secretary sein. Er ist nicht ein CECIL, aber er ist vielleicht ein connection. Wir sind alle connections. Und er spricht und schreibt Französisch wie ein Engel.

Ich finde es so kolossal wunderschön, dass ich die Grammatik von OLLENDORFF gekauft, gelesen, und gelernt habe, um Deutsch eben so gut zu schreiben.

Jetzt war ich im Begriff Ihnen meine herzliche Glückwünsche für das neue Jahrhundert zu schicken, aber ich erinnere mich dass der KAISER immer so previous ist, dass es in Deutschland ein Jahr zu früh begann. Also sage ich nur Auf Wiedersehen. Geben Sie meine Liebe zu dem KAISER. Ihr ergebenster
Friedr.

SALISBURY.

From the First Lord of the Treasury to Señor Sagasta, Madrid.

MUY SEÑOR MIO, — Mi amigo LANSDOWNE puede escribir frances. Yo want to escribir español. Muy difficult. Yo don't like trouble. But must do something to check LANSDOWNE'S superior airs. Mi tio SALISBURY pensa no end of LANSDOWNE, and

his precious French. Spanish is useful now to translate "guerrillas," which even the *Times*, in a leading article, seems to think means men, as though we called the Boers "campaigns," or "raids." I know it ought to be "guerrilleros," porque yo aprendo español. Yo amo España, porque el rey es uno child, como yo. Yo dije en el House of Commons, "I am a child in these matters." ALFONZO y yo, nosotros both of us are children. Optimos deseos por el nuevo siglo. Can't exactly remember how they finish a letter in Spanish, but they put a lot of capital letters, so here goes. A. B. C. D. E. F.

ARTURO DIEGO BALFOUR.

From the Colonial Secretary to Signor Saracco, Rome.

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, — Quando SALISBURY faceva tale un fuss circa il francese di LANSDOWNE—ed io credo che non è così mirabile dopo tutto; molte persone parlano francese, io anche —io andava a Napoli a studiare italiano. E insupportabile avere LANSDOWNE con tale arie, e sempre mettendo sopra tale un lotto di lato, perche parla francese. Adesso io parlò italiano, e LANSDOWNE è nowhere, è in nessun luogo, semplicemente bowled over, suona secondo violino, e prende una sedia di dietro.

Ebbene, io voglio mandare miei migliori augurii per il nuovo secolo, ed io ho l'onore essere vostro ubbidiente servente,

GIUSEPPE CHAMBERLAIN.

H. D. B.

SHAFTO SECUNDUS.

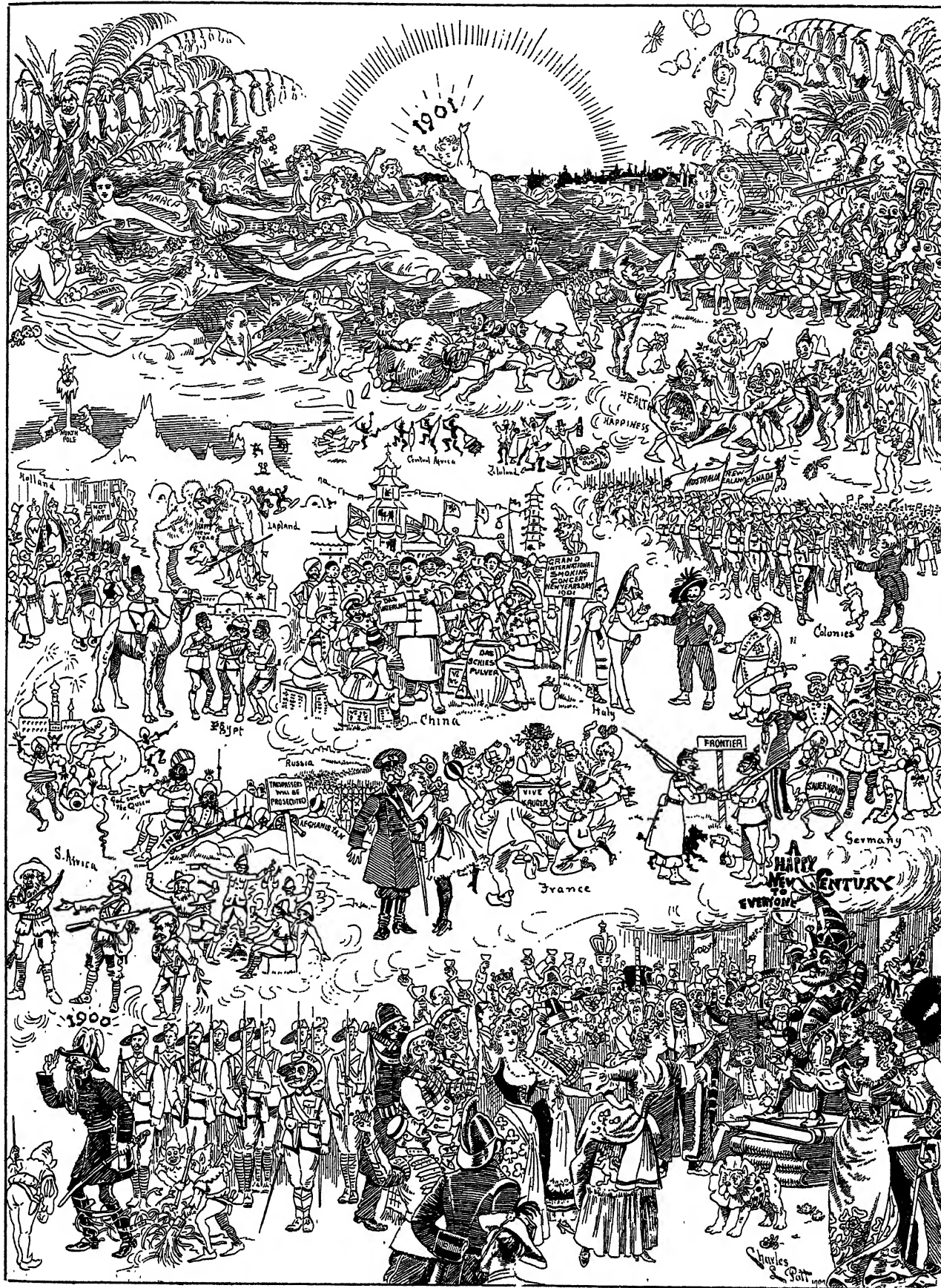
(From Brown Minor to Thompson Minor.)

DEAR TOMMY, — I say, Ive bin out hunting! I bet you havent. Its a jolly site better than pantermes and partys and orl that rot. It is a rag, by Gove! My Arnt at Oakley that I was staying with, witch my Guvner sed was a fine hunting senter —Oakley I mean, not my Arnt—has 2 littel gray ponys she drives in a shase so I sed to the grume look here the old gal issent driving to-day and the ponys must be eksersized well if youle let me eksersize wun lle give you harf a crown I had wun left out of my Maters Christmas tip He sed Yes and sponse the Mrs found out—what ho! I sed wot rot, shoel never find out and ittle be an orfle rag, well he saddled it and I rode to the meat 4 miles orf and saw 2 follers in red cotes swaring at the hounds and making shots at them with tharo wips and saying Arhar there! leaf it, will you! and a lot of rot like that so I undid the throng of my wip at leest it used to be the guvner's till I bagged it—and made a hughe wak at a hound and missd it and hit another feller in the eye he swore and calld me a littel retch I almost yeld larfing. Then I went farther off and crakd my wip again but caught my ear a reglar stinger oh its beasely wen you do that. Well pressintly hounds went into a wood and soon a focks came out at leest I thought it was a focks and hollerd tally ho. I dunno what it means but it's the rite thing to do. But it wasent a focks but a hair and all the people sniggered witch is rather beasely for a feller.

Soon they found and away we went. I kept up orfly well —you shoold have herd the pony grunt! I got first into a narrow path through a wood and they tride to pass me and coodent I jest turnd round and cocked a snook at them they were wild I tell you. Then we got to a feeld and they orl passd me and soon after the pony stopt—and he coodent go on again! He pufed and garpsed and I got off and wundered wot was the matter. I sponse he wassent used to hunting, it took 3 hours to get him home My arnt sed whered I bin? and I sed Ide bin bikesling—and wen she drove the pony next day the littel boggar wanted to lie down she asked the grume why he was so tyred and he sed he thought it was sickenin for measells he is a liar that chap. No more news from

Your own petickuler chum WOBBLER.

P.S.—The grume has just told me the ponys wurse and heel split—the grume, not the pony—if I dont give him another harf crown, this is rather beasely aint it?



THE SPIRIT OF PUNCH "HIC ET UBIQUE"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS TO YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER III.

(Of Scent—Of Adolphus Winterside, his dress, deportment, and conversation—His opinion of imagination and poets.)

WE will now put aside the reminiscences of childhood, and in imagination we will take horse on a fine hunting day (and as balmy as May), and make our way to the meet of the hounds. The sun is shining, a clear sun, striking jewels of light from the damp earth and the trees. There is refreshment in the air, though the month is December, and Nature looks as if she had taken a hearty shower-bath and forgotten to dry herself. As we near the trysting place our party increases, and cheery good-days are exchanged by the cavalcade. What is the chief topic? Why, of course, it is SCENT—not the entrancing essences supplied by the most eminent of our perfumers, but the elusive, baffling, unaccountable, subtle quality that makes or mars the success of a hunting day. Who is there that really knows anything about it? Who can say, without fear of finding himself flatly contradicted by the event, that in certain conditions of weather the scent will or will not be good? For hundreds of years men have been hunting in dry weather, in wet weather, in warm weather, in cold weather, when the fields are deep with moisture, and even when snow is on the ground (one of the most glorious runs I remember was over snow), and yet no one has been able to settle a formula, or even a series of formulæ, which shall enable a man to foretell what the scent will be like when he takes the field. Are not learned articles every year in the *Field*, in *Baily's Magazine*, and in the *Badminton*, devoted to this subject, and can anyone, with all respect for the erudite and gallant authors say that, after reading them, his ignorance on this engrossing matter is one whit less extensive and peculiar? There is the fascination of it. Nobody knows, and, therefore, as to this point, at any rate, it is no vain boast to say that in the hunting field all men are equal.

But let us edge up to the young ADOLPHUS WINTERSIDE, one of the prides of our hunt, and note what he, the brilliant, the cocksure, the infallible sportsman has to say about it to the fair and lively Miss MIRABEL who is trotting by his side. But first observe the young ADOLPHUS well. See how easily, yet without any ramrod stiffness, he carries himself in his saddle; remark the sheen of his boots, the creamy richness of his tops, the gleam of his spurs, the fit of his scarlet coat, and the crisp, geometrical precision of his hunting tie with its unostentatious little gold fox-head pin. Remark his crop, and how he holds it, the thong circling round his hand not far from the loop. This man, you will say, should know the lore of hunting, the wiles of the fox, the virtues of a cast, for does he not come of a long line of

country gentlemen devoted to the chase? Has he not lived for sport from his earliest years, spending a great part of his boyhood in the mild and magnificent eyes of masters, of huntsmen and of whips? Hear him, then, as he converses.

Adolphus. Good morning, Miss MIRABEL. Ripping day, isn't it?

Miss M. Yes, quite lovely. I do so hope we shall get a run. We've only potted about from covert to covert the last three times I've been out, and never managed to get away.

Adolphus. Well, we're bound to find in Hollytree Wood. Never drew it yet without finding at least one fox; and as he'll probably make for Whitethorns we shall have a jolly

grass country with good clean jumping. Oh! yes, we shall get a run right enough—if the scent lies.

Miss M. Ah, of course; but isn't there sure to be scent on a day like this?

Adolphus. 'Pon my honour, Miss MIRABEL, you'd better ask me another, for I can't tell you. I remember days exactly like this, when a ton of aniseed spread out in front of their noses wouldn't have made the hounds give a sniff. You can't tell, that's a fact. Scent's one of those jolly mysterious things, like the what-you-may-call-'em calculus, or the maps with that old chap Mercator's projection. Lots of fellows talk about it, but jolly few under stand it. I don't for one.

Miss M. Oh, don't say that, Mr. WINTERSIDE. Why, I've been brought up to believe you know everything about hunting. You really mustn't disturb that belief. It's a sort of religion with me.

Adolphus (pleased but semi-suspicious). Now you're getting at a chap, Miss MIRABEL—pulling my leg, don't you know—

Miss M. I assure you, Mr. WINTERSIDE, I've learnt my manners far too well even to dream of doing such a thing. It wouldn't be at all ladylike. Besides, you know, 'who dares ADOLPHUS' boot displace must meet'—You know the rest.

Adolphus. 'Pon honour I don't, Miss MIRABEL. I never was one of your reading and poetry Johnnies. But I'm dead certain not one of your poets could tell you a thing about scent.

Miss M. I'm not so sure about that. Poets have imagination, you see, and that goes a long way.

Adolphus. I daresay it does, but (triumphantly) hounds haven't got any of that article about 'em, and they couldn't follow an imagination scent for nuts or toffee. So there we are again.

Miss M. Oh, Mr. WINTERSIDE, you're too brutally practical for anything. But then, I suppose we ought to remember, as Lord OVERTHWAIT said at the Primrose League meeting, that it is practical men who have made England what she is.

Adolphus. Yes, thank Heaven; we aren't all of us long-haired poets or talking fellows, or Johnnies of that sort.

And there, the meet having been reached, the conversation ended.



Domestic. "THERE'S A GENTLEMAN WANTS TO SEE YER ON BUSINESS."

Master. "WELL, ASK HIM TO TAKE A CHAIR."

Domestic. "HE'S TAKING 'EM ALL, AND THE TABLE TOO. HE COMES FROM THE FURNITURE SHOP!"



"PAY! PAY! PAY!"

Mr. Punch. "DON'T FORGET, JOHN, THAT THOSE WHO SHOUT LOUD MUST PAY IN PROPORTION. YOU HAVE DONE WELL—DON'T STOP TILL YOU DO BETTER."

[H.R.H. the Princess of WALES appeals for further subscriptions to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. "I earnestly appeal for help to enable us to keep these homes (soldiers' and sailors') together until the bread-winners return."]

CUM GRANO SALIS.

(A Cure for the New Century.)

[According to the *Daily Mail* of Dec. 27, Professor LOEB and Dr. LINGLE, Physiologists at the University of Chicago, have discovered that common salt preserves the human organisation in life as it does pork in packing-houses. They assert that salt not only keeps the heart in action, but may cause it to beat again after pulsation has ceased. As a result of sensational newspaper reports, the new salt treatment threatens to become a craze all over the country.]

'CUTE LOEB and LINGLE

(What odd names to mingle!)

Have made our ears tingle

With news that they've found the Elixir of Life!

Yes, LINGLE and LOEB
Say there's to be no ebb
Of bodily force where their treatment is rife.

The despair of the sages,
The riddle of ages
To-day in the pages
Of half-penny papers is solved in a trice:
"With chloride of sodium
The tedium and odium
Of Age you'll postpone," is their latest
advice!

Like sea-cooks or skippers,
They say, turn your "nippers"
And small-fry to kippers,
And then little "pickles" will grow up
"old salts"!

Thus well marinated
And briny, they're aided
To keep the right side of their family
vaults.

This vision romantic
Comes o'er the Atlantic
Where feats are gigantic,
And freaks are colossal and yarns pretty
tall;
As I don't wish to rival
Old Parr in survival,
This pork-cure *cum grano* I'll take after
all. A. A. S.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

OH, day that is old as the ages,
Whose standing is that of the hills,
Initial of so many pages,
And herald of so many ills!
Your garner is stored with profusion,
Of secrets I spoke in your ear,
Resolves that were put to confusion,
Before we had quartered the year.

No longer I make a profession
Of what my intentions may be,
No more penitential confession
Can e'er be extracted from me.
I shall probably make a selection
Of follies, in which will appear
Not a few that made up my collection
Which noted the outgoing year.

No—nothing shall mark with distinction,
The day which the almanack claims,
As the sign of the total extinction
Of a century given to flames.
Resolve and reform! I am weary
Of such—they have cost me so dear,
And everything's faded and dreary,
And nothing is new but the year!

THE MAGIC WORD.

"SPEAK not of love," she cried, and then
As if too coldly she had spoken,
She smiled bewitchingly again—
Which I took for a lover's token.

Speak not of love! I sighed; and she
My gentle suspiration noting,
Grew sad in sympathy to see
A lover so forlorn and doting.

Speak not of love! Oh, punishment
Consign! I pleaded hard for mercy,
But firm of will, of fixed intent,
She softly murmured: "No, no, PERCY,

"Speak not of love—oh, lay not bare
Your treasury of sighs unduly;
Not cold am I, or hard, I swear,
But, oh—I cannot listen, truly.

"Speak not of love—no magic's in
The word—no charm; so please leave off.
If my affection you would win,
Why—speak unceasingly of—Golf!"

THE RIGHT SORT OF BEER FOR THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Double X.

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

I.

WHEN the slug-a-beds are dozing—
If I'm not myself reposing
I've an infinite contempt for those that are—
Sweet to steal by Magdalen tower
At the unaccustomed hour
When the rosy-fingered dawn is on the Cher.*

When my tutor fond supposes
I am writing Latin proses
Or intent upon my studies for the Bar;
I resist the bland seductions
Of tutorial instructions,
And I paddle my Canadè† up the Cher.

Sweet to dream of the existence—
At a comfortable distance—
Of his lectures; sweet to kindle a cigar,
And to dally with *Pendennis*,
Or perhaps the *Stones of Venice*,
As I float upon the bosom of the Cher.

Strange to wonder what temptations
Men can find in Moderations.
What's a First? Would any place it on a par
With this *dolce far niente*
When one's special sweet-and-twenty
Is enshrined in one's Canader on the Cher?

As for 'Varsities, *cui bono*?
For the dons' and tutors'? Oh, no!
For the scouts'? Perhaps. But I would rather far
Think the object of a college
Was to cultivate a knowledge
Of the subtle fascinations of the Cher.

* The Cherwell is a sluggish tributary of the Thames much frequented by wasters, who prefer its "cultivated leisure" to the "gratuitous exertion" of the Isis.

THE STRANGE CASE OF GENERAL COLVILLE.

F.-M. PUNCH having at heart the true interests of the Army, based as they largely are upon justice to officers and men, has been looking into the case of General Sir HENRY COLVILLE. Avoiding controversy, sticking closely to facts, as is the F.-M.'s manner, it may be briefly stated:

On the 20th of May, General COLVILLE, in command of a division of the Army in South Africa, was ordered by Lord ROBERTS to march to Heilbron, reaching that point on the 29th. Fighting his way through Lindley he, when half-way between that place and his destination, received a message from Colonel SPRAGGE, in command of 500 Yeomanry, asking for help. General COLVILLE had his orders to be in Heilbron on a particular day. He had reason to believe his march was part of a concerted movement, which would be balked if he did not turn up on the appointed date. Rightly or wrongly, he continued his march, and the Yeomanry, overpowered by numbers, surrendered to the Boers. The circumstances of the case being considered by the Army Board of the War Office, General COLVILLE was permitted to resume his command at Gibraltar.

Up to this point it is all plain marching. Now we turn into Queer Street. In accordance with instructions from the War Office, General COLVILLE on the 1st of October resumed his command at Gibraltar. On the 21st of December there reached him a sort of Christmas card from Sir EVELYN WOOD, informing him that Mr. BRODRICK—who, in the meantime, had succeeded Lord LANSDOWNE at the War Office—held him responsible for the Lindley affair, and dismissed him from his command.

What F.-M. Punch wants to know is what happened between 1st of October and 21st of December to compel this reversal of decision taken by Lord LANSDOWNE, acting upon the finding of the Army Board? Had fresh evidence been brought to light? If so, was it communicated to the accused, and opportunity afforded him of rebutting it? General COLVILLE, in his published statement, says no such opportunity was offered to him.

A telegram from Capetown states that, subsequent to the War Office enquiry, Colonel SPRAGGE submitted to the authorities a telegram which reached him on the 23rd of May. It was dated from Lindley, and purported to be from General COLVILLE, urging him to hurry up to his men to Lindley as fast as possible. If this telegram were genuine and General COLVILLE, having summoned the Yeomanry to strengthen his command, had left them in the lurch, he deserves the professional ruin with which he is threatened. But there is a little fact that upsets this argument. Colonel SPRAGGE received the Lindley telegram on the 23rd of May, and General COLVILLE did not reach Lindley till the 26th. The slim Boer may be able to explain this mystery. Certainly General COLVILLE did not send the telegram; had not, indeed, heard of Colonel SPRAGGE till, on the morning of the 28th, he received his appeal for help.

These are the uncontested facts. F.-M. Punch makes no remark upon them beyond the obvious one, that for the honour of the Army and the credit of the War Office the matter cannot be allowed to rest where the Secretary of State's dismissal of General COLVILLE leaves it.



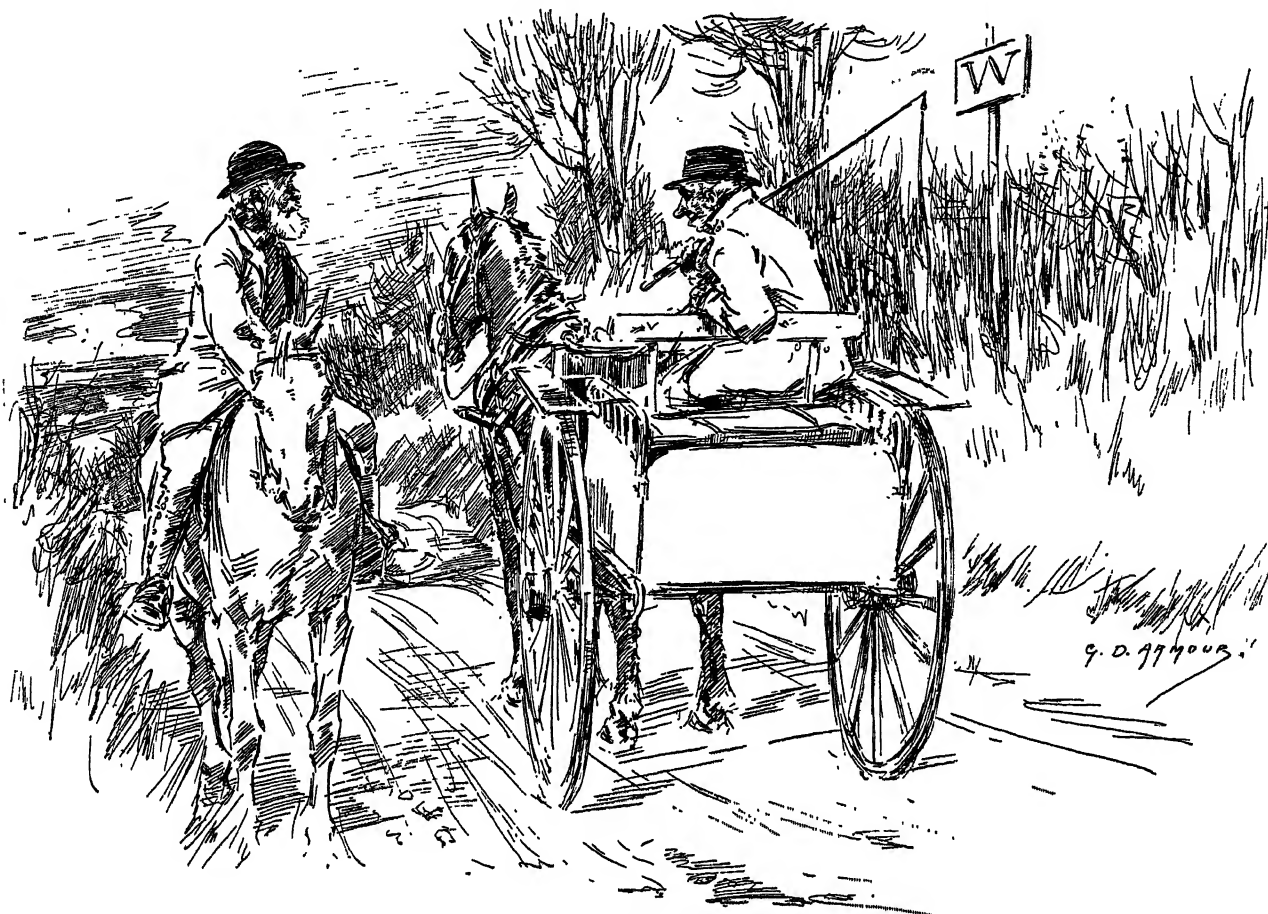
A PETTY FOGGER.

(By a Misanthropist.)

SOME of us like the sunshine, some of us like the rain,
Some of us love the moonlight, some of us love the main;
These are fancies that our brain-wheels set ever and aye agog,
But consistently and perfectly give me a London fog!
'Twas meant for a fellow morose, with a visage grim and dour
And a voice acidulated as an unripe lemon's sour,
With a rind that can match its denseness in the thickness of
Never-be,
And a kind of a lost intenseness in the Kingdom of Never-see.
What matters to me the howling of the destitute drunken dog
Who has lost his way in the noisome spray that distils this
London fog;
His yells are to me the sweeter because I am left alone,
And the castaway cannot venture to dispute with me my bone;
I rejoice when Londoners flounder in a sort of Serbonian bog.
I'm a brute and beast inhuman, but I do love a London fog!



SIR JOHN AIRD, BART.—The New Century has commenced well with the bestowal of a Baronetcy upon the Member for Paddington. There are few busier or better men in the land than JOHN AIRD. Amongst the important public works he has carried out at home and abroad, his hustling of old Father NILE, compelling him to evenly distribute his favours over thirsty Egypt, will, when completed, rank highest. But he always had a winning way with water, as is shown by the Staines Reservoir, and the new Docks at Southampton. We ought to have Aird of this recognition before. But it's never too late to be a Baronet.



"W. STANDS FOR WIRE."

"HULLOAH, JARGE! BEEN PUTTIN' UP SOME WIRE TO KEEP THE FOX-HUNTERS AWAY?"

"NOA, I B'AIN'T PUT UP NO WIRE; BUT THE 'UNT THEY SENDS ME A LOT O' THEM BOARDS WITH 'W.' ON UM, SO I JUST STUCK 'EM UP ALL ROUND THE LAND, AND THEY NEVER COMES NIGH O' ME NOW!"

THE DOMESTIC DODO.

(A dialogue of to-day.)

"OH, I dare not listen. I must not." The young girl rose, and went softly towards the window.

"Then you have no—hope to give me?" he said, bending over the chintz cover of the sofa.

CLARICE CONFITURE cast a look full of pity on the young man.

"You must not think I have not seen your—love. You must not believe me indifferent——"

"Ah!"

"But . . . we can never be married."

The man groaned. "I was a fool to suppose it could be otherwise," he said.

The girl did not answer.

"Some other man—luckier than I——"

"No, no. Do not say that," she half pleaded. "I love no other."

"And yet you will not marry me?"

The girl shook her head. "Oh, if it were possible!"

"Is it anything I have said or done? Do not let some passing whim, some airy fancy keep us apart when a moment's explanation——"

"It is not that."

The man pondered. "I have often spoken of a flat near the Park, of a light dog-cart with yellow wheels—and—and of a French bull-dog——"

"I should love them all—all!"

"Did I exaggerate in any degree the felicity of conjugal life?"

"No, no. But——" the girl shuddered.

"My reputation?" urged the man.

"Beyond reproach. I know—I know. Oh, if I only had the courage. I ought to be very happy—to feel the luckiest girl on earth. The love of a good man, the life of ease and contentment—everything a girl could wish for—except——"

"Except——"

"A SERVANT. Now you see what you are asking me. Love, wealth, luxury; what are all these to the awful horrors of beginning life together in a town-flat without a servant?"

"But surely——" began he.

"Like the Dodo," interrupted Miss CONFITURE, "the domestic servant is extinct."

The man bowed his head in token of submission, and went out.

TO THE SUN.

THE day I looked upon your face
(Ah me! the years have passed away!)
Will hold memorial pride of place
Until my bones are turned to clay.

I loved you then, I love you now,
And, hopeless as that love must be,
I cannot manage anyhow
To break the spell that's over me.

I love the tales men put about
Of how you shone when Spring had
come,
And though I've learnt their words to
doubt,

I would not that they had been dumb.
For though a lover lose his quest,
He loves to dwell on every grace
(And hear them by the world confessed)
That charmed him in his lady's face.

No mad proposal dare I make,
No wild request that you should shine
Upon my life. I sadly take
The hopeless lover's lot as mine.
But ah, I pray on bended knee,
One instant from your pride desist,
Unveil your face for me to see,
That I may know you still exist.

THE BLANK FILE.

BY MAJOR W. P. DRURY.

A ZIG-ZAG of steel-blue fire licked out from the inky cloud above Yes Tor, and Mr. PAGETT and I involuntarily withdrew from the red-curtained lattice whence we had been watching the storm's approach.

"A flash o' lightnin'," he began, "always 'minds me——"

It was the formula with which my host, the ex-Private of Marines, invariably began the narration of his very moving experiences by flood and field, though in this instance its conclusion was lost in the thunderclap which shook the "Coach and Horses" to its ancient granite foundations. As the muttering echoes died among the Dartmoor gorges I called to mind the tattered *Pilgrim's Progress* on the best parlour table, the green and yellow lizard on the sunlit garden wall, the village doctor at his surgery door, and a dozen unconsidered trifles which had furnished a great artist with material for his finest masterpieces. Thrusting my tobacco pouch into the artist's hands, I drew a couple of high-backed chairs before the fire, and—with reference to certain arrangements upon the table—requested him to say "when."

He said it on the instant, and before the golden fluid in the lower half of the tumbler had grown appreciably paler. Then, having assured himself that the blessed miller, as he expressed it, had not been drowned, he plunged with military directness into the strange narrative which it is my privilege to make public.

"It so 'appened," he began, "that on a certain red 'ot night about 'alf a dozen years back I was employed by Her Majesty on 'ighly responsible and very 'arassin' dooty at a spot some ten thousand miles south-east o' Plymouth Sound. The spot was the 'arbour of Batavia, in the great Dutch island o' Java: and the dooty—which was that of cabin-door sentry aboard the second-class cruiser *Dook o' York*—was 'arassin' by reason o' the heat, and more than usually responsible on account of the Dutch adm'ral dinin' that evenin' with our skipper. Ever since I first saw Queen WILLYMINOR's pretty face on a ha'penny box o' matches I've always thought that, next to bein' a British Marine, I'd like to be a Dutch one: and it pleased me to think that one of her adm'rais was, in a manner o' speakin', eatin' his dinner under the charge of Private PAGETT."

My gallant host glanced sentimentally at a coloured print of the young Queen of Holland which, in company with one of his lawful sovereign, adorned the overmantel of the best parlour. But a buxom lady in the bar happening at that moment to glance through the glass partition in our direction, he hastily shifted his gaze to the fire and continued the story.

"Although the conversation at the dinner-table was in English, for the first hour or so I could pick up nothing worth repeatin' of the lower deck. In spite o' the champagne wine they were strikin' down by the quart, the talk was as 'eavy to listen to as the *Times* noospaper is to read. But no sooner 'ad the Dutch adm'ral got a cigar between his teeth than he began to grow confidential, and after a bit he told our skipper a piece o' noos that I'll lay to it he'd 'ave given a year's sea wages in the mornin' to recall. As for me, I knocked off that ridic'ulous farce of 'walkin' my post in a soldierlike manner, and stood stric'ly at ease as near the open cabin door as possible, in order that when I was relieved my messmates might 'ave the benefit o' the noos as well.

"'Latitood nine, thirteen south,' the adm'ral was sayin', 'and longitood one 'undred an' four east. It was reborted to me this mornin' by the captain of a—how say you?—ja, tramp. Four 'undred miles sou'-west of Sunda Straits he was when he passed the island. Yet no island at all, my frient, is shown in that bart o' the ocean on your Adm'rality jarts!"

"I'll back our Adm'rality charts, all the same," says the skipper, 'uffylike, 'against the diseased imagination of a tipsy-

maniac master of a tramp! I don't believe in that there island,' he says, 'no more than I believe in the man in the moon.'

"'Noverthemore,' says the Dutchman, risin' with onsteady dignity from the table, 'to-morrow I go to annegs it in the name o' WILLYMINOR, by the grace of God Queen o' the Netherlands.'

"'I wish Her Majesty joy of her noo possession,' says our skipper sarcastically, bowin' his guest up the after ladder. 'By the way, what did you say its position was on the chart?'

"'My 'dear frient,' says the adm'ral, steppin' into his barge, 'what can it madder, since it only exists in the deceased imagination of a dabsymaniac?' At which the skipper swore very softly to hisself.

"A few minutes after returnin' to his cabin, 'owever, he rang the bell.

"'Sir?' says I, answerin' it.

"'Take these orders,' says he, 'to the first lieutenant and chief engineer;' and with that he turns in.

"Then there was more soft swearin'—from the wardroom an' lower-deck messes this time. For the orders to the first lieutenant were to unmoor and be ready for sea by day-light, while the chief engineer was to 'ave steam for ten knots by the same hour. Which meant that at least two-thirds o' the ship's comp'ny 'ad to put off their Toosday night's rest till the followin' Sunday afternoon.

"Under the mistaken impression that we were 'omeward bound, the band o' the Dutch flagship played us out of 'arbour next mornin' to the toon of '*Beautiful Isle o' the Sea*.' But it was a younger isle than old England we were bound for; and, as soon as we 'ad crawled out o' sight, instead of keepin' on our course for Signapôre the 'elm was jammed 'ard a-star-board, the injin-room telegraph set at 'full speed ahead,' and in a few hours we were racin' at ten an' a quarter knots through the Straits o' Sunda towards the Indian Ocean. When we reached the open, the skipper put the ship on a sou'-westerly course, and—sent for me."

"For you?"

"Not for the First Lord o' the Adm'rality," explained Mr. PAGETT wearily, "but for me. 'You 'ad the first watch on the cabin door last night?' says the skipper. 'I 'ad,' says I. 'I misremember,' he says, lookin' me 'ard in the face, 'the exao' longitood and latitood o' that there island.' 'Nine, thirteen south,' says I, 'by one 'undred and four east.' 'Ow do you know?' he asks. 'I wrote it down on the aft-deck paintwork,' I says, 'with my trigger finger,' I says, 'dipped in some corfy your stooard was carryin' into the cabin at the time.' 'Then you'll probably get fourteen days from the first lieutenant,' he says, 'for spoilin' his paint, and fourteen more from me for listenin' to international conf'rences. Now you can go.'

"But when in the dawn two days afterwards the island lay right athwart our course, the skipper sends for me on the fore bridge and gives me the lance stripe instead. It was afterwards took from me, you may recollect, for lettin' the jib sheet jam when Lieutenant PRINGLE was sailin' that there train across the Isthmus o' Paria in Venezuela.

"Now, if the Dutch adm'ral 'ad seen that forsaken island, maybe he wouldn't 'ave talked so big about annexin' it for Queen WILLYMINOR, God bless her! It was no sort of present for a lady—let alone a Queen, bein' nothin' but a flat, irreg'lar patch of rock an' shingle about 'alf a mile long, and lookin' like an inkstain in the middle of a blue silk tablecloth."

"I suppose you went back again," I hazarded, seeing that he paused.

"If you suppose the ship and everybody in her but the Marines," rejoined Mr. PAGETT moodily, "you suppose right. In order to make the Dutch adm'ral swear on his arrival, the skipper caused the entire detachment, from me an' Lieutenant JANNAWAY down to the drummer, to parade in our best scarlet toonies, and then landed us as a 'garrison of occupation.' We



THE BENEVOLENT CODFISH.

Newfoundland Talking Cod (addressing the two fisher-girls France and England). "LOOK HERE, MY DEARS, DO DISCUSS ME IN A FRIENDLY WAY. IT WOULD GIVE ME SUCH PLEASURE TO BE THE MEANS OF BRINGING YOU BOTH TOGETHER!"

*"An understanding is necessary. The whole question is to find a *quid pro quo* which would fully compensate France both for the material value of her rights and for the moral value of so friendly a concession."—Extract from "Le Temps," quoted by "The Times" January 1, 1901.*

took with us a large mining marquee for the men, a couple o' bell tents for Lootenant JANNAWAY an' the colour-sergeant, our arms an' accoutrements, a week's rations, and the tallest spar and biggest Union Jack we 'ad in the ship. After hoistin' the colours with his own 'and an' proclaimin' the island part o' the British Empire, the Marines presented arms, and the skipper returned on board: and an hour later the *Dook o' York* was 'ull down on the north-eastern 'orizon.

"We pitched the tents, laid out our beddin', cleaned our arms an' accoutrements, cooked and 'ad our dinners, lit our pipes, and lay down in the shade till evenin'. Then JANNAWAY, who was a born Marine and would 'ave 'arassed pore castaways upon a raft, ordered us to fall in for drill.

"The ground mightn't 'ave been as smooth as the parade in Plymouth barracks, but it was certainly roomier than the *Dook's* quarter-deck. Besides, Marines ain't like common soldiers. It makes no diff'rence to them whether they drill in a stonemason's yard or in a gale o' wind at sea. Therefore there seemed no sort of excuse for the shufflin' and jostlin' that went on in the ranks as soon as we were on the move. Presently JANNAWAY 'alts us.

"'What the blazes is the matter with you?' he says. 'One would think you were a pack of infants out of a kindergarten, instead of long-service infantry o' the line. The left 'alf comp'ny's disgraceful,' he says, 'and I b'lieve the fourth section's drunk. The comp'ny will advance—by the left—quick march!'

"The nex' minute the left-'and man but two trips, and the 'ole of the fourth section loses the step.

"Take that man's name, Colour-Sergeant,' says JANNAWAY.

"'Beg pardon, Sir,' says the indignant soldier, 'but my rear-rank man's done nothin' but tread on my 'eels ever since the blessed drill began.'

"'Don't talk to me, Sir!' roars JANNAWAY. 'You can check him as well, Colour-Sergeant, for tellin' me a lie. It's the first time,' he says sarcastically, 'that I've 'eard of a rear-rank man in a blank file!'

"Now, as everyone knows, when there's an odd number o' men in a comp'ny, the left-'and file but two is called the blank file, because there's a gap at that point in the rear rank. In other words, the front-rank man has got no one be'ind him. The comp'ny sniggered, and the man himself looked foolish; so JANNAWAY, to give him a chance, shifted him to the right o' the rear rank, and the drill continued.

"Three minutes later the noo front-rank man, with a scared look on his face, steps out o' the ranks and requests to be made a pris'ner.

"'What the devil for?' asks JANNAWAY.

"'Because,' says the man, through his chatterin' teeth, 'it gives me the 'orrors every time I turn about to run agin somebody I can't see!'

"'I'll 'ave a double sentry posted on the rum cask,' says JANNAWAY, always suspicious of us pore soldiers. 'The nex' man as says the blank file's complete will 'ave a crime made out against him.'

"He broke up the detachment, reformed and numbered it, and went on with the drill. But it wasn't a bit o' good. In spite of Mr. JANNAWAY the blank file was complete. There was always Someone marchin' in that vacant place in the left 'alf comp'ny, and the left 'alf comp'ny didn't like it. After a bit they began to panic, and the panic spread to the right 'alf, so that JANNAWAY, with many crool words, was presently forced to dismiss us.

"The records of the great Sea Regiment," continued Mr. PAGETT, with apparent irrelevance, "go back, as you well know, more than two 'undred and thirty years, and they form an unbroken tale of the most splendid valour in every quarter o' the globe. Not even a loss of fifty per cent. o' their numbers 'ave stopped the Marines from capturin' a position, and they 'ave gone to the bottom standin' with unbroken ranks upon the quarterdeck. But even Marines are sometimes seized with

panic, and after that drill we raced back to the minin' tent as though the devil himself 'ad been at our 'eels. We would 'ave fought a dozen Dutch flagships with pleasure, but that bloomin' blank file was a bit too much for our nerves."

So shattered were Mr. PAGETT'S nerves, even after the lapse of six years, that for several minutes he was entirely unconscious that the tumbler he held midway to his mouth was empty: nor, on my hastening to atone for my forgetfulness, did he remember to say "when" until the whiskey had reached the top of the pretty. His omission to add any water was possibly but another proof that the great man's thoughts were ten thousand miles away from his beloved "Coach and Horses."

"I ask you," he resumed, after staring at the fire in silence for several minutes, "to consider the sitioation. Three an' thirty pore marooned soldiers—countin' me, an' JANNAWAY, an' the colour-sergeant—jostlin' each other on a pin's 'ead of rock in the most deserted part o' the Indian Ocean. Night comin' on, and in our ranks a blank file there was no accountin' for, and which, by all the rules o' squad drill, didn't ought to 'ave been there. And now, in the wake o' the blank file, 'ad come another 'orror called blue funk: and all this, if you please, in order to make a Dutch adm'ral swear! It made us swear, and you may lay to it: for it was 'ard, crool 'ard, on the most deservin' body o' men in Her Majesty's reg'lar forces."

Mr. PAGETT passed his left hand over his eyes while his right sought the newly replenished tumbler. After a gallant effort to control his emotion, he set the glass resolutely upon the table, and continued.

"At two bells in the first watch Mr. JANNAWAY, who would 'ave carried out routine if he'd been ROBINSON CRUSOE, ordered the bugler to sound 'Out lights!' and after we'd all turned in, he went the rounds with the colour-sergeant. Everything being correct, they also retired to their respective tents: and for some time nothin' broke the oppressive silence but the foot-steps o' the sentry outside.

"The first thing that 'appened was the rattle of his rifle an' baynit as he come down to the charge, and his challenge 'Alt! Who goes there?' Now, seein' that every soul on the island but the sentry himself was in bed, we all sat up on our blankets to 'ear the reply. But none came: so after a minute or more the sentry resoomed his walk, and we in the minin' tent lay down again.

"Before long the thing was repeated, after which it went on at intervals of about two minutes, but with never a reply to the challenges. The fifth brought Mr. JANNAWAY to the door of his tent, and he was in a doose of a rage, you may lay to it.

"'When that militiaman's finished challengin' his own shadow,' he sings out, 'p'r'aps he'll recollect that all the inhabitants of this pop'lous island are in bed, and want to go to sleep!'

"'Then for the first time in our joint existence,' says the sentry, his voice shakin' with the tropical cold, 'me and my shadow 'ave parted comp'ny. It's just gone into the minin' tent!' he says.

"In less than a brace o' shakes the 'ole thirty of us were outside the tent in our shirts, which so upset the sentry that he drops his rifle and starts shinnin' up the jackstaff, greatcoat an' all.

"'Come down out o' that, you grey ape,' roars JANNAWAY, 'before I bring you down with my revolver. As for the rest o' you,' he says, 'if you ain't back in your beds in one minute, I'll 'ave you all tried for mutiny as soon as we get back to the ship. To think,' he says, 'that a detachment o' Royal Marines should be turned into a flock o' silly sheep by a sentry with a touch o' sunstroke!'

"Then he orders the sentry to be relieved and kep' under observation in the colour-sergeant's tent as a criminal loonatic: and we guessed that the colour-sergeant would prefer the comp'ny of a criminal loonatic to bein' left by hisself in the dark."

(To be continued.)

A LETTER TO A YOUNG PUBLISHER.

SINCE, my dear JONES, you are good enough to ask for my advice, need I say that your success in business will depend chiefly upon judicious advertisement? You are bringing out, I understand, a thrilling story of domestic life, entitled *Maria's Marriage*. Already, I am glad to learn, you have caused a paragraph to appear in the literary journals contradicting "the widespread report that Mr. KIPLING and the German EMPEROR have collaborated in the production of this novel, the appearance of which is awaited with such extraordinary interest." And you have induced a number of papers to give prominence to the fact that Mr. PENWIPER dines daily off curry and clotted cream. So far, so good. Your next step will be to send out review-copies, together with ready-made laudatory criticisms; in order, as you will explain, to save the hardworked reviewers trouble. But, you will say, supposing this ingenious device to fail? Supposing *Maria's Marriage* to be universally "slated"? Well, even then you need not despair. With a little practice, you will learn the art of manufacturing an attractive advertisement column from the most unpromising material. Let me give you a brief example of the method:

I.—THE RAW MATERIAL.

"MR. PENWIPER'S latest production, *Maria's Marriage*, scarcely calls for serious notice. It seems hard to believe that even the most tolerant reader will contrive to study with attention a work of which every page contains glaring errors of taste. Humour, smartness and interest are all conspicuously wanting."—*The Thunderer*.

"This book is undeniably third-rate—dull, badly-written, incoherent; in fine, a dismal failure."—*The Wigwam*.

"If *Maria's Marriage* has any real merit, it is as an object-lesson to aspiring authors. Here, we would say to them, is a striking example of the way in which romance should not be written. Set yourself to produce a work exactly its opposite in every particular, and the chances are that you will produce, if not a masterpiece, at least, a tale free from the most glaring faults. For the terrible warning thus afforded by his volume to budding writer, Mr. PENWIPER deserves to be heartily thanked."—*Daily Telephone*.

"*Maria's Marriage* is another book that we have received in the course of the month."—*The Parachute*.

II.—THE RESULT.

Maria's Marriage! Maria's Marriage!

Gigantic Success—The Talk of London.

The 29th Edition will be issued this week if the sale of twenty-eight previous



A NEW YEAR'S AMENDMENT ACT.

Aunt. "Now, BOB, THIS IS THE TIME WHEN WE ALL OF US FIRMLY RESOLVE TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, AND THROW ASIDE OUR OLD BAD HABITS AND CULTIVATE GOOD ONES. SO YOUR UNCLE AND I WANT YOU TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND NOT TO SMOKE ANY MORE CIGARETTES."

Young Hopeful (carefully keeping his latest purchase out of sight). "YES, AUNT."

ones makes this necessary. Each edition is strictly limited!;

Maria's Marriage!

The voice of the Press is simply unanimous. Read the following extracts—taken almost at random from the reviews of leading papers.

"Mr. PENWIPER'S latest production . . . calls for serious notice . . . the reader will . . . study with attention a work of which every page contains taste, humour, smartness and interest!"—*The Thunderer*.

"Undeniably . . . fine!"—*The Wigwam*.

"Has . . . real merit . . . an object-lesson . . . a striking example of the way in which romance . . . should be written. A masterpiece . . . free from faults.

Mr. PENWIPER deserves to be heartily thanked!"—*Daily Telephone*.

"The book . . . of the month!"—*The Parachute*, etc., etc.

Maria's Marriage! A veritable Triumph! Order it from your Bookseller to-day!



That, my dear JONES, is how the trick is done. I hope to give you some further hints on a future occasion.

A. C. D.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE KNIGHT?

A plaint of Poets Untitled.

[The studied exclusion of the name of Mr. ALFRED ARSTIN from the list of New Year Knights is supposed to have aroused much indignation in the breast of Mr. SW-NE-BNE, at Putney. The following lines attempt to give expression to a sentiment that reflects great credit on the author of *Atalanta in Calydon*.]

WHEN the cooling of cosmos began
With a sprinkling of spots on the sun,
At the primal commencement of man,
When the winds and the waters were one;
From the dawn of the dallying years
There came of the travail of Time,
Harmony filched from the spheres,
Rhyme and the making of rhyme.
And the nine-fold heavenly brood,
Bred in Olympian air,
Gave us ambrosial food
And to browse on the following fare:—

Mirth that is misery's pillow,
And grief, the bolster of mirth;
Boom of the earth-sick billow,
Ache of the sea-sick earth;
Lips that are drunk with laughter,
Fulness that frets for more,
Wisdom that follows after
The wassail that went before;
Beauty that breaks at a breath,
Love that is louder than strife;
Life, the cousin of death,
And death, the ditto of life.

In the subsequent age of gold,
Ere the savour of life went wrong,
When the passions of men took mould
From the hand of the Maker of Song;
On the wings of the North and the South
White-hot on the quest they came,
And the truths that dropped from his
Fell on their hearts like flame. [mouth
Ivy was lashed to his locks,
Of pearls was his robe inwrought,
Gaily the fattened ox
Yielded him food for thought.
Sovereign of kings he sat
And sang to the lords of the isles,
By day on a gem-strewn mat,
By night on the star-struck tiles.

He sang of the dregs of desire,
Of sin and the issue of sin,
Of the wealth that his wandering lyre
Had won, and was worthy to win;
Till the feasters were faint in the chest.
And the voice of the waiters was dumb,
And you heard in the course of a rest
The crash of a decadent crumb!

England! What of the gold,
Of the fine gold rotting to rust?
What of your heart grown cold
And the eyes of you dimmed with dust?
Where now are the spoils of the bard,
Carbuncles brave on his breast,
Myrrh and emulsion of nard
For the frenzy and fringe of his crest?
What of the deference done
To the builder of bounteous rhymes

In the young year's honours that run
To a column or so of the *Times*?
Science and service of State,
Trade and the treatment of bile,
Power for the parish-debate,
Nerve for the damming of Nile—
Hence are the sheer heights scaled
By virtue that keeps to the path,
But never a poet has nailed
Even the boon of a Bath!

To the feet that are feathered to follow
The song-god's fluttering shift,
Empty is fame and hollow
Earth that comes with a gift;
But he that fashions his lays
No nearer the Muse's lap
Than the hall where he hangs his bays
When he washes at CARLTON'S tap—
AUSTIN, what of the Knight?
Heavy with hope deferred,
When will he solace our sight,
Panoplied, plumed, and spurred?

Give me no guerdon of mortals!
Zeus-gotten and cherished of Zeus,
I fling their pay to the portals
Hound-bound of the nethermost deuce;
With a hitch to my Bacchanal's wreath,
I mock at the titles of man,
When at Putney aloof on the Heath
I can prance to the pipings of Pan!
O. S.



THE DREAM OF THE STATISTICIAN.

TOTTERUP had not been feeling well lately. Perhaps the long series of magazine articles, written at somewhat high pressure, was responsible for it. But he had finished with them for the present, and as he got into bed that evening he resolved to have a good rest from all numerical calculations.

He spent an uncomfortable night, however. Visions of the little black-and-white diagrams with which he used to illustrate his articles danced before his eyes. The dotted lines and shaded portions pursued him relentlessly, until nature at last succumbed to the influence of Morpheus.

He awoke feeling refreshed, and began to dress leisurely. He was a methodical man and always arranged his personal belongings on the dressing-table overnight. This made it all the more strange that he could not find his tie-clip that morning. However, he finished his toilet and went downstairs. Meeting the housemaid on the way, he asked her if she had seen the tie-clip anywhere about.

"Oh, please, Sir, a gentleman called for it last night; but you were so fast asleep,

I fetched it out of your room without waking you. He said he must have it."

"A gentleman called for my tie-clip!"

"Yes, Sir. He was from the Admiralty, I think. He said something about it being required for the defence of the Nation."

TOTTERUP stared at the girl for a moment. Then there came into his mind the recollection of his earlier articles; he had touched on the amount of metal employed each year in the construction of tie-clips. It had also called attention to the fact that this same amount of metal would equip a fleet of war vessels. So the Government were going to put his calculations to the test. Well, this was fame!

He entered the dining-room. Breakfast was his favourite meal. His landlady was one of those few persons who can cook bacon, and there was a large dish of it on the table. But TOTTERUP was unusually hungry that morning, so he rang the bell. The landlady answered it in person.

"Mrs. MUGGRIDGE," he observed, "I should like a couple of boiled eggs."

"I'm very sorry, Sir, but there are no eggs to be had for love or money just now."

"Why, this is just the season for them!"

"Well, Sir I can only say what I'm told. Every egg, new-laid or stale, in the United Kingdom is wanted for the Straits of Dover."

Once again, something impelled TOTTERUP to recall his statistical works. Yes, he remembered it clearly now. He certainly had made the statement that the number of eggs laid by British hens would be sufficient, in a certain time, to completely fill up the Straits of Dover. So this, too, was being put to the test. Supposing he had not been quite accurate in his calculations!

He finished his breakfast with toast and marmalade. Then putting on his hat and coat he wandered out. He turned into Oxford Street, and crossed the road. As he did so, he stumbled over something in the roadway. Stooping down, he picked up a novel. He was glancing through it when a policeman tapped him on the shoulder.

"Now then, Sir, please put that back where you found it."

TOTTERUP looked at the constable, and then at the ground. To his astonishment, he noticed that the whole of the roadway was covered with works of fiction, packed closely together. The volume he held in his hand had somehow got dislodged, for there was a gap at his feet that it fitted into.

"It's the County Council," remarked the policeman, in answer to TOTTERUP's appealing glance. "Some bloke in the papers has been pointing out that 'London could be paved with novels from Shepherd's Bush to Milo End'; so they're

trying it instead of wood. All this year's books."

With a wild light in his eyes, TOTTERUP started walking down the path of fiction Citywards. He stopped at his news-agent's to get a paper.

"None on sale, Sir," said the man. "All being bought up by the Hastromer-Royal. 'E says as 'ow the daily papers will reach to the moon in time, if they pile 'em up; at least, that's what some writer chap tells 'in. So 'e's trying to make 'em as helevating as Dr. PARKER even could 'ave wished."

TOTTERUP paused for a moment; then hailing a hansom, he dashed off to his *fiancée's* address. He was shown up into the drawing-room and found her tying up a brown-paper parcel, which she presented to him without a word.

"What is it, dear?" he gasped.

"Only my engagement ring and a few of your presents to me. You know, in that last article of yours on the different ages at which people get married, you point out that the majority of unhappy marriages take place between females of from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age and males of thirty to thirty-two. As I am four-and-twenty and you are just thirty-one, it would be criminal if we continued to be engaged."

"But, my dearest EVANGELINE!"

"Not a word. Your calculations are always so correct and clear."

She disappeared through a door at the end of the room. TOTTERUP dashed after her, came in violent contact with the door handle, and—awoke!

POEMS FOR THE MILLION.

[A serial has been issued consisting entirely of verse.]

O MINOR bards, in numbers vast,
Who "want of space" so often curse,
Take heart of grace, here is at last
A periodical *all* verse.

With "copy" editors unkind
(The poet scornors) you pursue;
The whole fair field you here will find
One poet's corner, all for you.

Ah! but if all who thus aspire
Must in its pages find a home,
Each monthly issue would require
Encyclopædias, tome on tome.

Yet, if our minor poets all
Would only each one copy buy,
What other periodical
Could with its circulation vie?

A DAINTY DILEMMA.

IN rapture I gazed,
Neither manners nor duty
Could save me from being
Absorbed in her beauty.



J. ALLAN & CO.

THOSE BRUTAL BROTHERS!

Cissy (joining in at a check). "HALLO, TOMMY! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"
Tommy. "YES—THAT'S THE WORST OF HUNTING WITH HARRIERS. ONE CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE WOMEN!"

Oh, if I could tell her!
My eye—gallant rover,
Her beautiful face
Travelled over and over.
Should I tell her—and lose
Her affection for ever?
Could I utter the words
That us two might disserve?
She is raising her eyes!—
Those translucent pools
In whose depths have drowned
Many wise men and fools.

Oh, pity my plight!
To court her disdain,
And never to look
On her beauty again.
For if she should frown—
Ah, pity my plight!

My heaven made hell,
My day turned to night!

Oh, faintly I fought
And fainter. Oh, love,
The syllables softly
To utter I strove.
But I was so powerless,
Tongue-tied and stupid:
If only MARCONI
Had studied with Cup'id!

In a burst of despair,
Knowing well all was lost,
I determined to speak;
And I said—at what cost!—
At the risk of destroying
Her wonderful pose,
"There's such a big smut
On the bridge of your nose!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER IV.

(The gay and busy meet—Ladies in the lead—the Hunt breakfast—The flattering of Fred Dickinson.)

AND now you are at the meet. Is there a more cheerful and inspiring sight in the world than this gay confusion of high-mettled horses with their gallant riders bright in their scarlet coats, their white breeches, their polished top-boots and their shining hats, or more sober but not less workmanlike in the darker hues of mufti? Here, too, are the ladies, noble figures of horsewomen, sure but easy of seat, light-handed and glowing with health. You are a youngster, and, like other youngsters, you probably think women a feeble folk doomed to be guided and controlled and kept in subjection by such stalwart, brave, and sagacious creatures as yourself. But wait a bit till the old fox has broken covert, and the hounds, responsive to the huntsman's "Yoick!" are settled on his track. They run fast, and the country is not of the easiest. There are banks and ditches that call for all a rider's skill and courage; a little further on is a brook, not too narrow, and with a hard take-off; then we dash through a covert, ears open for the faltering music of the hounds, now checking for a moment, now pelting along the rides with right arm ready to ward off the low hanging branches; then out again into the open—a grass country with a stiff line of posts and rails. Some have been pounded at a bank, some have come to ruin at the brook; others have gone astray in the wood, or have displayed an excessive cunning in skirting it in the wrong direction; now one or two refuse at the first post and rails. Crash goes ADOLPHUS WINTER-SIDE; his horse is blown, and has misjudged his jump. His horse pecks on landing, pulls himself together pecks again

and rolls over, and, lo, the once immaculate ADOLPHUS becomes a muddy chaos, his hat battered into the likeness of an ancient concertina, and all the pride gone out of him. But far ahead, ever in the first flight with the boldest riders, behold Miss MIRABEL, that airy, dainty young woman over whom ADOLPHUS was prepared to extend his protection and patronage. She is well, mounted: every hunting girl must have a good horse, but a good horse is not enough. Nerve and skill and firmness and judgment are wanted, and all these she has. Nothing daunts her; she takes her own line, and asks no man to lead her. She never stops a crowd by bungling with a gate, or attempts absurd feats of jumping when there is a quicker, a safer, and an easier way. She is bold; but she spares her horse over the heavy land, and lets him feel his speed—but not too much—over the springy turf, and when, with a final rush and a fierce concentration, the hounds run into their quarry, I warrant she will not be far away. When you come panting and pounding up a few minutes later, you will have learnt that, with all her soft and pretty ways and

her delicate complexion, Miss MIRABEL has nothing to learn from your own strong sex in the matter of riding to hounds.

But see whither the ardour of the chase has carried me. We have hardly arrived at the meet, and already have I carried you at breakneck speed from a find to a check, from a check to a view, from a view to a death in the morning. Let us hark back a bit, and take things more easily.

You are to suppose, then, that we are at an invitation meet, and that breakfast has been laid out in the spacious hall of Elvaston Manor, the home of Squire WILBRAHAM, one of the mainstays of our hunt. A few of the older fellows have gone in and made a pretence of toying with ham, or galantine, or cold pheasant to the accompaniment of a glass of champagne or a tankard of ale, or a go of cherry brandy. Outside, the rest of

the riders have had their glass, the hunt servants guarding the wise and friendly hounds in the adjoining paddock have had their drain of beer, the Squire and the farmers on their honest serviceable nags have exchanged hearty greetings—everybody is in the highest spirits, and tongues are wagging freely. I advise you not to say too much, and not to be critical. Rather admire where you can honestly do so; if not, keep silent. But it is so easy to admire and to gratify. Try the plan on FRED DICKINSON, as thus—

"By Jupiter, FRED, that's a good-looking horse you're on; Where did you get him?"

"Bought him from a chap in Ireland. Only got him over last week."

"I bet you had to pay a stiff price."

"Not a bit. Eighty, including all expenses of getting him here."

"Well, you have got a bargain. I never saw a better cut of horse for pace and jumping. His quarters are magnificent."

In this simple interchange of sentences you have flattered FRED's judgment of a horse and his skill as a bargainer, and

in the most delicate way you've made him a warm friend. Later on, you'll overhear him saying to the Squire, "Doosid pleasant young chap, that LIGHTFOOT; rides as straight as a line, and knows a thing or two about a horse." So easily are the great conciliated.

CHESS À LA MILITAIRE.

(As played in the game of War.)

RED advances ten miles by rail in the direction of White's rear guard.

White retires twenty guns and sixty squadrons by a night march in echelon.

Red forges round with thirty thousand mounted men, cutting off White's retreat.

White seizes a mountain pass and blows up twenty bridges. Red brings up guns, cavalry and stores and gives check.

White surrenders.



"FOG SIGNALS."

(A Hint to the Asthmatical.)



URGENT.

GENERAL LORD K-TCH-N-R (to MR. JOHN BULL). "IF YOU WANT THIS BUSINESS QUICKLY FINISHED YOU MUST GIVE ME MORE HORSES, AND MEN TO RIDE THEM."

TARTARIN A BRIGHTON.

L'ARRIVÉE.

La gare de Brighton était déserte. Sous le ciel blafard, et à travers la brume de mer, on voyait à peine une dizaine de personnes qui attendaient l'arrivée de l'express. C'était le dimanche.

Soudain le train arrive. Les portières s'ouvrent, les facteurs accourent, sur tout le quai on se bouscule, on se presse, on cherche ses bagages, ses amis. Tout d'un coup une voix terrible pousse ce cri, "Facteur!"

Sur le marchepied du wagon-salon un gros homme barbu s'arrête. Il a l'air marin. Il porte un pantalon bleu foncé, très large au dessous des genoux, et cachant de petits souliers vernis; un col marin gigantesque, en toile bleu pâle, rabattu sur les épaules au dessus d'un vaste *mackintosh* en toile cirée, qui laisse voir une ceinture en soie rouge; et un chapeau de paille à larges bords, sur le ruban duquel on distingue ces mots *H.M.S. Terrible*. Un sifflet et un couteau pendus au cou par une grosse corde, une longue-vue à la main, deux pistolets et un coutelas fourrés dans la ceinture, complètent l'équipement de ce parfait *yachtman*.

Les paisibles voyageurs, *citys-mans*, négociants, avocats, artistes de théâtre, usuriers, *books-makers*, s'arrêtent effarés. Les facteurs s'enfuient. Mais derrière le gros marin, ce pirate à l'air doux et bienveillant, on entend murmurer une petite voix, "Maître, j'ai cherché le mot dans mon dictionnaire, et j'ai trouvé *portaire*." "Vai, PASCALON," répond le marin, "pas du tout. Ça, c'est une bière, le *portaire-palal*." Et, brandissant la longue-vue, il crie encore plus fort "Facteur!"

Les actrices, poussant des cris d'effroi, se jettent dans les bras des *citys-mans*. Les acteurs, se rappelant les gestes des guerriers de l'antiquité, se cachent derrière leurs parapluies, tenus en boucliers à la main gauche. Ils attendent le combat, leurs cannes à la main droite, une phalange inattaquable.

Mais un gros négociant, poussé par ses camarades, s'approche du wagon-salon. "Bardon," dit-il en excellent français de Berlin, "bardon, fous foulez oune facteur, bas frai?" "Pardi, monsieur," répond le marin, "voilà deux fois que je le demande. Et autrement il nous faut une voiture, au moins."

La-dessus l'Allemand fait signe à un facteur. "Fly, Sir?" dit ce dernier. "PASCALON," fit le brave *yachtman*, "qu'est-ce qu'il demande?" "Je cherche," répond la petite voix; "ça veut dire, volez, monsieur, si je ne me trompe pas." "Volez," crie le terrible loup de mer, furibond, "suis-je voleur, moi, TARTARIN de Tarascon?" Et il prononce ces derniers mots d'un accent si effroyable, que les comédiennes se blottissent

encore plus étroitement contre les richissimes *citys-mans*. "Non, maître," continue la petite voix, "ce n'est pas voler comme les voleurs, mais voler comme les oiseaux." "Pardi!" erie TARTARIN, "suis-je oiseau, moi? C'est un fou, au moins."

"Bardon," dit l'Allemand, "bas foler. Oune fly est oune foiture, oune betit foiture." "Té, vé," répond l'aimable pirate, "va pour la petite voiture! Et prenez-ça," dit-il au facteur, en lui remettant entre les mains une assez grande

caisse, "mais très soigneusement. C'est ma boussole." Et la-dessus il descend.

Suivi de PASCALON, du commandant BRAVIDA, et de GONZAGUE BOMPARD, TARTARIN traverse le quai, et monte en voiture.

Les autres Tarasconnais sont habillés d'une façon plus simple. BRAVIDA porte une redingote et un feutre mou; PASCALON a mis un complet de flanelle blanche et un chapeau haut de forme; BOMPARD s'est vêtu à l'anglaise, *knickers-bockers*, bas rayés jaune et vert, *mackfarlane* couleur *khakhi*, et petite casquette de voyage, tout ce qu'il y a de plus anglais, un véritable *Anglischman* comme on en voit à Paris.

Les actrices, lorsqu'elles aperçoivent les méridionaux de si près, ne craignent plus. Elles pensent même que c'est peut-être quelque prince, accompagné de sa suite, qui arrive de ce pays lointain et mystérieux qu'on appelle "à l'étranger." Ça veut dire tant de choses. La Russie, le Pérou, la Hongrie, les Indes, tout ça c'est "à l'étranger," où l'on parle une langue qui n'est pas anglais, où l'on s'habille d'une façon bizarre, et où l'on est riche—ah, si riche!—diamants, rubis, perles, on les trouve tous "à l'étranger." Par conséquent ces petites dames ne s'effrayent plus; elles osent même regarder TARTARIN, et sourire discrètement. Et ce diable d'homme, qui voit tout, les regarde gaillardement, en héros "à l'étranger."

H. D. B.



VERY DIPLOMATIC.

Customer (trying on new hat, to Assistant). "DON'T YOU THINK THERE'S A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF IT?"

Assistant (in tone of absolute conviction with a note of admiration in it). "OH, NO, MA'AM! WITH SUCH A PROFILE AS YOURS, YOU CAN STAND ANYTHING!"

maritime, amiral monténégrin peut-être, prince "à l'étranger" pour sûr.

FLASHES FROM THE PLANETS.

(Latest Electrical Development.)

Venus.—The sun still flickering. Expected to go out altogether within the next few centuries.

Mars.—Very pleased with Mr. HAWTREY. Can see him at the Avenue.

Jupiter.—Light very feeble. Cannot Earth kindly oblige with the use of an extra moon?

Saturn.—Will any planet offer satellites in exchange for a worn-out belt?

Uranus.—A happy New Century to everyone.

Neptune.—Please repeat message. Can't quite make out what you are saying.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is a high tribute to the anonymous writer of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* (JOHN MURRAY) that its readers are forthwith resolved into rival camps, one averring that the letters are genuine, the other recognising in them the hand of a practised writer. My Baronite dwells with the latter community. Not the least clever part of a rarely clever book is what is called "Explanation." Study of style discloses the fact that it is written by the same hand that penned the letters. The only argument in favour of the theory of actuality, is that the person to whom the correspondence purports to be addressed is the very kind of fellow who would be disposed to turn an honest penny by selling the originals to an enterprising publisher. There is not, through the nearly ninety letters, a single sentence devoted to description either of the man or his mother. But with subtle art the writer manages to convey a clear idea of these shadowy players in her plot. We know the mother, narrow-minded, hard-hearted, wilful, arbitrary, selfish in her attachment to her son. And him, a weak, vacillating creature, who, rather than suffer household rows, breaks the heart of a loving woman. It is a new way of accomplishing the old work of novel-writing, not to be recommended to the commonality since it requires rare gifts amounting to genius. Nothing so pitiful, so pathetic, for pure literary style so attractive, has been written for a long time.



In the leisure of a recess and the labour of a Winter Session, Mr. IAN MALCOLM has compiled a *Calendar of Empire* (BLACKWOOD). His idea is to enter under proper dates certain historical events in the way of births and deaths, great legislative acts, and decisive battles by land and sea. For each he draws from extensive reading a more or less appropriate quotation. It is, perhaps, difficult to understand how one who can appreciate BURKE, CANNING, CLARENDON, TENNYSON, MEREDITH, and other masters, displays decided weakness for the noisy vapouring of W. E. HENLEY, redolent of the martial ecstasy of the music-hall before the bill for drinks round comes in. In one of several quotations from that quarter is found the quaint couplet:

Through his diurnal round of dawns,
Our drum-tap squires the sun.

My Baronite prefers the older version of the same boast about "the Empire on which the sun never sets." However, certain pages can be skipped, and there remain many of pleasant reading.



MARK RUTHERFORD, going over his desk, has collected a series of stray papers, which FISHER UNWIN publishes under the title *Pages from a Journal*. They widely vary in topic, from CARLYLE to JUDAS ISCARIOT, from SPINOZA to Sir WALTER SCOTT, with some notes on MILTON, and reflections on the morality of BYRON's poetry. Finally, M. R. throws in half-a-dozen short stories, the whole making an attractive book. My Baronite finds the introductory article describing a visit to CARLYLE in 1868, not the least interesting. It is striking, in

this backwater of the Transvaal War, to read how, more than thirty years ago, CARLYLE said, "The English people are an incredible people. They seem to think it is not necessary that a General should have the least knowledge of the art of war." What does General N. or M. (as the case may be), of South African campaigning, say to that?



Mr. FITCHETT had a happy thought when it occurred to him to rescue from undeserved oblivion a cluster of soldierly autobiographies, to give some pictures of famous battles; not as described by the historian or analysed by the philosopher, but as seen by the eyes of men who fought in them. The plan of campaign was, my Baronite remembers, in operation when KINGLAKE wrote his history of the Crimea. Phases of all the great battles are therein described, often in the very words of privates and officers who took part in them. In *Wellington's Men* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. FITCHETT roams through famous battle-fields, from Torres Vedras to Waterloo, and, culling from a multitude of books, presents moving pictures drawn by hands that laid down gun or pike to take up the pen.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

TURKEY IN EUROPE.

[Attention has been called to the fact that the ruins of the ancient Ionian City of Magnesia on the Mæander, which were laid open by the German Professors KARL HUMANN and Baron HILLER about a decade ago, have since been partially demolished by the head architect of the Turkish Province of Smyrna, a Polish engineer named BARONOVSKI. In 1895 he had the temple of Zeus pulled down; and used the large marble stones for the construction of a mosque at Smyrna and of a bridge over the Mæander.—*The Standard*.]

WHERE were thy thunders, Zeus, when this dull fool,

Not reverencing thine old, time-ruined halls,

Pillaged the city thou wast wont to rule

And tore the marble from thy temple walls?

All silent! Not one peal broke from the cloud

To fright this impious robber from thy shrine

Thy glory is departed, thy head bowed,

And the Turk rules the lands that once were thine,

Therefore we should have let thy temple lie

Buried beneath the dust, unknown, unseen,

Far down, where no Barbarian Pasha's eye

Could mark the spot nor know where thou hadst been.

But we revealed thy secret and thy stones

Cry out against us from Mæander's flood,

While round the bridge they build the sad stream moans

To see thee fallen, knowing thee a god.

Thy stream is slow, Mæander, thy heart cold,

Or thou wouldst rise in mountainous spate and sweep

Bridge, Pasha, in one common ruin rolled,

Before thy wrath and drown them in the deep!

Strange that great Zeus himself could not prevail

Nor all the gods of this Ionian land,

To save their old Hellenic citadel,

And stay this Polish dog's destroying hand!

Could they not? Then, indeed, the gods are dead!

But Europe lives. Let it be Europe's work

To hold above their shrines her ægis dread,

And save the gods of Hellas from the Turk!



Old Lady (giving a very diminutive nip of Whisky to her Gardener). "THERE, DENNIS, THAT WHISKY IS TWENTY YEARS OLD!"
Dennis. "IS IT THAT, MARM? SURE 'TIS MIGHTY SMALL FOR ITS AGE!"

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

II.

EVERYBODY who has seen SHERIDAN'S play *The Critic* must have been filled with curiosity to read the Press notices on Mr. PUFF'S tragedy *The Spanish Armada*. The following sequel to SHERIDAN'S comedy embodies some of these. As the play is called *The Critic*, the sequel may fitly be called—

THE OTHER CRITICS.

SCENE.—DANGLE'S house. Mr. and Mrs. DANGLE, SNEER and Sir FRETFUL PLAGIARY discovered discussing the first performance of PUFF'S play, which has taken place a week previously. A table is littered with Press cuttings dealing with the event, supplied by the indispensable Romeike.

Sir Fretful Plagiary. I give you my word, the duel scene was taken wholly from my comedy *The Lovers Abandoned*—pilfered, egad!

Dangle. Bless my soul! You don't say so?

Sir F. And TILBURINA'S speech about the "finches of the grove." 'Twas I first thought of finches, in my tragedy of *Antoninus*!

Dangle. But I can't believe my friend PUFF can have borrowed deliberately from you, Sir FRETFUL.

Sneer. No one could possibly believe that!

Sir F. Eh?

Mrs. Dangle. It must have been a coincidence.

Sir F. Coincidence! Egad, Madam, 'twas sheer theft. And that use of the white handkerchief! Stolen bodily, on my conscience. Coincidence!

Dangle (judicially). It may be so—though he is my friend.

Sir F. May be so! It is so! Zounds, DANGLE, I take it very unfriendly of you to have any doubt at all about the matter!

Dangle (hedging). The resemblances are certainly very marked—though he is my friend. But will you hear what the critics say about it?

[Turning nervously to pile of Press cuttings.]

Sir F. Do they say anything about his indebtedness to me?

Sneer. Not a word, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. Then I don't want to hear them. None of the rogues know their business.

Dangle. But they're very severe on the play.

Sir F. Are they? There's something in the fellows, after all. Pray read us some of the notices.

Dangle. Shall I begin with *The Times*? 'Tis very satirical, and as full of quotations as a pudding is of plums.

Sneer. I know the style—a vocabulary recruited from all the dead and living

languages. 'Tis the very Babel of dramatic criticism.' Begin, DANGLE.

Dangle (reading). "The philosopher who found in thought the proof of existence, crystallised his theory in the phrase '*Cogito ergo sum*,' 'I think, therefore, I exist.' In this he found the explanation of what HUGO called the *néant géant*. The theory of the author of *The Spanish Armada*, on the contrary, seems to be '*Sum, ergo non cogitabo*,' 'I exist, therefore I need not think'—"

Sir F. Ha! Ha! Very good, i' faith.

Dangle (continuing). "*Lasciate ogni speranza*—the audience murmurs with DANTE, as three mortal hours pass and Mr. PUFF is still prosing. Nor has he any dramatic novelty to offer us. The *scène à faire* is on conventional lines. The boards are hoar with the *neiges d'antan*. There is the *anagnorisis* desiderated by ARISTOTLE, and the unhappy ending required by the Elizabethans. The inevitable *peripeteia*—"

Mrs. D. You know, Mr. DANGLE, I don't understand a single word you're reading.

Sneer. Nor I, upon my soul.

Sir F. It is certainly somewhat obscure.

Dangle. Shall I omit a few sentences, and go on again where the allusions are less plentiful? (Reads half aloud to himself, knitting his brows in the effort to understand what it is all about.) No trace of HEINE'S *Weltschmerz* . . . *capo e espada* . . . NIETSCHE'S *Uebermensch* . . . *ne coram pueros* . . . PETRARCH'S immortal *Io t'amo* . . . *le canif du jardinier et celui de mon père*—"

Mrs. Dangle. Really, Mr. DANGLE, if you can find nothing more intelligible to read than that farrago of jargon, I shall go away. Pray read us something in English, for a change.

Dangle (much relieved, selecting another cutting). Here's the *Daily Telegraph*—a whole column.

Sneer. Not much English there, I'll warrant.

Dangle (reading). "Time was when the London playhouses had not been invaded by the coarse suggestiveness or the veiled indelicacy of the Norwegian stage, when *Pater-familias* could still take his daughters to the theatre without a blush. Those days are past. The Master—as his followers call him—like a deadly upas tree, has spread his blighting influence over our stage. Morality, shocked at the faro that is nightly set before her, shuns the playhouse and vice usurps the scene once occupied by the manly and the true—"

Sneer (who has been beating time). Hear! hear!

Dangle. "In the good old days, when MACREADY—"

Sir F. Zounds, Mr. DANGLE, don't you think we might leave MACREADY out of the question? I notice that when the *Daily Telegraph* mentions MACREADY the reference never occupies less than a

quarter of a column. You might omit that part, and take up the thread further on.

Dangle. Very well. (Continuing) "It is impossible not to be astonished that a writer of Mr. PUFF'S talents should break away from the noble traditions of SHAKESPEARE to follow in the footsteps of the Seabdinavian—"

Mrs. Dangle. Surely, Mr. DANGLE, we've had that before.

Dangle (testily). No; not in the same words.

Mrs. Dangle. But the sense—

Dangle. Egad, why will you interrupt! You can't expect a writer for the penny press to have something new to say in every sentence! How the plague is a dramatic critic who has nothing to say to fill a column, if he is never to be allowed to repeat himself?

Sneer. How, indeed!

Sir F. Ah, I remember when my play *The Indulgent Husband* was produced—"

Sneer (yawning). I think, DANGLE, you might leave the *Telegraph* and try one of the weekly papers. What does *The World* say?

Dangle. As you will (selecting a new cutting). "In his new play *The Spanish Armada* Mr. PUFF has set himself to deal with one of those problems of feminine psychology with which IBSEN, HAUPTMANN, and SUDERMANN, and all the newer school of continental dramatists have made us familiar. The problem is briefly this. When filial duty beckons a woman one way and passion another, which call should she obey? Should she set herself to "live her life" in the modern phrase, to realise her individuality and stand forth glad and free as GREGERS WERLE says? Or should she deny her ego, bow to the old conventions, accept the old Shibboleths and surrender her love? Like Nora, like Hedda, Tilburina is a personality at war with its environment"

Sir F. (interrupting). Pray, Mr. DANGLE, did you not tell me the critics were all unfavourable to Mr. PUFF'S play?

Dangle. Nearly all of them. But if the other critics abuse a play, you will always find the critic of *The World* will praise it. 'Tis the nature of the man.

Sir F. But how does he know what the other fellows will say?

Dangle. Easily. You see, he writes only for a weekly paper and always reads what the others have said first. Then he takes the opposite view.

Sneer. No wonder he's so often right!

Dangle (continuing). "In WHISKERANDOS we have the man of primary emotions only: Like SOLNES, he climbs no steeples, like LÖVBORG, he may now and then be seen with the vine leaves in his hair . . ."

Mrs. Dangle. Stop, stop, Mr. DANGLE. Surely there must be some mistake. I don't remember that WHISKERANDOS had anything in his hair. He wore a helmet all the time!

Dangle (irritably). Metaphor, madam, metaphor! (Continuing) "In Lord BURLEIGH we hear something of the epic silence which is so tremendous in BORKMAN"

Sir F. Egad, Mr. DANGLE, doesn't the fellow abuse the play at all?

Dangle (looking through the article.) I don't think he does.

Sir F. Then I'll hear no more of him. What possible pleasure can there be in hearing criticisms of other people's plays if they aren't abusive.

Sneer. None whatever!

[Enter Servant.

Servant (announcing). Mr. PUFF!

Dangle (advancing to meet him with a smile of the warmest affability). Ah, my dear friend, we were reading the notice of your tragedy in *The World*. 'Tis extremely friendly. And as Sir FRETFUL remarked a moment since "What pleasure can there be in reading criticisms of people's plays if they aren't favourable."

Puff. Sir FRETFUL is most obliging.

Sir F. The *Telegraph* was somewhat severe, though, eh, Mr. PUFF?

Puff. 'Tis very like.

Dangle. You have not seen it? Let me read it to you (searches eagerly in file of cuttings).

Puff (indifferently). I never look at unfavourable criticisms.

Sneer. A wise precaution, truly!

Puff. Very. It saves valuable time. For if a notice is unfavourable, I am always sure to have it read aloud to me by one d—d good-natured friend or another!

[Curtain.

DIE-ARY OF A JANUARY FLY.

EH? Summer? Can't be: but too hot to sleep—had regular night-spider. Perhaps digestion out of order; must take some liver dust—capital remedy, and fortunately plenty on this cornice. Ah! that's better, but still strangely stiff in the leg. Wonder if I could skate on that rink—tut! tut! old chap's head; narrow escape—eyesight must be faulty. Wonder if that dust was genuine Carpet Beaters. Is this jam? It is. Not as nice as in my young days, but refreshing to get it on one's feet once more. Better polish them on this melon—dear me! same old chap's head—very awkward—and he almost hit me; certain I'm less observant than I was. Can't be mistaken about custard anyhow, but one seems to slip in farther than quite natural; got it all over my back; must have a wipe in the old chap's whisker—well, in the other one then—tut! tut! at any rate can take a crawl in his ear-hole. Confound these fidgety humans! dreadful absence of repose of manner—seem quicker than they used to be, too, or am I slower. Must test this. If I can settle on his nose with impunity three times in half a minute, I shall feel



Chemist. "PILLS, EH?" (Emphasising question) "ANCI-BILIOUS?"
Child (readily). "No, Sir; UNCLE IS!"

more comfortable about myself. Once: capital! . . . Twice: Ha! ha! . . . Thr

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

[“Dr. ANNA HATFIELD, of New York, says that kissing is a barbarous, insanitary custom. No person should kiss another without first using an antiseptic wash on the mouth to destroy bacteria.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Edwin.

I long to sip thy honey'd lip
And drink the nectar there, love—
A sweeter draught than bee e'er quaffed
From flow'ry goblet fair, love.
But though the fire of wild desire
Consumes me, all-expectant,
Stern Fate has crossed my will—I've
lost,
I've lost the disinfectant!

Angelina.

Oh, EDWIN, how could you allow
This accident? I long, love,
My head to rest upon your breast,
But that were very wrong, love.
No, though I burn and melt and yearn,
I'll still resist, nor will I
My love expose to risk of those
Most murderous bacilli.
Ed. You thought of me?
An. Yes, who but thee?
Ed. Oh, ANGELINA, I, too,
Still only thought, "Suppose she
caught
My microbes and should die too!"
An. The one relief to cure my grief,
According to my notion.
Ed. Then come, sweet fair! Let's
greatly dare.
Together. And mischief take the lotion!



HOW HARRY'S SON KEPT TWELFTH NIGHT.

TARTARIN A BRIGHTON.

RIEN.

DE l'Hôtel Splendide, sur la grande promenade, il y a une vue superbe sur la mer. De toutes les fenêtres, sauf celles qui donnent au nord, naturellement, on aperçoit la vaste étendue d'eau grisâtre de la Manche, entre les nuages le ciel bleu pâle de l'Angleterre, et parfois même le soleil, blanc, blême, brumeux, un peu comme la lune du Midi. On voit tout ça, excepté les jours des grandes brumes de mer. Alors on ne voit rien.

Un certain dimanche la brume était épaisse à n'y pas croire. Des fenêtres de la salle à manger quatre étrangers regardaient ce voile de vapeur blanche et triste. C'étaient TARTARIN et ses amis, qui venaient d'arriver, et qui mangeaient, tout seuls dans le vaste réfectoire, un déjeuner à part.

"Outre, quel temps!" dit TARTARIN, "rien de plus effrayant pour les marins que la brume. Il ne faut pas essayer une excursion en mer aujourd'hui au moins. Allons voir les antiquités de la ville. Garçon, il y a des interprètes, des guides, à l'hôtel, n'est-ce pas?" "Des guides, monsieur," répondit le garçon, qui était Français lui aussi, "pardon, monsieur, pour quoi faire?" "Pour visiter les antiquités de la ville au moins," fit TARTARIN. "Pardon, monsieur," dit le garçon, "il n'y en a pas." "Pas de guides?" demanda le Tarasconnais. "Non, monsieur," répondit le garçon, "pas d'antiquités."

Dans une grande ville c'était extraordinaire. "Eh bien, différemment," continua TARTARIN, "s'il n'y a pas d'antiquités, qu'est-ce qu'il y a au moins?" "Il y a la mer, monsieur," expliqua le garçon. "Mais par ces jours de brume, est-ce qu'on peut s'embarquer, hein?" dit le marin tarasconnais, "c'est terrible, c'est dangereux, on se croirait tout près du banc de Terre Neuve. Les brumes de ce pays-là sont effroyables, je vous en assure. Pardi, on ne voit rien!" PASCALON frémit. BOMPARD et le commandant, stupéfaits, regardèrent leur président, qui n'avait jamais quitté l'Europe.

TARTARIN continuait l'interrogatoire. Si la ville n'avait pas d'antiquités, on y trouverait différemment des monuments modernes; des musées de peinture ou d'archéologie; des statues; des édifices remarquables, hôtel de ville, théâtre, musée, par exemple; des jardins publics, des avenues, des promenades à la campagne, "mais pas par ce temps au moins";

des boulevards, de belles rues larges et grandioses; enfin de jolies maisons particulières, des villas comme à Nice ou à Cannes, des cottages élégants et coquets. Mais le garçon répondit toujours, "Il n'y en a pas, monsieur."

"Qu'est-ce qu'il y a au moins?" demanda TARTARIN encore. "Il y a la mer, monsieur," répondit le garçon. "Et puis?" s'écria TARTARIN. "Il ne dit que ça," ajouta BRAVIDA.

"C'est une toute petite ville alors?" demanda BOMPARD. "Non," fit PASCALON, timidement, "j'ai entendu dire qu'elle a cent cinquante mille habitants." "Cent cinquante mille habitants," "Cent cinquante mille habitants," hurla TARTARIN, "et aucun monument, rien à voir?" "Si, monsieur," dit le garçon, "il y a—" "Ne dites pas 'la mer' encore une fois," interrompit le président, furibond, "ou je—je—" Et il posa la main sur son couelas d'un air menaçant.

"Différemment," dit BOMPARD, "la ville est plus grande que Nice. Il y a un casino au moins." "Non, monsieur," répéta le garçon, "il n'y en a pas. Mais," poursuivit-il, subitement inspiré, "il y a le Pavillon." "Outre!" cria TARTARIN. "Boufre!" dit Bompard. "Allons-y," murmura PASCALON. "En avant!" ajouta BRAVIDA. Et tous



Customer (after seeing there is no one about, to Barmaid). "HUM! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK O' THIS BEER, MISS! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK OF IT AFTER TASTING IT, FREE, GRATIS, AND PERFESSIONALLY. YOU, SEE I'M ONE OF 'HENRY CHAPLIN'S 'COMMITTEE FOR PROMOTING THE PURITY OF BEER.'"

[Drinks and exit.]

les quatre saisirent leurs chapeaux, leurs mackintosches, leurs mackfarlanes, leurs pardessus, et leurs parapluies, et sortirent précipitamment de l'hôtel. En dehors, la brume encore plus épaisse, l'immensité invisible, le vide, rien.

H. D. B.

EXPECTED RECOMMENDATIONS.

(From the Committee appointed to "sit upon" the War Office.)

THAT gentlemen engaged in official work between the hours of four and five should remember that the days for reading the morning paper from first to finish, strolling in the Park, and devoting an hour or so to lunch, are over.

That the Public expects every man paid by the State to do his duty on the lines laid down by the head of a well-conducted City establishment.

That red tape is the worst possible material for binding together documents of urgent importance, and pigeon-holes are not proper receptacles for patents, and heads of valuable information.

And, finally, that two and two make four in spite of the contention of the present War Office staff to the contrary.

"LITTLE BOBS."

(An up-to-date refrain to an old tune.)

A SOVEREIGN a soldier had,
She sent him o'er the sea;
He wasn't what you call a lad,
But handy as could be.
He knew when right to strike a light,
And when to square the jobs;
He's done his best with zeal and zest,
Hurrah! for Little BOBS!

Chorus.

He's an Earl, also K.G.,
Little BOBS! Little BOBS!
Commander-in-chief of all is he,
Little BOBS! Little BOBS!
May he a centenarian be,
Little BOBS! Little BOBS!
And so again we'll shout amain,
Hurrah for Little BOBS!

THE TYPEWRITER AS A HUMOURIST.

HITHERTO, the typewriter has not been regarded as a thing sentient with humour; that is where we have unwittingly done it an injustice. It is more than a humourist; it is a wild wag, upon occasions. Whilst writing these words, I am gazing sadly upon the wreckage of a story which has just been returned after undergoing the process of typing. Some of the extracts given below, suggest distinctly original views on life.

"The English reader, generally speaking, knows little of Russian geography," I wrote; and then the merry typewriter came in, with—

"The English reader, generally speaking, knows little of roomy photography."

This was a trifle disconcerting to the conscientious author to start with, but worse was to come.

"I sprang forward and pulled the nearest Cossack from his saddle" eventuated in—

"I sprang forward and pulled the dearest Cosaque from his muddle."

If this sort of thing had not been corrected, I felt that it might have caused my story to lose, somewhat, in intensity. I went on, however, with perseverance.

"Crimes such as these cannot be swept aside without a blush."

This was rendered—

"Crumbs such as these cannot be swept outside without a brush."

I sighed, corrected, and continued—

"The great soul beaming in his face," which the demon instrument made into—"The great fool bending in his face."

At this juncture, I began to be really discouraged. But the next few lines ran on without any mistake, and I took heart again. After nearly a whole page correctly transcribed, I stopped short at—

"He walked with giant strides through fern and bracken."

Which came out—

"He walked with gummy slides through fern and bracken."

My lips began to frame a—a—a-hasty expression, but I resolutely choked it down again, and resumed reading, with nothing stronger than another sigh. All went well until the finish of the chapter.

"The Count turned sorrowfully away; and as he once more faced the grim old house, his eyes fell upon the Duchesse d'ODDÈS—alone."

But the typewriter, that all-conquering, know-better-than-you-do-yourself instrument was not to be cheated of its little joke: and my lines were made to read thus—

"The Count turned sorrowfully away; and as he once more faced the grin old horse, his eyes fell upon the Dutchie of TOD SLOAN."

Then I took off my boots and threw them through the window; hurled the coal-scuttle downstairs, and broke the mirror with the fire-irons. I felt better after this; but in future, I think I shall find it less wearing to refrain from requisitioning the typewriter; its peculiar style of humour is too boisterous for my appreciation.

AN ERROR IN EYES.

I SAT me down to write a song
About your eyes,

A lyric dainty, not too long,
Of quaint surprise,

To find that orbs so clear and true
Should realise the sapphire blue
And thrill my heart-chords through and through

With tender sighs.

I sit me down to read your note
Of pretty purls;

I picture you just as you wrote
With shaking curls—

"What's this?" you curtly, rudely say.

"Your jest is ill-timed. By-the-way,
My eyes are of a greenish-grey—"

She got the other girl's!

MARS THROUGH THE GLASSES.

(Communicated—unsteadily.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is a most remarkable experience. You know what a tasting order is. Well, I had one, and tasted port, sherry, port and sherry. Not much, you know—merely tasting. You know what I mean.

Well, they say that, although you don't take anything to talk of—say, a glass here and a glass there—you get intoxicated through the atmosphere of the place. Absurd notion, because—I write because—if you eat a biscuit you can't become intoxicated. Too absurd for words.

Look at me, now. You know what I mean.

I have been tasting at the Docks. Now I am trying to get a message from Mars. I should say have been. Messages from Mars can't be sent. Can't be sent, you understand. You know what I mean.

Well, I was looking at Mars. Through a big telescope, and that sort of thing. You know what I mean. And I stopped just for a moment or so to take a glass of soda and brandy. You know what I mean.

Well, I looked at Mars, and I give you my word of honour—you know what I mean—my word of honour, there were four planets! A quartette of Mars! And all wobbling! All of them! You know what I mean.

Well, I thought I could make out a signal. I saw plainly up in the sky, first, "You have had a tasting order for the Docks." I sang out, "That's right, I have, and I am as sober as a judge." Then Mars telegraphed, "No; you are as intoxicated as a fly."

From this I know it's all rot, you understand. Mars wouldn't have sent such a message. So I take the whole thing to be a myth.

You know what I mean.

Can't write any more. Going to bed.

ONE GLASS MORE.

P.S.—Can't take off my boots. You know what I mean.

TO MY DOG.

YOU'RE a funny looking fellow
With your coat of dingy yellow,
Just the colour of a January fog;
And I think you've got a feature
Out of almost every creature
That could fairly claim to reckon as a dog.

I have often sat and pondered
On your ancestors, and wondered
What a curio a list of them would be:
It would surely tax the knowledge
Of the Royal Heralds' College
To approximately trace your pedigree.

You can boast a collie's muzzle,
But I think your legs would puzzle
All the Kennel Club; and though one
might suppose

That your ears suggest a spaniel,
It would take a second DANIEL
To decide upon the merits of your toes.

There's a dash of bull and setter—
But I really think it better
That we specify no further, my dear Sir,
It will simplify confusion
If we come to the conclusion
You're a cross between a mongrel and a cur.

CHANGE OF NAME.—From the Emperor of CHINA to YU-HANG, greeting, with a silver cord, You be Hung.



Keeper. "WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN KINDLY TELL ME WHICH OF YOU TWO IS A LORD, AS I'VE BEEN TOLD TO GIVE HIM THE BEST PLACE."

A HULLABALOO AT GALUPPI'.

(With apologies to R. Browning.)

"[After lying in abeyance for almost a century, the ancient annual ceremony of "Marrying the Adriatic" will probably be revived at Venice in full splendour next year. The municipality is enthusiastic in supporting the project."—*Daily Paper*.]

OH, GALUPPI BALDASARO, am I to believe my ears?
Are they really speaking truly, these confounded gondoliers?
What's that noise from the Rialto? Can it be the sound of
cheers?

Will the good Venetian public countenance such awful things,
Such a scandalous perversion of historic junketings,
Shall a Mayor and Corporation dare to wed the sea with rings?
Venice wed the Adriatic in the Twentieth Century!
Venice with the penny steamboats where the gondolas should be!
What a shocking *mésalliance* for the Adriatic Sea!

Will not all her vanished Doges, from the tombs in which they rest,
From their alabaster coffins, from the Islands of the Blest,
Break the sleep in which Death laps them and indignantly
protest?

What a sight for COOK, his tourists! All Italia will be there,
Yankees with amazing accents, loud-voiced Germans drinking
beer,
And the unresponsive Briton with his stony British stare.

There'll be fireworks in the evening. Oh, they'll praise them,
I dare say,

As they dine at DANIELI'S at the ending of the day,
Or at breakfast when they're looking out their trains to go away.

As for Venice and her people, they'll no doubt enjoy their fill
Of the folly and the fireworks, and applaud them with a will,
Feeling tolerably certain that the tourist pays the bill!

St. J. H.

"THE PAULINES."

SIR,—A dinner of Old Paulines was advertised to take place
on January 9th. I regret to say I was absent at the time,
and have not been able to meet with any account of this most
interesting re-union of Dramatic Celebrities. If I remember
aright, there are three Paulines or Paulinas in *Shakspeare*, and
one out of it, viz. BULWER LYTTON'S *Pauline*, or *The Lady of*
Lyons. I am curious to know if they attended. A STUDENT.

EXCELLENT EXPLANATION.

Country Cousin (to member of Naval and Military Club). Why
do they call your club the In and Out?

M. of N. & M. C. Simple enough, my dear old chap. When
a member wants to see anyone, he's "in"; when he doesn't,
he's "out." But as you're in, we need say no more about it.

THE BLANK FILE.

BY MAJOR W. P. DUCRY.

"DURIN' the next hour nothin' seemed to be stirrin' under the Southern Cross. The noo sentry either didn't see anything to challenge, or didn't want to, and some o' the men had even begun to snore. I was just droppin' off to sleep myself, when a snorer at the other end o' the tent suddenly raps out an oath, and his boot comes whizzin' down the gangway.

"The next swab as plays me that trick,' he grumbles, 'will 'ave to take off his toonik to me in the mornin'.'

"What trick, chum?' I asks, chuckin' him back his boot.

"Puttin' his icy cold foot on my face,' he says, indignant.

"It didn't sound nice, some'ow, and my 'eart commenced to beat a devil's tattoo under the blankets. But nobody said nothin', and if it 'adn't been for the thumpin' of a dozen gallant 'earts besides mine, you might 'ave 'eard a pin drop.

"Presently, 'owever, the drummer, who slep' next to the corpril, calls out somethin' beneath his bedclothes.

"What is 'STICKS' a-sayin'?' asks one o' the men anxiously.

"He's only talkin' in his sleep,' says the corpril.

"No, he ain't,' pipes the boy in his 'igh treble, 'but some-body's a-walkin' in his!'

"This statement was received with a most uncomfortable silence of several minutes. Then the man next to me begins 'urriedly to scramble into his trousers.

"The kid's quite right,' he says, 'and I know bloomin' well who the sleep-walker is.'

"Who?' inquires a dozen voices at once.

"The Blank File,' says the man, 'and he's lookin' for a sleepin' billet, that's what he's a-doin' of. But he ain't goin' to doss next to me,' he says, and with that he bolts out o' the tent.

"In another minute there was nobody—so far as we knew—left inside it. We all wanted to keep the sentry comp'ny till daylight."

Mr. PAGETT paused to refill his pipe, an operation he effected with characteristic absent-mindedness from my pouch. I feigned to be pondering his last words.

"After such a night of horror," I hazarded, "the daylight must indeed have been a welcome relief."

He slipped the pouch, with charming *naïveté*, into his pocket. "You mark time a bit," he said: "I 'aven't finished with that night of 'orror yet."

I murmured an apology.

"No," he continued. "Before the sun rose we were destined to 'ave another scare, compared with which the others were child's-play. It was this way, look.

"The corpril was explainin' to Mr. JANNAWAY, who 'ad come out of his quarters in his pyjammers, that the men couldn't sleep in the minin' tent on account of the heat, and JANNAWAY was just beginnin' to talk sarcastic about a girls' school afraid o' the dark, when the sentry drops his rifle with a clatter that brings all our gallant 'earts into our necks. His teeth were rattlin' in his 'ead like a boxful o' dice, you could 'ave 'ung up your coat and 'at on his eyes, and he was pointin' to his front like a sign-post shook by the wind. At first we thought it was an applepetic fit, but after a bit we discovered that he was wishful for us to look at the jackstaff.

"The first glimmer o' dawn was whitenin' the eastern 'orizon, and there was just light enough for us to see an extr'ordin'ry phenomenon that made even a detachment o' Marines stare. There wasn't air enough to chill your wetted finger: it was a dead tropical calm: the great jack and its 'alliards lay alongside the staff as if they were glued to it. Yet all of a sudden the long fold of bunting stirred, and the double lines twanged against the pole like a plucked 'arpstring!

"Five seconds later the thing 'appened again, and then

continued at perfectly reg'lar intervals. Not a soul, as far as we could see, was within ten yards of that bewitched spar. Yet one thing was quite plain. *Someone* was fingerin' the 'alliards before our very eyes!

"Presently JANNAWAY clears his throat.

"Am I goin' stark starin' mad like the rest o' you,' he asks 'uskily, 'or is there a bell ringin' somewhere?'

"You might 'ave stabbed the silence which followed with a baynit.

"There is a bell, Sir,' says one o' the men at length, 'a big bell a-tolling. I should judge it to be as far away as Batavia, or p'r'aps Plymouth,' he says; 'but in either case you may lay to it that it's no earthly bell —'

"That's enough,' says JANNAWAY, stampin' his foot. 'I won't 'ave no more of it. Colour-Sergeant,' he says, 'as soon as it's daylight fall the men in for bathin' parade. There's nothin' like a sea dip to steady the nerves.' And with that he walks off into the middle o' the island.

"The detachment strolled down to the water's edge, while I, disbelievin' in ghosts now that the daylight was comin', sat down and lit my pipe. At first I watched the sunrise, and it seemed to me that the day was gettin' up with a most disreputable black eye. Across the red, an' green, an' orange inflammation of the dawn was stuck a dark patch that in the case of a pore soldier would 'ave got him confined to barracks for a fortnight. But after a bit my attention was attracted to Lieutenant JANNAWAY, who was peerin' under a great ledge o' rock a couple of 'undred yards away. Presently he stood up, and beckoned to me.

"Tell me what you see in thore,' he says, when I reached him.

"You ought to know,' I says, moppin' my face, after I'd looked into the 'ole; 'you've been starin' at it for the last five minutes.'

"But I want to make sure, you insolent vagabone,' he says. 'Our nerves are all endways, and p'r'aps I've been mistook.'

"Very well, then,' says I, 'it's a rusted round shot mixed up with a 'uman skeleton.'

"I thought so,' he returns, with a sigh of relief. 'But since this island is a noo-born baby, in a manner o' speakin', it licks me 'ow them things come there.'

"P'r'aps,' says I, after thinkin' 'ard for some moments, 'they were born with the bloomin' baby.'

"You're a fool, PAGETT,' says he, 'and you'd better go an' fall in with the rest.'

"Now, as I was carryin' my wounded feelin's back to my comrades, it suddenly struck me that the dawn wasn't breakin' as quickly as it usually does in those latitoods. The black patch over the day's eye had covered the entire face of the eastern sky, and was spreadin' to the zenith faster than the daylight itself. It was plain, from the incessant twinklin', that a tropical thunderstorm was comin' up with the sun, and you may take my word for it that a bare rock in mid-ocean ain't the safest place to see one from.

"The detachment 'ad already undressed, and were bein' mustered by the colour-sergeant, so I slipped off my clothes and joined them.

"Before the muster was over, the mornin' 'ad grown much darker than the night had ever been, and the sky above us was like a great velvet pall with its borders trailin' in the sea. Long zigzag rents were torn in the pall about once every second, nor was there any interval in the 'orrible din o' the thunder. Luckily we escaped the rainfall, but we could 'ear it hissin' on the sea a mile away, like forty thousand locomotives blowin' off steam.

"As it was too dark to bathe, and too dangerous to go into the tent where the arms were, JANNAWAY fell us in two deep in rear of it. Before very long, 'owever, the eastern edge o' the pall began to lift, and a streak of crimson sky appeared beneath it. Then the streak widened; orange showed above



Mother. "NOW, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU RUN AWAY AND GIVE GRANDPA' A KISS?"

Child (somewhat nonplussed by Grandpapa's moustache and beard). "I DON'T SEE ANY PLACE FOR IT, MAMMA!"

the red, primrose above the orange, till presently we could see the bright blue o' the zenith. The velvet pall had rolled away as quickly as it 'ad spread."

Mr. PAGETT removed the pipe from his mouth, and laid it upon the table.

"You've been in the tropics yourself, Sir?" he observed, looking into the fire.

I nodded.

"Did you ever see one o' them lightnin' photographs?"

"I've heard of them," I admitted cautiously. "It is said that they cannot yet be accounted for by science, though they are undoubtedly electrical."

"I saw one that mornin' on the island," he mused; "the flash over the Tor just now 'minded me of it."

"The first thing we noticed after JANNAWAY dismissed us, and we'd moved away from the tent, was the double line of our shadows still fixed upon the curtain, where it 'ad been thrown by the lightnin'."

"Yes," I admitted, "that was quite possible."

"Quite possible. But 'ow about this? The drummer, who was starin' at the phenomenon from the front o' the group, suddenly turns round."

"I thought," he squeaked, "that, countin' Mr. JANNAWAY, we were thirty-three all told."

"Then, for once in your sinful young life," says the corpril, "you thought right, my son."

"Well," says the boy, edgin' into the middle o' the crowd, "'ow do you account for there bein' thirty-four shadows on the bloomin' tent?"

"Nobody attempted to account for it; nobody even wanted to account for it. What everybody did want, 'owever, was to get off that cursed island without another minute's delay. Like one man the detachment turned and bolted for the pinnace in which we 'ad landed, and which was moored a few yards from the beach. It was the stampede of the previous afternoon over again, with the difference that this time me, an' the colour-sergeant, an' JANNAWAY were in it as well."

"We splashed through the water, shinned over the gunnel o' the big boat, got out the oars, and gave way like a crew possessed. But we'd barely put a hundred yards between us and the Blank File's shadow on the tent, before the sea began to bubble about the pinnace like water round an egg in a saucepan."

"For the Lord's sake," cries one o' the men, layin' on his oar, "look at the bloomin' island!"

"Then we saw a most curious thing. The island was gradually growin' smaller—in other words, it was sinkin' before our eyes! Presently only the tops o' the tents and the jackstaff were visible above the water, and then only the Union Jack itself. When that 'omely bit o' buntin' 'ad gone too, the drummer burst out a-cryin'."

"Any'ow," says the Corpril cheerily, "that exarsperatin' Blank File's gone with it."

"Aye," chimes in the 'Dismal JIMMY' of the detachment, "but we shall be under stoppages o' pay until them arms and accoutrements are made good. I said at the time," he continued, "that it was no earthly bell a-tollin'—"

"Take that man's name for disobedience of orders," roars out JANNAWAY. "'Ow dare you make my flesh creep," he says, "when I 'aven't got a stitch o' clothin' on?"

"There's the Dutch flagship in the offing just off the port beam, Sir," sings out another.

"Then I 'ope to goodness," says JANNAWAY, casting an anxious eye over the naked forms before him, "that the adm'ral 'asn't brought no ladies with him to see the noo island!"

"An hour later we clambered one by one up the steep sides o' the Dutchman, and were served out with a pair o' baggy trousers apiece. If there were any ladies on board they must 'ave been sent below before we got alongside, and the or'cers and men didn't matter. Mr. JANNAWAY told the adm'ral that

we were pore castaways from a wrecked emigrant ship, and the adm'ral, with one eye cocked on me, said he'd had the pleasure of meetin' one at least of the pore emigrants before. Then, with a chronic twinkle in the same eye, he carried us back to Batavia, and put us on board our own ship."

"Before reportin' ourselves, 'owever, Mr. JANNAWAY addressed us in a few kind words."

"If you mention that there Blank File," he says, "you will get the credit of bein' bigger liars than what you really are. Therefore," he says, "I shouldn't."

"And you may lay to it that we didn't!"

From a battered Service ditty-box on the mantelpiece Mr. PAGETT produced a crumpled half-sheet of notepaper.

"That inscription," said he, "was sent me by Lutenant JANNAWAY a year after we paid off. He copied it off an old brass in the tower of a church at Sandwich."

I refrained from commenting on the remarkable resemblance of the writing to Mr. PAGETT's own cramped caligraphy, and read it aloud.

"Sacred to the Memory," it ran, "of BELTISHAZZAR FARWIG, Private in the Marines, and sometime a Bellingier of this Church. Who died on the 29th Dec. 1770, on board His Majesty's ship *Endeavour* (commanded by the famous Navigator, Captain JAMES COOK), and was buried at sea in Lat. 9° 13' S. and Long. 104° E."

"Wasn't it a most extr'ordin'ry thing," asked Mr. PAGETT, regarding me out of the tail of his eye, "that the pore feller should 'ave come to the surface again on the middle of a volcanic island?"

"Most extraordinary!" I murmured.

"And that, after all them years, he should 'ave drilled once more with his old regiment and been photographed with them by lightnin'?"

"I never heard anything like it before," said I.

"And that he should 'ave tolled that oneearthly bell to warn them that the island was goin' to sink?"

"Wonderful indeed! Yet to me, Mr. PAGETT, the most wonderful thing of all is your own marvellous power of inven—of memory, I mean."

Mr. PAGETT stared at me in pained surprise. "I was afraid," he said reproachfully, "that you were goin' to use another word. In which case, Mister, me an' you would 'ave 'ad to part brassrags!"

ILL-TREATING.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,—It makes my blood boil to read how the precious time of the Commander-in-Chief is wasted by precious fools. Not long ago an admirable appeal against "Treating" was written by Lord ROBERTS. Please observe that I call him by his correct name, or, without the title, simply ROBERTS, for the everlasting use of "BOBS" disgusts me, and seems to me wanting alike in sense and courtesy. We do not call KITCHENER "Kitty," and a hundred years ago they did not call NELSON "Nelly." Lord ROBERTS, as I have said, protested against "treating" the private in the "public." Allow me to protest against the public ill-treating Lord ROBERTS in private. He cannot even travel by railway, on his own private business, without being button-holed and talked at by mayors or vestrymen whenever the train stops. Every obscure borough, from Mudby-in-the-Marsh to Shrimlington-on-Sea, pesters him to receive its ridiculous and useless "freedom." Freedom, indeed! I'd give 'em some freedom of speech on my part which might show the middle-some mayors and the addle-headed aldermen what I thought of 'em. But Lord ROBERTS is too good-natured to do that. Allow me, therefore, to protest against his being ill-treated in this manner.

Yours indignantly,

HANG DASH BLOW (Major, retired).

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

[Not content with Professional Conferences, a spirited body of Public School Masters has chartered the steam-yacht *Argonaut* from Messrs. PEROWNE and LUNN, for an educative visit to Sicily, Greece, and the Isles thereof. Information on certain sites of peculiar interest will be furnished by specialists. A Magic Lantern will accompany the expedition.]

O "ISLES" (as BYRON said) "of Greece!"

For which the firm of Homer sang,
Especially that little piece

Interpreted by Mr. LIANG,
Where the unblushing Sappho wrote
The hymns we hardly like to quote;—

I cannot share his grave regret

Who found your fame had been and gone;

There seems to be a future yet

For Tenedos and Marathon;

Fresh glory gilds their deathless sun,
And this is due to Dr. LUNN!

What though your harpers twang no more?

What though your various lyres are
dumb?

See where by Cirrha's sacred shore,

Bold Argonauts, the Ushers come!

All bring their maps and some their wives,
And at the vision Greece revives!

The Delphic oracles are off,

But still the site is always there;

The fumes that made the Pythian cough

Still permeate the conscious air;

Parnassus, of the arduous "grade,"

May still be clomb, with local aid.

Lunching upon the self-same rock

Whence Xerxes viewed the wine-red

They realise with vivid shock [frith,

The teachings of "the smaller SMITH";

With bated breath they murmur—"This
Is actually Salamis!"

They visit where Penelope

Nightly unwove the work of day,

Staving her suitors off till he,

Ulysses, let the long-bow play,

And on his brave grass-widow's breast
Forgot Calypso and the rest.

In Crete, where Theseus first embraced

His Ariadne, they explore

(Just now authentically traced)

The footprints of the Minotaur:

And follow, to the maze's source,

The thread of some profound discourse.

That isle where Leto, sick with fright,

So scandalised her mortal kin,

Where young Apollo, lord of light,

Commenced his progress as a twin—

Fair Delos they shall get to know,

And Paros, where the marbles grow.

Not theirs the course of crude delight

On which the common tourist wends,

From faith they move, by way of sight,

To knowledge meant for noble ends;

'Twill be among their purest joys

To work it off upon the boys.

One hears the travelled teacher call

Upon the Upper Fifth to note



"JUST AS WELL TO BE PREPARED."

A HINT FOR SPORTSMEN IN CASE OF HARD WEATHER.

(Touching the Spartan counter-wall)

How great the lore of Mr. GROTE;
And tell them, "His are just the views
I formed myself—at Syracuse!"

When JONES is at a loss to show

Where certain islands ought to be,

How well to whack him hard and low

And say, "The pain is worse for me,

To whom the Cyclades are quite

Familiar, like the Isle of Wight."

And then the lecture after prep.!

The Magic Lantern's lurid slide!

The speaker pictured on the step

Of some old shrine, with no inside;

Or groping on his reverent knees

For Eleusinian mysteries!

Hellas defunct? O say not so,

While Public School-boys faint to hear

The tales of antique love or woe,

Brought home and rendered strangely
clear

With instantaneous Kodak-shots

Secured by Ushers on the spots! O. S.

GODS IN AND OUT OF THE CARS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Is it possible to convey some sense of decency into the mind of the average London County Councillor? It may be that I wrong this distinguished personage, and that, travelling to and fro in his luxurious brougham, capacious barouche or untaxed cart, he is not aware of the disgraceful scenes which occur every morning and evening at the terminal stations of the tram lines at Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges. The tram-cars are owned by the London County Council and they are run at a profit, the London County Council also supply ticket inspectors and starters, but they also provide chaos of the worst order. I would ask two such staid members of this august body as Mr. H. W. L. LAWSON and Mr. JOHN BURNS to spend a couple of hours on one day in surveying the horrible scenes which occur when the cars are arriving and leaving, after "business hours." Yours, PETER PICOON.

DELEND A EST CARTHAGO.

[Interviewed by an Italian journalist, Madame DUSE is reported to have said: "To save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed, and its actors and actresses must die of the plague. They poison Art. . . . We should return to the Greeks and play in the open air. Boxes, stalls, . . . kill the drama. . . . I want . . . the Acropolis. . . . I am condemned to play SARDOT and PINERO! . . . If I had my will, I would live in a ship in the middle of the ocean."]

DEAR lady, the cure which you kindly propose
For an evil that sounds rather vague
Would not be especially welcome to those
Who are destined to die of the plague.

You would sweep every actor and actress away—
They poison the air and their art,
And, affecting the Greeks in your methods, would play
In the open your favourite part.

You deplore the existence of box and of stall,
That are pounding the drama to grit,
But we fear the receipts would be likely to fall
If your theatre were nothing but pit.

And although the Acropolis sounds very nice,
Stone seats and the draught and the rain
Would in all probability amply suffice
To prevent one from coming again.

The veriest Vandal would tremble to speak
In a tongue that was strange on its stage,
While a scholarly knowledge of Attican Greek
Is scarcely a mark of the age.

PINERO and SARDOT are all you may play,
By Fate you are manacled thus,
But, with all due respect, may we venture to say
That they're not disagreeable to us?

In fine, we implore you to see with our eyes,
And again to consider the case—
Would a ship in mid-ocean be thoroughly wise,
When there's no one to reign in your place?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. TOM GALLON will doubtless learn from many reviewers of *A Rogue in Love* (HUTCHINSON) that he draws his inspiration from CHARLES DICKENS. "Who denies of it?" to quote inquiry by one of the Master's best known people. Certainly not my Baronite. He recognises in most of the characters, echoes of earlier acquaintances. But that does not detract from the charm of the book, its flow of incident, its atmosphere of humour ever ready to blend with pathos. It is just the book a tired man will like to read after a quiet dinner. And that is high praise.



Sons of the Morning (METHUEN) is really a big book, wherein it differs from the ordinary run of novels. The story, homed on Dartmoor, shares its grandeur and its mysticism. Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS knows *au fond* that strange distinctive clan the Devonians, and gives us some delightful records of their sayings and doings. His descriptions of Dartmoor in sunlight and storm are finely done. It would be hard to beat the picture of a storm which brings the drama to a climax. The pure, strong, literary style of the narrative is refreshing. Like THACKERAY,

though in quite a different way, Mr. PHILLPOTTS is a preacher as well as a novelist. He does not shrink from the oft-attempted task of defining humour. "It is," he writes, "a balm of life; it is the root of tolerance, the prop of patience; it suffers long, and is kind; keeps the heart of man sweet, his soul modest. And at the end, when the light thickens and the mesh grows tight, humour can share the suffering vigils of the sleepless, can soften pain, can brighten the ashy road to death." My Baronite, brought up in the House of Commons—where a high flight of humour is recognised when a member marks the conclusion of his speech by sitting on his hat—begins to understand.

My Baronite envies A. T. QUILLER-BOUCH the labour of love he has perfected in the production of *The Oxford Book of English Verse* (HENRY FROWDE). What daisied pastures he has strolled through, what fragrant gardens he has culled! His task carries him back over more than 600 years of the British Poets, not forgetting those who touched the Irish harp. Some are new to the average reader, most are very dear. The pleasure of reading them all again is added to by the dainty form in which they issue from the Oxford Press. The casket is worthy of the treasure it contains.



The Baron confesses to knowing next to nothing of the talk, habits, and manners of the privates in the British Army. Mr. KIPLING's *Mulwary* and his companions may be true to facts, and if they are, so much the worse for the facts, or they may have been highly-coloured fancy-portraits, intended more for our amusement than for our instruction or edification. Be that as it may, the Baron never took kindly to them, became, in fact, rather bored by them (of course, the more's the pity), and finally felt inclined to adopt towards the British Tommy Kiplinised a sentiment similar to that expressed by *Betsy Prig* towards Mrs. Harris, and avow "I don't believe there ain't no such person," i.e. as represented in the popular KIPLING romances. And the Baron is more than ever convinced of the probability that there is good ground for his opinion after reading the dramatically-written *Military Dialogues on Active Service*, by Lieut.-Colonel N. NEWNHAM DAVIS (SANDS & Co.), which are thoroughly interesting, and so artistically contrived as to be here and there enlivened with effects that are genuinely sensational. The sketches, too, all in dialogue, of the officers' wives, are very interesting; and those of the "girls they (the soldiers) leave behind them" seem thoroughly natural to the Baron, who has small experience of the former, and none whatever of the latter in this category. Taking for granted that the author, being a Lieutenant-Colonel, is thoroughly familiar with all the military subjects he has here taken in hand, the Baron begs to recommend it, especially in this sad time of war, to all civilians, as the work of an expert who knows what he is talking about. But what has become of the rollicking gaiety of the young and old campaigners as portrayed by CHARLES LEVER in his *Harry Lorrequer*, *Jack Hinton the Guardsman*, and his *Charles O'Malley*? Where's your *Mickey Free* now? These, truly, were to the Baron "ideals." Is it possible they were never "reals"?

THE BARON DE B.-W.

JUST OVER-SPICED.—Not content with having produced a quite too delicious mess, entirely according to his own recipe of the Vatican-address dish, the noble *chef* of Norfolk House made the mistake of adding to it a strong flavour of Currie. Such a pity! Quits spoiled the broth! "*Nemo mortalium*," &c. *Vide Latin Grammar.*

A LETTER TO A YOUNG PUBLISHER.

II.

IN thanking me for the hints I gave you recently on the art of advertising, you observe that even though you sell a large number of copies, advertising is an expensive business, and that the net pecuniary gain to yourself of what is called a "successful" novel is by no means large. Moreover, you add, successful authors are few in number, and have a nasty trick of insisting upon uncommonly high royalties.

My dear JONES, if you are really to succeed in your business, you must understand at once that the bulk of your income is to come not from the successful books, but (paradox as it seems) from the unsuccessful. The successful man knows too much, or his interests are looked after by an agent, which comes to pretty well the same thing, so far as you are concerned. But the beginner—the aristocratic young lady, the young gentleman fresh from Oxford, the country gentleman who suddenly gives way to the *cacoëthes scribendi*—these, dear JONES, are in reality your most valuable clients, whose usefulness is limited only at one end by their gullibility, and at the other by their banking-accounts. You sent me a MS. as a specimen of the hopeless rubbish daily submitted to you, and your intention, I gather, was to return it promptly to its author. Nothing, I assure you, could be more gratuitously foolish. I have read *Heart-Throbs*—as the MS. is called—sufficiently to confirm your estimate of it. More undiluted drivel it would be hard to conceive. It is dull, foolish, badly-written; without one redeeming feature. But as for returning it, that would be nothing less than the criminal waste of an opportunity. Follow my instructions, and you shall make a pretty penny out of *Heart-Throbs*.

First, you will write to the author and assure him that your "reader"—you can consider me your reader for the nonce—has reported most favourably upon the

MS. Of course, you will add, there is grave risk about bringing out the work of an unknown man, but, in consideration of the exceptional merit of *Heart-Throbs*, you are willing to brave it. All that you will ask the author to do is to pay £80 towards the cost of production, while you will undertake to supply the demand up to a thousand copies. On all copies sold above that number you will pay him a royalty of twenty or thirty—you can promise safely anything you like—per cent.

The author will be delighted at the reader's "favourable report." He may boggle a bit about the £80, in which case

And, if you like, you can send in by-and-bye another bill of £10 or so for "advertising," and "cost of extra proof corrections." If he remonstrates, you can talk gravely of your risk, your heavy office-expenses, etc., and you will be surprised and grieved that the sale of the book has not got beyond 50 copies. It is just possible that at this point your client may go to the Society of Authors, but that needn't concern you. You have made your £50 or £60 out of *Heart-Throbs*, and the supply of fools, thank heaven! is unending. Only, you will deplore his lack of confidence, and the passing away of the good old days, when no Authors' Societies existed.

TRUSTWORTHY.

My pipe! the cherished idol of my ease.

In happy recollection I review

Your several virtues only formed to please,

Accept my trust—a thing enjoyed by few.

And yet no aery halo of romance

Hangs o'er you. No entrancing, beautiful elf

Presented you to me with melting glance.

No; eighteenpence I paid for you myself.

Upon your bowl no artist's hand has wrought;

It bears no carven picture emblematic.

'T was very likely cut by some untaught
Mechanic in a dingy shop or attic.

Your rounded stem with yellow amber tipped

Suggests no GRINLING GIBBONS in disguise;

Your mouthpiece now, I see, is slightly chipped,

Why, then, do I my pipe so dearly prize?

Why did I in the summer's sheen neglect

You like a loathed criminal accurst,
But now 'tis freezing love you? I expect

It is because I know you cannot burst!



G. L. STAMP. (1901)

"There are many ladies who, in the quiet part of the day, would use the 'bus instead of walking if their dogs might accompany them."—Letter in "Daily News."

'Bus Conductor. "FULL INSIDE, SIR. OUTSIDE ONLY!"

—I have left you plenty of margin—you may knock off £5 or even £10 as a special favour, as a sign, too, of your belief in the book. Then, or I am greatly mistaken, you will have him. He is young, he is well-off, he has unbounded faith in his work, which faith your letter has judiciously strengthened. And so, having cashed his cheque, you proceed to play your fish at your leisure. You have only bound yourself, you see, to supply the demand up to a thousand copies—wherefore you will, at a cost of £25 or thereabouts, print and bind 100 copies—and you will take good care that the demand shall not exceed that number. Thereby you will pocket £55—not a bad haul, considering that you've run no sort of risk for it.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER V.

Of Chances for Talk—Shooting and Hunting—Of Dropping a Shoe—An Over-reach and other matters.

It is, undoubtedly, I fear, the case that in hunting, conversational ability is not at so high a premium as in shooting. There is less opportunity for the easy, pleasant talk that makes up so large a part of the day's sport with the gun. Men have to manage their horses, to watch the hounds, to study the country, to make sure they are not left behind when the fox breaks away, and, generally, to look closely after the business on which they have come out. The shooting man, on the other hand, except during the minutes when the birds are actually coming over him, can make his day into one long opportunity for conversation of various kinds. When the beat on the drive is over and the birds are collected; while the guns walk on to take their places at the next stand; at lunch and after; on the walk home when the day is done—during all these intervals and cessations there are countless chances for the skilled conversationalist. But in the hunting field, as I have said, the openings are fewer and circumstances too often check the flow of soul. Still, a wary man will get his chances even in hunting and, the fewer they are, the more necessary is it to take proper advantage of them.

In the first place you will have observed, though you are a novice at the game, that you are always entitled to tell any man that his horse has lost a shoe. Even if he moves in gilded circles, irradiated by Dukes and Earls, and you are a mere son of the soil, the rule holds good. If you doubt what I say, just select a man whose horse has dropped a shoe, mention the fact to him, and then keep close to him for a few minutes while you are riding, as we may suppose, from one covert to another, no fox being at the moment on the move. The next man who comes up in the track of the horse with three shoes, will go through the same little pantomime as you did. He'll take a good look, pull back his horse a bit, look again, ride closer, gaze intently and then, evidently making up his mind to stake his whole reputation for eyesight and knowledge, will break out with "You've lost a shoe, Sir, near fore-foot." If the interval of easy riding last long enough, you will observe a dozen men go through this identical performance one after another, all ending with precisely the same remark, until you feel that if the master of the three-shoe'd animal suddenly lost control of his temper, laid about him with his hunting crop, and called Heaven to witness that this was a just punishment on a lot of repetition-mongering, well-meaning, useless, good-natured retailers of stale news—you feel, I say, that if this were to happen, there would be every excuse for a man goaded beyond endurance. But, as a matter of fact, he usually submits to the inevitable with a good grace and bears no malice at all. Then, too, if your horse cuts himself by an over-reach you, must

expect to have the matter mentioned to you even by men you don't know. "I'm afraid you've got rather a nasty over-reach," is a fairly good formula for the occasion—and even when you are tried by the repetition time after time of this observation, you ought to remember that it is prompted by good-will, by a desire to point out to you what you cannot see for yourself, and so to enable you to save from more serious damage the gallant horse whose welfare ought to be as close to your heart as your own.

If a man loses his spur, or batters his hat, or gets his face torn by a twig, or his coat covered with mud from a fall, you will not, unless he should happen to be your friend, call his attention to facts which are entirely within his own knowledge and are probably causing him acute discomfort. But how shall a rider know that his horse has dropped a shoe or over-reached? His horse, the much-enduring, indomitably courageous companion of his sport, is unable to give him a hint, except by going lame—and then the mischief is done.

So it has come to be recognised as a humane duty on the part of riders to give one another information on such matters, and no rule drawn from that gorgeous guide, "The Manners of Good Society; By One Who is in It," will be broken if a gentleman hitherto unknown to you should address you in the manner I have described. Besides, if you are going to be stand-offish in the hunting field, if you are going to inflate yourself with dignity and make yourself rigid with arrogance, and scowl and talk of "devilish impertinence" just because little cheery DICK TADWORTH makes a remark to you in his genial Cockney way, why you'd better stay at home and feed on BURKE'S Peerages and other books of social precedence. The hunting field is no place for you. There DICK is your equal, though the blood of kings should happen (in a slightly diluted form) to

run in your veins, and DICK has nothing to back him except a clever head for figures, perfect good nature, and a desire to be on good terms with all the world. Of course, DICK mustn't push too much—in any case, he's not the man to do that, for there's nothing of the Snob in him, and if he errs he errs without ill-will or mean aspiration of any kind.

AN ENGLISH CHINOISERIE.

Voice (through telephone). Can you send some winter comforts for troops undergoing the terrors of a rigorous climate?

Charity Distributor (ditto). We have got any amount of lemonade, soda-water, sunshades and white neckties. You are in Africa, aren't you?

Voice. No; Asia. I am speaking for the Indian troops and Europeans stationed at Wei-Hai-Wei, who need immediate help.

Charity Distributor. Oh, we can't have anything to do with you; you are not fashionable. You are out of reach of the newspaper reporters, so we can't do anything for you!

Voice. Oh, indeed! Then I will write to *Punch*. [Does so.]



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

JANUARY 7.

Mr. Punch. "WELL, OF ALL THE —!"



“CHILDLIKE AND BLAND.”

CHINESE OFFICIAL. “WELL, THE EMPRESS IS AWAY AT PRESENT; BUT YOUR ACCOUNTS SHALL BE FORWARDED, GENTLEMEN, AND NO DOUBT HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILL ATTEND TO THEM AT HER—AH!—EARLIEST CONVENIENCE!”

MY HOLIDAY.

(A Confession).

IN the first place, I blame the doctor. He shouldn't have used long words and looked at me as if I was something under the microscope. But when a man has the word "neurosthenic" flung at him he is obliged, in self-defence, to do something, and so I accepted his Mephistophelian suggestion about country air and a few days' quiet. He even hypnotised me into the belief that I was tired of town (shade of CHARLES LAMB forgive me!), and I agreed to go right away into the country for a week—down to a friend's country house near Lynton.

It's my firm belief that if I had taken a day—choosing my weather—down in Surrey: or a week-end at Brighton, or even a day in bed, I should have been perfectly right again. But I was fool enough to be beguiled by the doctor, and—Well, it's no use repining now.

I really think (to be perfectly just to myself) that I was for a few hours on the first evening—perhaps even for an hour or so next morning—genuinely contented. The quiet soothed me. With Mr. PECK-SNIFF I contemplated existence, and then, alas, like Mr. PECKSNIFF, I assumed a rôle of horrible duplicity. On the second day the quietness of the Devonshire hills grated terribly on my nerves, and I longed for the soothing roar of the London traffic.

But I assumed a look of placid pleasure, and even feebly thanked goodness when I heard that London papers came a day late. Humbug! hypocrite! that I was. But Nemesis overtook me. Try as I might, I could not conceal the awful depression that was stealing over me.

On the fourth day there was a prospect that the road might be blocked. Horror! I made up my mind.

"TOM," I said, "don't be alarmed, old man, but I feel that I ought to consult some specialist: the fact is, I—" here I tapped my chest ambiguously.

"Rot!" said TOM. (There's a refreshing frankness about TOM.) "Take a twenty-mile walk, and you'll be as fit as a fiddle." With some experience of musical relations, I derived no consolation from this simile.

"Possibly," I said, with affected stoicism; "and yet I can't help remembering that Uncle PETER—" I shrugged my shoulder, and left Uncle PETER's fate to TOM's imagination.

"Well, come down when you've seen him. You can't do better than stop here."

"I will, I will," I interrupted feverishly, then rushed off to pack. The next afternoon I was gliding through Westbourne Park in a G.W. train (blessings on it!) feeling almost delirious with joy.

"Foggy, as usual," said a man opposite. I gave an imbecile grin. "Yes," I

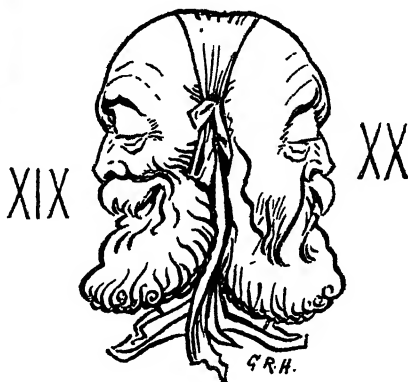
said, "just the same dear old yellow, throat-choking friend."

He regarded me amazed. "The filthy condition of the roads," he said, "is scandalous; the Local Board—"

"I know," I said. "Never mind. Shouldn't we be disgusted if everything was spick and span? What *should* we talk about on the morning 'bus, or in the matutinal tube! Hurrah for the London dirt!"

We drew up at Paddington. I bought up all the evening papers, and gave the hansom driver a royal fee.

Specialists be blowed. Country be blowed. I sat down and wrote to TOM. I told him I had been a liar and a humbug; and that although I loved him dearly, nothing would persuade me to see him in the winter-time. When I am calmer I shall write to the doctor. A.R.



THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—AND AFTER.

"This Janiform head, adapted from an ancient coin (of vantage) at Hatfield, tells in a figure all that need be said about the new Century from a Cecilian Tory point of view."

[With apologies to Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., and Mr. James Knowles.

THE DARKEY TO HIS DINAH.

[The Postal authorities, at Brussels, have discovered that the coloured postmen in the Congo Free State present the mail bags to their wives or *fiancées*. The latter convert them into ready-made costumes.]

OH, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
Dis darkey lubs you mos' sincere;
He tinks you are at any rate,
De finest gal in all de State.
For you his spirit leaps and bounds
While he goes plodding on his rounds,
For dis 'ere darkey's massa is
De Post Office authorities.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
I do not want to interfere,
But you must find it hard, I guess,
To save de money for your dress.
I like de gal who's won my heart
To keep on looking spry and smart,
For no one else must take de shine
Out ob dis lubly gal ob mine.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
We've got no Paris fashions here,
But still I know it's always best
To get your garments from de West.
A bright idea's occurred to me,
And so I take de liberty
Ob sending something that may do
As a nex' season's dress for you.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
Don't tink my conduct very queer;
De Post Office may nebber miss
A little canvas bag like dis. [shape,
And though, p'raps, in its present
It may seem stiff and hard to drape,
Still you can very soon convert
It into quite a slap-up skirt.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
I hope I make my meaning clear;
I tink you've only got to slit
De bottom neatly out ob it,
And den, with jes' a bit ob string,
You make it *such* a stylish ting;
Oh, I'll be proud to hab a gal
Who is so economical.

Oh, DINAH darlin', DINAH dear!
If any nigger tries to sneer,
Or some unkind aspersion throws
Upon de cut ob your new clo's,
Remember, in de Congo State
Dey seldom see a fashion plate;
You know de garment dat you don
Has got de stamp ob Europe on! P. G.

EXAMINATION FOR A DIRECTORSHIP.

(From "The City Man's Vade Mecum.")

Promoter. Are you a gentleman of blameless reputation?

Candidate. Certainly, and I share that reputation with a dozen generations of ancestors.

Promoter. And no doubt you are the soul of honour?

Candidate. That is my belief—a belief shared by all my friends and acquaintances.

Promoter. And I think, before taking up finance, you have devoted a long life to the service of your country?

Candidate. That is so. My career has been rewarded by all kinds of honours.

Promoter. And there is no particular reason why you should dabble in Stock Exchange matters?

Candidate. None that I know of—save, perhaps, to serve a friend.

Promoter. Now, be very careful. Do you know anything whatever about the business it is proposed you should superintend?

Candidate. Nothing whatever. I know nothing absolutely about business.

Promoter. Then I have much pleasure in informing you that you have been unanimously elected a member of the Board of Management!

[Scene closes in until the Public demands further information.]

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

III.—HAMLET.

AMONG the plays which seem specially to require a sequel, *Hamlet* must certainly be reckoned. The end of Act V. left the distracted kingdom of Denmark bereft alike of King, Queen, and Heir-Presumptive. There were thus all the materials for an acute political crisis. It might have been imagined that the crown would fall inevitably to the Norwegian Prince FORTINBRAS who, being on the spot with an army behind him, certainly seems to have neglected his chances. It is clear, however, from the sequel that FORTINBRAS failed to rise to the occasion, and that HORATIO, being more an antique Roman than a Dane, seized his opportunity and by a *coup d'état* got possession of the vacant throne. Nor would FORTINBRAS appear to have resented this, as we find him subsequently visiting HORATIO at Elsinore. There is, however, a Nemesis which waits upon Usurpers, as the sequel shows. The sequel, by the way, should have been called *Ghosts*, but as that title has been already appropriated by a lesser dramatist, the name has been changed to—

THE NEW WING AT ELSINORE.

SCENE I.—*The Platform before the old part of the Castle as in Act I. HORATIO and FORTINBRAS come out of the house swathed in overcoats, the former looking nervously over his shoulder. It is a dark winter's evening after dinner.*

Fortinbras (shivering slightly). 'Tis bitter cold—

Horatio (impatiently). And you are sick at heart.

I know.

Fortinbras (apologetically). The fact is, when I get a cold

I often can't get rid of it for weeks.

I really think we may as well stay in.

Horatio (doggedly). I'm sorry, but I can't agree with you.

I shall stay here.

[Sits down resolutely with his back to the castle.

Fortinbras (turning up his coat collar resignedly). It's perfect rot, you know,

To let yourself be frightened by a Ghost!

H. (angrily). A Ghost! You're always so inaccurate!

Nobody minds a spectre at the feast

Less than HORATIO, but a dozen spectres,

All sitting round your hospitable board

And clamouring for dinner, are a sight

No one can bear with equanimity.

Of course, I know it's different for you.

You don't believe in ghosts! . . . Ugh, what was that?

F. Nothing.

H. I'm sure I saw a figure moving there.

F. Absurd!—It's far too dark to see at all.

(Argumentatively). After all, what are ghosts?

In the most high and palmy state of Rome

A little ere the mightiest JULIUS fell,

People saw hoards of them! Just ring for lights,

And let us make ourselves as comfortable

As this inclement atmosphere permits.

H. (dependently). I'd ring with pleasure, if I thought the bell

Had any prospect of being answered.

But as there's not a servant in the house—

F. (annoyed). No servants?

H. (bitterly). As my genial friend,

MACBETH,

Would probably have put it, "Not a maid

Is left this vault to brag of." In other words,

They left *en masse* this morning.

F. Dash it all!

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark

When you, its reigning monarch, cannot keep

Your servants for a week.

H. (sadly). Ah, FORTINBRAS,

If you inhabited a haunted castle

You'd find your servants would give warning too.

It's not as if we only had one ghost.

They simply swarm! (Ticking them off on his fingers.) There's HAMLET's father.

He walks the battlements from ten to five.

You'll see him here in half an hour or so.

CLAUDIUS, the late King, haunts the State apartments,

The QUEEN the keep, OPHELIA the moat,

And ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN the hall.

POLONIUS you will usually find

Behind the arras murmuring platitudes,

And HAMLET stalking in the corridors.

Alas, poor ghost! his fatal indecision

Pursues him still. He can't make up his mind

Which rooms to take—you're never safe from him!

F. But why object to meeting HAMLET's Ghost?

I've heard he was a most accomplished Prince,

A trifle fat and scant of breath, perhaps;

But then a disembodied HAMLET

Would doubtless show a gratifying change in that respect.

H. (irritably). I tell you, FORTINBRAS, It's not at all a theme for joking.

However, when the New Wing's finished

I shall move in, and all the ghosts in limbo

May settle here as far as I'm concerned.

F. When will that be?

H.

The architect declares He'll have the roof on by the end of March.

F. (rising briskly). It is a nipping and an eager air,

Suppose we stroll and see it?

H. (rising also). With all my heart. Indeed, I think we'd better go at once.

[Looks at watch.

The Ghost of HAMLET's father's almost due.

His morbid love of punctuality

Makes him arrive upon the stroke of ten,

And as the castle clock is always fast

He's rather apt to be before his time.

[The clock begins to strike as they exeunt hastily. On the last stroke, Ghost enters.

Ghost. I am HAMLET's father's spirit, Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day . . .

[Stops, seeing no one there.

What! Nobody about?

Why, this is positively disrespectful.

I'll wait until HORATIO returns

And, when I've got him quietly alone,

I will a tale unfold will make him jump!

[Sits down resolutely to wait for

HORATIO.

Curtain.

SCENE II.—*Before the New Wing of the Castle. The two Clowns, formerly grave-diggers, but now employed with equal appropriateness as builders, are working on the structure in the extremely leisurely fashion to be expected of artizans who are not members of a Trades Union.*

1st Clown (in his best Elizabethan manner). Nay, but hear you, goodman builder—

2nd Clown (in homely vernacular). Look here, BILL, you can drop that jargon. There's no one here but ourselves, and I ain't amused by it. It's all very well to try it on when there's gentlefolk about, but when we're alone you take a rest.

1st Clown (puzzled). Ay, marry!

2nd Clown (throwing down tools). Stow it, I say, or I'll have to make you. Marry, indeed! If you mean "Yes," say "Yes." If you mean "No," say "No."

1st Clown. All right, mate.

2nd Clown (grumbling). It's bad enough staying up all night building more rooms on to this confounded castle—I should have thought it was big enough and ugly enough without our additions—but if I'm to listen to your gab, s'help me—!

1st Clown. Hush! here comes some one.

[They make a valiant pretence of work as HORATIO and FORTINBRAS enter.

Horatio (ecstatically, completely deceived by this simple ruse). My Master-Builders!

Fortinbras. Idle dogs!

1st Clown (Elizabethan again). Argal, goodman builder, will he nill he, he that builds not ill builds well, and he that builds not well builds ill. Therefore, perpend!

H. (appreciatively). How absolute the knave is!



"NOW, GEORGE DEAR, IT'S YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY IN THE NEW CENTURY. WHAT GOOD RESOLUTIONS ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE?"
"WELL, FOR ONE THING, I INTEND TO BE MUCH MORE REGULAR IN MY HABITS."
"WHY NOT GIVE THEM ALL UP, DEAR!"

F. He seems to me to be an absolute fool.

H. Not at all. A most intelligent working man. I'll draw him out. (To 1st Clown). When will the house be finished, sirrah?

1st Clown. When it is done, Sir.

H. Ay, fool, and when will that be?

1st Clown. When it is finished, o' course.

H. (to F.). There! What do you call that? Witty, eh?

F. I call it perfectly idiotic, if you ask me.

H. Well, well; we'll try again. (To 1st Clown) And whose is the house, fellow?

1st Clown (fatuously). Marry, his that owns it. Ask another.

H. (to F.). Ha! Ha! Good again. By the Lord, FORTINBRAS, as HAMLET used to say, the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, it galls his kibe.

F. (savagely). The toe of the courtier is getting so perilously near the person of the peasant that you'd better get rid of the latter as soon as possible.

H. (doubtfully). Perhaps you're right. And yet I was always taught to consider that kind of thing awfully entertaining. But, there. Fashions change in humour as in other things. Send them away.

F. (giving them money). Away with you, fellows. Go and get drunk.

[Exeunt clowns.]

H. (relapses into blank verse on their departure). What think you of the New Wing, FORTINBRAS?

The whole effect is cheerful, is it not? Good large sash windows, lots of light and air;

No mediæval nonsense.

F. (who does not admire the building). So I see!

H. No ghosts here, eh, to stalk about the rooms

And fade against the crowing of the cock?

F. Probably not—and, yet—look there, HORATIO;

There's something in the shadow over there, Moving towards the house. It's going in.

Stop it, HORATIO.

H. (furious). Here, I can't stand this.

I'll cross it though it blast me. Stay, Illusion! [The figure stops.]

Are you aware, Sir, that you're trespassing?

This is a private house.

Ghost (in a sepulchral voice). My private house!

H. Oh, come, you know, you can't mean that! Your house?

Considering that I'm building it myself—Of course, assisted by an architect—

I think you must admit there's some mistake.

Ghost (turning and advancing towards them). Pooh! What do I care for your architect?

It's mine, I say, my house, my plot, my play.

I made them all!

H. Oh, my prophetic soul! SHAKESPEARE!

Ghost. The same.

H. I say, confound it all, Do you propose to haunt the castle too?

Ghost. Yes, the New Wing.

H. It's really much too bad.

You've filled the old part of the house with spectres;

I think you might have left the new to me.

F. That seems a reasonable compromise.

Ghost. I shall stay here; make up your mind to that,

But if you like to share the Wing with me

I've no objection.

H. (stiffly). Thanks, I'd rather not. I shall consult with my solicitor, And if he can't eject you from the place

I'll sell it, ghosts and all! Come, FORTINBRAS. [Exit with dignity.]

Curtain.



THE MISSING WORD.

A.D. 1901.

THANK goodness, no more
Will this wretched exotic
Annoy us, and bore
With refrain idiotic.

No more can it bloom
With the flowers of diction
And French that find room
In feminine fiction.

No more will it stay
In its up-to-date quarters,
The refined, *recherché*
Repertoire of reporters!

Out-of-date 'tis at last,
In the tick of a second;
When the Century passed,
Dead also 'twas reckoned.

No longer 'twill fit
Aberrations of fashion,
The vagaries of wit,
Or the problems of passion.

From this desperate rhyme
Its nature you may cull;
I meant all the time
The phrase "*fin-de-s *****!*"

A. A. S.

TO A. A.

(Vide first number of the "*Thrush.*")

HUSH! Hush! the Thrush at SIMPKIN'S
sings,

And GARNETT 'gins arise
On famous literary wings

To flood with song the skies;
And halting HENLEY doth begin

To heave unmeasured sighs:
With everything that minor bin,

My England's ALFRED, rise!

Arise! Arise!

THE LADIES' CABINET COUNCIL.

(Suggested by a Compilation in "*The Gentlewoman.*")

SCENE—Downing Street. PRESENT—Most
of the Members of the Female Govern-
ment.

Première. Now that my office is severed
from the F. O., I should be glad to learn
if the noble lady responsible for Foreign
affairs has any news from Paris.

Foreign Secretary. Only that feather
ruffles are going out, and fur will not be
worn this year.

First Lady of the Treasury. Is there any
chance of bonnets being less expensive?

Foreign Secretary. I think not. You see
the material counts for very little.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. That de-
pends whether it is sent over as the
manufactured article or in bulk.

First Secretary of the Treasury. I think,
in spite of a slight decrease in expense it,
would be scarcely dignified to get your
frocks made while you waited.

Lady-Lieutenant of Ireland. But sure you
could get them made before you went
there. That is if you had two gowns.
Of course, if you had only one, you would
wait in it while it was being made.

First Lady of the Admiralty. As I have
to cross the sea pretty frequently, may I
ask if it is likely that the Channel Tunnel
will be shortly opened for traffic?

War Secretary. Certainly. Of course, it
could be closed again in times of necessity.
Then people might start prematurely for
Scotland.

Home Secretary. But surely it would be
a sad thing to be forced to fly to the
Highlands before August?

Lady High Chancellor. Perfectly justifi-
able in case of need. The QUEEN'S Writ
runs very far, but not so far as I should
run if there were foreign soldiers follow-
ing me. [Amusement]

Messenger (entering). I beg pardon and to
say, ladies, that a huge despatch-box has
arrived from London.

Chorus of Ministers (excitedly). What
does it contain?

Première. I think, from the label, that
it probably contains the latest fashions
from across the Channel.

[The ladies rush for the box, and the
council breaks up in confusion.]



UNREHEARSED EFFECT AT OUR "TABLEAUX VIVANTS."

UNCLE JOHN (WHO PRIDES HIMSELF UPON HIS RESEMBLANCE TO EARL ROBERTS) AND COUSIN TOM PROMISED TO GIVE US THE MOST INTERESTING EVENT OF THE EVENING—THEY DID! OUR YOUNGEST DARLING WAS SWEET TILL THE LAST MOMENT, WHEN THE CURTAIN WENT UP, AND THEN SHE HOWLED!!

AQUA VITAE.

["At a meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, Dr. A. E. T. LONGHURST laid it down that moderate drinking could and did injure health."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE doctor's richt, I ken it weel.
Nae mod'rate drinkin' can appeal
Tae ony richtly-minded chiel
O' sound affections.
I hate it like the vara deil,
Or kirk collections.

A mod'rate drunk I ne'er wad be.
What is ae glass, or twa, or three?
Na! let me hae a glorious sea
O' whisky toddy!
There's naethin' like the barley-bree
For mind an' body.

The wise man's word we maun obey,
An' since the doctor winna hae
Half-measures that wad mak' us wae,
Henceforth, my brither,
We'll e'en tak' tent tae aye be gey
An' fou thegither.

HAIRDRESSERS' FAVOURITE MOTTO. —
"Two heads are better than one." (This
from a financial point of view, and of course
applicable to postal stamps.)

'VARSIITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

II.

I STUDIED my THOMSON in vain,
I studied my RUTHERFORD too,
My tutors all failed to explain
The puzzling vagaries of you.
In all my collegiate days,
I never could hit on a plan
To account for your wonderful ways,
Mysterious particle *dv*.

But where men of learning, who know
More Greek than mere Greeks could
possess,
Have failed to enlighten me, lo!
A maid has accomplished success.
And now to my clarified view,
It is perfectly plain why a man
Should join the Optative with you,
Mysterious particle, ANNE.

SUGGESTION.—The service of National
Thanksgiving for the end of the war
having been wisely postponed until we
have got from fight to finish, might it not
be fitting to hold a special one which
should conclude with the minister's say-
ing, "Here endeth the first lesson."

HERBS OF DISGRACE.

(Suggested by Prof. Bottomley's lecture on Car-
nivorous Plants at the London Institution.)

GENTLE daisy in the vale,
Bossed with gold, with petals pale,
Who shall say within your heart
What unholy passions smoulder,
Veiled by you with artless art
From the eye of the beholder;
Since now Science bids us see
Vegetable cruelty.

Make not, herb, of innocence
Hypocritical pretence,
While that unrelenting thought
Is within each stamen lurking
Of some hapless insect caught,
Whose destruction to be working
You with fiendish glee devise
With a hideous enterprise.

Let not then the lyrist's rhymes
Mince henceforth the fig's foul crimes;
Of the perils insects run
Let him warn with loud alarms;
Bid them carefully to shun
The deceit of wicked arums;
Since their virtues bards declare,
Why should they plants' vices spare?



AN EVENING PARTY AT MRS. MICROBE'S.

WINTER PLEASURES.

LANDSCAPE gardening in Fleet Street still proceeding, and likely to last well into next summer. Municipal Councils most active in the conduct of operations. Half of the labourers are hard at work leaning on the guard rail, and smoking pipes with the utmost vigour, whilst other half constantly engaged in meal of some description. Occasionally a small drain-pipe is lowered into grave-like trench, but this is of infrequent occurrence.



Latest reports have it that passengers will soon be able to emulate the example of the great Lexicographer, and "take a walk down Fleet Street without the least fear of being drowned in the liquid slush. Optimism on this point, however, is hardly advisable just at present, and those citizens unable to swim should act with caution when approaching that part of the black, slow-flowing stream which turns down Bouverie Street on its way to the Thames, and thence to the mighty, rushing ocean.

A MILITARY DIALOGUE.

ARMY REFORM.

SCENE.—The Canteen of the Rutlandshire Regiment, at Down-boro', an airy, plastered hall with high windows. A bar at one end is backed by a rampart of beer barrels. A double line of barrack tables and benches runs down the room. The hour is 5 p.m. At one of the tables sits Mr. W. WILSON, late Private in the regiment, in all the glory of a new check suit of an aggressive pattern, a crimson tie, a horseshoe pin, an aluminium watch chain, a grey "bowler" and a button-hole of violets. Privates W. and G. SMITH, P. BRADY, E. DUDD and other men of H Company are at the table, or standing near it.

Mr. Wilson (passing round a great tin measure containing beer, after taking a preliminary pull himself). Of course I do 'ear more, being in the smoke, than you 'ear down in this provincial 'ole; and there's generals and statesmen and such-like comes and stays at our place, and when they gets tied up in a knot over any military question, as often as not they says, "Let's ask WILSON the undergardener. 'E's a hex-military man; 'e's a 'ighly intellogent feller;" and I generally gets them out of their difficulty.

Pte. W. Smith. D'ye know anything about this army reform?

Mr. Wilson (with lofty scorn). Do I know anything about it?

Pte. G. Smith. D'ye think they're goin' to make a good job of it?

Mr. Wilson. Naaw. And why? Becos they're goin' the wrong wai to work. They're arskin' the opinion of perfeshernal hexperts and other sich ignoramuses, and ain't goin' to the fountain 'ead. Oo's the backbone of the English service?

Pte. P. Brady. The Oirish Private.

Mr. Wilson. Right you are, my 'Ibernian—always subitootin' British for H Irish—and the British Compiny is the finest horganisation in the world. Give the Private a free 'and and a

rise of pay, and make the Compiny the model of the army, and then yer can put all the hexperts and all the Ryle Commissions and their Reports to bed.

Pte. Dudd. As how?

Mr. Wilson. As 'ow, yer old thick head? It's as plain as a pike-staff. Taike this question of responsibility. When some one comes a bloomer, and the paipers all rise 'ell, the civilian toff, 'oos a sort of a Commander-in-Chief in a Sunday coat and a chimney-pot 'at, 'e says, "It ain't me. Arsk the real Commander-in-Chief," and the Feeld-Marshal, 'e says, "Arsk

the Hadjutant-General," and the Hadjutant-General, 'e says, "Arsk the Hordnance bloke." Now in the Compiny there ain't none of that. If the Colonel goin' round at kit inspection finds the beds badly made up, or jags and sight-protectors deficient, or 'oles in the men's socks, 'e goes fierce for the Captin' and threatens to stop 'is leave; and the Captin' don't say, "Oh, it's the Hadjutant, or the Quarter-master, or the Chaplain what's to blame," no, 'e gives the subalterns and the coloured-sergeant beans, and they slip it in to the sergeants and corprils in charge of squads, and the beds is set up straight, and the men put down for jags and sight-protectors, and the 'oles in the socks is mended.

Private W. Smith. That's so, old pal. What else would you recermend?

Mr. Wilson (reaching out for the mea-



Working Man sitting on the steps of a big house in, say, Russell Square, smoking pipe. A male passes by with plumbing tools, &c.

Man with tools. "HULLO, JIM! WOT ARE YER DOIN' 'ERE? CARETAKIN'?"

Man on steps. "No. I'M THE HOWNER, 'ERE."

Man with tools. "'OW'S THAT?"

Man on steps. "WHY, I DID A BIT O' PLUMBING IN THE 'OUSE, AN' I TOOK THE PLACE IN PART PAYMENT FOR THE JOB."

sure). Thank yer. This 'ere army-reforming's a dry job. Now as to the metherd of attack. When the regiment goes out field-firing the henemy's a line of hearthenware pots, touched up on the sly by the markers with a dash of white; the captains count the telergraph posts up the range and give the exact distance; and the men goes 'opping along in line like crows on a ploughed field, the sergeantes a-naggin' 'em about the 'Ithe position and the corprils calling them back to pick up empty cartridge cases. Is that the wai that you, GEORGE SMITH, and you, BILL, and you, PAT, used ter creep up to the rabbit warrens when we used ter go out in the herly morning to assist the farmers to keep down the ground gime—poaching, the colonel called it? No, we hexecuted wide turning move-

ments and never showed no more than the tip of a nose. Let drill of attack alone, I say, and develope the sporting hinstinct of the private.

Omnes. 'Ear, 'ear!

Mr. Wilson. And this matter of mobility. Why, if you or me or any of us was on furlough at 'Ampstead or Margit, we was never off a 'orse's or a moke's back as long as the dihs larsted. Give us the brass, and we'll find the mobility.

Pte. W. Smith. Why don't yer write to Lord SALISBERRY, and give him your ideas?

Mr. Wilson. I shall. A few hintelligent ex-privates in the cabinet, a rise of pay for privates and two days' rabbiting, and a trip to Margit every week would sive the British army.

N. N.-D.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

I.—THE MÆDIEVAL SECTION.

(With the Author's compliments to Mr. Maurice Hewlett.)

JANUARY 1ST, 2ND.—But at the high board sat My Lord de DURDANS, named of his enemies ARCHIBALD YEA-AND-NAY, for that first he would and then he would not, for over-asking. And by him was Sir HENRY COP-LA-POULE, sire of ELAINE LA HUMOROUS, and about him much company of chapmen of the Shires. And "Oyez! good Sirs," cried he, "I give you rumour of war; not for fair lands, since none such be left to raid, but for gold, that yellow peril, the quest of great hearts. And herein victory shall be to the loudest voice; and that land shall go under, ours or another, that cannot bruit abroad her wares to the welkin. A murrain, say I, on false shame! Shall any reave us of our right to be esteemed a nation of bagmen? Never, pardie!"

3RD, 4TH.—Now to the lieges of his Suzerain Lady came challenge of tourney from OOM of the Doppers, Lord of Outrevailles. And ROUGE GARDE the trobador smote on his tambour and made a Chanson des Pauvres Diables Distractz. And the lists were straightly set in Val de Long-Tomps. And the hollow plain was ribbed with naked rocks, grey kopjes crowning all. And from the borders of Our Lady of the Snows, and from Isles of the Southern Cross, flew winged proffers of vassal service, and the cry of knighthood calling to saddle and spur. And it was really rather curious. For My Lord RED-TAPE, out of his great knowledge of warlike matters, made retort courteous, saying, "Oy deus! what should we with horse? Send us foot!"

5TH, 6TH.—But by force of whelming numbers and a stubborn hardihood begot of British beef, they overbore no few of the chivalry of Oom; and some they made captive before ever they could mount and invite the hills to cover them. Thereupon a remnant of England's knighthood, composite of the heavy sort and such as go in housings of blue (for a sprinkling of actual horsemen had joined issue with the foe in the *mêlée*), made their ways homeward. And Le Sieur BOBS DE KANDAHAR, holding that the tourney was accomplished, himself took ship whence he came. At this the heathen, emerging from their *parole* or other sanctuary, rallied for the onset; and they swept the lists like an Egypt's plague of locusts. And about the time of the seventeenth moon (shaped sickle-wise for sign of a bloody aftermath) the new Lord RED-TAPE (for the former had been lifted nigher the throne as one that had the French speech most nimble on his tongue) woke from a drugged sleep on a cry of danger, calling "To horse! A crown a day, and d—n the expense!" So, the traverse being a windy matter at this season, there was mounting in red haste against the second anniversary of the tourney.

7TH, 8TH.—Meanwhile to the tents of the puissant and most Christian DE WET came heralds for parley. Now you shall know that he was the match of three leopards for padded cunning

and agility. It was a dog-cat nature, keen nose and mobile paw. And the envoys of peace he bade take and flog, and the third he foully slew. But the tidings of this same feat of arms was brought to Lord OOM, lying *perdu* among the oversea Dutch. And him the messengers found helmed in the beaver's pelt, deep in Holy Writ, psalter at elbow. And on the hearing of their tale he lifted strained eyes from the page of DAVID and said: "By the rood, Sirs, 'twas well done!"

9TH.—Now at the very sable of fog-tide you must understand that they play Moralities on the dun banks of Thames. And of such are the moving histories of Sir Richard de Whittingtoun, La Belle Dormeuse, Damosel Rouge-Cape, The Forest Infants, Mistress Cendrillon (called Cinderella of the Fur Slipper, though certain lack-lores would have her shod not in *vair*, which is to say fur, but *verre*, namely glass), Jacques Mort-au-Géant and Aladdin of the Lamp Merveillous (out of Araby). Follows a sample or so in this kind.

10TH TO 12TH.—Whether it was the red wine, or the splitting of crackers, or else her cinder-hot beauty, I know not, that set the Prince's heart on sudden fire. Certes, he caught her to his knee in the eyes of all the gaping meinie.

"Vair-slipper," he cried, "your little foot is on my neck; your slave am I already. Make me your Prince!"

"Lord, say not that," said Mistress CENDRILLON. Ashen were her cheeks against the blue flame of her hair. Twice round her brows it went, and the pigtail's ending slept between her breasts. "Lord," says she, "it can never be. The humming-bird may not mate with the titmouse."

"By my halidom," he cried, "but it shall be so, *ma mye*."

"Lord!" she murmured, "the hour is close on middle night; let me away!"

She slipped like green water from his rocky arms. "Nay, popinjay," he cried, "it is the hour of Philomel. Stay with me till she withdraw before the early throstle."

For all answer, light as a beam of Dian she slid down the banisters and so past the drowsy cloak-room sentinels. Midnight carillon, peeling from a hundred belfries, snapped the wand of *faërie*. Into the sheer starlight flitted the shadow of a homing wench, clad in most pitiful poor gear. My Lord Prince, hot in pursuit, stood rooted to earth, chanting a forlorn stave of "*Le Trésor des Humbles*." Against the nap of his sapphire vest he held a Slipper of Vair chance-dropped in the princely purlieus.

13TH TO 15TH.—Young Spring was waking in the high woods. Now was the pairing-time of amorous fowls in burgeoned brakes. Earth turned in her sleep with a throb of surging sap. Lush hyacinths spread a gossamer web to veil her bridals. Hand in hand, as became orphans of one ravaged house, the Forest Infants paced under boon boughs.

"Parbleu," said FULK, that was right heir of this goodly demesne, "but I have an aching maw!"

"And I," said his sister ALYS, "I also could do with a devilled ortolan."

"'Tis a dog of an uncle!" said FULK, with a round oath that your Gascon trooper might repeat, not I.

"And the aunt a vile ferret," replied ALYS, and wept for mere emptiness.

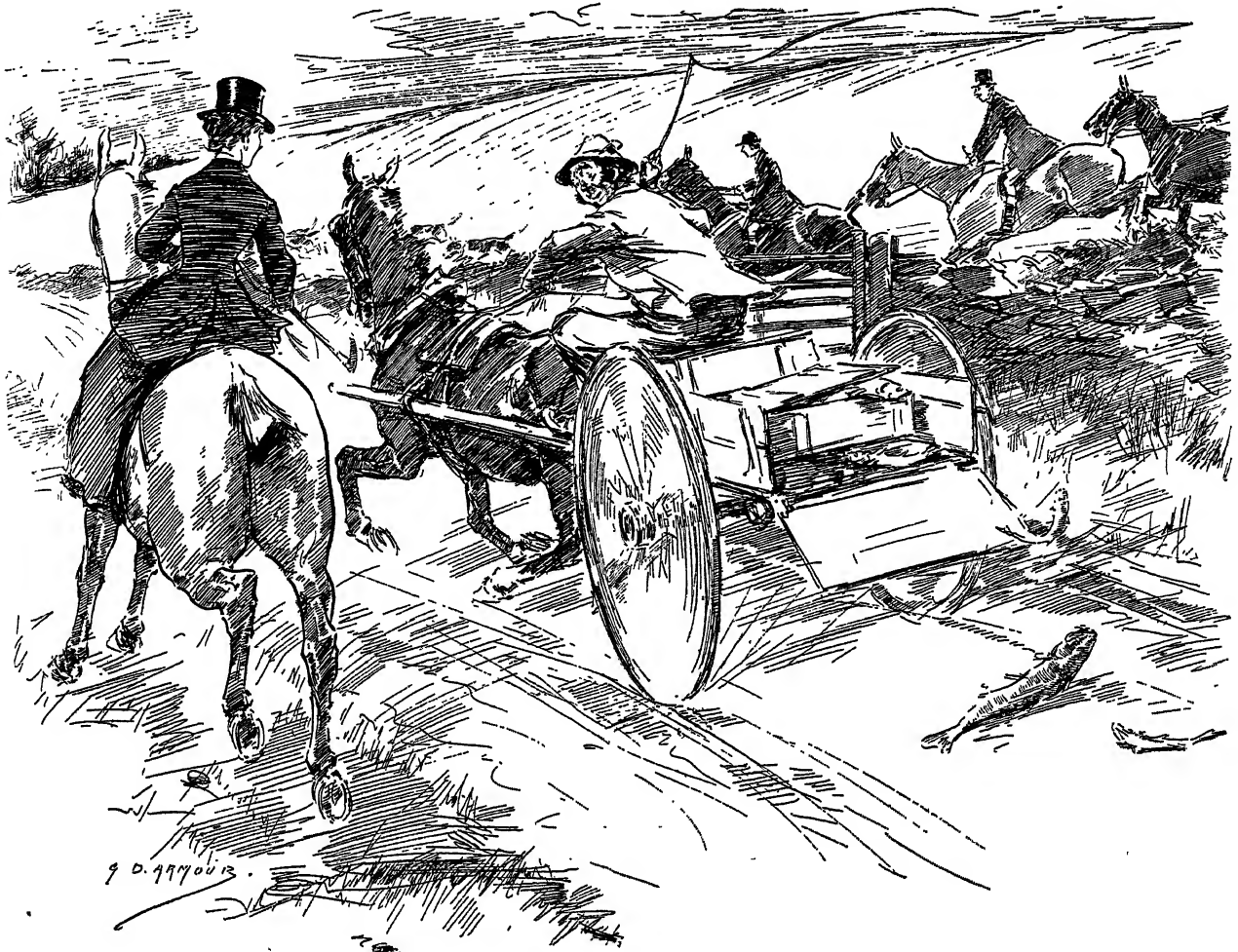
"*Mort de ma mère*," cried FULK, "'tis ill work ambling thus. Let us lie close in the quick undergrowth, and woo dreams of potted lobster, first having shriven our dusty souls."

And so they found them after a many days, stark, each in the other's gripe. And their pall was wrought of the dead leaves of yesteryear. The robins had done it. The red of their breasts was, I take it, the passionate heart's blood that showed through.

(To be continued.)

O. S.

NEW READING OF OLD PROVERB (with a beer-consumer's compliments to Mr. H-nry Ch-pl-n).—"Ars est celare ars-enic."—Yours, QUARTO DE BEERS.



"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO!"

Lady. "YOU'RE DROPPING YOUR FISH!"

Irish Fish Hawker (riding hard). "OCH, BAD LUCK TO THIM! NIVER MOIND. SURE WE'RE KAPIN' UP WID THE GENTRY!"

SERVICE AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(According to Mr. Sheldon.)

["The Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON has just aroused the wrath of the ladies of Topeka by his views on the servant-girl problem. He advocated from the pulpit 'the hired girl' should be treated as one of the family and cherished, not chided." —*Pall Mall Gazette.*]

Lord DOUBLESHERE entertained a small party of friends at his town house last evening. After dinner the servants mingled freely with the guests, and the Marchioness of STOKES NEWINGTON was presented to the second stair-maid, Miss ELIZABETH WILKINS, whose acquaintance she made.

Among the smart "bridge" parties last week must be numbered Mrs. ALGEY BOUNCEBY'S. Her butler, THOMAS SCRAGGS, who paired for the first rubber with the Duke of DUNKIRK, is fast proving his claim to be one of the finest exponents of this fashionable card game.

We understand that the Countess of CRUMBLETON has issued cards to a dis-

tinguished but select few to meet her coachman, Mr. JOHN JENKINS.

At the theatre the other evening, conspicuous among a remarkably well-dressed set of people, we noticed Lord LOUGHBORO, the Hon. Misses LOUGHBORO, and the head gardener, EZEKIEL JULKS. The latter gentleman wore the famous silver Albert watch-chain, a Christmas present, it is understood, from Miss GWENDOLEN LOUGHBORO, the bestowal of which gift has aroused so much comment in aristocratic and horticultural circles.

Half-a-dozen dissatisfied members of Brooks's club are talking of resigning if Lord LIVEWELL'S groom is not black-balled. He was of course put up by Lord LIVEWELL himself and seconded by his uncle, Earl GOTHESFACE. One or two rumours have certainly reached us reflecting on the temperance of BOB WHIPPET, the handsome groom. But for the old-fashioned prejudices which evidently animate the action of the discontented six, we have nothing but the severest reproof.

Owing to the severe illness of Miss MADELINE MARROWBY, the stall at the forthcoming Bazaar will be taken by her maid ELLEN CRIPPS. As previously arranged, the stall-holders will be presented individually to the Royal Visitors.

In the forthcoming golf competition, at Hoylake, Miss SUSAN BATES, the scullery-maid to Hon. Miss FITZWINTER, is looked on as a likely prize winner. Her handicap playing has shown a wonderful improvement lately, so much so that her considerate mistress has given her permission to forego her ordinary duties of washing up the dishes and filling the coal scuttles, in order that she may get in a good morning's practise on the links.

Among the presentations for the next Drawing-room we are glad to notice the name of KATE BRIGGS, the pretty second parlour-maid of Lord and Lady WIGMORE. It will be remembered that their head butler attended the last levée. A full description of Miss BRIGGS'S presentation costume appears elsewhere.

How Granfer Volunteered.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

FARMER SAMPSON rolled slowly homewards after church one wintry Sunday, full of a comfortable sense of righteousness, and looking forward to a reposeful hour before the mid-day meal. He exchanged greetings with his neighbours, discussed with them the probability of "snow-stuff" coming, or the likelihood of "its taking up" that night. Being an affable man, his opinion invariably coincided with that of the last person who spoke to him.

Arrived at his own substantial dwelling, and pausing a moment, on passing through the kitchen, to inhale the fragrance of the roasting joint, he proceeded first to the best parlour, an awe-inspiring room, never used save for a christening or a funeral; a shrine for stuffed birds, wax fruits and flowers, unopened books and the family's best wearing apparel. Mrs. SAMPSON'S Sunday bonnet reposed in the bandbox beneath the sofa; the accompanying gown was stowed away on one of the shelves of the bureau; other garments, belonging respectively to children and grand-children, were hidden beneath silver paper in other receptacles; and the master of the house, now divesting himself of his broadcloth coat, hung it carefully on the back of a chair, and restored his hat to the peg allotted to it behind the door. Then, making his way to the family living-room, he assumed his white "pinner"—a clean one, which had been laid ready for him on the table—took up the newspaper, sat down in the wide armchair by the hearth, which his substantial figure filled to a nicety, drew his spectacles from his pocket, and began to read. But, as he slowly spelt out line after line, his forefinger moving along the column on which his eyes rested, the air of contentment with which he at first settled to his task gave way, first to an expression of puzzled astonishment, then to one of irresolution, and, finally, to absolute consternation. After, however, reading and re-reading the paragraph which had attracted his attention in the *Western Weekly*, scratching his head, rubbing his nose, drumming with his fingers on the table; and, in fact, availing himself to the full of every recognised aid to thought, his brow cleared, and bringing one mighty clenched hand down on the open palm of the other, he exclaimed aloud:

"I'll do it! I'm blest if I don't do it; my dooty do stare me in the face."

Thereupon, wheeling round slowly in his chair so as to face the door—a matter of some little difficulty—he proceeded to call, or rather to bellow, at the top of his voice. "Missus! Grandma! Come here, will 'ee? POLLY, ANNIE—be there anyone about? Here, little 'uns, go an' fetch Grandma, one on you. Mis-sus!"

Presently there was a rush of feet, and Mrs. SAMPSON entered, followed by her married daughter POLLY, with three or four children clinging to her skirts, while Maidy ANNIE, the father's favourite, hastened in from the rear.

"Bless me, Granfer! Whatever be the matter?" inquired his wife anxiously.

Good old SAMPSON had been known as "Father," in the family circle for many a year, until POLLY and her husband had taken up their abode at the farm, when the title of "Granfer," naturally used by the children, had come to be universally adopted.

"There be matter enough for one while," he now responded gloomily, and yet with a certain air of dignified triumph.

"Dear heart alive, they Boers b'ain't a-coming to fight us over here, be they?" cried ANNIE, who was an imaginative young person.

"There's no knowin' what they'll be a-thinkin' on if we don't look out," responded her father, importantly. "It b'ain't so much the Boers," he continued, with a superior air,

"'tis the French as we must be on our guard again—an' the Germans—an' the *Rooshans*," he cried, emphatically, his eyes growing wider and wider as he named each nationality. "They do say as they do all hate us worse nor p'ison, and is only lookin' for an opportunity for attackin' us."

"Dear! dear! ye don't say so!" groaned Mrs. SAMPSON. "'Tis worse nor in BONEY's time. Lard! I can mind my father tellin' me as when he was a boy they was expectin' for sure as BONEY 'ud land, and the country very near went mad wi' fright. An' now ye say there be more nor the French again us?"

"Whatever is to be done?" put in POLLY. "I can't think as there can be many soldiers a-left i' the country wi' them great ships-full goin' out week arter week. Who's to defend us if any o' them folks from abroad do come?"

Granfer looked slowly round from one anxious face to the other, rolled his head from side to side, heaved a deep sigh, and finally remarked in a sepulchral tone:

"There's summat a-goin' to be done, ye might be surc." He paused, nodded, smoothed out the paper on his knee, and finally handed it with a tragic air to ANNIE.

"See here, my maid," he said, indicating a certain paragraph with his broad thumb; "read this here to your mother an' all on us. Then ye'll see what's a-goin' to be done!"

He threw himself back in his chair, while ANNIE, somewhat mystified and a good deal alarmed, read the following:

"Her Majesty the QUEEN has been graciously pleased to invite her old soldiers to return to service again for one year, for the defence of the country during the absence of her armies in South Africa."

"The text of the proclamation posted at the War Office will be found in another column. Such an appeal will be warmly responded to by many a loyal British heart; our veterans will rejoice at the opportunity thus afforded them of proving their devotion to Queen and Country."

"Well," said Mrs. SAMPSON, in a relieved tone. "Think o' that now! I'm sure there be a good few old soldiers about, an' it'll be very nice for 'em to get a chance of doin' summat."

"Very nice!" shouted her lord, with unaccountable fierceness. "Very nice, do ye say? That be your notion, be it? Well, I did look for a bid more feelin' from you. A man may be willin' to do his dooty, an' yet he mid find it oncommon hard work!"

"Why, Granfer, what be talkin' about? I'm sure I never—"

"Do you suppose, Missus, as us old folks won't find it a bit agin' us to go shootin' an' manoverin' an sich like at our time o' life? Wi' the best heart in the world, I reckon we be like to find it a bit stiff."

"Bless me, SAMPSON, don't tell I as you've a-got a notion o' j'inin' the army at your time o' life. Lard save us!" she continued, with gathering irritation, "I do believe you've a-took leave of your senses!"

"My dear woman," returned the farmer, "I do 'low it will have gived ye a bit of a turn; but there 'tis, wrote plain for all to read: 'Her Majesty the QUEEN have invited her old soldiers to serve'—if Her Majesty have a-made up her mind as 'tis old soldiers she wants, it b'ain't for the likes of us to go again' it. I've alays heerd tell as the QUEEN were an oncommon sensible woman, an' she've a-found out most like as these here youngsters b'ain't to be trusted—ye can't expect old heads on young shoulders. I never did hold wi' them there notions o' shart service, an' havin' nothin' but lads i' th' army; an' Her Majesty—d' ye see, Her Majesty—do very like agree wi' I."

"Well but, Granfer," said POLLY, doubtfully, "d' ye think the QUEEN did mean soldiers as had—as had left off practising so long as you?"

"An', besides," put in ANNIE, quickly, "'tisn't same as if you was ever a regular soldier in barracks an' that. Ye did only go out wi' the Yeomanry, didn't ye?"

"Well," returned her father, indignantly, "an' will 'co go



"ROUSSEAU'S DREAM."

Neptune. "LOOK OUT, MY DEAR, YOU'RE MISTRESS ON THE SEA; BUT THERE'S A NEIGHBOUR OF YOURS THAT'S TRYING TO BE MISTRESS UNDER IT."

Britannia. "ALL RIGHT, FATHER NEP.—I'M NOT ASLEEP."

[“M. ROUSSEAU, the inventor of the submarine warship, says, that the advantage of the submersible system would be incontestable, but that certain problems have arisen of which the solution has not been altogether realised” . . . “The belief of M. ROUSSEAU, however, is that the type of the submersible is perfectible, and that the difficulties will be overcome.”—“*Moniteur de la Flotte*,” quoted in “*Times*,” January 16.]

for to tell I as a man as was twenty year a trooper in the Darset Yeomanry b'ain't a soldier! Why what else be he then? Ye be a voolish maid, my dear, very voolish!"

"But," gasped poor Mrs. SAMPSON, recovering breath at last, "'tis thirty year an' more, I'm sure, since ye did go out wi' em! Ah! I'm sure 'tis thirty year—'twas when poor HARRY was a baby as ye did give up, an' long afore POLLY was born."

"Now, I tell 'ee what, Missus, this herekind o' talk isn't the proper talk for them as loves Queen and Country. What do the papers say? Read yourself, an' see. If every old soldier in the country was to go makin' excuses, an' thinkin' this, that an' t'other, who's to defend England? Now I'm a old man, an' a bit stiff i' the j'int's, an' a bit heavy on my legs, but I can get on a harse, and pull a trigger yet. And I'm not the man to go and disapp'int the QUEEN. There! My mind be made up, an' ye may tark till midnight wi'out changin' it."

"Well, to be sure," said poor Grandma, dropping into a chair, "I must say I didn't think as I should live to see this day. When a body comes to your time o' life I didn't look for ye to be tarkin' o' goin' off to the war, jist at our busiest time o' year too, when we may be lookin' out for new calves any day, and the lambin' season not half over."

"'Tis a bit ark'ard, that I must agree," returned SAMPSON, his face falling as he spoke. "Ah, I could ha' wished as Her Majesty hadn't a-called upon us in the midst o' lambin' time. We must do the best we can, that's all. TOM must see to things. I'd 'low other folks find it jist so hard to leave their businesses. But when you comes to talkin' o' my years, Missus, you do make a mistake. 'Tis my years as makes my services valuable. Now, ANNIE, read what's wrote here about the men comin' up."

ANNIE dolorously found the place, and read how already the response throughout the country had been unanimous, and how men were turning up by hundreds at various military depôts to offer their services.

"Ah!" commented Granfer reflectively, "the nearest military deepotts. Let me see; ours 'ud be Blanchester, I suppose. Well, Missus, make up your mind to it; I'll be off to-morrow. When a thing must be done, it must be done."

Mrs. SAMPSON threw her apron over her head, and began to weep. POLLY sniffed ominously, the children wailed, and ANNIE, flinging her arms round her father's neck, besought him to think better of it.

"There, to be sure! What a fuss ye do make," cried he, struggling in her embrace. "What be all in such a stew about, eh? I b'ain't a-goin' off to fight the Boers, I tell 'ee. I be a-goin' for to hide here and defend the country if the French or the Roosians comes this way. As like as not, I shall be able to come back'ards and for'ards pretty often to see how ye be all a-gettin' on. There, I tell 'ee ye should take more thought for I, and not go a-upsettin' of I this way. 'Tis 'ard enough for I as 'tis!" And here the large face which was looking disconsolately over ANNIE's shoulder assumed a purple hue, and big tears gathered in Granfer's usually merry eyes.

"There," he added weakly, as, freeing one hand from his daughter's somewhat strangulating caresses, he produced a large red-and-yellow handkerchief, and proceeded to mop his eyes, "you did ought to help I instead o' hinderin' of I! You do all owe a dooty to Queen and Country yourselves."

After this appeal to the better feelings of the family, all opposition was withdrawn, and presently they fell to discussing arrangements for the carrying out of his Spartan intent.

"My uniform is laid by safe enough, I know," said Granfer, "but 'tis a question whether 'twill fit me or no. I've got a bit stoutish since I left off wearin' of 'em."

"Lard man! the jacket'll not come within a yard o' meetin'—ye be twice so big round as ye did used to be; an' as for the trousers—there, there's no use thinkin' of 'em! They'd no more fit 'ee nor they would little JACKIE there."

"Them trousers as ye've a-got on 'ud do very well, though," said POLLY. "They're dark, d'ye see."

"I'll have to ride, though," said her father thoughtfully. "E'es—bein' in the Yeomanry, d'ye see, I'm bound to ride. 'Twouldn't look no-ways respectful like if I didn't offer myself, harse an' all."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what harse ye'll take, wi'out it's Chrissy," returned Mrs. SAMPSON. "Ye'll never get a saddle to stay on Vi'let or Duke; besides, they're wanted for ploughin'. An' Bob 'ud never carry ye."

"Well, Chrissy 'ud do right enough. He was a fine mare in his day. I never see a better. There isn't a colt as I've a-had from 'en as haven't turned out well. E'es TOM mid drive 'en up from the lower mead to-morrow morn, an' we'll rub 'en down a bit and make 'en smart."

"But ye'll never go for to ride all the way, Granfer?" pleaded the anxious wife. "Ye'll be joggled to pieces, an' I'm sure your best trousers won't be fit to be seen. There's reason in all things. Ye'd best go in JOYCE's cart, and tie Chrissy at back till ye get near the town."

"Ah! I mid do that," he agreed, with unexpected docility. "I reckon I'd find it a stiffish job to ride so far without I had a bit more practice."

The discussion was here interrupted by the entrance of TOM, POLLY's husband, but was resumed with even greater energy after the state of affairs had been explained to him. As he was short-sighted enough to express doubt and disapproval, the entire family fell upon him with one accord and reduced him to a state of sulky submission.

(To be continued.)



AVIS AUX VOYAGEURS.

THRICE blessed the day when a message to Mars

Can go for a penny the syllable hence,
And postage to all of the various stars
Is reduced to a decimal fraction of pence?

When a trip to a planet, a moon, or a sun
Is regarded as only the usual thing,
And weekly excursions to Jupiter run
Through every month of the summer and spring.

When a shoot, to be had in the Leonids, yields
A heavyish bag of aerial grouse,
When Pallas and Saturn are recognised fields
For finding the veriest duck of a house.

When we dine in the Pleiades—coffee discussed
Go on to a dance in Titania (mem:
That catch without fail we assuredly must
A train to the earth at 2-30 A.M.)

Thrice blessed the day—but, oh! let us endure,
Nor play with such possibly dangerous tools,
Lest we finish by making excessively sure
That we are a unique generation of fools!

SHOCKING CASE OF DOMESTIC DESTITUTION.—In an advertisement for "A Cook, General," the allurements are held out, "Comfortable home. Four in family. No windows or boots." Views of comfort vary. But the picture here presented, of a family of four going about on bootless errands in a windowless house, hardly meets the usual standard. Possibly the conditions are recognised as suitable to the peculiarities of the semi-military person addressed.

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

III.

NOT for a term, O cloistered High,
 Along thy classic stones shall I,
 All gownless through the midnight fly,
 Nor put an extra spurt on
 As, drawing nearer and more near,
 The bulldogs at my heels I hear—
 No longer shall I disappear
 Among thy shades, O Merton!

The pious founder, who'd the face
 To leave this poor unportioned place
 To charity's haphazard grace,
 Is praised and adulated;
 Whilst I, whose benefactions fat,
 Have kept alive his starveling brat,
 Am only recompensed for that
 By being rusticated.

For we fell out, the dons and I—
 Where is the greedy scout can vie
 For unabashed rapacity
 With college dons and tutors?—
 My fines for being ploughed in Mods
 Have renovated both the quads
 And made them temples where the gods
 Might quaff their foaming pewters.

Farewell, O academic town!
 Thy undergrad is going down.
 A brief farewell to cap and gown,
 Farewell to Greek and Latin!
 And you, ye ancient halls, adieu!
 We must be strangers, I and you.
 Farewell, my stall in chapel, too,
 Which I so seldom sat in!

A THOUSANDTH PITY.

(Interview with a man up-to-date, but
 long past his time.)

"How is your Majesty getting on?"
 asked the Bouverie Street man.

"Oh, as well as I have been doing for
 the last thousand years."

"Can you tell me whether the story
 about allowing the cakes to spoil is
 true?"

"I don't remember it," replied the
 shadowy monarch, with a grave smile.
 "But it is a pity to spoil a belief that has
 furnished a subject for any number of
 pictures."

"And is it true that you were born on
 the birth-day and death-day of SHAK-
 SPEARE?"

"Well, that is also a disputed point, as
 some people insist that the Bard of Avon
 is as much a myth as—as, well, as myself."

"But didn't you win a great battle on
 St. George's Day?"

"So I have been told, but I have no
 distinct recollection of the transaction."

"But, good gracious!" exclaimed the
 Bouverie Street man, "if you are so
 vague about your deeds, why are we
 making such a fuss about you?"

"I don't know. Except it appears to

please the people at Winchester, which,
 by the way, was a very different place to
 what it is now, when I knew it, or if I
 ever did know it."

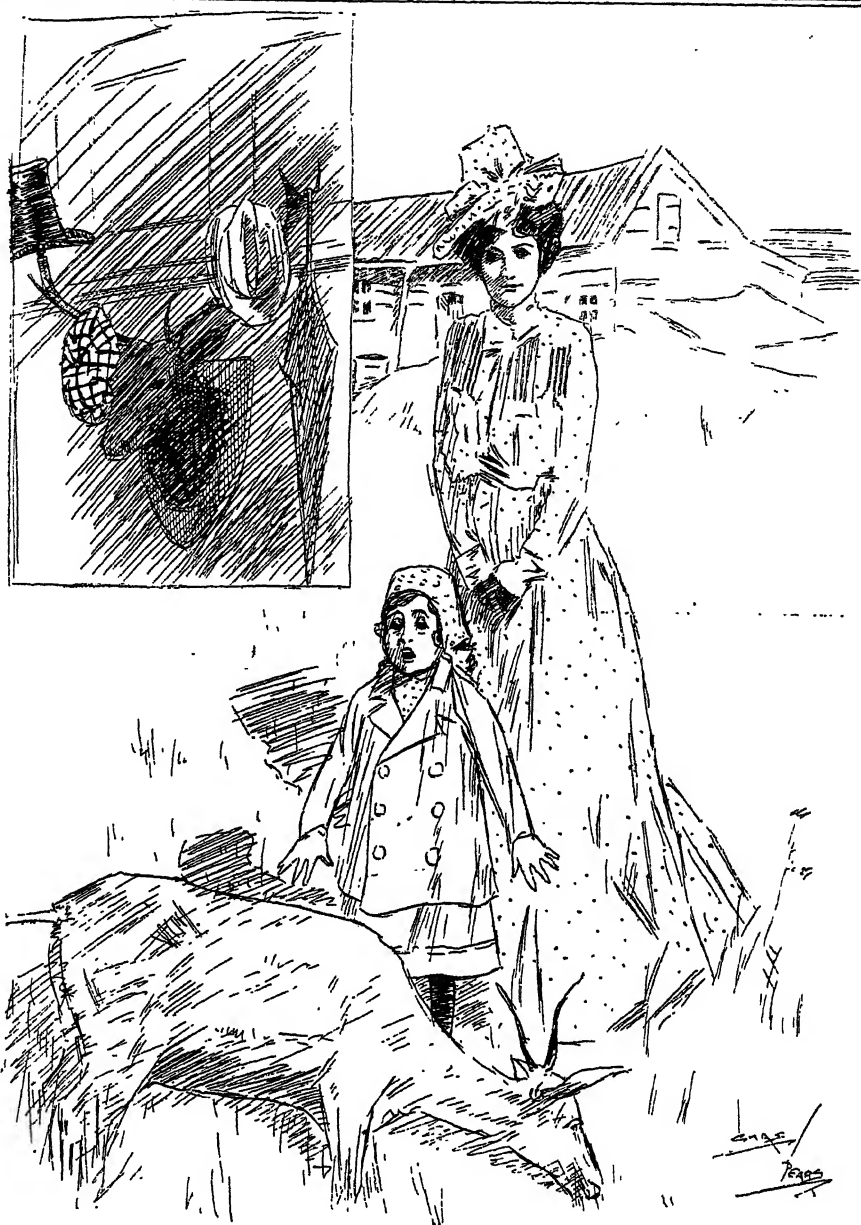
"But surely you invented the candle-
 clock?"

"If I did I never patented it."

"Well, don't you want to be *fêted*?
 Come, your Majesty, you surely have a
 little pride!"

"My good friend, I am very much of the
 same opinion as Earl ROBERTS. We may
 as well leave glorification until the War
 is over. The subscriptions to *fête* me
 have been fewer than were anticipated.
 Why not pay for my statue, as it is ordered,
 and give the balance to the Princess of
 WALES' Fund?"

And thus ALFRED again made good his
 title of "Great."



"DID OUR HAT-RACK WALK ABOUT AND HAVE ONLY TWO PEGS, ONCE, AUNTIE?"

A SONG CELESTIAL.

(Martian Version.)

WINK at me only with thine eye
 And that shall be the sign,
 Then spurn thy Teslas into space
 And I'll the like with mine.
 The science of thy latter days
 Is doubtless very fine,
 But I have lunatics enough,
 I will not talk with thine.

I glowed of late with tender heat,
 Not thinking aught of thee,
 But in the hope dear Venus' self
 That light of love might see.
 But since the worms that round thee
 crawl

Have glimmered back at me,
 I hope and yearn for naught, I swear,
 Save my next apogee.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM letters lately received, I am pleased to note that these hints are meeting with some little attention in the world of young riders, but there seems, unfortunately, to be a slight misconception as to their scope and intention on the part of some of my correspondents. Here, for instance, is one—he veils a good sound sporting name behind the modest pseudonym, "An Inquirer"—who asks me: (1), to recommend a boot-maker and a breeches-maker; (2), to inform him what, in my opinion, is the best drink to take out in his flask; (3), to advise him as to the proper treatment of sore backs, splints, and corns; and (4), to say what I consider the best type of horse for a certain kind of country which he describes. These matters, my dear Sir, are not for me. This treatise has nothing to do—except quite incidentally, of course—with the points you name. I am ready to tell you how to talk and generally how to bear yourself in the hunting field, but there I stop. I flutter about the outside of things in a light and frivolous manner; I do not seek to penetrate into the temple or to tamper with the sacred mysteries revealed by Captain HAYES or Mrs. NANNY POWER O'DONOGHUE. Let others tell you how to judge a horse, how to ride, how to dress, and what shops you should honour with your custom. My ambition does not extend to these matters, and all I can do for you is to school your tongue.

Another letter concerns me more nearly: "Sir," says the writer, "in your interesting hints you have not, so far, touched a subject which you will, I think, admit to be one of the very highest importance to men who hunt. It is this: How, and under what circumstances, ought one to speak to a Master of Hounds? I've seen a great many fellows do it in different ways but none of them seemed to me to be quite satisfactory, for in our hunt there happens to be a sort of feeling that a man has got to be kept in his proper place, and if he pushes too much he gets himself snubbed—which is fun for the cat and ought to be death for the mouse, if the mouse would only agree to look at it in that way. Anyhow, please give me a tip or two, and oblige yours, as ever, The Stall at the Top."

This is a sensible letter and shows a prudent spirit. To answer it fully, however, would need considerable volume, which should investigate the origin and history of hunts and their masters from the earliest ages down to the present. It should begin, let us suppose, by describing how the ancient Briton, having discovered that his flocks were menaced, told his wife not to worry, embraced his clamouring brood and assured them that the fur-coated fox should be disposed of in a twinkling. Next he would send a polite message to BOADICEA to inform her, owing to urgent private affairs he would be unable to give himself the pleasure of taking part in a projected foray upon a friendly and unsuspecting tribe of neighbours, or of helping to decimate a Roman legion. Then I can see him overlaying with a fresh coat of scarlet paint his customary household garment of woad, selecting his sharpest javelins and his deadliest bow and sallying forth to extirpate the hostile wolf. This man, in course of time, would acquire the spirit of the chase. He would cease to look upon hunting as being merely intended to safeguard his flocks or his children. He would refuse to allow the marauding wolf to be slain except upon certain days duly appointed for the carrying out of the ceremony, and under certain formal conditions agreed upon by himself and his followers. These conditions he would then call Sport—the ancient British word escapes me at the moment—and he would attribute to it that sacred character of tribal importance which it has ever since maintained. His neighbours, recognising in him a chief of sportsmen, would invest him with the ceremonial leadership, granting to him amongst other privileges an annual tribute of corn and cattle to recompense him for the time and trouble spent in their service. He would feed his hounds, his

servants and himself at their expense so long as he was engaged in ministering to their pleasures, and would eventually be followed to his grave on Salisbury Plain by the sorrow and respect of the whole country-side. Here you have, sketched in brief, the first part of a historical work which has yet to be written. Some day a Professor FREEMAN will arise amongst hunting men and write it, but in the meantime we are reduced to paltry actualities, and must refrain from want of knowledge from more extended historical investigations.

I come back, then, to the question of addressing masters of hounds. The master is, if I may so describe him, the President of the most democratic republic in the world. He is elected to his great position by the suffrages of his equals, who have not the remotest intention of making him a ruler without power or privilege. They intend him to be, during his term of office, a strong autocrat, governing without fear or favour the sport which they consider to be the most important part of human life and activity. Amongst the innumerable things which, as we boast, have made Englishmen what they are; hunting assuredly stands pre-eminent—and not without reason. Courage and skill, grace, strength, activity and endurance, a gallant spirit, a knowledge of the country, a courteous consideration for others, together with a resolute determination to excel by all honourable means, a design to taste the exhilaration of perfect health in the open air and in swift movement, a complete control of and sympathy with your horse. These are some of the qualities that the sport of hunting requires and encourages in its rotaries. Obviously, then, the man who is appointed to be the chief and the master of such a sport is, in virtue of his appointment, if in virtue of nothing else, entitled to a high respect and consideration.

(To be continued.)

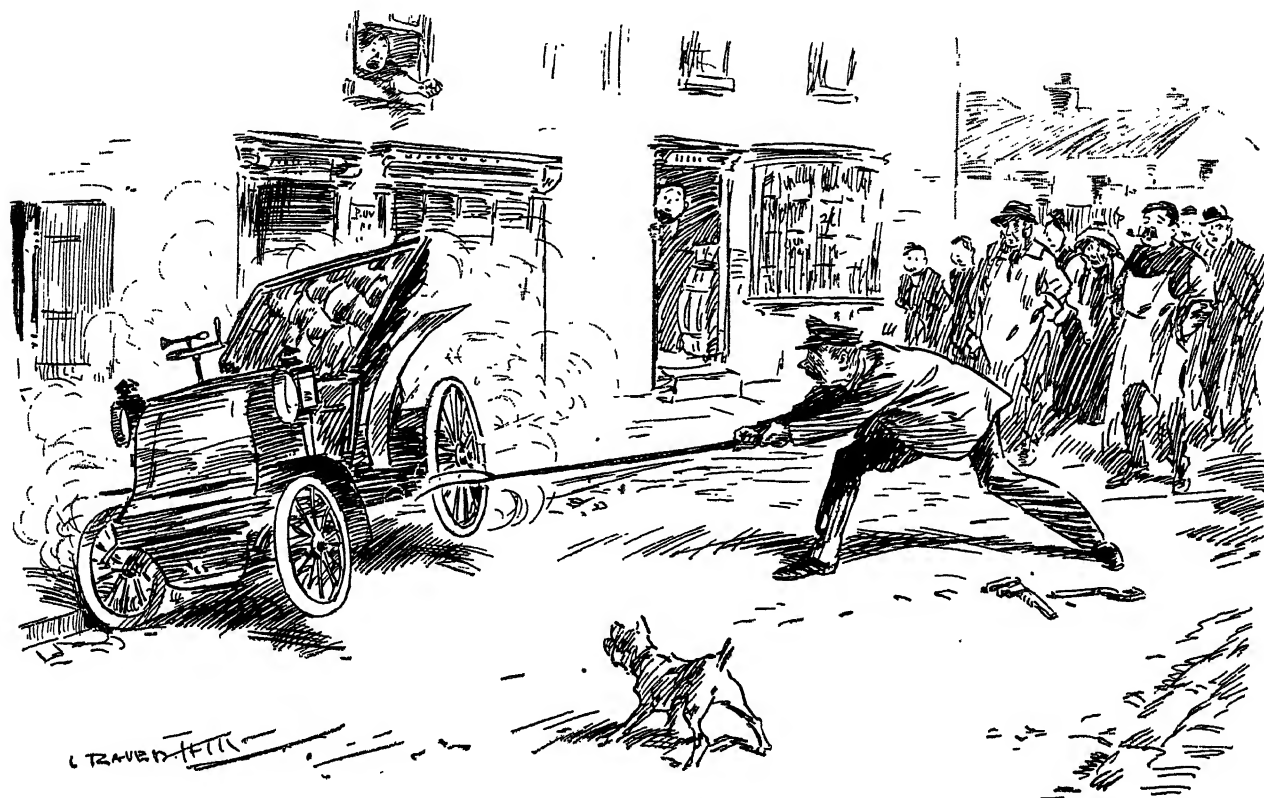


DRURIOLENO AND CO.

SINCE 1897, when Messrs. DAN LENO and HERBERT CAMPBELL disported themselves as *The Babes in the Wood*, Manager ARTHUR COLLINS has not given so excellent a pantomime as this present one, written by himself and Mr. HICKORY WOOD, viz., *The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast*. More gorgeous displays there may, perhaps, have been, but nothing, since aforesaid *Babes* to beat this in opportunities afforded to those masters in drollery, DAN and HERBERT (why shouldn't it be "BERTIE," if DANIEL be familiarised as "DAN"?), for the display of their apparently utterly irresponsible and quite irresistible fun, which sends a crowded house into convulsions of uncontrollable laughter. As for the children among the audience, they shout and shriek with delight, leading the tumultuous applause.

DAN and BERTIE in a motor car, on a ladder "burgling," playing golf, are immense. Then DAN alone, as *Queen Ravia* in prison, telling the audience the story of her Aunt, moves his hearers to such tears of laughter that, though utterly exhausted, they would hear the whole narrative over again, including the criticism on "the Minstrel Boy," signifying the same to DAN by a perfect volley of applause at the conclusion of his soliloquy.

If the pantomime consisted of these scenes alone it would be first-rate value for money, but it has such scenery, such artistic and brilliant costumes, such poetic groupings, graceful dances and such catchingly tuneful and cleverly arranged music by



Owner of violently palpitating Motor Car. "THERE'S NO NEED TO BE ALARMED. IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT AS SOON AS I'VE DISCOVERED THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT!"

that experienced light and leading composer, selector, arranger, and orchestra-conductor, J. M. GLOVER, that we can only wonder at the dazzling combinations and permutations, and, like the Admiral in *Billy Taylor*, "verry much applaud" what all the united efforts of various talented persons have contributed towards the now assured success of this Drury Lane Pantomime.

Mr. FRED EMNEY as *The Nurse* is the third "droll" who, already a favourite, keeps his hold on the audience throughout. Certain allusions, in the scenes wherein clever Mr. CAIRD appears as President of a Republic, might be advantageously omitted, as indeed might be all the topical "hits," which are rarely of such a kind as not offend some who are present, without causing much pleasure to others.

The *Princess Beauty*, Miss MADGE LESSING, obtains a treble encore when, attired as a boy, she sings a quaint "coon song" with chorus. Miss ELAINE RAVENSBURG is a charming *Prince Caramel* and Miss MOLLY LOWELL must be in everybody's opinion a perfect exemplar of what any *Lord Jocelyn*, ought to be. Once again the spring-heeled, airy, fairy Lillian-lady, Madame GRIGOLATI, "wires in" most successfully as *The Spirit of the Air* (Mr. GLOVER giving us the spirit of all the airs in the orchestra), and "comes off," and on, "with flying colours."

But, after all said, sung and done, we return to our DAN and BERTIE; for "men may come and men may go," but with these two leaders of the Drurylanian forces (though BERTIE wouldn't be quite at home without DAN, and they mustn't be separated) this pantomime, like the stream, could "run on for ever" if it were not for the "statutory limitations" in between.

As to "the houses in between" this and Easter, Manager COLLINS can regard them without the least anxiety. Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS gives a lot, too much perhaps, for the money, as the pantomime is too long, and "There's no denying of it, BETSY!"

LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST.

(Fragment from a Mercantile Romance.)

THE young Englishman sank down on the sofa in the conservatory, listening to the dance music in the distance, and, fixing his melancholy gaze upon the merry eyes of his partner, addressed her.

"I am glad to get away from the ball-room," he murmured. "You are quite sure you understand me?"

"Oh, yes; I speak perfectly the English," was the smiling response.

"*Parce que je parle parfaitement le Français*," he continued; "but, of course, I am more at home in my own tongue."

"And what do you want know?" queried the fair girl, playing with her fan.

"You are fond of dress?"

"Fond! I dote upon it! Oh, I love it!"

"Then you have extravagant tastes—vous avez un goût qui coûte chère?"

"Oh, no; not at all. I know where to get my gowns in the market of the cheapest. I go to places—shops—where I buy for nothing, scarcely anything at all."

"Can you give me the address?" he asked, taking out his note-book.

"You are too kind, you are too good. But the trousseau is provided by the bride's family," and she cast down her eyes in some confusion.

"The addresses," he pleaded. Then the pencil went gliding over the paper, and the note-book was replaced in the young man's pocket. "I must go now. Adieu."

They parted. Then the fair young Frenchwoman sighed. He had not proposed! What a strange sort of Englishman!

But she was wrong. He was not a strange sort of Englishman, but only a British commercial traveller on the model suggested by Lord ROSEBURY.



Caddy (in stage whisper to Biffin, who is frightfully nervous). "DON'T YOU GET NERVOUS, SIR! IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'VE TOLD EVERY ONE OF 'EM YOU CAN'T PLAY!"

THE HAWKER'S LAMENT;

Or, the Landed Gentry.

[Consternation has been caused among the street-hawkers in the Strand at the news that all persons standing in the road or on the pavement offering articles of any kind for sale are to be rigorously "moved on" by the police. There are no doubt some cases in which an order of this kind would have a salutary effect, but setting these aside, the new rule will inflict great hardship on many others."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE 'oldest spot in aul the land,
And that a bloomin' gutter!
We stood—us 'awkers—in the Strand,
Fightin' fer bread and butter.
We stood there in the summer's 'eat,
In winters mud and slush,
With achin' 'earts, and freezin' feet—
And now we've got the push!

They've warned us orf the choral strand,
In 'opes of our disbandin'
Thinkin' ter squelch us 'awkers hand
Our bizness of long standing.
They've been and cut the very ground
From under our pore feet,
But necessary it was found
Fer to himprove the street.

And wot of us? We ain't no clarse!
They will not let us stay,

Where we 'ave earnt our bit o' brass
Thro' many a weary day.
The L.C.C. 'as comed along,
The Strand ter us is barred;
It may be right, it may be wrong,
Ter blokes like us it's 'ard.

Wen I recall the 'appy band
Of gents and lydies too,
Who 'ad a pitch upon the Strand
I feel uncommon blue.
Fer to us aul the Strand was dear,
To us pore, pally lot—
And now, unlike yer Homocea,
We ain't ter touch the spot.

All sudden-like we 'ave to quit;
Although we pays no rent,
It hain't the proper way a bit
To treat a bizness gent.
They've took away our trade, yer see,
And made hus gentry landed.
They've turned us orf the Strand and we
Are habolutely stranded!

TO LORD KITCHENER.

THERE are some Boers so fair to see,
Take care! Take care!
They can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust them not, they're fooling thee,
They're fooling thee!

DIARY ON BOARD A SUBMARINER.

(Prophetic and Probable.)

Monday.—Think we are going fairly well. Not quite sure of our bearings. Still, should be somewhere near Southend. Rise to the surface. Why, here we are at Plymouth!

Tuesday.—Bad weather, so lie low. Still we are making progress. Can't see a yard in front of one. Fish seem to me of French appearance. Hope we are not losing our way.

Wednesday.—Still bad weather. Compressed air still holding out. Can't rise to the surface. Chinese-looking fish. Well, might go to a worse place than Hong Kong.

Thursday.—Must be not very far from New York—or Sydney Harbour. Never quite sure in these vessels where one gets to. Still disagreeable weather. Can't get to surface.

Friday.—Very cold indeed. Fancy we must be nearing the North Pole, or can it be Scarborough?

Saturday.—The Cape at last. Now for a rush, and we find ourselves landed in St. Paul's Church Yard! Who would have thought it! Well, we are all right for Sunday!



A PLEASURE TO COME.

PROVINCIAL MAYORS, "WE TRUST YOUR LORDSHIP WILL NAME AN EARLY DAY FOR ACCEPTING THE FREEDOM OF OUR ANCIENT BOROUGH."
 LORD R-R-R-S, "THANKS, GENTLEMEN; BUT I AM WAITING FOR THE FREEDOM OF SOUTH AFRICA."

["May I, therefore, ask you to do me the great favour of postponing to a later date and happier time the welcome you have been kind enough to offer me, and which will then be so highly appreciated?"]
Letter of Lord Roberts to the Lord Mayor, "Times," January 18.]

LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

Short Stories with very Sad Endings.

I.—THE MYSTERY OF MAURICE PINION.

WITH a beautiful unconventionality that so strongly appealed to the sensitive nature of MAURICE PINION he had been permitted to drift, as it were, into the affections of SYBIL HOYLAKE. There was no more tacit engagement ever formed. Each had borrowed a phrase from scholastic Euclid, and said, "Let it be granted." But the moment had come to establish the reciprocity of love on what is termed in commercial circles a sound and definite basis. Mr. PINION had suddenly appeared on the horizon of SYBIL's life and walked straight into her young heart, with the solemn inevitableness of a wind-borne cloud. Who he was, what he was, were alike matters of conjecture.

They reclined rather than sat in the two corners of a Chesterfield sofa. Each cherished an inward conviction that the course of true love was going to be damned by unkind circumstance.

The man leant a little forward as he spoke. "SYBIL," he said, rather hesitatingly at first, but gathering force as he went on, "for nearly six months we have lived under the spell of love's young dream. The awakening must come. I need not repeat what I have said a thousand times in a thousand different ways—I love you."

The girl shivered nervously.

"Before I ask you the great momentous question, you must learn who I am—what I am." The man faltered.

"I can trust you," said the girl softly.

"It helps me to go on," said MAURICE PINION, "as the knowledge of your priceless love and sympathy has led me to hope that when I have revealed to you the secret of my life—you—you will not turn against me as so many have done."

SYBIL raised her eyes tenderly towards his.

"You—you are n-not a convict, a——"

"Not exactly," said PINION. "But——"

"Ah! You have perpetrated some monstrous crime!"

"No, no. I'm guiltless of any crime within the meaning of the act."

"Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" she gasped, her breath coming in the prescribed thick condition under the terrible stress. "Do not tell me you are a Company Promoter!"

"No," he answered sadly, "no such luck."

"Or a long-firm swindler."

"Indeed, no."

"Or a faith curate—I mean curist."

"Faith!" MAURICE PINION uttered the word significantly, and paused in an attitude of defiance.

The girl groaned, and hid her face in the blue-veined fingers with which nature had blessed her—for that purpose.

"Listen," cried PINION, rising and pacing the room rapidly. "It all began by my sending a little thing to one of the magazines. I meant nothing by it; indeed, I meant nothing."

"Horrible, horrible!" moaned SYBIL.

"It was accepted."

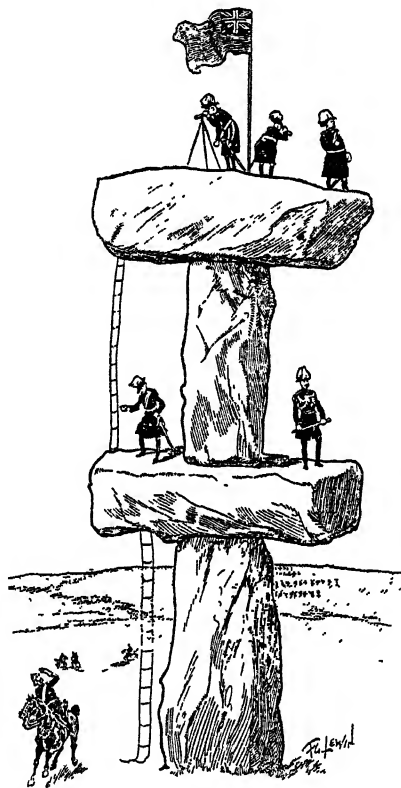
"Naturally. These advertisements——"

"You don't understand. It was not an advertisement."

"Not an advertisement!"

"I sent another. The same result. Accepted." The man laughed ironically.

"I only thought then of the encouragement with courtesy, and a cheque——"



SALISBURY PLAIN CONNING TOWER.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE RE-ARRANGEMENT OF STONEHENGE WHEN THE PROPOSED RESTORATION TAKES PLACE.

"Oh, I can't bear it!"

"They led me on. I sent more, and they took it. Little did I think of the trap these callous men were setting for me. Insensibly I was drifting—drifting towards my doom. Soon I saw there was no escape. I was caught—marked and branded with the sign of my awful calling. And all the time they fed me with praise and flattery, and dulled my senses to impending fate. In due course"—here the man stopped before the weeping girl, and faltered in the extremity of shame—"I published a little volume."

The girl gave vent to a long-drawn wail of agony.

"Then, like a Swiss avalanche on a

Cook's tourist, all the world bore down upon me and sought to crush me with their epithets of miserable contumely. I staggered beneath the blow, but it was too late—too late. I was recognised."

"Recognised?" echoed SYBIL, as if in a dream.

"Yes. The truth can no longer be hid. I am a minor poet!"

The woman rose to her full height as PINION half drew from his pocket a slim "pot" volume.

"No, no," she said, a look of terror overspreading her delicate face. Then in tones of anguish she cried, "I am very sorry for you. I pity you—indeed——" She stretched forth a dainty hand. MAURICE PINION touched it lightly. The book dropped back into his pocket. The door closed softly behind him.

THE END.

KNOWLEDGE ON CREDIT.

(See any paper.)

WALK up! walk up! ye devotees
Of 'cyclopædic lore!
Pay your deposits, if you please!
There's only one day more!

Oh, haste and fly
To grace your homes.
With learning's choicest stock O!
And buy, buy, buy
These tasty tomes
In cloth or half-morocco!
If you've an affinity,
Say, for divinity,
Here you will find what you need;
Or if for conchology,
Palæontology,
Meteorology,
Any old 'ology,
You've only to open and read.
And all on credit! Buy, buy, buy!

Your duty it is plain,
For such an opportunity
May not occur again.
Time was men went
To learned don,
Time was they went to college,
And even spent
Long years upon
A single branch of knowledge.

But now you know what to do!
All you have got to do
Is your deposit to pay,
And half-an-hour's reading
Is all you'll be needing,
Believe me, 'twill take you
No longer to make you
On any great subject *au fait*:
Although before you never knew
Its very A B C,
An OWEN, HUXLEY, HERSCHELL you
In half-an-hour will be.

Walk up! walk up! ye devotees
Of 'cyclopædic lore!
Pay your deposits, if you please;
There's only one day more!

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

IV.—MORE ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE.—*The garden of BENEDICK's house at Padua. BENEDICK is sitting on a garden seat, sunning himself indolently. BEATRICE is beside him, keeping up her reputation for conversational brilliancy by a series of sprightly witticisms.*

Beatrice. Very likely I do talk twice as much as I should. But then, if I talk too much you certainly listen far too little, so we are quits. Do you hear?

Benedick (opening his eyes slowly). Eh?

Beatrice. I believe you were asleep! But there—'tis a great compliment to my wit. Like ORPHEUS, I can put even the savage beasts to sleep with it. (*Benedick's eyes close again, and he appears to sink into a profound doze.*) But if the beasts go to sleep there's no use in being witty. I suppose ORPHEUS never thought of that. Come, wake up, good Signior Beast. (*Prods him coquettishly with her finger.*) Have you forgotten that the Duke is coming?

Benedick (drowsily). When will he be here?

Beatrice. Ere you have done gaping.

Benedick (terribly bored by this badinage). My dear, if only you would occasionally answer a plain question. When do you expect him?

Beatrice (skittish to the last). Plain questions should only be answered by plain people.

Benedick (yawning heartily). A pretty question then.

Beatrice. Pretty questions should only be asked by pretty people. There! What do you think of that for wit!

Benedick. Really, my dear, I can hardly trust myself to characterise it in—er—fitting terms. (*Rings bell. Enter Page.*) When is the Duke expected?

Page. In half-an-hour, Sir.

Benedick. Thank you. [*Exit Page.*]

Beatrice (pouting). You needn't have rung. I could have told you that.

Benedick. I am sure you could, my dear. But as you wouldn't—

Beatrice. I was going to, if you had given me time.

Benedick. Experience has taught me, my dear BEATRICE, that it is usually much quicker to ring! (*Closes his eyes again.*)

Beatrice. How rude you are!

Benedick (half opening them). Eh?

Beatrice. I said it was very rude of you to go to sleep when I am talking.

Benedick (closing his eyes afresh). It's perfectly absurd of you to talk when I am going to sleep.

Beatrice (girding herself for fresh witticisms). Why absurd?

Benedick. Because I don't hear what you say, of course, my love.

Beatrice (whose repartees have been scat-

tered for the moment by this adroit compliment). Well, well, sleep your fill, Bear. I'll go and bandy epigrams with Ursula.

[*Exit BEATRICE. BENEDICK looks cautiously round to see if she is really gone, and then heaves a sigh of relief.*]

Benedick. Poor BEATRICE! If only she were not so incorrigibly sprightly. She positively drives one to subterfuge.

[*Produces a book from his pocket, which he reads with every appearance of being entirely awake.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, as from a journey.

BENEDICK does not see him.

Don Pedro. Signior BENEDICK!

Benedick (starting up on hearing his name). Ah, my dear Lord. Welcome to Padua.

Don Pedro (looks him up and down). But how's this? You look but poorly, my good BENEDICK.

Benedick. I am passing well, my Lord.

Don Pedro. And your wife, the fair BEATRICE? As witty as ever?

Benedick (grimly). Quite!

Don P. (rubbing his hands). I felt sure of it! I made the match, remember! I said to old LEONATO "She were an excellent match for BENEDICK" as soon as I saw her.

Benedick (sighing). So you did, so you did.

Don P. (puzzled). I'm bound to say you don't seem particularly happy.

Benedick (evasively). Oh, we get on well enough.

Don P. Well enough! Why, what's the matter, man? Come, be frank with me.

Benedick (impressively). My dear Lord, never marry a witty wife! If you do, you'll repent it. But it's a painful subject. Let's talk of something else. How's CLAUDIO? I thought we should see him—and HERO—with you.

Don P. (looking slightly uncomfortable). CLAUDIO is—er—fairly well.

Benedick. Why, what's the matter with him? His wife isn't developing into a wit, is she?

Don P. No. She's certainly not doing that!

Benedick. Happy CLAUDIO! But why aren't they here then?

Don P. (coughing nervously). Well, the truth is CLAUDIO's marriage hasn't been exactly one of my successes. You remember I made that match too?

Benedick. I remember. Don't they hit it off?

Don P. (querulously). It was all CLAUDIO's suspicious temper. He never would disabuse his mind of the idea that HERO was making love to somebody else. You remember he began that even before he was married. First it was me he suspected. Then it was the mysterious man under her balcony.

Benedick. You suspected him too.

Don P. That's true. But that was all

my brother JOHN's fault. Anyhow, I thought when they were once married things would settle down comfortably.

Benedick. You were curiously sanguine. I should have thought anyone would have seen that after that scene in the church they would never be happy together.

Don P. Perhaps so. Anyhow, they weren't. Of course, everything was against them. What with my brother JOHN's absolute genius for hatching plots, and my utter inability to detect them, not to speak of CLAUDIO's unfortunate propensity for overhearing conversations and misunderstanding them, the intervals of harmony between them were extremely few, and, at last, HERO lost patience and divorced him.

Benedick. So bad as that? How did it happen?

Don P. Oh, in the old way. My brother pretended that HERO was unfaithful, and as he could produce no evidence of the fact whatever, of course CLAUDIO believed him. So, with his old passion for making scenes, he selected the moment when I and half-a-dozen others were staying at the house and denounced her before us all after dinner.

Benedick. The church scene over again?

Don P. No. It took place in the drawing-room. HERO behaved with her usual dignity, declined to discuss CLAUDIO's accusations altogether, put the matter in the hands of her solicitor, and the decree was made absolute last week.

Benedick. She was perfectly innocent, of course?

Don P. Completely. It was merely another ruse on the part of my amiable brother. Really, JOHN's behaviour was inexcusable.

Benedick. Was CLAUDIO greatly distressed when he found how he had been deceived?

Don P. He was distracted. But HERO declined to have anything more to do with him. She said she could forgive a man for making a fool of himself once, but twice was too much of a good thing.

Benedick (frowning). That sounds rather more epigrammatic than a really nice wife's remarks should be.

Don P. She had great provocation.

Benedick. That's true. And one can see her point of view. It was the publicity of the thing that galled her, no doubt. But poor CLAUDIO had no reticence whatever. That scene in the church was in the worst possible taste. But I forgot. You had a share in that.

Don P. (stiffly). I don't think we need go into that question.

Benedick. And now to select the hour, after a dinner party, for taxing his wife with infidelity! How like CLAUDIO! Really, he must be an absolute fool.

Don P. Oh, well, your marriage doesn't seem to have been a conspicuous success, if you come to that.



Talkative Old Lady (drinking a glass of Milk, to enthusiastic Teetotaler, who is doing ditto). "YES, SIR, SINCE THEY'RE BEGUN POISONING THE BEER, WE MUST DRINK SOMETHING, MUSTN'T WE?"

Benedick (savagely). That's no great credit to you, is it? You made the match. You said as much a moment ago.

Don P. I know, I know. But seriously, my dear BENEDICK, what is wrong?

Benedick (snappishly). BEATRICE, of course. You don't suppose I'm wrong, do you?

Don P. Come, that's better. A spark of the old BENEDICK. Let me call your wife to you, and we'll have one of your old encounters of wit.

Benedick (seriously alarmed). For Heaven's sake, no. Ah, my dear Lord, if you only knew how weary I am of wit, especially BEATRICE'S wit.

Don P. You surprise me. I remember I thought her a most amusing young lady.

Benedick (tersely). You weren't married to her.

Don P. But what is it you complain of?

Benedick. BEATRICE bores me. It is all very well to listen to sparkling sallies for ten minutes or so, but BEATRICE sparkles for hours together. She is utterly incapable of answering the simplest question without a blaze of epigram. When I ask her what time it is, she becomes so insufferably facetious that all the clocks stop in disgust. And once when I was thoughtless enough to enquire what there was for dinner, she made so many jokes on the subject that I had to go down without her. And even then the soup was cold!

Don P. (quoting). "Here you may see BENEDICK, the married man!"

Benedick. Don't you try to be funny too! One joker in a household is quite enough, I can tell you. And poor BEATRICE'S jokes aren't always in the best of taste either. The other day, when the Vicar came to lunch he was so shocked at her that he left before the meal was half over and his wife has never called since.

Don P. My poor BENEDICK, I wish I could advise you. But I really don't know what to suggest. My brother could have helped you, I'm sure. He was always so good at intrigue. But unfortunately I had him executed after his last exploit with CLAUDIO. It's most unlucky. But that's the worst of making away with a villain. You never know when you may need him. Poor JOHN could always be depended upon in an emergency of this kind.

Benedick (gloomily). He is certainly a great loss.

Don P. Don't you think you could arrange so that BEATRICE should overhear you making love to someone else? We've tried that sort of thing more than once in this play.

Benedick (acidly). As the result has invariably been disastrous, I think we may dismiss that expedient from our minds. No, there's nothing for it but to put up with the infliction, and by practis-

ing a habit of mental abstraction, reduce the evil to within bearable limits.

Don P. I don't think I quite follow you.

Benedick. In plain English, my dear Lord, I find the only way to go on living with BEATRICE is never to listen to her. As soon as she begins to be witty I fall into a kind of swoon, and in that comatose condition I can live through perfect coruscations of brilliancy without inconvenience.

Don P. Does she like that?

Benedick. Candidly, I don't think she does.

Don P. Hold! I have an idea.

Benedick (nervously). I hope not. Your ideas have been singularly unfortunate hitherto in my affairs.

Don P. Ah, but you'll approve of this.

Benedick. What is it?

Don P. Leave your wife, and come away with me.

Benedick (doubtfully). She'd come after us.

Don P. Yes, but we should have the start.

Benedick. That's true. By Jove, I'll do it! Let's go at once. [Rises hastily.]



Don P. I think you ought to leave some kind of message for her—just to say good-bye; you know. It seems more polite.

Benedick. Perhaps so. (Tears leaf out of pocket-book). What shall it be, prose or verse? I remember CLAUDIO burst into poetry when he was taking leave of HERO. Such bad poetry too!

Don P. I think you might make it verse—as you're leaving her for ever. It seems more in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion.

Benedick. So it does. (Writes.)

Bored to death by BEATRICE'S tongue

Was the hero that lived here—

Don P. Hush! Isn't that your wife over there in the arbour?

Benedick (losing his temper). Dash it all! there's nothing but eaves-dropping in this play.

Don P. Perhaps she doesn't see us. Let's steal off, anyhow, on the chance.

[They creep off on tip toe (R) as BEATRICE enters with similar caution (L).]

Beatrice (watching them go). Bother! I thought I should overhear what they were saying. I believe BENEDICK is really running away. It's just as well. If he hadn't, I should. He had really grown too

dull for anything. (Sees note which BENEDICK has left) Ah, so he's left a message. "Farewell forever," I suppose. (Reads it. Stamps her foot) Monster! If I ever see him again I'll scratch him!

Curtain.

St. J. H.

AN APOLOGY.

[“At the O. P. Club dinner, the chairman, Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, repeated his well-known views as to SHAKESPEARE as a dramatic ‘blackleg’ who was a grossly unfair competitor in the market. Speaking of Mr. TREE, he said that as a manager he had given London a most remarkable series of plays, with only occasionally regrettable lapses into SHAKESPEARE.”—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Shade of Shakespeare speaks:

WHAT'S this I hear? New charges swell
In ever, ever blackening lists.
A blackleg I, that undersell
Legitimate trades-unionists,
And so reduce to next to zero
Profits of GRUNDY, JONES, PINERO?

Ye modern masters of an art
Wherein a humble 'prentice I,
I, Sirs, have played no pushful part
Nor sought a cheap publicity:
If I am acted, blame not me,
But Messrs. BENSON, WALLER, TREE.

I know my place. Nor would I claim
A rank to which I cannot rise;
My work I would not think to name
Beside *The Wisdom of the Wise*:
What is the coarse and clumsy wit
Of my poor clowns compared with it?

My simple Muse made no pretence
Of more ambitious problem play;
I wrote no *Mrs. Dane's Defence*
Nor *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*;
Such masterpieces find no rivals
Among my out-of-date survivals.

My lyrics have been praised, I'm told;
I know them dross, a base alloy.
Beside the pure refined gold
Of *Geisha*, *Circus Girl*, *Sun Toy*,
And humbly bows my Muse before a
Great work of art like *Florodora*.

True, one there is to whom some say
A faint resemblance I can boast;
More kind than critical are they
That would so honour this poor ghost,
And fondly claim to have him reckoned
To that great mind a distant second.

Great mind—so great that my poor claim
To sire this prodigy of TREE'S
Has fired the emulative flame
Of easy-going SOPHOCLES
To challenge my pretence and find
The prototype in his own mind.

And he who once would not contest
With *ÆSCHYLUS*, but kissed him—lo!
He argues with a fiery zest
Till Hades rings again as though
EURIPIDES, the metro blunderer
Did wrangle with the mighty Thunderer.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is curious to read in Captain CAIRNE'S history of *Lord Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), that the veteran soldier who has returned unscathed from an arduous campaign to gallantly face the subtler perils of a succession of banquets was a delicate youth. Up to his eighteenth year, we are told, he was not only small (he has scarcely yet got over that), but suffered from recurrent attacks of faintness, behind which heart disease was suspected. His parents were in doubt as to whether it was safe for him to sojourn in a tropical climate. But BOBS had made up his mind to be a soldier as his father was, and in February, 1852, set out for India, modestly bearing a commission as Lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery, then in the service of the East India Company. Captain CAIRNE'S is at the disadvantage of appearing in the field after Lord ROBERTS filled it with his own fascinating account of what he did and saw during his forty-one years' residence in India.

Per contra, he has the opportunity of bringing into fuller light some episodes Lord ROBERTS'S modesty tended to obscure. On the whole, my Baronite finds in the volume an excellent record of a stirring career. In his advance on Cabul, in his even more famous march to Kandahar, is seen the same alert, capable, when the moment comes, audacious Captain known in nearer times in South Africa. In the earlier stages of his service Lord ROBERTS was, as he has shown himself in later times, tireless in his care for the well-being of the private soldier under his command. In India as in South Africa, foot and horseman, they all love BOBS.

In *Number One and Number Two* (MACMILLAN & Co.) "F. M. PEARD"—that is, not Field-Marshal—but FRANCES MARY, PEARD (whether "Mrs. or Miss" this Deponent, *i.e.*, the Baron, knoweth not)—has given us a simple, but thoroughly interesting story, always brightly, and, in many instances, brilliantly written. Truly, in literature, an exquisite art is simplicity! The scene being laid in Egypt, the authoress had given herself every chance of filling her pages with artistic descriptions of a vivid Eastern character. "But in spite of all temptations"

FRANCES MARY has never strayed away from the straight path of narration, and whenever it leads her through picturesque places at witching times she has, with perfect touch, briefly and graphically described these scenes after the manner of one to whom the peculiarities of Eastern travel and its weird beauties are quite familiar. It is the best novel of dramatic

dialogue the Baron has read for some time. The only situation of anything like a sensational character seems to have been decided upon by the clever authoress in a hurry. She wanted to jerk her two estranged lovers together, to throw them forcibly into one another's arms, and how could this end be better attained than by the sudden appearance on the scene of a runaway horse "urging on his wild career," and, *en passant*, kicking the hero, who has saved the heroine, into the latter's embrace! 'Tis ending a comedy of real life with a "turn" in a circus. This blot is irritating only because all the rest is so particularly good. Up to this stage, and immediately after it, when the mischief is done, "'tis all FRANCES MARY," in stalls, boxes, and dress circle, but this

situation is decidedly "Fanny Polly," in gallery, "upper suckle," and pit.

THE BARON DE B. W.

THE LESS THE CASH, THE MORE THE COURAGE.

(A story for the incredulous.)

THE hero stood ready to attempt the forlorn hope. Hitherto, he had not been particularly distinguished for his courage. He had been sparing in his stock of ammunition. Over and over again, when he might have used his revolver to advantage, he had been supine.

"And you have decided to cover yourself with glory?" asked his subaltern.

"Yes; glory is better than a threadbare coat?"

"And you have no cartridges?"

"No," replied the hero, bitterly. "I cannot afford to get any."

"My friend," said the subaltern. "This is the supreme moment. Why, my dear friend, are you courting certain death?"

"Because, to tell you the truth," calmly replied the hero, "on my wretched pay I cannot afford to live!"



THE NOBLE GAME.

(A vision of the near future.)

WITH great astonishment the Veteran Cricketer read in his daily paper that his old county, Loamshire, was engaged in a three days' match with Little Puddleton. What in the world was the meaning of the fact that one of the finest elevens in England was playing against a village team? Determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, he rushed off to the County ground, sat down in the enclosure, and put his question to the spectator occupying the next chair.

"Why," said the spectator, "it will take us all our time to beat Little Puddleton nowadays. Look at the telegraph—they've got 300 for one wicket already."

The Veteran Cricketer, however, was watching the play intently. "But, good Heavens, look at the bowling!" he exclaimed. "Who on earth is that man sending down underhand full-pitches to leg?"

What's become of SCATTERBAIL? And where's TWISTER? I don't see one of our usual bowlers!"

The stranger smiled compassionately. "You seem unaware, Sir," he said, "that the county captains have held a meeting since the close of last season, and the result is that the game is considerably altered. Two witnesses deposed that they had seen SCATTERBAIL, when a boy of ten, deliver an unfair ball. Once a thrower, always a thrower, is the captains' maxim. Consequently, SCATTERBAIL is forbidden to play."

"But how about TWISTER?" enquired the Veteran Cricketer. "No one in England has a fairer delivery than his!"



UNKIND.

The Bobbitts hired a turn-out for a drive into the country, and Mrs. B. drove.
Mr. B. "I UNDERSTOOD YOU TO SAY, MARIA, THAT YOU KNEW HOW TO DRIVE!"

"Quite so," assented the other. "TWISTER'S delivery has been perfectly fair—up to the present. But, as the captains argued, what guarantee is there that, if he were still permitted to play, he might not take to throwing in the future? Practically none. So, as TWISTER had taken many of their wickets last season, and it

Cricketer remarked. "Stay, though—I see one familiar face—that's NIMBLE, sure enough. But why on earth is the smartest cover-point in the world put to field at deep long-on?"

"He was too smart," rejoined the other. "Such exceptional agility was thought likely to disconcert the batsman, which would be obviously unfair. Therefore, the county captains—"

"Rubbish! Nonsense!" interrupted the Veteran Cricketer. "Preposterous tomfoolery! County captains, indeed! What is the M.C.C. doing?"

His companion smiled. "That," he said, "is what a good many people are asking."
A. C. D.





THE ROLL OF GREAT MONARCHS.

HISTORY ADDS ANOTHER NAME.

THE QUEEN.

“**H**ERE, in an early number of his life's work, *Mr. Punch*, by the hand of one of his Young Men, first presents his QUEEN to her faithful people. Apart from this incident the occasion is historic. At the date HER MAJESTY had been married just eighteen months. A political crisis, followed by a General Election, deprived her of the counsel and companionship of her friend and first Minister of State, Lord MELBOURNE. Sir ROBERT PEEL was inevitable, and was reluctantly sent for. ’

“The position of affairs and the attitude of parties is accurately shown by the artist. The QUEEN is seated at her desk, over which is shown a bust of the lamented MELBOURNE. With face averted from the intruder, HER MAJESTY reluctantly opens his letter of introduction, which comes in the form of a mandate from the electorate, giving the Tories (at this epoch there were no Conservatives) an overwhelming majority.”

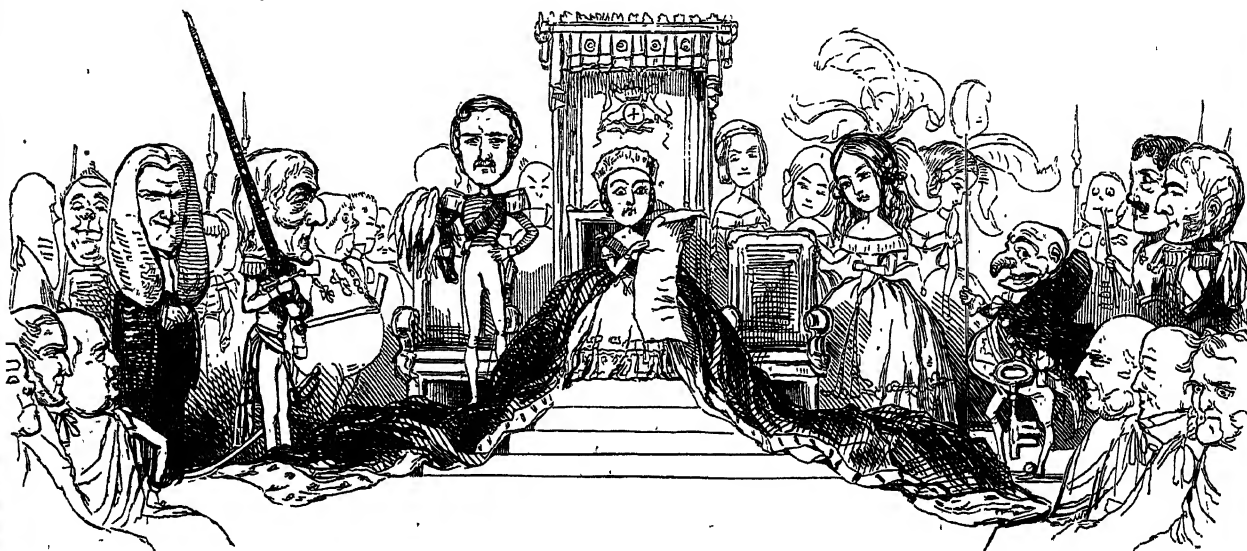


THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. 1841.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 4, 1845.

"THE opening of Parliament, by our young QUEEN in person!
 A theme which *Punch's* loyal Muse failed not to turn a verse on!
 The fair young QUEEN of February, Eighteen-forty-five,
 In Eighteen-ninety-seven, Heaven be thanked! is yet alive;
 Though half a century hath fled, and forms hath passed away
 Of many great ones who beheld that Royal Opening Day,
 The handsome, glad young CONSORT with plumed hat and princely port,
 The venerable Iron Duke, pride of the young QUEEN'S Court,
 LYNDHURST, the stately Chancellor, suave GRANVILLE, stern BUCCLEUCH,
 Grave ABERDEEN, proud STANLEY, NAPIER, ELLENBOROUGH, too,



All cluster round the sweet girl QUEEN who holds in fingers taper
 A memorable Royal Speech, that wondrous 'Scrap of Paper,'
 Whilst down below, in a wild rush the 'loyal Commons' troop,
 Headed by Mr. SPEAKER. PEEL and RUSSELL lead the group.
 GRAHAM and GOULBURN follow; there is BROUGHAM's colossal beak;
 O'CONNELL, with 'Repeal,' intent Ould Oireland's wrath to wreak
 Upon the haughty Saxon, whilst behind him swift 'BEN DIZZY,'
 Intent on 'smashing everyone,' is making very busy.
 Then that 'Cheap Bread Petition!' Ah! what changes it portends
 Of PEEL's fast coming policy doomed to sunder closest friends!
 Alas! Or friends or foes these hosts are now all passed away,
 The QUEEN and *Punch* alone survive to greet this Jubilee Day;
 VICTORIA to see a sight no Sovereign yet hath seen,
 And *Punch* to ponder memories, and to shout 'God save the QUEEN!'"

"*Punch*," Vol. 112, p. 298.



THE QUEEN, PRINCE CONSORT, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, AND SIR ROBERT PEEL. 1846.

"On June 27, 1846, Sir ROBERT PEEL went down to Windsor to place his resignation in the hands of Her Majesty. Three days later Lord JOHN RUSSELL had an audience, and received commands to form his first ministry. LEECH has taken the artist's liberty of making the occasions simultaneous. We see PEEL leaving by the door in sullen anger, whilst little JOHNNIE RUSSELL enters, prim, buttoned and confident."



LANDING OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN IRELAND, 1849.

Leech's picture recalls the happy event of the Queen's arrival in Ireland, with the Prince Consort and the little Prince of Wales, a presentment of himself on which the King will look to-day with pathetic interest. "No ovation of olden Rome, enriched with the spoils of conquered nations, and illustrated by the wealth of captured kings, was so glorious as the triumphant entry of Queen Victoria into Dublin." So wrote to the *Times* an enthusiastic eye-witness.



"DO TH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS ?" IRELAND, 1861.
 "On August 21, 1861, the Queen steamed into Kingston on her third, and, as it turned out, her last visit to Ireland 'made in company with her husband.'"



THE FIRST OF MAY, 1851.

"On May Day, 1851, the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, opened the Great Exhibition. It was a public holiday, and, according to current estimation, never before had London been so full. At least half a million were congregated within the palings of the Park."



THROWING THE OLD SHOE. 1854.

Her Majesty and the Royal children cheering the Guards on their departure for the Crimea.



"O GOD OF BATTLES! STEEL MY SOLDIER'S HEARTS!" 1857.

"What England suffered in those days of suspense only those who lived through them can realise. In this fine picture we see the Queen making common cause with her people, widowed and made fatherless at Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore. At the time of the issue of this number the latest news in London was that Delhi was still in the hands of the rebels, and that the Presidency at Lucknow was besieged. As a matter of fact, the Queen's prayer had already been answered. Delhi had been captured by 'steel-hearted British soldiers,' and 'the God of Battles' had led Havelock to the relief of Lucknow."



HER BEST TITLE—"QUEEN OF THE EAST." 1876.

"In the spring of 1876 the new wing of the London Hospital, added by the munificence of the Grocers' Company, was completed. £20,000 was the sum expended in carrying out this kindly thought. The Queen readily fell in with a suggestion that she should personally associate herself with the good work. She not only consented to open the building, but gave London excuse for making holiday by driving to the City in semi-state. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, who accompanied her, had an ovation just as long as the route. Then came the most interesting episode of the day. The Queen went round the wards, saying kind things to the patients, lingering longest by the bedside of the sick children."



THE ACCESSION OF THE QUEEN OF INDIA. 1858.

"In the Session of 1858 there passed through both Houses of Parliament an Act for the Better Government of India. Its simple object was to transfer the rule of the territories of India from John Company to Queen Victoria. Addressing Her Majesty, *Punch* said—

"To thee is given another land,
Another title of renown,
Another sceptre in thy hand,
And on thy head another crown.

"To India now at last appears
Hope that before she ne'er had seen.
She smiles upon thee through her tears,
And looks for aid to England's Queen."

"How splendidly this appeal has been responded to is shown by the state of India to-day as compared with her condition when she knelt to do homage to her Sovereign Lady."



LINLEY. SANDOURNE. NVF. ET. DEL.

KAISER-I-HIND. 1877.

The Queen proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi, January 1, 1877.



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!" 1887.

The Queen.

BORN MAY 24, 1819. DIED JANUARY 22, 1901.

THE tears we disallow to lesser ill
Here is no shame for English eyes to shed,
Because the noblest heart of all is still—
Because the QUEEN lies dead.

Grief asks for words, yet silent grief were well ;
Vain is desire, as passionate prayer was vain ;
Not all our love can bring, by any spell,
Breath to those lips again.

Ah ! had but Death foregone his royal claim,
Demanding ransom, life for life the price,
How loyalty had leaped to kiss the flame
Of such a sacrifice !

God knows, in many a need this thing has been—
Light hearts for her have dared the desolate grave ;
From other hurt their blood has saved the QUEEN,
From Death it could not save.

And of the dregs to drink from sorrow's cup
This is most bitter, that with life's release
She might not leave her children folded up
Between the wings of Peace.

Yet, for a solace in that darkest hour,
When even Kings have found themselves alone,
Over a people's love she kept her power
Firm as her fathers' throne.

So by the gate where is no first nor last
And lords of earth must lay their splendour down,
Thither, where Love is Sovereign, she has passed
To win his queenlier crown.

Thence, by her guardian spirit, heavenly-wise,
Still shall her realm of old be girded round,
And common loss yet closer knit the ties
That common love has bound.

Yea, too, since Nature owns no bar of race,
She, being dead, may speak through alien lands,
Changing suspicion, by remembered grace,
To trust that understands.

O great of heart ! in whom the world has known
Wisdom with woman's sweetness reconciled ;
Who held her Kingdom's honour, as her own,
Still fair and undefiled !

Best shall they keep that stainless memory bright
Who count their heritage a holy debt,
Who walk with fearless soul the way of light
In which her feet were set.

And in that faith, ere yet our tears are dry,
Or poignant grief has spent its sudden sting,
To Him she serves we lift our hearts and cry,
"God save her son, the King !"

O. S.



THE LEVÉE OF THE SEASON. 1874.

"In March, 1874, the victorious troops came back from Ashantee. The climax of enthusiasm was reached when the Queen reviewed the troops in the Great Park at Windsor. They were only 1,600 strong, a mere group compared with the armies of the Continent. But they chanced, as is shown in the picture, to be representative of all the nationalities, both branches of the service, and some of the most famous regiments."

"THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN!"

"FOR the last time in her long reign the QUEEN opened Parliament in person in the Session of 1886. It was a final mark of favour to the heritors of Mr. DISRAELI's power, and was the more marked by reason of the absolute hopelessness of the situation. "The Stop-Gap Government," as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wittily called it when, in June, 1885, an unexpected concatenation of circumstances called it into being, was heavily routed at the General Election that took place in the following December. Mr. GLADSTONE, after a brief exile, came back to power stronger than ever.

"Unlike Mr. DISRAELI in 1880, Lord SALISBURY resolved to meet Parliament, facing it from the Ministerial Bench. To this gallant but hopeless effort the QUEEN lent the encouragement of her rare presence. It was unavailing against the inevitable. On January 21 the QUEEN opened Parliament in person, her speech being drafted in Lord SALISBURY's Cabinet."



' THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN!' 1886.

(Scene from the revival of a grand Elizabethan Drama at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ :—"GLORIANA" . . . HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH . . . LORD SALISBURY.

EARL OF LEICESTER . . . RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



THE TWO JUBILEES, 1888.

Her Majesty and Pope Leo XIII. exchanged courtesies. The Jubilee of the Queen's Reign coincided with the Episcopal Jubilee of His Holiness.]



"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS." 1896.

"The visit of the Czar to the Queen in the autumn of 1896 was persistently declared to be of a private character. It was felt that the issues of peace or war rested with the young Czar. It was rumoured that he was personally inclined to associate himself with England in delivering the Armenians from the thralldom of the Turk, and averting war by a solid settlement of that difficulty. If only in quiet council taken at Balmoral the Czar could be brought cordially to co-operate with England in this hour of difficulty, all would be well for Armenia and for Europe."

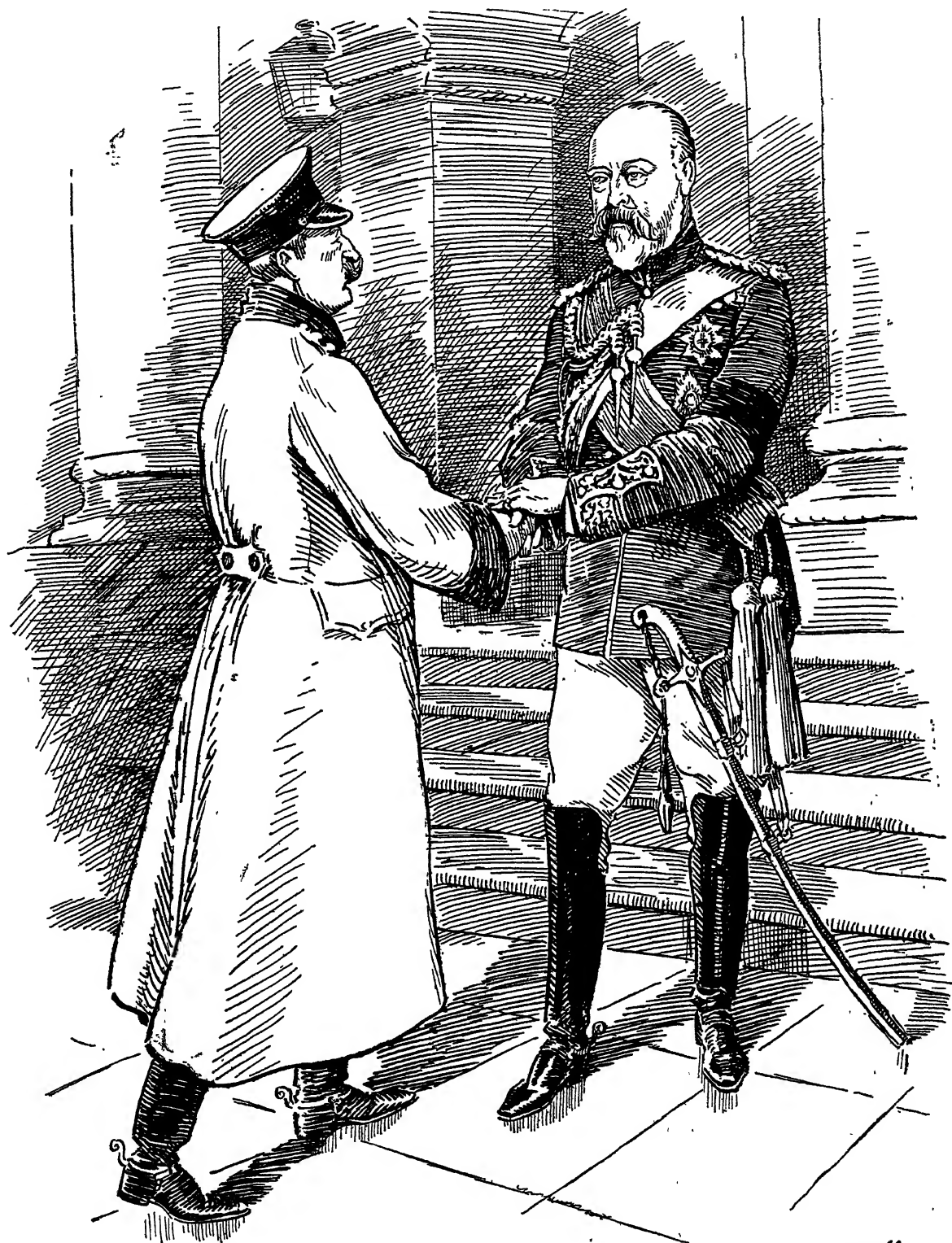


"GOOD-BYE, GRANDMAMMA!" 1891.

"With yonder bark I'll gladly brave
The seas about your isle.
Thanks, Grand'ma, for that kerchief wave,
And that right royal smile!

"Welcome, ye billows, tumbling brisk
Beneath a cloud-swept sky!
Give your white kerchief one more whisk,
Dear Grandmamma—Good-bye!"

"Punch," July 18, 1891.



APPRECIATION. 1901.

Our King (to Kaiser Wilhelm). "GOD BLESS YOU, SIR! ENGLAND WILL NEVER FORGET YOUR GENUINE SYMPATHY!"

[On hearing of the Queen's illness, the German Emperor, Her Majesty's eldest grandson, putting aside all engagements hastened at once to Osborne.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, January 22nd.—THE last time the QUEEN, seated on the Throne in the House of Lords, opened Parliament in person, was in January, 1886. The circumstances of the political hour were as strange as the QUEEN's visits to Westminster were rare. Lord SALISBURY was still Prime Minister, albeit at the general election just concluded he had been hopelessly routed. Possibly it was a feeling of loyalty to an old friend in time of trouble that prompted HER MAJESTY to go out of her ordinary way to associate herself with Ministers whose fall was inevitable. Within a week of the ceremony, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS moved the historic amendment to the Address asserting the principle of endowing the agricultural labourer with three acres and a cow. On a division the Government were defeated by a majority of 79, and forthwith resigned.

By odd coincidence, the precedent appearance of the QUEEN on the Parliamentary scene presaged ministerial defeat. In 1880 the glamour that had through some years steadily shone over Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government was fading. The sands of the life of the Parliament that in 1874, for the first time in his career, placed him in power as well as office, were running out. The shadow of Dissolution hung over all. The only question was at what hour it would fall. The QUEEN came down to give her favourite Minister a good send-off on the perilous, as it turned out the fatal, leap awaiting him.

In 1870, the third Session of the Disraelian Parliament, HER MAJESTY, after long absence, reappeared at Westminster. It was a stately scene, from which the sun pettishly withdrew. One remembers, over the wilderness of a quarter of a century, the semi-darkness that filled the Chamber, crowded with Peers and Peeresses awaiting the coming of the QUEEN. At a signal from the LORD CHANCELLOR a flood of light from the gaseliers in the roof suddenly burst on the scene. A chatter of conversation abruptly filling the Chamber testified to the revulsion of spirits consequent on deliverance from the depressing influence of the fog.

This scene DISRAELI witnessed from the Bar of the House, where he stood breathless after the mad rush of the Commons to get front places in the House of Lords. The ordered programme was that the SPEAKER should walk in solemn majesty, led by Black Rod, escorted by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Behind him, at respectful distance, would pace the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition. Then come Ministers, ex-Ministers, and Privy Councillors, whilst sedately marched in the rear the host of private Members. That was all very well; looks nice when written down on paper. But, alack! before Black Rod had safely conducted the

SPEAKER within the corridor leading to the Lords' Lobby, the mass of Members, spreading out in the Octagon Hall, finding their progress baffled by the narrower limits of the corridor, began to press forward. The SPEAKER was hustled into the presence of his sovereign, safe in possession of wig and gown. But the feeble body of the PREMIER was sorely tried. It was said at the time he had been overthrown. That was the usual exaggeration. He was certainly a good deal knocked about.

The QUEEN opening Parliament again in the following Session, DISRAELI took effective means of preventing recurrence of accident. When, on the 8th of February, 1877, the QUEEN took her seat on the Throne, the PREMIER entered the House by the less tumultuous approach of the doorway behind the Throne. Nay, he accompanied his SOVEREIGN robed in crimson and ermine, bearing aloft a sword in scabbard richly dight. Still BENJAMIN, he was DISRAELI no more, but Earl of BEACONSFIELD, carrying the Sword of State before the QUEEN, whom he had of late made EMPRESS OF INDIA.

In 1886 the QUEEN came to Westminster once more in the circumstances described. Then fell silence, and now night.

Although in recent times the QUEEN'S direct touch with Parliament was limited to these four visits, her interest in its proceedings was exceedingly keen. It is an old story how every night the LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS wrote a letter summarising the course of proceeding at a current sitting. In view of the variety in Pictures in Parliament presented by the morning papers, supplementing the lengthened report of the speeches, that seemed a superfluity. The custom was in vogue when the QUEEN came to the Throne, and she clung to it to the end. It dates back to the time of GEORGE III., when newspapers were scarce and the reporting of Parliamentary Debates was hampered by hopeless restrictions.

LORD NORTH, First Lord of the Treasury from 1770 to 1782, wrote "Essence of Parliament" long before it was distilled in the pages of *Punch*.

In the course of her long reign, the QUEEN saw Parliamentary procedure revolutionised. Through more than sixty years she gave her royal assent to a series of Bills which raised the condition of her people to the highest plane of prosperity and domestic comfort known among nations. Her counsel has strengthened the heart, to a certain extent guided the purpose, of a long succession of Ministers. Never once, except in the so-called Bedchamber Plot, which happened while she was yet a girl, did she assume an attitude approaching conflict with political feeling in Parliament. In the House of Commons the reverence felt for her was testified at the merest mention of her name. From time to time the Lords and Commons have



"THE WATER BABIES AND THE ROYAL GODMOTHER." 1891.

"On February 26, 1891, Portsmouth Dockyard was in festive array. Two new ships, bolder than anything yet numbered in the fleet, had been completed. One was the largest battleship up to date built in Great Britain. The Queen consented to honour the occasion by launching and naming the vessels. Accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught, Her Majesty successfully launched the mammoth ships, naming one the *Royal Arthur*, the other the *Royal Sovereign*."

joined in congratulation on some happy event in the family circle, or in tribute of sorrow and sympathy, blows for too frequently smote one of the gentlest, most faithful, hearts that ever beat in the breast of woman. There has been no mistaking the genuineness of the emotion then evoked.

Members of the last House of Commons, many of whom sit in that which to-day mourns the death of the QUEEN, do not forget the characteristic circumstances which last brought them into her presence. They had gone in a body to Buckingham Palace, to present their congratulations on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the Throne. There was blundering on the part of officious personages, with result that only a dozen or a score of members reached the room where the QUEEN awaited their coming. HER MAJESTY, hearing of the disappointment thus occasioned, regardless of the burden of her years, of the exceptional work pressed upon her by the Jubilee ceremonies, arranged a special Garden Party at Windsor, where she was at home to her faithful Commons.

That is the last glimpse of her that dwells in the memory of the majority. It was appropriately homely in its kindness—the aged QUEEN, all on a summer afternoon, greeting her guests in her own home-garden, endeared to her by the varied memories of sixty years.

* * * *

Last night, Tuesday, January 22, the QUEEN died.

* * * *

To-day, Wednesday, January 23, the King lives.

Parliament hastily summoned to take the oath of allegiance to the new Sovereign. Considering abruptness of summons the muster large, especially in the Commons. Many come on from St. James's Palace, where they saw the King subscribe the oath enacted at the Union.

Members not yet Privy Councillors cluster in the Lobby and wonder by what title they shall hail their King. At Westminster no one as yet knows. The form of oath is written out ready, all but the title of his Majesty. Under which King, ALBERT or EDWARD? BENZONIA GIBBONS, Clerk of the Public Bill Office, who has the matter in charge, could not speak if for his silence he had to die.

The news finally flashes forth in manner the more impressive because undesigned. Four o'clock having struck and the Speaker taken the chair, he rises and says: "It now becomes our duty to take the oath of allegiance to HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

A murmur of approval ran round the benches. In the unwonted style thus proclaimed there was a fine old Plantagenet flavour that pleased the palate of the representatives of an ancient people.

Boom! Boom! The sullen roar reverberates through Westminster Hall. It is the long drawn-out plaint of the minute gun, that takes an hour and twenty-two minutes to spell out the message The QUEEN is dead.

Business done.—Members take oath of allegiance to new KING.

Thursday.—My right honourable friend the Member for Sark who, with the rest of the Privy Councillors, was at St. James's Palace yesterday, tells me the KING, in trying circumstances, bore himself with dignity, grace, and, at times, a tenderness that touched all hearts. His reference to his "beloved Mother, the QUEEN" (he did not speak of her as "the late QUEEN") was uttered in a broken voice. When he came to pledge himself to follow in her footsteps as a Constitutional Sovereign, as long as there is breath in his body to work for the good of his people, he braced himself up and spoke in clear emphatic notes.

Business done.—More swearing-in.

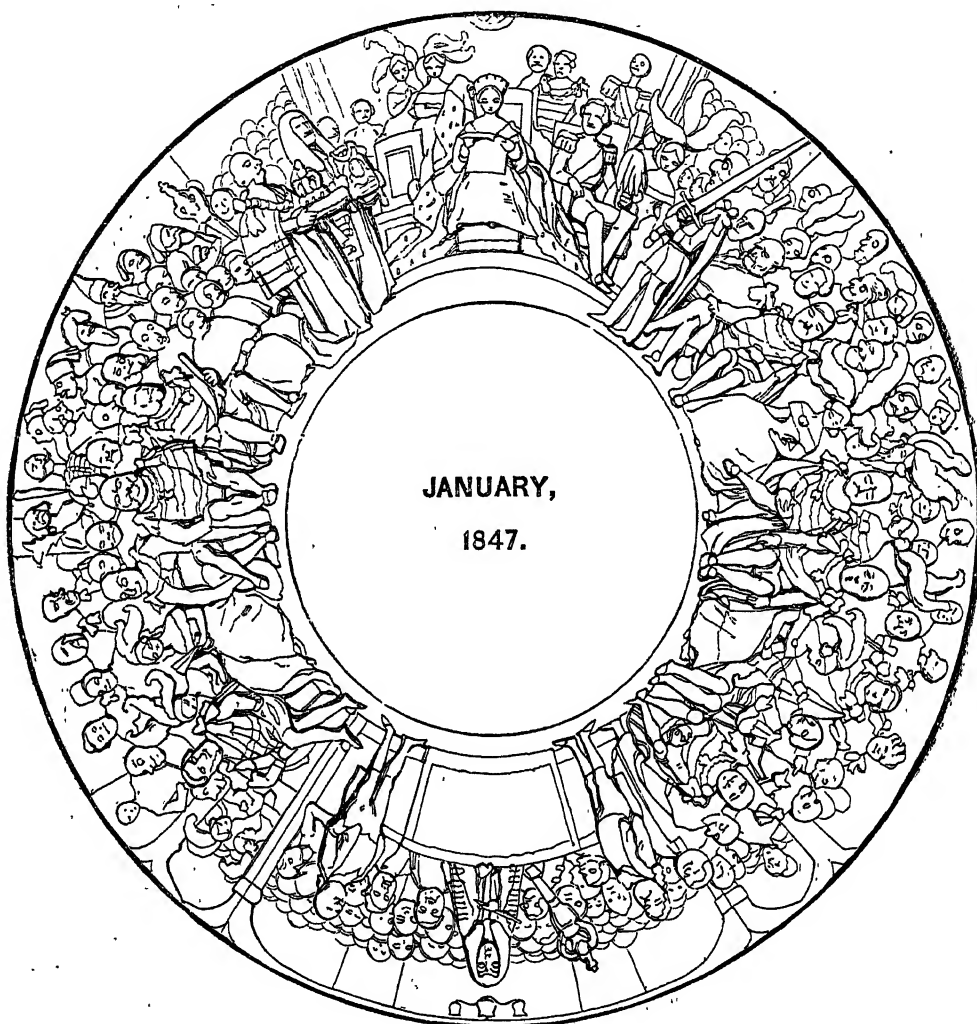
Friday.—Find ourselves in odd plight. By Statute incorporated in Parliamentary Reform scheme of 1867, old state of things whereby Parliament was straightway dissolved on demise of Crown abolished. Consequent avoidance of deplorable inconvenience of General Election, following close on that which in October celebrated "the close of the war." In the quaint way in which Bills are drafted, this 30 and 31 Vic. orders by special section that the act is not to apply to Scotland or Ireland. Logical consequence is, that whilst we English and Welsh members go on as if nothing happened at Osborne on Tuesday night, there must needs be a General Election for Ireland and Scotland.

"We muddle through a war somehow," as Lord ROSEBERY hopefully says. How we are going to muddle through this business not yet settled. Irish members, at present *couchant* in their castled homes, may be counted upon to have something to say on the matter when they turn up next month. They will, at least, insist that Scotch members be put to the trouble and expense of another election.

Business done.—Addresses to the KING conveying condolence and congratulation voted in both Houses. Adjourn till 14th of February.

**THE QUEEN'S YEAR! 1897.**

"Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven is the Queen's year, the sixtieth anniversary of a memorable reign. On this the eve of the Queen's birthday there yet remain months of the year into which great events may be crammed. Up to mid-April it was hoped that strenuous efforts, in which the Queen has taken an anxious part, would have averted war. That hope suffered sudden extinction, and the Jubilee year has not proved a year of peace on earth and goodwill among men. England, having done her best for peace' sake, stands apart from the fray. The nation united in preparation for rendering full honour to the day that shall see the sixtieth anniversary of Victoria's reign."





“Requiescat!”



“Requiescat!”



G. L. STAMPA - 1400.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

She. "I BOUGHT THIS CHIPPENDALE CHAIR FOR YOU, DEAR."

He. "THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU. BUT—ER—I DON'T THINK IT'S CHIPPENDALE."

She. "YES, DEAR, IT MUST BE. THE MAN SAID IT WASN'T OAK, AND I KNOW IT ISN'T MAHOGANY. SO IT MUST BE CHIPPENDALE!"

MILITARY DIALOGUES.

ARMY REFORM.

SCENE.—The drawing-room of the Colonel's quarters, decorated with trophies from many lands and water-colour sketches. Mrs. BULKWISE, the Colonel's wife, a tall, broad and assertive lady, is giving tea to Mrs. LYTTLETON-CARTWRIGHT, with the stamp of fashion upon her, and Mrs. KARMADINE, who has a soul for art—both ladies of the regiment. Colonel BULKWISE, a small and despondent man whose hair is "part-worn," gazes morosely into the fire.

Mrs. Bulkwise (waving a tea cup). As surely as WOMAN is asserting her right to

a place in medicine, in law, and in the council, so surely will she take her proper place in the control of the army.

Mrs. Lyttleton - Cartwright. What a lovely costume one could compose out of the uniform. I've often tried JACK'S tunic on.

Mrs. B. (severely). The mere brutal work of fighting, the butchery of the trade, would still have to be left to the men; but such matters as require higher intelligence, keener wit, tact, perseverance, should be, and some day shall be, in our hands.

Mrs. Karmadine. And the beauty and grace of life, Mrs. BULKWISE. Surely we women, if allowed, could in peace bring

culture to the barrack-room, and garland the sword with bay wreaths?

Mrs. B. Take the War Office. I am told that the ranks of the regiments are depleted of combatant officers in order that they may sit in offices, in Pall Mall, and do clerical work indifferently. Now, I hold that our sex could do this work better, more cheaply, and with greater dispatch.

Mrs. L-C. "Pall-Mall" would be such an excellent address.

Mrs. B. The young men, both officers and civilians, who are employed waste, so I understand, the time of the public by going out to lunch at clubs and frequently pause in their work to smoke cigars and discuss the odds. Now a glass of milk, or some claret and lemonade, a slice of seed-cake, or some tartlets, brought by a maid from the nearest A. B. C. shop would satisfy all our mid-day wants.

Mrs. L-C. And I never knew a woman who couldn't work and talk bonnets at the same time.

Mrs. C. Just a few palms—don't you think, Mrs. BULKWISE?—in those dreary, dreary rooms, and some oriental rugs on the floors, and a little bunch of flowers on each desk would make life so much easier to live.

[Colonel Bulkwise murmurs something unintelligible.]

Mrs. B. What do you say, GEORGE?

Colonel B. (with sudden fierceness). I said, that there are too many old women, as it is, in the War Office.

Mrs. B. GEORGE!

[The Colonel relapses again into morose silence.]

Mrs. B. The Intelligence Department should, of course, be in our hands.

Mrs. L-C. I should just love to run about all the time, finding out other people's secrets.

Mrs. B. And the Clothing Department calls for a woman's knowledge. The hideous snuff-coloured garments must be retained for warfare, but with the new costume for walking out and ceremonial I think something might be done.

Mrs. L-C. The woman who makes my frocks is as clever as she can be, and always has her head full of ideas for those sort of things.

Mrs. C. MICHEL ANGELO did not disdain to design the uniform of the Swiss Guard. Perhaps GILBERT, or FORD, or BROCK might follow in the giant's footsteps.

Col. B. You ladies always design such sensible clothes for yourselves, do you not? [He is frozen into silence again.]

Mrs. B. And the education of young officers. From a cursory glance through my husband's books on law, topography and administration, I should say that there are no military subjects that the average woman could not master in a fortnight. Strategy, of course, comes to us by intuition. The companionship and

influence of really good women on youths and young men cannot be over-rated, and the professors both at the Staff College and at the Military Academy should be of our sex.

Mrs. L-C. I always love the boys; but I think some of the staff college men are awfully stuck up.

Mrs. B. Now, as to the regiment. The Mess, of course, should be in our province.

Mrs. L-C. How ripping. The guest-nights would be lovely dinner-parties, the ante-room we'd use for tea, and the band should always play from 5 to 6. We'd have afternoon dances every Thursday, and turn the men out once a week and have a dinner all to ourselves to talk scandal. [The Colonel groans.]

N. N—D.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

I.—THE MÆDÆVAL SECTION.

(Continued from January.)

(With the Author's compliments to Mr. Maurice Hewlett.)

16TH TO 18TH.—But of the crowning Moralities of Monsieur BERNARD LE COQ-SHAW and how he belittled Master SHAKSPEARE CYGNE D'AVON I trust not myself to indite, being simple of wit and holding such things to be the peculiar of learned doctors. Hear then an excerpt of GUILLEM SAGITTARIUS, whereof the judgment ranges from *Le Roi Œdipe* to *Quex le Gai* and the visions of HENRIK DE L'HOSTEL POUPÉE. Over duranimous of speech he is for a full report; yet a man of conscience and his matter solid.

"How," says he, "shall I justify me of my Art in the perpending of these 'Three Plays for Puritans,' short of exhausting a furlong of parchment. Let me consider of one only, of his 'Cæsar and Cleopatra.' And be it known that this Morality is conceived in a certain naughty spirit of badinage to which a generous indulgence should be conceded. Yet, in pure sooth, he overtops the legitimate hedge of licensed fooling, when he presents in *Britannus* (amanuensis to Cæsar) a *persona* informed with decadent sentiment and tinged with latter-day paradox. Vain the contention of Monsieur LE COQ-SHAW, that the lapse of centuries has but immaterially modified the British type, as characterized by influence of soil and climate and other physical environing. Still would I urge my suspicion (I hope groundless) of divers anachronisms, still (with deference) allege neglect of right local colour and historical harmonies." And so forth, much of it.

19TH TO 23RD.—But about this time Sir HOWARD, Lord Duke of the North-folk, that hitherto had been disposed to cloistral habitudes, sat mightily in the public eye. For being Chief Butler of England (by grace of birth) and also Comptroller of Letter-bags (by grace of sheer desert) he was minded to yield up this last dignity, the better to expedite him for battle against the heathen; of so galliard a stock of chivalers was his tree compact. So in harness of the wan leopard's hue he sailed south by east. And under a blistering noon, very noxious to parched maws, he pricking against the enemy (that had no heart to wait his advent), and crying "Ha! MALTRAVERS! *Sauve ARUNDEL!*" his palfrey avoided from under him. But being recovered of this hurt, he made dedication of his knightly spurs to Saint MICHAEL of Table Bay, and so home without more ado.

And now you shall hear how he must needs make his peace with Monsignor the Pope, that had looked askance on this crusade and withheld blessing from my Lord Duke's emprise. So in palmer's sable he made haste to Rome with a great following of pelegriens, and there he gat himself misliked as one that was loud to have His Holiness restored to temporal thrones; and brought the Quirinal about his ears; and so home again, protesting fair intent.

And as soon as he had done off his pilgrim's weeds, he must go accoutred *cap-a-pie* in his panoply of Earl Marshal (likewise by grace of birth) for proclaiming of the new King. And not a blazoned herald of them all that could move without his nod. And it was matter for mere marvel how one mortal could be so innumerable gifted. But thereafter he withdrew to his privy pleasaunce of Arundel, and set his face against pride.

24TH TO 26TH.—Now, as the city waxed monstrous fruitful, but the highways abode as they were, save for yawning breeches in the floor thereof very unseasonable, you will collect that the press of passengers, horse and foot, grew like to a hustle of pilchards pell-mell in a Brittany drag-net. And the town-watch gave admonishment, crying "Passavant! passavant!" or "Halte-là!" as the case demanded. And the driver of the all-folks-wain would turn to his rearguard and "Lord Mayor ha' mercy," he would say, "'tis a mazy faring!" And, "Ay, mate, a bit thick!" his fellow; and so would troll a snatch of *Adhæsi pavimento*.

But for relief of the pent roads there was devised a hollow mine-way, such as coneys affect; and engines, fitted thereto, to draw men through the midriff of earth, betwixt its crust and fiery omphalode. And it was named Le Tube à Deux Deniers; for, fared they never so far, serf or margrave, difference of price or person was there none. But against the Company of Adventurers that wrought the same was plaint made of flacking walls, and a volleying of roof-beams, and basements rent as with a mangonel. And "Tush!" says the Company. But "Oy, sires!" cried the dwellers overhead, "let the chose be 'jugée!'" And so haled them before the Shire-reeve's Court, for mulct and amercement.

27TH, 28TH.—Now so it was, that the chivalry of England, they alone, took shame of being seen abroad in fighting-gear, whether as 'being too proud to air the ensigns of their pride, or for modesty, lest in so salient a flame the hearts of ladies errant might be as night-moths scorched against their will—I may conjecture, not determine. But le Sieur BOBS DE KANDAHAR sent word that he would have his knighthood eschew muffi (an unchristian word, filched, as you should know, from unblooded law-givers of Byzant) and come before him in armour *point-devise*. And this was but as a tucket to prelude the shock of battle. For my Lord BOBS had laid his *bâton* in rest against the Empery of Red Tape." And it was no madrigal business; but a task such as had Duke HERCLES of pleasant renown when he laid his besom about the middens of the Old Man of the Stables (*Vetus de Stabulis*).

29TH TO 31ST.—But scarce it wanted a se'nnight to the eve of Monsire VALENTINE when the *arrière-ban* outflow for summons to a serry of knights at the High Court of Parliament. And of those that sent it forth Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU was one; he that was named Fore-and-Aft by his own; for that he sat with portions of him overlapping the fence, this way and that way.

"Saint LLOYD-GEORGE for Little England!" came answer from the Welsh Marches.

And "Dame!" cried JEHAN OF MONTROSE, that, save under great provoking, used but sparsely the language of piety; "and must I quit my inkhorn for yon chattering parrot-house?"

"Stone of RUFUS!" cried Sir VERNON DE CHASTEL-LA-FOREST, surnamed Le Pompous for a touch of the mammoth in his motion; a born trampler of men; "Stone of RUFUS!" says he, "but I scent budget-work afoot!" And so snorted joyfully.

"Great GLAMIS!" said the Thane of Fife E. Division), "I am the Empire's, let her make what wars she will. That first; then give me Holy Church to harry!"

"King's man!" cried Sir COP-LA-POULE; "and sib with you there, both ways!"

But "By the Mace!" said LA BOUCHERE of the Cordonniers, "there should be noses broke among the faithful. 'Tis like to be a most amazing pretty medley."

O. S.

THE MARTYRDOM OF UNCLE JACK.

EVERYBODY knew that Uncle JACK lived at the Temple, and nobody knew when or why he came to live there. It is true that the Law List mentioned 1870 as the date of his call to the Bar, but his friends and acquaintances all felt that this must be a mistake, for not even his bitterest enemy ever accused Uncle JACK of being in the least like a barrister. A legend was extant that in the good old days of the "eighties"—long before London suffered from the twopenny tubercular disease—he once received a County Court brief; but the best of men are not proof against calumny, and even the legend contained no suggestion that Uncle JACK won the case or, indeed, displayed any acumen whatever in conducting it.

It was only after his martyrdom that he was universally canonised as Uncle. Of course he had been an uncle long before, and in a pretty extensive way; but the experiences of a few weeks ago turned the theory into a fact of such dreadful dimensions that—But I anticipate.

He did not deserve his martyrdom. Even youthful barrister acquaintances admitted that, despite certain grave moral failings laid to his charge. For instance, it must be reluctantly admitted that he did not regard KIPLING as the greatest writer of the age, that he still read DICKENS, and on one appalling occasion when taken by an enthusiastic Ibsenite to one of the master's plays he went to sleep before the end of the first act.

Yet the martyrdom redeemed all else. It happened on this wise. On December 24, the postman brought him an invitation to spend Christmas with a nephew, somewhere in the wilds of Kensington. Uncle JACK consented, little knowing what was in store for him. All went well till January 26, when destiny decreed that the nephew should sprain his knee. Now it so happened that the nephew had invited numerous olive branches (more or less related) to a children's party on that day. The nephew's own family was tolerably large; and one may say without exaggeration that the atmosphere of the house was decidedly cheerful. Uncle JACK loved cheerful, healthy children—at a distance, but he was now called upon to act, *pro tem.*, as host. Not only was he required to preside at the party, but to personally conduct several detachments of nephews and neices and friends to various pantomimes. Now, for a middle-aged man who is sensitive to noise, and who is prone to gout, with occasional intervals for asthma, the part which Uncle JACK was suddenly called upon to assume was of a character beside which the rack, and other mediæval tortures, seem merely healthy exercises. In an age when novelists play so unsparingly



"WHILE YOU WAIT."

"HERE, MY GOOD MAN, JUST PULL THOSE RAILS DOWN. BE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN!"
 "TAKE 'EM DOWN, MISS! IT'LL BE A GOOD FOUR HOURS' JOB, FOR I'VE BEEN ALL THE MORNIN' A-PUTTIN' OF 'EM UP!"

upon our emotions I will be as reticent as possible. These are a few bald facts.

From December 26 to January 16, Uncle JACK took part in ten games of blind post, five games of musical chairs, and sat out three pantomimes (four hours each). Need I give further details?

In the middle of January a decrepit and weary individual tottered down Middle Temple Lane. He crawled up the stairs to his chambers, and flung himself into an armchair, surrounding himself immediately with a halo of Temple dust. It symbolised his martyrdom.

The winter sun (quite good-tempered at being able to make himself seen) sent a flood of yellow light over the martyr. In

the dishevelled and still scantier locks could be seen the traces of childish endearments. On the careworn face and dazed expression could be read (to slightly alter SYDNEY SMITH) the legend "gagged" to death by wild comedians." The palsied limbs bespoke those terrible orgies—musical chairs. The shrunken figure pointed plainly to the terrible struggles of blind post. Even the watch had lost its spring-case (having been "blown open" by so many infants). Truly a harrowing sight. And, reader, should you happen to meet Uncle JACK for the next few months, breathe not the word pantomime! Martyrs are like worms in one respect.

A. R.

How Granfer Volunteered.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

LONG before dawn on the morrow the household was astir; TOM plodding over the rimy fields in the wake of *Chrissy*, Grandma hunting up the uniform, POLLY turning over her belongings in search of a red felt petticoat which, she declared, matched it so well in colour and texture that portions of it might be used to widen the jacket, and ANNIE arming herself with scissors, needles and thread, in order to carry out the necessary alterations. Round the kitchen fire they all presently gathered, eagerly assisting Granfer to "try on"; everyone talking at once, and everyone sneezing, for Grandma was too good a manager not to have provided against the destructive moth by embalming the uniform in quantities of camphor and pepper.

After almost superhuman efforts, Granfer was inducted into the jacket, his back having somewhat the appearance of a large red pincushion, while between the lower edge of the coat and the top of the Sunday trousers, a good deal of grey flannel shirt was plainly visible. As for meeting in front, that, as Mrs. SAMPSON had foretold, the garment could by no means be inducted to do, until ANNIE had deftly contrived to insert large strips of POLLY's red petticoat at the sides and in the sleeves.

"I expect I shall have to get a new 'un," remarked Granfer, endeavouring to obtain a back view of himself, and squinting violently in the attempt. "This here coat do seem too shart behind. I reckon I'd best take off thiccy shirt; it didn't ought to stick out like that. The jacket 'ud fit better over my singlet."

"Take off your shirt!" screamed his wife. "That 'ud be a pretty thing to do. Ye'd be gettin' laid up wi' lumbaguey first thing, an' much good ye'd be at your soldiering then. Here, I'll pull it down a bit, and when your sword do go on it won't show much."

"Keep your arms by your sides, Granfer, so much as you can," advised ANNIE, "an' then the patches won't be seen."

"Lard! The red do suit 'ee wonderful, I'm sure," groaned POLLY, admiringly. "I think the QUEEN herself would be pleased if she could see ye."

Granfer smiled, much gratified, and then sat down to breakfast.

A towel had been hung out in the hedge, which was the recognised signal to JOYCE, the carrier, that he was expected to draw up for a consignment of some kind, and presently one of the children running in announced that the van was at the gate. TOM led round *Chrissy*, a sagacious animal, mild in the eye, long in the tooth, and with a figure more matronly than symmetrical.

TOM had, as he explained, managed to get a good bit o' grease out of her coat, though he had not had time to trim her fetlocks, which were indeed marvellously shaggy, while her rusty tail almost swept the ground. Granfer appeared in the doorway with his weeping family clinging to him, his sword in his hand, his cap set at a jaunty angle on the top of his bald head, but with the rest of his military glory hidden beneath a comfortable frieze coat.

After explaining his project to Mr. JOYCE, the carrier, who was speechless with admiration and astonishment, and laying the saddle inside the van, Granfer, tearing himself from his womankind, climbed up beside the driver. And so they set off, with poor *Chrissy* meekly following at the rear of the vehicle, and the distracted family standing by the gate until the "clipper-clopper" of her heavy hoofs sounded faint in the distance.

* * * * *

What was the joyful surprise of the SAMPSON household when, late on that same day, Mr. JOYCE's van was observed to slacken

as it approached their house, and, moreover, the jaded form of the faithful *Chrissy* was seen to be jogging in the rear, when, indeed, the well-known bellow of Granfer himself hailed them from a distance of a hundred yards or so, and, presently, his burly figure alighted from the vehicle.

"Well," he remarked, with an odd expression in which perplexity appeared to struggle with relief. "I be comé back, ye see."

"Dear heart alive, Granfer! I be main glad!" ejaculated Mrs. SAMPSON, breathlessly. "Lard, I can't tell 'ee how glad I be! There, I've been a-frettin' of myself to death very near all day! But however did they come to let you off?"

"Well," said Granfer, after nodding farewell to Mr. JOYCE, and waiting till the van had proceeded on its way, "I were a bit surprised myself, but it seems I've missed the job by three months."

"Why, how's that?" cried POLLY and ANNIE together, while Grandma, with groans of gratitude, remarked she didn't care how many months it was—she was only too thankful he *had* missed it.

"If I'd ha' been turned seventy," went on the farmer, his face vacillating oddly between triumph and disappointment, "I'd have been took on; but come in, an' I'll tell ye all about it."

Having been installed in his elbow-chair, having unbuttoned his tunic, and pushed his cap to the back of his head, Granfer began his recital.

"When we did get near Blanchester, I did say to carrier, 'JOYCE,' says I, 'you did best let me down here.' So he did pull up, and I did get out saddle and put it on *Chrissy*, and rub so much of the dust off her as I could wi' a handful o' straw, but the poor beast was awful hot, what wi' her long coat, and what wi' joggin' so far. However, up I gets, and did ride alongside o' Mr. JOYCE till we got to the town, and I turned off towards barracks. Well, I reckon I must ha' been the first o' the old soldiers o' Darset as axed to take service again, for everyone i' the place was a-turnin' to look at me, same as if I'd been a show. Ye see, I'd took off my coat, and laid it across saddle in front of I, and they couldn't help but see what 'twas I were arter. When I did get to barracks, they did all come gatherin' round me, laughin' and callin' out, an' makin' such a din as you never did hear."

"Lard, now, Granfer, what were that for?" inquired Mrs. SAMPSON indignantly.

"I couldn't tell 'ee, I'm sure," he replied, with lofty disdain. "Ignorance, I suppose. As I was sayin', I don't think many old soldiers can have offered theirselves yet. Well, I didn't take no notice, but jist axed for an officer, and by-an'-bye one come out, an' he looks first at I, an' then at *Chrissy*, an' then, if ye'll believe me, he began to laugh."

"Why, my good man," says he, "what may you want?"

"Sir," says I, "I did see in the paper yesterday, as the QUEEN was axin' of her old soldiers to come an' j'ine again, so I be a-come to offer my services."

"The impident lads round, they fair roared; but the officer stopped laughing, an' he says, 'Well done,' says he. 'Will you dismount an' come with me for a minute or two, an' we can talk the matter over. Your mare will stand, I think,' says he, very serious."

"'E'es," says I, "he'll stand right enough, if he bain't meddled wi'."

"So he told off one of the men to see to 'en, an' I did off *Chrissy*, an' did walk alongside o' the officer indoor to a room."

"To begin with," says he smilin' very kind, "what be your name, an' what be your employment?"

"JAMES SAMPSON be my name, Sir," said I; "I be a farmer, an' lives yonder at Riverton, fourteen mile away. 'Tis a bit ill-convenient for I to leave home jist now—'tis a busy time o' year wi' us farmers, d'ye see, what wi' its bein' lambin' time, an' what wi' ploughin' an' sowin' an' that; but seein' as the



A GOOD START.

*John Bull (to Wilhelmina Queen of Holland and her consort Duke Heinrich). "THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU MY DEARS!
YOU MAKE A CHARMING COUPLE!"*

QUEEN herself did ax us to j'ine again, I wouldn't like for to disapp'int Her Majesty.'

"Quite right, quite right," says he, very grave an' kind. 'An' how long is it, Mr. SAMPSON, since you were a soldier? Judging by your uniform,' says he, lookin' at it rather hard, 'it must ha' been some time ago.'

"Well, Sir," says I, 'tis a matter o' thirty year since I did leave the Darset Yeomanry. I went out wi' 'em for fifteen year, an' I didn't miss a single trainin'; but when my father died, an' I did settle down upon the farm, my missus were a bit agin' it so I did give up.'

"Oh, SAMPSON, whatever made ye bring my name into it," said Mrs. SAMPSON, bashfully. "I'm sure I don't know whatever the gentleman can ha' thought."

"It didn't seem to put 'en out a bit. 'Thirty years ago,' says he, 'an' fifteen years before that. How old are you now?'

"I told 'en I'd be seventy in a few months."

"Ah," says he, an' then he looks at me solemn-like for a minute, an' then he says, 'Well, Mr. SAMPSON, I admire your sperrit, an' I've no doubt,' says he, 'the QUEEN 'ud be extremely gratified if she knew of the offer you have made. But there are one or two objections—'

"Why, Sir," says I, 'what's ag'in' it?'

"Why," says he, 'your figure is ag'in' it, to begin with.'

"Well, Sir," says I, 'I know very well I haven't ezactly the kind o' figure to go climbin' up kopgees an' that. I'm not a-volunteerin' for foreign service,' says I; 'but I understood as the QUEEN was axin' her old soldiers to undertake the defence o' the country, an' I reckon I could do that so well as another. I can shoot a bit,' says I. 'Ye'll not find many crows about my fields,' I says; 'they be too much afeard o' me an' my gun.'

"Well said," cries he, clapping me on the shoulder. 'But then there's your age to think about, Mr. SAMPSON. Sixty-nine, I think you said?'

"Sixty-nine years and nine months, Sir," says I.

"Ah," he says, 'that's the difficulty.'

"How so, Sir?" says I. 'I be a-comin' up to my three-score-and-ten, Sir.'

"Ah," he says again, and looks at me very solemn, 'I'm afraid it won't do. Now I'll tell you what you'll do, Mr. SAMPSON. Just you go quietly home again, and wait till ye're called upon. I'm much obliged,' says he, 'for your handsome offer. You're a plucky fellow,' he says, an' he shakes me by the hand, 'an' if we find we can't get on without you, you may be sure we'll send for you.'

"So he comes with me to the door, and the ill-mannered folk as was standin' there did begin a-laughin' again so soon as they ketch'd sight o' me, but the officer threw up his hand and stopped 'em."

"Men," says he, 'I'm going to call upon you to give three cheers for this fine old Briton!'—these was the very words he said, I do assure you—'this fine old Briton,' says he."

"Did he now? Well, that was right down handsome," cried ANNIE and POLLY together, while Grandma, overcome with emotion, fairly wept.

"E'es. I do 'low I thought it kind of him. 'Three cheers for this fine old Briton,' says he. 'He's made of the right stuff. He has come here at great personal inconvenience to offer his services to Queen and Country, and I say we may be proud to think there are such men among us. Come, lads, a hearty cheer! Hip, hip, hip—'

"Well, I'd managed to get up on *Chrissy* by this time, and they all run round me, cheerin' and wavin' their caps, and I saluted 'em back, pleasant-like; and *Chrissy* and me walked off wi' ourselves so proud as Punch. So, though they didn't take us on, ye see we've had what ye mid call a good day."

"'E'es indced, Grandfer," returned his Missus, delighted, but tearful still. "I'm sure we may all feel proud. And I am but too thankful as they didn't take ye on. Dear heart alive! 'Twas a narrow escape—ye'll be seventy in next to no time."

"True, true," agreed Granfer. "'Twas a thing I didn't even think on—but 'tis plain to be seen the reason why they didn't take I. They did ax for old soldiers, and I weren't old enough."

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAP. VI. (CONTINUED).

On conversing with the Master — on worrying him — on being obtrusive—the advantage of opening a gate.

ONE rule for conversation with a Master of Hounds may safely be laid down. It is this:—Do not interrupt him with unseasonable babble. There are some foolish, if well-meaning, persons who seem to imagine that a Master's only duty is to make himself the receptacle of every stale bit of information that can be drawn from the back numbers of the *Field*, or of any silly remark about the weather, the scent, the chances of finding a fox, the size of the field, the looks of the hounds, or any other ordinary topic from which the witlessness of man can extract a stupid commonplace. The Master is, in a sense, a public character, but he is in no sense the public property of every gentleman who may do him the honour of riding after, in front of, or even over his hounds. The Master has big things to think about. If he hunts his own hounds, his time and his tongue are fully occupied; but even if he merely performs the usual ceremonial duties of his station he has no leisure for chatter. Do you, therefore, respect your Master, and so order your own conduct that he shall respect you. Don't obtrude yourself on his notice as one rashly seeking reputation. It is unnecessary, for instance, if you should observe a hound or two lagging or straying that you should make for them, and rate them with a great to-do and much cracking of your whip, and loud "Get-away-on-to-him's!" You may do this once and escape, but if you try it a second time it's a thousand to one you'll find some such words as these hurtling after you: "All right, Sir, all right; I've got plenty of whips for the job. We'll let you know when there's a vacancy," or, "Now then, you, Sir, on the chestnut, let my hounds alone," or any other of those crushing remarks which come from a Master with all the force and deadly effect of a one-pound shell from a pom-pom.

On the other hand, it is to be remembered that a Master, though his station is lofty, is, after all, human. He doesn't want to be worried—who does?—but he never resents a crisp and cheerful saying dropped, as it were, into the gaps of a run at the proper psychological moment, nor will he fail to note with approval a ready obedience or an unobtrusive willingness to oblige on the part of a young rider. For instance, if you see a Master in trouble with a gate, you can never lose caste by springing off and opening it for him. "Much obliged," he'll say; "I'll remember you in my will." "Too long to wait, Sir," you can reply. "Won't you make it a bit earlier?" The Master will smile—even these great ones of the earth unbend and smile—and the Master's friends will be pleased, and Miss MIRABEL, as you let her through directly afterwards, will give you one of those bewitching looks that set your novice heart thumping under your well-striped and brass-buttoned waistcoat. And in the evening, as you are riding home, you may chance to find yourself alongside the Master, and he will discuss with you the incidents of the day's sport, and will even listen with respect to your reasons for believing that at a certain point the hounds changed foxes. After that, if you have common intelligence, you should have no more anxiety.



Miss Withers (showing photograph of herself). "I'M AFRAID IT'S RATHER FADED."
Binks (inexperienced, aged nineteen). "YES, BUT IT'S JUST LIKE YOU."

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

IV.

WHEN time is short and HOMER long,
When Mods. are imminent—though wrong,
I seek thy aid to read his song,

My Kelly.

Thy cover blue I turn with care ;
I mark the key depicted there
And read in it a symbol fair,

My Kelly.

But there my understanding ends.
Lives there the don that comprehends
Whither thy wandering syntax tends,

My Kelly ?

Lives there a scholar can explain
Thy grammar and thy endless train
Of participles, and still be sane,

My Kelly ?

I, having vainly tried to seek
The meaning that thou canst not speak,
Return despairing to the Greek,

My Kelly.

And HOMER lending me a clue
To thread thy tangled mazes through,

Faint gleams of sense I find in you,
My Kelly.

But now thou hast, symbolic key,
A new significance for me :
The classic store is locked by thee,
My Kelly.

ARRANT KNIGHTS.

[A modern lecturer has discovered that Hooliganism "arises from a perverted sense of chivalry." Mr. Punch might have hesitated to accept this pronouncement if a correspondent had not called his attention to the following passage from Malory, which had escaped his memory, but which certainly seems to support the theory.]

THEN were Sir HOOLIGAN and Sir PEAKY and Sir LARRIKIN ware of an unarmed Knight passing by, and with him LA BELLE ARRIETTE. And they ran a great wallop and rashed him to the ground, and then they feutred their feet and gave him many and great kicks, so that his head all to-brast. And when LA BELLE ARRIETTE saw him lie as one dead, she shrieked wonderly sore, and ran to Sir PEELEREAU and besought him that he would do battle upon those felon knights. And Sir PEELEREAU

drew his staff, that hight x-Calibre (for that no man knew of what power it might be), and he ran upon those three, and they would not abide his onset but avoided the place. Howbeit, Sir HOOLIGAN in his flight did pass by LA BELLE ARRIETTE, and smote her woundily upon the boko, so that the blood gushed forth. Then did Sir LARRIKIN let cry a rescue, and a great press of other knights gathered together, and they beset Sir PEELEREAU twenty against one. But Sir PEELEREAU put x-Calibre before him, and dressed himself against them, so that they durst not come anigh him. And when Sir HOOLIGAN saw that Sir PEELEREAU was a good man of his hands and might not be overcome, he drew his dagger, that hight couteau-de-cheese, and came stilly stalking, and ran upon him from behind and drave it into his back. And Sir PEELEREAU gave a marvellously grisly groan and fell down in a swoon, and the ground was all to-bled. So Sir HOOLIGAN had great honour amongst the other knights, and right willingly went LA BELLE ARRIETTE with him to the Palace of Joyous Ginne, and they made merry until they were assotted. E. T. H.

THE STREET IS UP.

(AIR—"The Hunt is up.")

The street is up, the street is up
In its usual "permanent way,"



And Navy the King has a right good
fling,
And the traffic brings to bay.

The streets are bright with electric
light—

The reign of gas is fled—
The merry pick soon does the trick,
And cleaves their concrete bed.

The pavement which can boast no
ditch

Down its middle is seldom seen,
And the streets have spasms which lead to chasms
For the traffic to crawl between.

Never mind, never mind, if you're all behind,
If you miss your train, be gay,
For Navy the King must have his fling,
And the traffic bring to bay.

TARTARIN A BRIGHTON.

RENCONTRE DANS LA BRUME.

En quittant l'hôtel, TARTARIN, toujours prudent, avait demandé la route. "A gauche," dit-il, "et encore la huitième rue à gauche." Au milieu de la brume, sous le jour blafard, les Tarasconnais avançaient lentement. Ils voyaient les fenêtres des maisons et des magasins, tous fermés, et à l'autre côté du trottoir, les silhouettes des réverbères. Au delà rien. Il n'y avait personne. Tous les braves bourgeois mangeaient le rosbif du dimanche.

Enfin, vers les deux heures, BRAVIDA les arrêta. "C'est par ici," dit-il, "la huitième rue." "Pas du tout," répondit BOMPARD, "ce n'est que la septième." Là-dessus ils commencèrent à discuter, mais l'illustre TARTARIN les interrompit, "Zou, pas de querelles, suivons cette rue." Et ils s'engagèrent dans une ruelle sombre et déserte.

C'était un vrai coupe-gorge. TARTARIN, toujours éveillé, pensait aux guets-apens, aux attaques nocturnes, aux pirates, aux Sioux, aux Touaregs, de ses lectures. Ils étaient là, peut-être. Enfin ils l'attendaient. Les mains sur ses pistolets, cachés par son *mackintosh*, il avança le premier. A gauche et à droite des maisons sombres et fermées, devant lui la ruelle lugubre, la brume, l'obscurité. Plus loin une autre ruelle, un tas de petites rues mornes et désertes. Les Tarasconnais s'étaient égarés. Brusquement, à un détour, TARTARIN s'arrêta. Ses camarades, se réfugiant derrière lui, cherchaient à voir l'obstacle qui l'empêchait d'avancer. Ils n'apercevaient rien. Mais TARTARIN, un vrai scout qui voit tout, les indiqua d'un geste une forme immobile au travers de la brume. C'était un homme gigantesque.

"Pas un mot," chuchota l'intrépide président, "suivez-moi à la file, en avant!" Avec mille précaution s'ils avancèrent. Par malheur, à ce moment suprême, PASCALON tremblait à tel point que son parapluie heurta son chapeau de soie et le fit tomber par terre. L'homme se retourna. C'était un *policeman*. De près il ne paraissait pas si énorme, et il avait une bonne figure rouge et souriante de mangeur de biftecks. Les Tarasconnais étaient rassurés, sauf peut-être TARTARIN, à qui ils échappaient encore.

Mais le sergent de ville, dès qu'il les aperçut, ne sourit plus. Un cri lui échappa, "*The Boers, the bloomin' Boers, landed at last!*" Ces hommes étranges, émergeant de la brume, lui semblaient des envahisseurs venus du Transvaal. Un instant il

hésita, un instant, peut-être, il pensa à sa femme, à ses enfants, et puis il tira son bâton, et d'un ton d'autorité, "*Stop!*" dit-il. Devant lui quatre Boers armés, probablement une vingtaine, une centaine, tous les hommes de l'expédition, derrière lui la loi, la patrie, le *home*. Il ne bougea pas.

"Le dictionnaire, PASCALON," dit TARTARIN, "avancez donc, et traduisez." Le pauvre jeune homme, qui pensa mourir de peur, obéit quand même. Mais lorsqu'il essaya d'une main tremblante de tirer le dictionnaire de sa poche, le *policeman* lui saisit le bras, et cria, "*Drop it, leave your revolver alone.*" Et PASCALON, le bâton au-dessus de la tête, se laissa tomber aux pieds de l'agent, et murmura, agenouillé, "Ayez pitié, de grâce!"

Que faire? Les Tarasconnais restaient interloqués. Le *policeman*, lorsqu'il les voyait si tranquilles, si paisibles, était étonné. "Well," fit-il, "*of all the bloomin' Boers!*"

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" s'écria TARTARIN. "Les Boers? Té, vé, est-ce qu'il pense que nous sommes des Boers?"

"Évidemment," répondit BRAVIDA, "mais comment lui expliquer que nous ne sommes pas, sans le dictionnaire, sans PASCALON."

Le savoir-faire de TARTARIN ne manque jamais. "Tout simplement," dit-il, "chantons le *God Save*." "Impossible!" répondirent les autres. "Nous ne le savons pas." Mais ce diable d'homme, qui sait tout, chanta de sa belle voix, sans hésiter un instant, "*God Save tra la la la, tra la la la la.*" Il ne savait pas les mots. Et puis, "*Aoh yes! Hiptip hourra!*"

"What!" s'écria le *policeman*, tout souriant. "Then you're not Boers? But," poursuivit-il, et son front s'assombrit de nouveau, "*are you pro-Boers?*"

Et TARTARIN de recommencer, "*God Save tra la la la.*" "All right," dit l'autre, encore plus aimable, "*neither Boers nor pro-Boers.*" "Pas Boers," répondit TARTARIN, qui ne comprit que ce seul mot, "pas Boers. Français." Et comme si l'agent était sourd, parce qu'il ne comprenait pas, le Tarasconnais répéta et hurla d'une voix formidable, "Français, Français."

"*Frenchy?*" demanda le brave *policeman*, aussi intelligent que courageux, et imitant le langage musical de TARTARIN, il se mit à siffler, pas trop mal, l'air du refrain de la *Marseillaise*. Les Méridionaux étaient enchantés. TARTARIN saisit la grosse main du gardien de la paix, et la serra vigoureusement. BOMPARD et BRAVIDA firent de même. PASCALON, assis par terre, osa lever la tête et les regarder plus hardiment.

Mais comment se tirer de l'embarras? Inutile de visiter ce Pavillon, car il était trois heures et on ne voyait rien. Il fallait rebrousser chemin et regagner l'hôtel avant la nuit. Comment faire comprendre au *policeman* qu'ils ne savaient pas où aller, qu'ils s'étaient égarés, qu'ils cherchaient l'Hôtel Splendide? Même devant tout ça l'intrépide TARTARIN ne recula pas. Il s'approcha tout près de l'agent, il cria "Splendide" plusieurs fois, et puis il entonna l'air du *Home, Sweet Home*, qu'il avait entendu quelque part. Et le *policeman* comprit à merveille, les guida jusqu'à la grande promenade, et indiqua d'un geste qu'il fallait suivre à droite. En signe de reconnaissance TARTARIN tira son étui de sa poche, donna au brave homme les trois cigares qui s'y trouvaient, et hurla amicalement, "*Aoh yes. Hiptip hourra!*"

"Maître," dit PASCALON, saisi d'admiration, "vous parlez anglais mieux que moi." "Ah," répondit l'illustre philologue nonchalamment, "chasser le lion, faire l'ascension du Mont Blanc, parler les langues étrangères, tout ça est facile si l'on se met carrément à l'œuvre." Et chemin faisant il ajouta, "Demain, s'il fait beau, nous irons au port, où nous trouverons un bateau quelconque pour faire une excursion en mer au moins."

H. D. B.



HINC ILLE LACHRYMÆ?

[A woman explained to a London magistrate that she was holding her baby head downwards "to keep it quiet."]

MOTHERS, are ye broken in your rest?

Fathers, do ye foot it on the floor?

Thinking—that ye treat him for the best,
Knowing—that he only yells the more.

Speculate no longer on the ache;
Search not for the pin perchance he
feels;

Dally not with candle; simply take
Up the little beggar by the heels.

Let the warm, invigorating blood
Rush around his embryonic brain;
Such a tide, when taken at the flood,
Stops the flow of weeping at the main.

When your babies right side up ye nursed,
Was not all the household upside down?
Let the whole position be reversed,
So shall steal a silence o'er the town.

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE.

[“Colonel CROFTON, commanding the Eastern District, has decided that the ‘quiff’ is ‘unsoldierly,’ and ‘disfiguring,’ and has ukased its abolition. The ‘quiff’ is the forelock worn by Mr. THOMAS ATKINS.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

*Letter from a Private in the British Army
to a Private in the German Army.*

DERE OLE SAUERKRAUT,—’Ow ’re yer going along? Jest a line from the Eastern Distric’ to tell yer that ‘we’ve all got the fair ’ump. An’ I’m blest if our Colonel ain’t an’ been pitchin’ on our ’air. When we is in the fightin’ line they yells, “Keep yer ’air on, boys!” but when we gets ’ome, sweet ’ome, they says take it orf. There’s ’air! I must tell yer we wears a hartful curl on our forrids wot is knowed as a “quiff,” and I give yer my word it’s a little bit ov orl rite! SUSAN (with lots o’ cash as bein’ only daughter of a plumber), wot I walks out with, simply ’angs on to it with both ’ands, so to speak. Well, our Colonel says the “quiff” is “unsoldierly” and “disfiguring,” and we ’ave got to bloomin’ well lop it orf, no hank. This busts my charnst with SUSAN.

Yores melancholy-like,

THOMAS ATKINS.

* * * *

[“The German uniform is to be changed to a grey-brown. The officers are particularly annoyed at the change, and complain that they might at least have been allowed to keep the bright buttons on their tunics. These are also to be dulled down to the new drab *régime*. Everything that is not strictly utilitarian—tassels, lace, and decorations—are to be banished from the parade-ground.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

*Letter from a Private in the German Army
to a Private in the British Army.*

MEIN GUT FRIEND,—We haf the both trouble much got! You haf the beautiful SUSAN verloren. I my KATRINE am deprived



Small Customer (to general store-dealer). "MOTHER SAYS AS WOULD YOU MIND WRAPPING UP THE KIPPER IN A ILLUSTRATED PAPER, AS HER WALLS ARE GETTING VERY BARE."

of. Because why? I was so schmart lookin’ in mein regimentalen blue dat KATRINE fell in luff with me on first sighten and called me in ways of fun her leetle “blue teufel”! But now, ach Himmel! she at me cochet die snooken! “Cuts,” as you say. I broken-ar-rted quite am. Because why? The Office die Warren as us ordered to take off der blue regimentalen. We haf in brown-grey to dress ourselves. Ah! dirty, bad, rotten colour! And no more ze schon buttons to haf that the beating heart of KATRINE conquered. Farewell to KATRINE! She brown ates.—Zo longen

KARL SCHNEIDER.

“A SAIL! A SAIL!”

“A SAIL! a sail!” The look-out’s eager cry
Is borne on many a blustering winter
gale—

At least, in “books for boys” that parents
buy— “A sail! A sail!”

Yet now it echoes, like a stifled wail,
From East to West, from Holborn,
known as High,
Even to Hammersmith and Maida Vale.

There shops, not ships—strange fact—
their business ply, [they “hail,”
Not barques but bargains are the craft
And shopping ladies gasp, with frenzied
eye, “A sale! A sale!”



Stranger. "YOU MUST FIND IT VERY LONELY ON THESE HILLS."

Shepherd. "LONELY? NO, I DON'T. WHY, THERE WAS A MAN AN' A 'OSS PASSED YESTERDAY, AN' THERE'S YOU TO-DAY."

LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

Short stories with sad endings.

II.—FAME AND THE WOMAN.

THE woman's suspicions were confirmed the moment she saw him. KITTY SYLVESTER knew only too well that EDWARD VANCITHAT, the distinguished novelist, dramatist and poet, expected much from the woman who aspired to be his wife. How often, as children playing together had they not built airy castles, planning for each other a wonderful career of uninterrupted success and public homage! She remembered his words even now, though spoken fifteen years ago, as they wandered through the green meadows bordering their homes. "My wife must be beautiful and famous," he had said.

And she in her childish fancy had imposed similar conditions with regard to her husband.

EDWARD had embraced a literary career and met with a full measure of success, while she, KITTY SYLVESTER, an actress. What had she accomplished? She saw instinctively, with a woman's intuition (which saves the humble romancist such a lot of description), in EDWARD's demeanour a scarcely veiled look of reproach. It tinged his whole manner with a chill reserve. And when she remembered how she had longed all through the tedious fifteen years for this moment; this meeting of children-lovers after each had taken a place in the great theatre of life, her heart failed her at his doubts. A great oppression seized her, a chill finger seemed to clutch at her throat (this must

only be taken metaphorically), and a despairing voice cried in her ear, "He doubts your fame, he doubts it!"

* * * *

"Ah, how can you doubt?" cried KITTY, her eyes flashing in petulant defiance. "Surely you have followed my stage career?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"You have seen how I have played *ingénues*, adventuresses, leading ladies—"

"True, true."

"And *Shakespeare*. Not a heroine of the great master, but I have played her for all she was worth —"

"I know," said VANCITHAT, with a note of sad reflection.

"I have been compared to ELLEN TERRY, Mrs. SIDDONS —"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"I am interviewed at least once a week."

"Yes, but —"

"My portrait is in all the shop windows, in all the illustrated papers —"

"Yes," said VANCITHAT, but without conviction.

"Oh, how can I allay your doubts," said KITTY, looking round her in genuine agony. "I—I am referred to as the great actress, my comings and goings are noted, my gowns described in detail —"

"To advertise the dressmaker," retorted EDWARD, coldly.

"See!" exclaimed the woman, bringing forward a ponderous volume. "See!" and she let the pages slip from beneath her dainty finger points. "The twenty-eighth volume of press notices."

The man knew too much of the dark side of professional life to attach any importance to this. He shook his head sadly.

"Society has taken me up," exclaimed KITTY, with an attempt at a laugh. "Surely—surely that says something for my fame?"

VANCITHAT reproached KITTY's reckless optimism with a deep sigh.

She saw the little barrier of icy reserve springing up between them.

"EDWARD, EDWARD," she cried piteously, "do not look at me like that! Tell me, how I can prove my claim to be worthy of your great and deep, deep love! I tell you, I am famous——"

The man caught at her wrists, and gazed with fearful intensity into her frightened (but still surpassingly lovely) face.

"Tell me," he half-shouted, gripping her wrists till she cried out with the pain. "Tell me, have you written a testimonial to a Hair Wash, or a Face Powder? Tell me——"

The woman's face blanched. "No, no," she wailed. The hands released from the man's passionate grasp fell to her sides. VANCITHAT gave a groan of anguish. Ah! Heaven, she had tried to deceive him. She was not famous. The great criterion of fame had condemned her.



GOD SAVE THE KING!

MR. PUNCH. "YOUR CORONATION AWAITS YOUR MAJESTY'S PLEASURE, BUT YOU ARE ALREADY CROWNED IN THE HEARTS OF YOUR PEOPLE."

A FICTITIOUS CAMPAIGN.

["SIR REDVERS BULLER, at Aldershot, gravely recommended the assembled officers to read historical novels as a basis for acquiring a knowledge of military history, and he assured his audience that he knew 'no better way of beginning the study of military history.'"]—*Saturday Review*.]

EXTRACT FROM THE CONFIDENTIAL DESPATCHES OF THE GENERAL COMMANDING.

Headquarters, Monday.

We expect to attack in force to-morrow—indeed, the movement should have been made to-day, but I had not quite finished my study of *Ivanhoe*, and determined to risk nothing by insufficient knowledge.

Later.—The engagement has begun somewhat prematurely. In accordance with best precedents, I drew up my gallant force in line, and addressed them in a speech of four pages. The unmannerly enemy had the bad taste to open fire long before I had concluded my remarks, and our casualties, in consequence, were rather numerous. I am despatching a protest to the officer in command of the foe, pointing out that he is a saucy varlet, and that by my halidome I will exact due vengeance for such unknighly behaviour. I can't find in SCOTT any rules for working my 4.7 guns, which is rather unfortunate. Am telegraphing to the base for complete edition of HARRISON AINSWORTH, CONAN DOYLE and STANLEY WEYMAN. Consignments of STEVENSON now being distributed to all company officers.

Tuesday.—Our attack of yesterday was not quite successful, owing chiefly to the enemy's not following the rules of fictitious warfare. Towards the close of the day I perceived that our left flank was somewhat hardly pressed. Accordingly, I rallied it in person, and directed a charge against our enemies, but we had to retreat in some disorder.

Friday.—Yesterday made a reconnaissance in the style recommended in *The White Company*, and to-day we are skirmishing after the instructions contained in *The Last of the Mohicans*. By carefully following best authors, I hope for decisive victory before long.

RULES FOR THE ENGLISH RIVIERA.

(To be observed by Visitors in Winter Weather.)

It is requested that no overcoats should be worn, even when a gale is blowing.

Visitors will please to assume that it is medically wise to sit on the top of a hill exposed to the blast of a bitter east wind.

No fires to be permitted, except with a

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(Prophetic Peeps of Extracts.)

1910. THE continued prosperity of *Punch* was the leading feature of the first ten years of the century.—*Public Opinion*.

1920. It is a pity that the Emperor NAPOLEON THE FIFTH should be at length dethroned, as his reign has been fairly peaceful to France.—*L'Empire*.

1930. The Junior Unionist Club, by adding five thousand additional rooms for members requiring apartments, has been able to clear its Candidates' Book.—*The Upper Ten*.

1940. Fresh troubles in Natal. Income tax raised to 7s. 6d. Sum realised still inadequate for official requirements.—*Economist*.

1950. The South Pole at length discovered to be at the antipodes of the North Pole.—*Annual Register*.

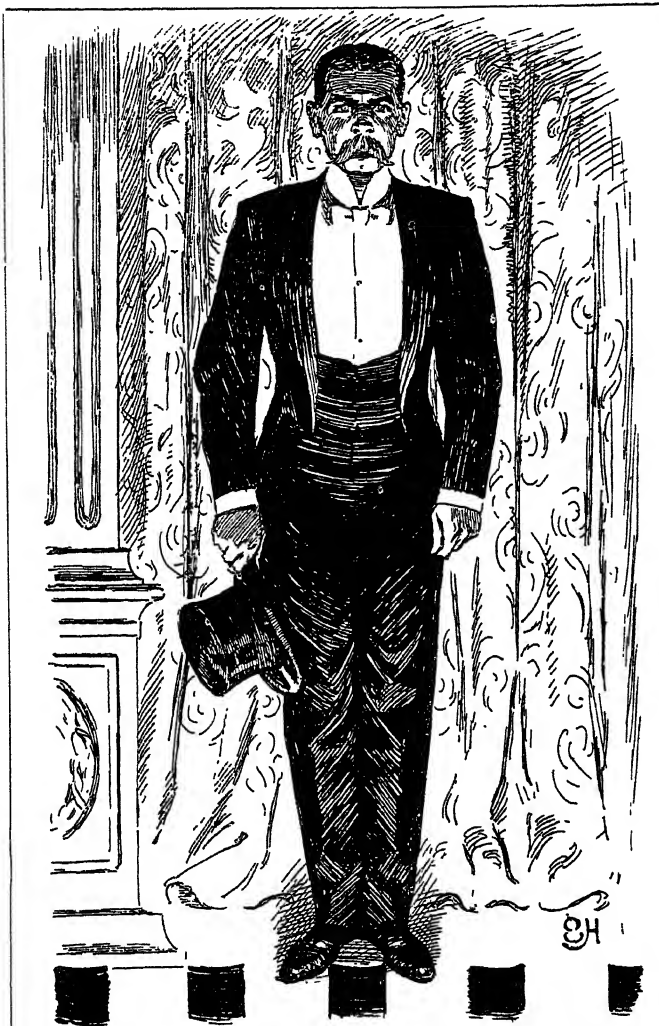
1960. The L. C. C. steamboats cease permanently plying on the Thames. "The halfpenny tube" beneath the bed of the river takes their place.—*Summary of the Times*.

1970. The United States invasion of Italy destroys for ever the principle of the Munro doctrine.—*The New York Bird of Freedom*.

1980. The House of Ladies pass the Equality of the Sexes Act, and a mere man is admitted to the Lower House.—*Parliamentary Register*.

1990. King LOUIS XXIII. abdicated the throne of France and the eighth Republic is established in Paris.—*Evening Reporter*.

2000. The continued prosperity of *Punch* is the leading feature of the last ten years of the century.—*Public Opinion*.



THEATRE ROYAL, S. AFRICA, FEB. 1, 1901.

Stage-Manager Kitchener. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ON ACCOUNT OF THE ELABORATE PREPARATIONS FOR THE FINAL TABLEAU, I MUST REQUEST YOUR KIND INDULGENCE WHILE THE CURTAIN REMAINS DOWN."

view to swelling the total of the bills at the better class hotels.

Shop-keepers will be required to exhibit, as "seasonable Yuletide gifts," muslin frocks, tulle mantles and lace parasols.

At the tables d'hôte of the aforesaid hotels the menu must include *chaudfroids* and ices, and a list of summer cups.

Visitors are permitted on leaving the English Riviera and returning to London (which they will find some degrees warmer than the "summer-like" plaid abandoned) to resume their overcoats.

FORBEER AND DRINK NO MORE!—A gloomy reveller was drinking some frothy material said to be "beer."

"Do you wish to commit suicide?" asked the interested observer.

"Certainly, with arsenic about there is a risk. But that is not my chief reason. I am drinking this so-called beer because I am a total abstainer."

But, fortunately, at this point the police interfered, and by the promptness of their action save the ratepayers the expense of an inquest.

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

V.—ALCESTIS.

How ADMETUS was saved from the disagreeable necessity of dying by his wife ALCESTIS, who was permitted to die in his stead, and how HERACLES, in gratitude for ADMETUS' hospitality, wrestled with Death for her and restored her to her husband, has been narrated by EURIPIDES. What EURIPIDES did not do was to give us any hint of the subsequent history of the reunited couple. Did they live happily ever afterwards, or—? But the sequel must show. It is written in the woman-hating vein so often seen in EURIPIDES, and its Latinized title is:—

HERCULES VICTUS.

SCENE.—Before ADMETUS' Palace. That worthy enters hurriedly through the Royal doors, which he bangs behind him with a slight want of dignity. He soliloquises.

Admetus. Ye gods, how long must I endure all this,
The ceaseless clamour of a woman's tongue?

Was it for this ye granted me the boon
That she might give her life in place of mine,
Only that HERACLES might bring her back,
Torn from the arms of Death, to plague me thus?

This was your boon, in sooth no boon to me.
How blind is man, not knowing when he is blest!

Fool that I was, I mourned ALCESTIS' death
Almost as much as I should mourn my own.
Indeed I thought, so great my grief appeared,

I would almost have laid my own life down
—Almost, I say—to bring her back to earth.

Yet, now she lives once more she makes me weep

More bitter tears than I did ever shed
When I believed her gone beyond recall.
[Weeps bitterly.]

Chorus.

First Semichorus. Oh, what a doubtful blessing is a wife
Who saves your life
And then doth make it doubly hard to live!

Alas, she doth but give
A gift we cannot prize
But count it in our eyes

As nothing worth—a thing to spurn, to cast away,
To form the theme of this depreciatory lay!

Second Semichorus. ALCESTIS, what a shame it is to find

This kingly mind
So much disturbed, this kingly heart so wrong,

By thy too active tongue!
Thou gav'st thy life for his
But oh, how wrong it is

To make that life which thou so nobly didst restore
A thing he values not at all, in fact a bore!

First Semichorus. O wretched race of men,

When shall ye see again
The peace that once ye had
Ere woman bad,
Or mad,

Did cross your happy path
In wrath,

And doom you to a tedious life of fear and fret,
Of unavailing tears and unconcealed regret!

Second Semichorus. O HERACLES, what shame

Shall cloud thy previous fame
Who brought this lady back
Along the black
Steep track,
Where Death and she did fare,
A pair

(At least, as far as we can ascertain) content,

To those Tartarcan halls which hear no argument!

[Enter ALCESTIS. She is in a bad temper, and is weeping as only Euripides' characters can.]

Alcectis. Ah! woe is me! Why was I ever born?

And why, once dead, did I return again
To this distressful earth? Oh, HERACLES,
Why did you bear me back to this sad place,
This palace where ADMETUS sits enthroned?

Oh, what a disagreeable fate it is
To live with such a husband—hear his voice

Raised ever in complaint, and have no word

Of gratitude for all I did for him!
Was there another creature in the world
Who willingly would die for such a man?
Not one! His father, aged though he was,
Scouted the proposition as absurd.

His mother, when approached, declined in terms

Which I should hesitate to reproduce,
So frank and so unflattering they were.
But I, I gave my life instead of his,
And what is my reward? A few cold words

Of thanks, a complimentary phrase or two,
And then he drops the subject, thinks no more

About the matter and is quite annoyed
When, as may happen once or twice a day,
I accidentally allude to it!

Admetus (bursting into indignant stichomuthia). Not once or twice but fifty times a day.

Alcectis. Nay, you can't have too much of a good thing.

Admetus. I don't agree. Speech is a good to men. . . .

Alcectis. Your drift, as yet, I do not well perceive.

Admetus. . . . Yet too much speech is an undoubted ill.

Alcectis. Ah, you rail ever at a woman's tongue.

Admetus. Where the cap fits, why, let it there be worn.

Alcectis. You spoke not thus when I redeemed your life.

Admetus. No, for I thought you gone ne'er to return.

Alcectis. 'Twas not of mine own will that I came back.

Admetus. I'm very certain that 'twas not of mine!

Alcectis. Tell that to HERACLES who rescued me.

Admetus. I will, next time he comes to stay with us.

Alcectis. You say that, knowing that he cannot come.

Admetus. Why should he not? What keeps him then away?

Alcectis. Cleansing Augean stables: a good work!

Admetus. Idiot! He never will let well alone.

Alcectis (tired of only getting in one line at a time). Iou! Iou! What thankless things are men!

And, most of all, how thankless husbands are!

We cook their dinners, sew their buttons on,

And even on occasion darn their socks,
And they repay us thus! But see where comes

Great HERACLES himself. 'Tis ever thus
With heroes. Mention them, and they appear.

[Enter HERACLES in the opportune manner customary in Greek tragedy.]

Heracles (preparing to salute the gods at great length). Great ZEUS, and thou, APOLLO, and thou too—

Admetus (interrupting hurriedly). Oh, HERACLES, you come in fitting time
To this afflicted and much suffering house.

Heracles. Wherefore afflicted? Anybody dead?

Admetus. Not dead, but living. That the grievance is.

Heracles. A plague on riddles! Make your meaning clear.

Admetus. Six months, six little months, six drops of time!

Heracles. You still remain unwontedly obscure.

Admetus. Six months ago you tore my wife from Death.

Heracles. Well, what of that? What's all the fuss about?

Admetus. I know you did it, meaning to be kind,

But, oh, it was a terrible mistake.
Indeed, I think it positively wrong



Dooley. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WID YE ANYHOW, MICK—ALL TATTERED AN' TORRUN AN' BITTEN AN' SCRATCHED A'L OVER?"
Mick. "AY, AN' ME OWN DOG DONE IT! I WANT HOME SOBER LAST NOIGHT, AN' THE BASTE DIDN'T KNOW ME!"

That you should interfere with Nature's laws

In this extremely inconsiderate way.
Depend upon it when a lady dies
It's most unwise to call her back again.
You should have left ALCESTIS to the Shades
And me to live a happy widower.

Heracles. Ungrateful man, what words are these you speak?
Were you not glad when I did bring her back?

Admetus. I was. But that was several months ago,
And in the interval I have found cause,
A dozen times a day, to change my mind.

Heracles. What cause so strong that you should wish her dead?

Admetus. Well, if you must be told, she's sadly changed;

Dying has not at all agreed with her.
Before Death took her she was kind and mild,

As good a wife as any man could wish,
How altered is her disposition now!
She scolds the servants, sends away the cook,

—A man I've had in my employ for years—
And actually criticises ME!

Heracles. I'm really very much distressed to hear
This mournful news. But what am I to do?

Admetus. Make Death receive her back:
an easy task.

Heracles. But will ALCESTIS see it, do you think?

Alcestis. Please, don't distress yourself on her account;

She'd leave her husband upon any terms.
Is there a woman in the whole wide world
That would not rather die a dozen times
Rather than live her life out with this man,

This puling, miserable, craven thing,
Who lets his wife lay down her life for him
And, when by miracle she is restored
To earth again and claims his gratitude,
Has the bad taste to grumble at the fact?

Admetus. I told you, HERACLES, she had a tongue.

Heracles. Indeed, she's well equipped in that respect.

Alcestis. To such a man the stones themselves would speak.

Heracles. Well, lady, are you then content to die?

Alcestis. I'm positively anxious to be off.

Heracles. Then will I go and make Death take you hence.

Alcestis. I'm sure I shall be very much obliged.

Admetus. But, oh! not half so much obliged as I.

Heracles. So be it, then. Death won't be far away.

And when I've found him and have punched his head,

I'll make him come and take you off at once.

[Exit HERACLES.]

The Chorus, who appear to have borrowed their metre from "Atalanta in Calydon," sing as follows:—

Chorus.

Is this really to put
An end to our cares,
To the toils where our foot
Was caught unawares?

Will HERACLES really put straight this
unfortunate state of affairs?

Will he overthrow Death
For the second time here?
Will he do as he saith
And in due time appear

With the news which will lay fair ALCESTIS
a second time out on her bier?

She will die, she proclaims,
With the utmost good-will,
And she calls us all names
In a voice that is shrill

While she vows that the sight of ADMETUS,
her husband, is making her ill!

It hardly seems wise
To spurn and reject
Your husband with cries—
To which all men object,

But ADMETUS is scarcely the husband to
inspire any wife with respect.

Lo, HERACLES comes,
A hero confessed!
But he twiddles his thumbs
And looks somewhat depressed.

Can it be that at last he's been conquered?
Well, all I can say is, I'm blest!

[The Chorus sit down in dejection.]

Enter HERACLES.

Heracles. First I salute the gods, great
ZEUS in chief . . .

Admetus (interrupting). Oh, skip all that.
Tell us about the fight.

Heracles. Iou! Iou!

Admetus. Don't yap like that. Speak
up. What is your news?

Heracles. My friends, I saw Death slinking
down the drive.

I stopped him, told him that this lady
here

Was anxious for his escort to the Shades,
Reminded him that I had once before
Rescued her from his grasp, and pointed
out

How generous I was thus to restore
What then I took. In fact, I put the best
Complexion on the matter that I could.

Alcestis. Well? Did he say that he
would take me back?

Heracles. By no means. He declined
emphatically.

He will not take you upon any terms.
Death is no fool; he knows what he's
about!

Admetus. But did you not compel him
to consent?

Heracles. I did my best. We had a bout
or two

Of wrestling, but he threw me every time.

Finally, out of breath, and sadly mauled,
I ran away—and here I am, in fact.

Alcestis. You stupid, clumsy, fat, degenerate lout,
I positively hate the sight of you!
Out of my way, or I shall scratch your
face!

If Dejanira feels at all like me,
She'll borrow Nessus' shirt and make you
smart! [Exit angrily.]

Heracles. Oh, what a vixen! Can you
wonder Death,
When I approached him, would not take
her back?

Admetus. I can't pretend I'm very much
surprised,

Although, if you will pardon the remark,
I think you might have made a better
fight.

Better not stay to dine. It's hardly safe.
ALCESTIS isn't to be trifled with,
And if she murdered you I should be
blamed! [Exit sorrowfully.]

Chorus (rising fustily).

How ill-natured of Death!

What a horrible thing!

It quite takes my breath

And I pant as I sing.

If ALCESTIS is really immortal, what a
terrible blow for the King!

St. J. H.

OLD STYLE.

["There has been a return to the sail as a motor
power for vessels."—*St. James's Gazette.*]

NEW Century, whose dawn we hailed,
Already has the progress paled
Wherewith our Science wrestles,
That, future marvels while we dream,
In your first days aggressive steam
Gives place to sailing vessels!

Shall old devices, long outworn,
Roll back the centuries of scorn
And arrogant detraction,
And you, much vaunted century,
But turn out, after all, to be
An era of reaction.

Must battering-ram and catapult
Over the "four-point-seven" exult
Henceforth in modern sieges?
Shall witches, palmists supersede,
And Druids reassert their creed—
Mops take the place of squeegees?

When men have Parliament forgot,
Once more shall Witenagemot
In ways of wisdom rule them?
And maids, in costumes mainly woad,
As they in coracles are rowed,
Sip cups of mead to cool them.

So as, old history to repeat,
Each custom, long since obsolete,
Henceforth the newest vogue is,
The coming race may look to see
The world in this new century
A Paradise of fogeys.

THE PIE THAT COOK MADE.

["Bad cooking; that curse of modern life which causes discord in the home circle, and drives so many men to their clubs."—*Daily Paper*.]

This is the pie that cook made.

This is the crust
That covered the pie that cook made.

This is the man
That eat the crust,
That covered the pie that cook made.

This is the voice that did loudly bawl,
That hailed the cabby upon the crawl,
That saw the door that was banged in
the hall,
That startled the wife, &c.

This is the club with its dinners small,
That soothed the voice that did loudly
bawl,
That hailed the cabby upon the crawl,
That saw the door that was banged in
the hall, &c.

'ARRY'S LAMENT.

"A public meeting was held at Hampstead last night to protest against the tampering with the Heath by Tube Railway Promoters."—*Daily Paper*.

Wot! Toobs on 'Appy 'Amstid?

A stition at *Jeck Strors*?

I 'old the sime a bloomin' shime,

An' clean agin the lors,

Leastwyes it oughter be—

If lors wos mide by me

No toobs yer wouldn't see

On 'Appy 'Amstid.



ELECTROCUTION.

OR WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW THAT THE ELECTRIC TRAMS ARE INVADING OUR COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

This is the word
That was used by the man,
That eat the crust,
That covered the pie that cook made.

This is the wife
That heard the word,
That was used by the man, &c.

This is the door that was banged in the
hall,
That startled the wife,
That heard the word,
That was used by the man, &c.

This is the cabby upon the crawl,
That saw the door that was banged in
the hall,
That startled the wife, &c.

And this is the moral after all,
When cooking is bad beyond recall,
The charms of the sweetest home will
pall,
And husbands' fancies are apt to fall
Upon the club with its dinners small,
That soothed the voice that did loudly
bawl,
That hailed the cabby upon the
crawl,
That saw the door that was banged in
the hall,
That startled the wife,
That heard the word,
That was used by the man,
That eat the crust,
That covered the pie that cook made.

P. G.

Wy, wheer are we ter go, LIZ,
Ter git a breath of air?
Yer 'll set yer teeth agin the 'Eath
When theer's a toob up there.
A pinky-yaller stytion
By wye o' deckyrytion—
I calls it desecrytion,
'Appy 'Amstid.

Oh! sive us 'Appy 'Amstid!
It 's Parrydise, you bet!
Theer ain't no smoke ter 'arm a
bloke,
Nor yet no smuts as yet.
An' so I opes they 'll tell
This bloomin' Yanky swell
Ter send 'is toobs ter —well,
Not 'Appy 'Amstid!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"It is difficult," quoth the Baron, "to believe that so insipid and commonplace a story as *Morals and Millions* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) is by FLORENCE WARDEN, authoress of that strong melodramatic romance *The House on the Marsh*. Yet so it is, and FLORENCE WARDEN must hasten to give us something worthy of her reputation."

IN his *Eccentricities of Genius* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) Major POND introduces ninety well-known personages, most of whom he induced to lecture in the United States under his able management. They are all interesting. To my Baronite, the most attractive revelation of character made in the bulky volume is that of the Major himself. With rare access of modesty, he devotes only some nine pages to autobiography. But in

sketching others the gallant Major involuntarily looms clear on the sheet. He is the kind of man grown only on the vast expanse, in the electrical air, of the United States. To supreme capacity for business he adds almost boyish enthusiasm. Warm-hearted, generous, expansively hospitable, all he asks in return is that the lecturer he happens to be managing shall be able for a given number of days, as per contract, to address an audience morning and evening, to travel all night in the cars, to assist in advertising by receiving clustres of reporters at any hour they may present themselves, and (if in holy

orders) throw in a sermon on a Sunday morning or evening. Judged by this standard, HENRY STANLEY, who, of course, omitted the sermon, established the profoundest claim on the Major's respect. After him comes IAN McLAREN, who doubtless owed something of his success to the start the Major gave him. He entertained him at luncheon immediately on his landing at New York. "I ordered," he writes, and you can almost hear him smacking his lips, "a large double sirloin steak and hashed brown potatoes with cream, just what never fails to catch an Englishman." It failed with MATTHEW ARNOLD, with results the Major summarises. "MATTHEW ARNOLD came to this country and gave 100 lectures. Nobody ever heard any of them, not even those sitting in the front row." That's what comes of shirking a large double sirloin steak and hashed brown potatoes with cream. The lectures were entertaining enough, as appears from the enormous takings at the doors. Most entertaining of all—that is, if he's writing not about you but your friends—is the ingenious Major.

The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts (LONGMAN, GREEN & Co.) by ABBIE FARWELL BROWN, is delightful in many respects, and would have been still more delightful had the writer not colloquialised his stories as if telling them to twentieth-century children of a rather up-to-date-ish class. The fascinating legends of Saint Francis of Assisi are the best told in this volume. The Baron has much pleasure in widely recommending this little book. The illustrations by FANNY Y. CORY, with the exception of St. Cuthbert's vision, are scarcely worthy of the subjects.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A ROYAL GROUP AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Winter Exhibitions, February—March 16.)

WHEN an entire collection is so interesting as is the one now being exhibited at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, consisting of works by British artists (in oil, in water, and in black-and-white) "deceased since 1850," it is indeed difficult to select even a few for special mention. But there is one picture which, just at this sad time, will bring many to these galleries who otherwise might have carelessly missed the opportunity of making acquaintance, or renewing it, with works by the most celebrated painters and draughtsmen of The Victorian Era. This picture, to which Mr. Punch wishes his Royal Academy Visitor to draw the special and particular



VIBRATION OF THE TUBE.

AWFUL EFFECT ON LONDON STATUES. AN ARTIST'S NIGHTMARE.

["Lord RAYLEIGH's Committee is considering the vibration question."—*Daily Mail*.]
 ["Several new Tube Railways are projected."—*Daily Paper*.]

attention of the public, is to be found in Gallery No. II., and numbered, in the catalogue, "48." It represents a royal group painted by Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A. The youthful QUEEN, a sweet young mother, is seated holding a bonny baby, the Prince of WALES, on her lap; beside her stands the Princess Royal, a tiny tot, holding out a biscuit to two dogs. It comes from the Royal Collection, and was lent, as the catalogue informs us, by "H.M. the QUEEN." This is not a masterpiece of Sir FRANCIS GRANT's, but its interest is unique.

The exhibition is open for another six weeks. It is an exhibition of the works of MILLAIS, ALFRED STEVENS (only one), of TURNER, of LANDSEER, of CECIL LAWSON (memorable work), of the brief-lived genius FRED WALKER, of HOLT, of STACEY MARKS (inimitably humorous), and of many other illustrious artists and great colourists, as well as excellent specimens of our own Messrs. LEECH, DU MAURIER, CHARLES KEENE; but no DICKY DOYLE, whose fairies Mr. Punch misses from the aquarellist collection.



"A Constable."
 (Rare specimen.)



SEND VALENTINE'S DAY.

"To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day."—Hamlet.

Lieutenant Dan Cupid gives his Annual Entertainment! Great success!!

"OH, MASTER CUPID, YOU ARE A FUNNY BOY!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

TO AMABEL, ABOUT TO BE WEDDED ON HER
TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

(By a Discarded Lover.)

YOU'RE more than seven, you're three
times that,

As you declare with pride,
You're twenty-one! Of age, "the Brat"
About to become a bride.

What shall I give you, O Brat, to-day
To prove in peace we part?

No!—I will not give myself away
Since you have lost your heart.

Shall I give you a tress of raven hair
That is now of ruddy hue?
A miracle changed the colour, I swear,
Not a bottle of *Carmine Dew*.
Shall, I lay at your feet, O Brat, the
notes

That flowed from your facile pen?
No! they'll act as the best of antidotes
To the poison of "Now" and "Then."

Shall I send you a ribbon or left hand
glove

(You know that I have them yet),
The stupid emblems of silly love,
That I cannot quite forget?

No! on your birthday, O Brat, have this,
A volume of writings true,

I've turned the page—take it not amiss—
At *The Taming of the Shrew*!

MILITARY DIALOGUES.

HOW IT SHOULD NOT BE DONE.

Interior of a dreary room in the War Office. A tired-looking young officer, in mufti, sits at a table with great piles of papers, each bundle tied with red tape and ticketed with labels of different colours, on one side of it ready to his hand. Another pile of papers, which he has already dealt with, is on the other side of the table. He is an official and has many letters, the first two being D.A. after his name. The gas has just been lighted. A clerk brings in another fat bundle of papers.

The Officer (patting the smaller pile on the table). These can go on, SMITHERS. That question of sardine-openers must go back to the commissariat, and the General Commanding the Central District must be authorised to deal on his own responsibility with the matter of the fierce bull in the field where the recruits bathe. What have you got there?

The Clerk. It is the correspondence, Sir, relative to that false tooth requisitioned for by the Officer Commanding the Rutlandshire Regiment for the first cornet of the band. The Medical Department sent it back to us this morning, and there is another letter in from the Colonel, protesting against his regiment being forced to go route marching to an imperfect musical accompaniment.

The Officer (groaning). I thought we had got rid of that matter at last by sending it to the doctors.

The Clerk. No, Sir. The Surgeon-General has decided that "one tooth, false, with gold attachment," cannot be considered a medical comfort.

The Officer (taking a précis from the top of the papers). I suppose we must go into the matter again. It began with the letter from the Colonel to the General?

The Clerk. Yes, Sir; here it is. The O. C. the Rutland Regiment has the honour to report that the first cornet player in the band has lost a tooth, and as the band has become inefficient in the playing of marching music in consequence, he requests that a false tooth may be supplied at government expense.

The Officer. And the General, of course, replied in the usual formula that he had no fund available for such purpose.

The Clerk. Yes, Sir; but suggested that the regimental band fund might be drawn on.

The Officer. Where is the Colonel's letter in reply. (*It is handed to him.*) Ah, yes. Band fund is established, he writes, for purchase of musical instruments and music, and not for repair of incomplete bandmen, and refuses to authorise expense, except under order from the Commander-in-Chief.

The Clerk. The General sends this on to us, with a remark as to the Colonel's temper.

The Officer. And we pass it to the Quarter-Master-General's people, suggesting that under certain circumstances a false tooth might be considered a "necessary," and a free issue made.

The Clerk. A very long memo. on the subject, in reply, from the Q.-M.-G., Sir. He points out that though, under exceptional circumstances, a pair of spectacles might be held to be a sight-protector, a false tooth could not be held to be either a fork, a spoon, a shaving-brush, a razor, or even an oil bottle.

The Officer. We wrote back, suggesting that it might pass as a "jag"—our little joke.

The Clerk. Your little joke, Sir. The Q.-M.-G.'s people didn't see it.

The Officer. No? Then the correspondence goes on to the Ordnance Department, with a suggestion that a false tooth might be considered an arm or an accoutrement.

The Clerk. The Director-General replies, Sir, that in the early days of the British Army, when the Army Clothing Department's sole issue was a supply of woad, a tooth, or indeed a nail, might have reasonably been indented for as a weapon, but that, owing to the introduction and perfection of fire-arms, such weapons are now obsolete and cannot be issued.

The Officer. And now the Medical Service refuse to help us.

The Clerk. Yes, Sir. They cannot bring

the fixing of it under the head of surgical operations, and the Surgeon-General points out very justly, if I may be permitted to say so, Sir, that a seal-pattern false tooth could hardly be considered a "medical comfort."

The Officer. What are we to do? The Colonel of the regiment is evidently furious.

The Clerk. We might send the correspondence to the Inspector of Iron Structures. He may be able to do or suggest something.

The Officer. Very well; and will you send off this telegram to my wife saying I have a long evening's work before me, and that I shall not be able to get back to dinner to-night? (*Exit the Clerk.*) Whenever will they trust a General Commanding a District to spend for the public good on his own responsibility a sum as large as a schoolboy's allowance, and so take some of the unnecessary work off our shoulders?

[*He tackles wearily another file of papers.*] N.-D.

FROM THE RIVIERA.

From Miss PRIMROSE HILL to Miss ADA
BRIXTONNE.

Cannes.

MY DEAREST TOOTSIE,—I know that you will be dying to hear what life in the sunny South is like, and as my brother BOBBIE has accepted an invitation from a French nobleman, the Count de FLYCARDE, to a friendly game of *picquet*, I seize upon my first spare moment to write this.

You know, dear, that BOBBIE and I being rather luxurious, we thought we must have a courier—so we took COOK's returns and thereby obtained the services of a man (in livery) at *tous les gares*—oh, how silly I am!—I mean at all the stations. One gets so into the way of speaking nothing but French here, that one really cannot help lapsing into it occasionally. Well, dear, we made the voyage—Dover to Calais—safely, and I must say that one cannot find fault with the supply of basins on board. They are given quite free of charge. Of course, we had to pass the *Douane*—Customs, I mean—at Calais, and BOBBIE succeeded in getting through a packet of his inimitable twopennies—a special brand without which he never travels. The *Chef de Gare*—There I go again! Oh, isn't it silly of me!—the Station-master was too charming, and got us *deux places* in the train. I think he told a *sous-officier* that I was *très joli*—rather nice of him, wasn't it?

Our Parisian experiences lasted nearly three hours, whilst we waited for the train South. Naturally, we saw a good deal of the place, and I have quite decided that the life wouldn't suit me! Give me dear old Upper Tooting, say I!

Then away we raced to the South. Ah, my dear TOOTSIE, you can't imagine what

it is. We went to sleep in the frost and darkness, to wake up in balmy air (BOBBIE calls it Balmy-on-the-Crumpet air!) to see the vineyards full of oranges (How you'd like to suck them, TOOTSIE!), the lemons, the olive-oil, and dates, all growing together. And the dates; not like those nasty things we get at JONES-SMITHS Stores, but the real thing. Oh, it's all too lovely. And at last we reached Cannes, and drove with the rest of the personally conducted party to the hotel. Here, whilst walking down the passages, you can even smell the onions growing.

We have not wasted time. The next day, we went on and did Nice, Beaulieu, Mentone, and Monte Carlo, where I lost rather heavily—naughty me, to gamble! I lost five francs at one venture. BOBBIE went to the *Tir aux Pigeons*, and though he missed all the birds he nearly got one of the men who set the traps. We returned to Cannes that night, and the day after to-morrow leave for old England again, after an absence of nearly a week.

I feel that I shall *never* settle down again after our Continental life. It takes one out of one's groove—not that I mean that you are one bit “groovy,” dear TOOTSIE—still, of course, you've not had the chance of travelling abroad and seeing other places and other people, have you?

I shall be back almost as soon as this reaches you.

From your fond friend,

TRIX.

P.S.—BOBBIE has been unfortunate with the Count—and, between us, we shall have to make up forty-five francs to pay for his losses at *picquet* this afternoon.

THE BUMBLE SPIRIT AND THE CONSTABLE.

[Notwithstanding the order of the Chief Commissioner of Police, the Hawkers are doing an undiminished trade in undiminished numbers in the Strand.]

THE Bumble and the Constable

Were walking down the Strand,

They wept to see along the kerb

Such crowds of Hawkers stand:

“If these could but be cleared away,”

They said, “It *would* be grand!”

“If you should try to move them on

Each minute of the year,

Do you suppose,” the Bumble said,

“That you could get it clear?”

“I doubt it,” said the Constable,

And did a stealthy swear.

“O Hawkers, come and walk with us,”

The Bumble did beseech;

“A short and certain way to find

A mine of wealth we teach:

We have not more than one De Beers

To give away to each.”



THE END OF THE SEASON.

Passing Friend. “HULLOA, JACK! WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU HIDING THERE?”

Jack. “ONLY SAFE PLACE, DON'T YOU KNOW. GOVERNOR'S GIVING THE TENANTS A DAY TO FINISH THE COVERS. THEY'VE JUST ABOUT FINISHED TWO DOGS AND A BEATER ALREADY!”

Then all the Hawkers followed them,

To share in such a treat;

The Bumble and the Constable

Turned down a small side-street—

“This pitch, we rather think,” they said,

“You'll find the Strand will beat!”

“The Strand,” observed the Constable,

“Henceforth is closed to you;

Don't let me catch you there again,

You'll catch it if I do!”

“The Thames is fine,” the Hawkers said;

“Do you admire the view?”

“Such clever men,” the Bumble said,

“As you I've rarely met;

In these quiet streets a fortune large

Each one of you will net”—

The Hawkers answered nothing but

“You ought to catch DE WFT.”

The Bumble and the Constable

Still take their daily run;

They find the Hawkers in the Strand

Selling their wares like fun—

And this is scarcely odd, because

They haven't banished one!

[“So mote it be.”—Mr. Punch.]

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

VI.—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

MANY people must have wondered whether happiness resulted from the marriage between CHARLES MARLOW, whose shyness with ladies, it will be remembered, prevented his ever having a word to say to any woman above the rank of a barmaid, and the vivacious KATE HARDCASTLE. The following sequel reveals the painful truth. It is called :—

STILL STOOPING.

SCENE.—The parlour of CHARLES MARLOW'S house. He and KATE are sitting on opposite sides of the fire. Silence reigns, and CHARLES fidgets nervously.

Kate (anticipating a remark subsequently made by PAULA TANQUERAY). Six minutes! Charles (finding his tongue with an effort).

Er—eh?

Kate. Exactly six minutes, dear, since you made your last remark.

Charles (laughing uneasily and blushing). Um—ah!—ha! ha!

Kate Well? What are you going to say next? It's really time you made an observation of some kind, you know.

Charles (helplessly). Um—er—I've nothing to say.

Kate (rallying him). Come, make an effort.

Charles (in desperation). It's—er—a fine day.

Kate (genially). Considering that it's raining steadily, dear, and has been for the past half-hour, I hardly think that can be considered a fortunate opening.

Charles (covered with confusion). Confound it! so it is. Forgive me—er—my dear, I didn't know what I was saying.

Kate. You very seldom do, dear—to me.

Charles. What a fool you must think me!

Kate (touched by his evident sincerity). Never mind, dear. It's a shame to laugh at you. But you are rather absurd, you know. (She goes over and kisses him. He accepts the caress with gratitude, but blushes painfully.)

Charles. I know, dear. But I've always been shy like that. It's an idiosyncrasy.

Kate. Not idiosyncrasy, dear. Idiocy. The words are so much alike.

Charles (hurt). Ah, now you're laughing at me!

Kate. Of course I am, goose. (Argumentatively) You see, dear, as long as you were a bachelor it was all very well to be bashful. But now that we are married, I really think you ought to fight against it!

Charles. Fight against it! I fight against it every hour of the day. Every morning I say to myself, "I really must get over this ridiculous shyness. I must try and show KATE how much I—er—love her."

Kate. You are curiously unsuccessful, dear.

Charles (miserably). I feel that. But it's not for lack of trying. (Desperately) Do you suppose, KATE, that anything but the strongest effort of will keeps me sitting in this chair at this moment? Do I ever, save under compulsion, remain in the same room with any lady for more than five minutes? Why, if I didn't love you to distraction, dear, I shouldn't remain here an instant!

Kate. You certainly have a curious method of displaying an ardent attachment.

Charles. Yes. It's most unfortunate. But I warned you, dear, didn't I? I told you all about my absurd bashfulness before we became engaged. You knew that the presence of ladies invariably reduced me to speechlessness before you accepted me.

Kate (sweetly). Not invariably, my love. What about your prowess with Mrs. MANTRAP and Lady BETTY BLACKLEG that you told me about? (CHARLES blushes crimson.) Didn't they call you "their agreeable Rattle" at the Ladies' Club in Town?

Charles. I—er—get on well enough with—um—er—disreputable ladies. But you—er—aren't disreputable.

Kate. You are too modest, dear. Some of your conquests are quite respectable. Didn't I come upon you in the act of kissing ANNE, the housemaid, yesterday? And no one can pretend that my housemaids are disreputable!

Charles (sighing). Yes. I'm not shy with housemaids.

Kate. So I noticed. I sent ANNE away this morning.

Charles (with real concern). Not ANNE!

Kate. Yes. And SARAH too. I thought I detected in you a lurking penchant for SARAH.

Charles (simply). Yes, I liked SARAH.

Kate. So now we haven't a single maid in the house. It's really very inconvenient.

Charles. You must get others.

Kate. For you to make eyes at? Certainly not. By the way, is there any type of female domestic servant whom you do not find irresistibly attractive? Dark ones? Fair ones? Young ones? Old ones? Tall ones? Short ones? (He shakes his head at each question.) Not one?

Charles. I'm afraid not.

Kate (with decision). Then I must do the house-work myself.

Charles (delighted). Charming! My dear KATE, how delightful. Put on a cap and apron and take a broom in your hand, and my bashfulness will vanish at once. I know it will.

Kate. It seems the only course open to us, especially as there's no one else to sweep the rooms. But I wish you were not so unfortunately constituted.

Charles (heartily). So do I. But, after all, we must accept facts and make the best of them. You must stoop to conquer, you know. Go and put on an apron at once.

SCENE II.—CHARLES'S special sitting-room, where he is wont to hide his shyness from visitors. Time, a week later. KATE, in a print dress, cap and apron, is on her knees before the fire-place cleaning up the hearth.

Charles (entering the room unperceived, stealing up behind her and giving her a sounding kiss). Still stooping, KATE!

Kate. CHARLES! (Rising.)

Charles (kissing her again). Ah, KATE, KATE, what a charming little creature you are, and how much I love you!

Kate. But how long will you go on loving me?

Charles. Always, dearest—in a cap and apron. (Embraces her.)

Kate. It's rather hard that I should have to remain a housemaid permanently in order to retain my husband's affection.

Charles (seriously). It is, dear. I see that.

Kate. However, there's nothing to be done, so I may as well accustom myself to the idea as soon as possible. (Takes a broom and begins to sweep the floor.) You don't think your absurd shyness is likely to diminish with time?

Charles. It may, dear. But I think it would be unwise to count upon it. No, as far as I can see, the only thing to be done is for you to continue in your present occupation—you sweep charmingly—for the rest of your natural life.

Kate (sweeping industriously). What would my father say if he saw me!

Charles (easily). He won't see you. He hasn't been over since we were married.

[A ring is heard.]

Kate (starting). Who's that?

Charles. What does it matter? No one will be shown in here. JENKINS has orders never to bring visitors into my room.

Kate. That's true. (Returns to her sweeping.)

[Suddenly the door opens and Mr. HARDCASTLE enters, with elaborate heartiness, thrusting aside JENKINS who vainly tries to keep him out.]

Hardcastle. Zounds, man, out of the way! Don't talk to me about the parlour. Can't I come and see my son-in-law in any room I choose?

[CHARLES mutters an oath; KATE stands, clutching her broom convulsively, facing her father.]

Hardcastle (boisterously). How d'ye do, son-in-law? KATE, my dear, give me a kiss. Heavens, child, don't stand there clinging to a broomstick as though you were going to fly away with it. Come and kiss your old father.

[KATE drops the broom nervously and kisses him obediently.]



"ONE WHO KNOWS."

The German Emperor (imitatively). "NOW THAT I'M A BRITISH FIELD-MARSHAL, I WONDER IF I MIGHT VENTURE TO GIVE THEM A HINT OR TWO ON 'RE-ORGANISATION'? AND I MIGHT SUGGEST THAT THEIR OFFICERS SHOULD ALWAYS BE IN UNIFORM—AS MINE ARE."

Charles (endeavouring by the warmth of his welcome to divert attention from his wife). How d'ye do, Sir—how d'ye do? (wringing his hand.)

Hard. (noticing a small heap of dust on the carpet, which has been collected by KATE's exertions). Eh, what's this? Why, I believe you were actually sweeping the room, KATE!

Kate (shamefacedly). I am sorry, father, that you should have found me so unsuitably employed.

Hard. Unsuitably? On the contrary, nothing could be more suitable.

Kate (annoyed). Come, Papa, don't you begin to be eccentric too!

Hard. (stiffly). I am not aware that there is anything eccentric about me.

Charles (intervening nervously). No, no, Sir. Of course not.

Hard. But when I find my daughter laying aside her finery and looking after her house, I cannot conceal my satisfaction. Ah, CHARLES, you have improved her greatly. When she lived at home, you remember, I had hard enough work to persuade her to lay aside fine clothes and wear her housewife's dress in the evenings. As for sweeping, I never even ventured to suggest it.

Kate (indignantly). I should think not!

Hard. And yet, KATE, if you knew how charming you look in a print frock, a cap and apron—

Kate (laughing in spite of herself). You, too! Really, papa, I'm ashamed of you. However, you seem both of you determined that I should pass the remainder of my days as a housemaid, so I suppose you must have your way. This is what comes of "Stooping to conquer." Now go away, both of you, and leave me to finish sweeping.

[Takes up broom again resolutely.]

Hard. We will, KATE. Come, CHARLES.

[Exit.]

Charles. Coming, Sir (darting across to his wife and kissing her). Darling!

Kate. Goose!

[He goes out hurriedly after Hardcastle.]

Curtain. St. J. H.

OUR CHILDREN'S LETTER.

(We freely acknowledge that this idea is suggested by many popular lady's papers.)

MY DEAR LITTLE READERS,—Here is a letter written especially for you. I want you all to write me a nice letter in return, telling me what you think of this charming paper. You see, we try all sorts of artful dodges to sell it. And we do sell so many—millions and millions every week. You must call me Auntie BERTHA. What a difficult name BERTHA is. Perhaps Auntie BLUFFER is easier. I hope all my little readers have a money-box. If not, you must ask mamma to buy you one; and all

the pennies you save during the week you will put in your money-box; and when Saturday comes, you will have quite a lot of pennies to spend on copies of this dear little paper. I'm sure it is your favourite one. We all work so hard in this great big office to make it better than any other paper in the world. Of course you will not keep all the copies yourself. My little chicks must not be selfish. No; you will ask nurse to take you round in the pram; and you will leave a copy at every house all round where you live. Then we shall sell more copies of this paper and grow very rich. Won't that be fun—for us! And when you have bought and given away five hundred copies of your favourite little paper, you must write and tell Auntie BLUFFER. And I shall send each of my kind little helpers a beautifully-dressed doll, costing quite two whole bright shillings. Isn't that a lot of money? I hope the little boys and girls mamma lets you play with are very good—and buy our paper every week. Does your kind papa know we publish a paper for big men—every Wednesday? It costs six-and-six, post free, and is so clever. Of course my chicks will tell grandmamma all about our Sunday papers.

Now I'm going to tell you a little story:

There was once an egg born in a warm, soft nest in the country. It was such a nice little fresh egg. I'm quite sure my little London readers have no idea how fresh a little egg can be. Well, it grew discontented at being in the pure and beautiful country, and longed for the great town; not knowing what a dreadful place it is. So it got put in a big wooden box, and came to London. And it went to a grocer's shop, and lay all day in the box watching the people passing to and fro. And, Oh, the sights it saw! Well, after a few weeks of town life it felt it was losing its freshness, and the grocer felt so too, and put a big card over it on which was written "SELECTED." It was just as well the egg could not read. And when months and months went by and nobody bought it, it longed for the country, for the dreadful air of London made it so unhappy. Indeed, it knew too well how London life had made it, quite a bad little egg. But one day a maid came and bought it, and the bad little egg thought it was going into a nice pudding. But when the cook broke its shell she knew at once what a thoroughly bad little egg it was, and she said "Pugh!" and threw it into the dust-bin. And that was the end of the discontented egg.

And the MORAL is: London is not the place for a fresh egg.

And now, my chicks, I must stop. So buy-buy—I mean bye-bye.

From your pence-loving,

Auntie BLUFFER.

Isn't this a nice, artless letter?

'VARSIITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

V.

WHEN first with studious guide-book I
To learn the colleges would try,
When John's I thought was in the High,
And Queen's was mixed with Oriel,
When bull-dogs, in my verdant view,
To fierce and four-legged monsters
grew,
Then first my glances fell on you,
Mysterious Memorial.

I wondered whose the praise you sung,
With eloquent yet silent tongue—
Some village Hampden that had wrung
From Stewart tyrants charters,
Some Cromwell guiltless—*vide* GRAY—
Some England's Alf—I turned away,
And in my guide-book read that they
Were called the Oxford Martyrs.

The Oxford Martyrs? I had read
Of none; and as I laid my head,
Much wondering, upon my bed,
Behold, my troubled slumbers
Were filled with visions: first advanced
A troop of dons, who round me danced,
Greek chorus-like, the while entranced
I listened to their numbers:

"The martyrs are those who lecture on
prose
To pupils whose Latin is not CICERO'S;
Who are doomed to teach Greek
Six days in the week
To youths to whom Plato is Greek, Heaven
knows.

"Who are fated—ah, me!—to make the
blind see
The delicate beauties of syntax—*e.g.*,
The grammatical plan
Of the particle *ἀν*,
And the force of *μή οὐ* as compared with
οὐ μή."

The wailing strophe died away,
Another band took up the lay;
All undergraduates were they
Who moved in mournful fashion.
Sad figures, pitiful to see,
And as they danced in front of me,
They sang their sad antistrophe
With scarce concealed passion:

"The Martyrs are those who are taught
to write prose
In a style that old CICERO out-Ciceroes,
Who are doomed to submit
To the insolent wit
Of a tutor who sneers at the little one
knows.

"Who are fated—woe, woe!—never, never
to know
The delicate beauties of syntax, which show
That all particles must
Their vagaries adjust
To dicta of RUTHERFORD, GOODWIN,
MONRO."

MR. MIFFIN'S ADVENTURE.

MR. MIFFIN re-filled his glass for the fifth time. Not to have done so would have argued criminal mis-appreciation of '51 port. And next to the study of Oriental metaphysics came old bottled port, in Mr. MIFFIN'S estimation. Indeed, his essay on "Decantering considered as one of the fine arts" had received possibly more favour from his fellow clubmen than his esoteric discourse on "Transmigrational Transcendentalism."

But make no mistake! Mr. MIFFIN was not dining at his club.

On the contrary, he was lunching at home in Bayswater, and the point is of some importance, as may be seen from subsequent events.

Before lunch, Mr. MIFFIN had suffered certain conscientious pangs as to the desirability of taking this sacred vintage in the middle of the day. But you must combat a north-east wind in some way, and perhaps it is better, after being buffeted about in the open, to run to port.

After lunch, Mr. MIFFIN felt no qualms whatever. He even viewed the cold slush outside with a genial smile. Then he ruminated on his pet theory, "The Transmigration of Souls," illustrating his own views—to himself—by means of the cork.

A sudden twinge put an end to a very elaborate argument, and the conscience of Mr. MIFFIN awoke with a jerk. "I'll go out," said he; and out he went.

A man was standing near one of the gates of the Park. He was shabbily dressed, and would have attracted no notice had not Mr. MIFFIN caught these remarkable words as he passed: "*The very walls of Rome have ears. Nero hath spies everywhere.*" Was the man mad? What did he know of Rome? What—could it be—? Oh, joy! Mr. MIFFIN almost broke his umbrella in his excitement. There, perhaps, was the individual whom he had sought for years—one who remembered his previous existence! Doubtless this poor wretch was once a citizen of the Great Empire. He must speak to him. At first the man seemed surprised, then an odd expression came into his face, and he told Mr. MIFFIN that he remembered, not only Ancient Rome, but Egypt and many Eastern countries. Once, indeed, he could swear he had been a rich merchant in Bagdad. Possibly, if Mr. MIFFIN had not been so carried away by enthusiasm, he might have been more sceptical. But he was naturally a trustful man, and '51 port is not compatible with scepticism.

He made an appointment with the man for the following day, and rushed home to write a paper that should startle the world.

Alas! that the world should have been deprived of this pleasure by the insig-



Mabel. "WELL, IT IS KIND OF YOU, FREDDIE DEAR, TO ALLOW ME TO DRIVE; AND WHEN WE ARE MARRIED I HOPE YOU WILL CONTINUE ALLOWING ME TO DO SO."

Freddie. "WELL—I DON'T KNOW, DARLING. I THINK, MABEL DEAR, WHEN THAT TIME COMES, I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE THE REINS OCCASIONALLY MYSELF."

nificant fact that a shabby-looking man never turned up at the house of Mr. MIFFIN. So Mr. MIFFIN could not write his paper. Nevertheless, he talks very freely at the Club about his adventure, and how the man had, perhaps, been too frightened to come, or been killed, etc.

By a queer coincidence, on that very day when Mr. MIFFIN encountered this living illustration of his pre-existence theory, a new "super" had been engaged to take part



A Little Check.

in *The Sign of the Cross* at one of the suburban theatres. He had been wandering about the park on this afternoon, and met (so he after averred) a strange old cove with whom he had a joke. Previously he had taken part in the pantomime of *Ali Baba*.

And the remarkable thing is that his fellow-actors disbelieve his story just as the Club-men disbelieve Mr. MIFFIN.

This fact, as the moralist says, gives food for reflection.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

II.—THE AMATORY CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.

(With acknowledgments to the gentleman who is reputed to have composed "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.")

MY DEAR AUNT,—I am about to send you a heavy batch of love-letters. Do not be shocked. I recognise that we are within the prohibited degrees. They are only female love-letters made out of my head. You will understand that I have disguised my sex; reversing, out of deference to modern feeling, the process of GEORGE ELIOT and others. I was naturally tempted to call my work "The Love-Letters of Elizabeth," that name being now almost de rigueur in the trade; but I have been content to say "An Englishwoman has done this thing." You might be good enough to get them published for me, and affix a preface (in a different style from that of the letters) saying, (1) that they were originally sacred and meant for the eyes of One Only; (2) that the author is dead; (3) that exceptional circumstances have arisen, &c.; and (4) anything else that may occur to you as likely to intrigue the public. I am sending them to you because you are the only woman that I know at all well whose handwriting is at once feminine and legible. This is necessary for imposing on a publisher's innocence. I shall trust you to emend anything that strikes you as too unladylike; and, in the hope that you will kindly remit profits to me at the old address, I sign myself,

Your ever anonymous NEPHEW.

FEBRUARY 1ST.—BRIGHTEST AND BEST,—This is the first of a long and steady series of love-letters that are to come from my swelling heart. Need I say that they are not for publication? No eye but yours, not even your butler's, must ever see them. I have a trunk full of letters of responsive love, written daily during the weary six months of our blossoming friendship. Each was ready stamped at the time, in case your proposal arrived before the bag went out. And now, at last, at last, I have hooked you. Dear fish! and you are man enough to imagine the victory yours! See, I give my sex away, and am too glad to blush! I never blush now. Till to-morrow.

Your Compleat Angler.

*3RD.—MOST THOROUGHLY BELOVED,—Had you an egg for breakfast? I had. I take a new and absorbing interest in myself, now that I am part of you! As a child I have been radiantly happy over mud pies. I must believe now that somewhere your dear hands were contemporaneously busy with the same luscious compound. Otherwise the joy I then had is inexplicable. I was to tell you of a wasp on my window-sill, and a new dress, also with a sting in its tail, into whose making I have put all my love for you, and how I saw a rabbit, during the transit of Venus, sucking dandelions on the lawn; but I am so fearful that you will look for mysteries between the lines, and despair of following me. My brain is a dazzle of diamond facets, while yours is a pure carbuncle, and like the Blenheim skull that woke wonder in little PETERKIN as being "so large and smooth and round." Your ever amorous.

5TH.—OWN,—Shall we give each other names from the stars, that we may wink together when apart? Yes? Then I will be Virgo, and you shall be the Great Bear that hugs me. It is my birthday, and you did not know! Somehow, I could not tell you: so strange a thing is a really nice woman's reserve.

6TH.—MOST PATIENT,—The post has this moment gone with my letter, finished just in time. So I sit down to begin another. I could go on writing without a break except for meals; but pity is at the heart of my love.

7TH.—LOVELIEST,—You have won the right to know my past. I will not withhold from you that an intermittent fever, something like nettle-rash, used to possess me when I dreamed

of one day being a maker of books. Now that I have you, I have no care for a larger public. And, indeed, it is a man's career. For woman there is love and there is beauty. My heart is my warrant for the one; for the other, it ripens daily in my mirror. Happy Mercury! though perhaps it is for you, rather than me, to say it. Please say it.

9TH.—MY STAR, MY GREAT BEAR,—I have your very own letter acknowledging my six last, which seem to have arrived by consecutive posts. You ask me if I do not weary myself, and whether I could not contrive to say a little less. Dear Altruist! I do not, and I could not, if I tried. Your importunate.

10TH.—ABSENT YET PRESENT,—What, what is this of your sickness, and me not by to touch the spot? To think that you should be laid up with "servant's knee!" Why, it is I, who am one large genuflexion at your feet, that should suffer, in that sort. Do not fear that I should love you less, though both your knees should perish utterly. You are you, and cannot essentially change. I send you BROWNING'S *Jocoseria* for a love-potion. Your NANA (not ZOLA'S, but meaning your Nurse that would be).

11TH.—POOR, POOR,—So the medicine was worse than the disease, and the "servant's knee" has given place to a strain in your dear mind? It was thoughtless to send you BROWNING, when you were too weak to bear him. Be appeased, beloved! Where your mother has failed, it will take something more than BROWNING to sever us. Here is BAEDEKER in his stead, that you may picture me in Italy, for which I start next week. My body, that is, for my spirit will bestride your pillow. In Paradise, I think, there will be no side-saddles. Ever your astral.

13TH.—Never doubt me, dearest. I would not dream of setting up my opinion against yours. I have seen your mother but once; you must have met her far, far, oftener. But then, I think, she could never have accused you, even tacitly, of suffering from hereditary madness. Here, quite humbly, I have the advantage of you in my experience of her. Forgive my presumption; you know how easily I would lay down my life for you at the first suppoon of your wish that way. When will you put me to the test? To-morrow? Then it must be by the morning post, as we leave in the afternoon for the Continent, where my address is uncertain. *Moribunda te saluto.*

15TH.—DEAREST INNOMINATO,—You have my letters, one from Dover, two from the Calais buffet, and a post-card from each end of the St. Gothard Tunnel? Arno is under me as I write. The architecture of Florence is aldermanic: it glorifies the municipal idea. One misses the reach-me-up of the soaring Gothic. I am just back from the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*. (You don't mind my spelling it with only one c? It is a weakness I cannot conquer.) I thought I knew my LIPPO of the prim Madonnas, that so belie the known levity of their model. But one has first to see his "Coronation," where his own portrait shows most profane among "the flowery, bowery angel-brood," beside the brazen "little lily-thing" who makes apology for his intrusion (and hers, too, for that matter) with her unanswerable "*Iste perfecit opus.*" Lucky "St. Lucy"! If I were Florentine, and not, as you know, an Englishwoman abroad, engaged to be married, and could choose from all this city's centuries a man to love, certainly this same LIPPO should have my heart.

"Flower o' the broom,
Take away love and our earth is a tomb."

Whoever—it should not be Lucrezia's half-souled DEL SARTO, though he does get more atmosphere into his work than most of them. How BROWNING has made these dead bones live for us with his touch of Fancy, re-creating Fact! But I forgot; you begged me, as I loved you, not to mention him. Yet he,

+NOTE.—The artificial arrangement of the dates of these letters is governed by the length and magnitude of the thoughts which they contain. It does no sort of justice to the admirable frequency of their despatch.

too, wrote love-letters; as I have heard, for I would never suffer myself to read them; such a desecration it seems to have given them to the gaping public. Dearest, you would never allow this sacrilege, I well know. Still, now that I glance through my remarks on LIPPO it seems too pretty a piece of writing to fade unseen of the general eye of man. Might we not, after all, some day print extracts from such of my letters as seem to have a permanent value for the world? For instance, I shall have some fresh thoughts on the Renaissance to send you in my next.

But I have omitted all this while to say that your face, and yours only, fills every canvas here. Kiss your mother for me. This is not a joke. *Addio! Buoni sogni!*

(To be continued.) O.S.

PRELIMINARIES.

["A Bill is to be presented at the next Session of the Wisconsin Legislature which provides that no licence to marry shall be issued to persons unless they shall have received a certificate setting forth that they are free from insanity, consumption, and tainted blood."—*British Medical Journal*.]

TELL me, MARY, ere I woo thee,
Ere to ask your hand I kneel,
What ancestral faults pursue thee—
Every hidden taint reveal.

In their old traditions ferret
For the crimes to which they're prone,
Lest their ills which you inherit
In their turn your children own.

Does your doctor's diagnosis
Show of lunacy a trace?

Or has dread tuberculosis
Been inherent in your race?

Might their bygone misbehavings
Make you less from vice to shrink?

Did your forefathers have cravings
After opium or drink?

But if you your stock can warrant
As from immemorial time,

Not inclined to vice abhorrent,
Free from tendency to crime;

Yes, when to your lover wary

All this you can guarantee,

'Twill be time enough, sweet MARY,
Then to think of wooing thee.

SOMETHING LIKE A FAMILY PAPER.—In supplement of the early announcement that Mr. CADBURY, of cocoa renown, had a large share in the new proprietary and direction of the *Daily News*, it is stated that Mr. RECKITT, whose blue is popular in the laundry, has joined the Board. There was a famous English Government, known in history as The Ministry of all the Talents. If the rumour be true that the representative of a firm which takes a leading line in starch has also put his money on the Bouverie Street horse, our contemporary and neighbour will be known as The Journal of All The Groceries.



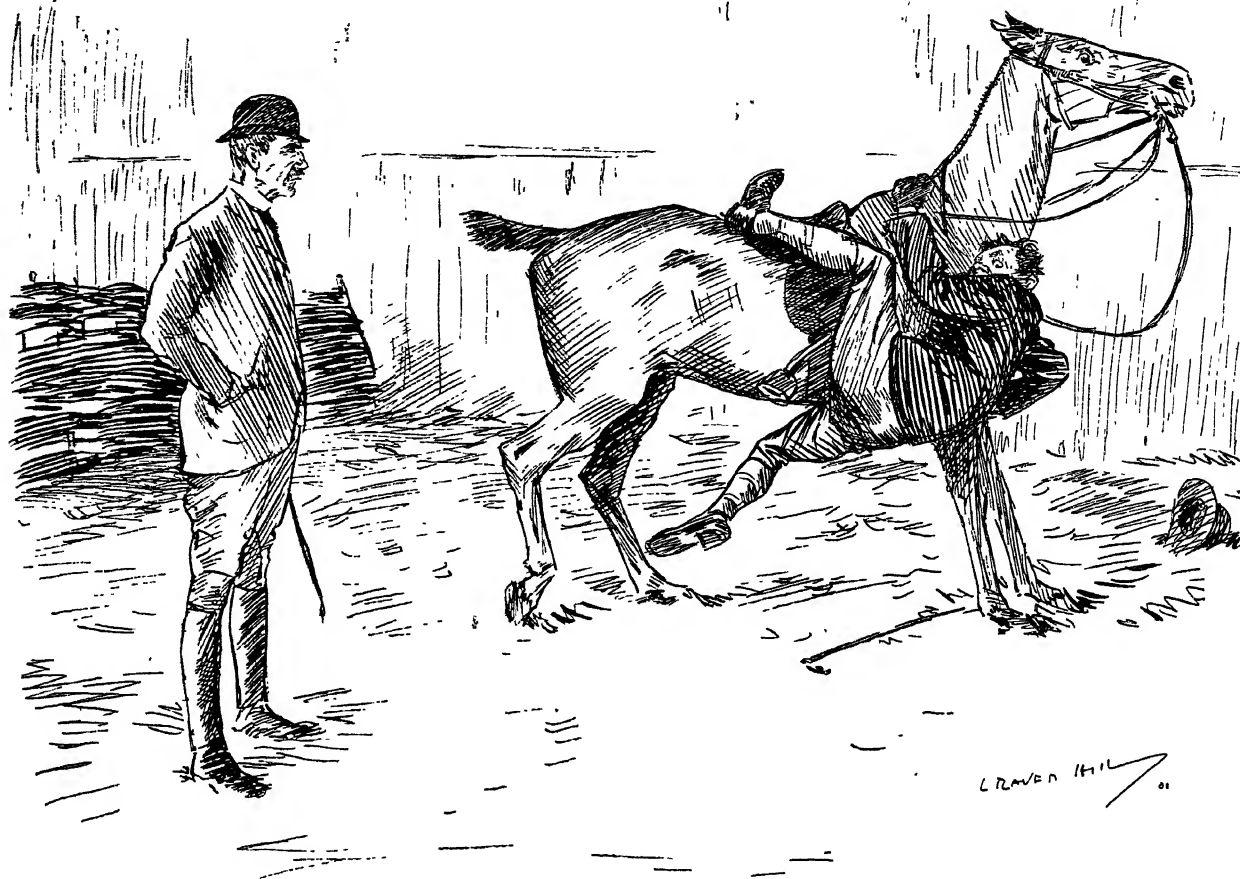
Club Attendant (to stout party, who is struggling into overcoat). "ALLOW ME, SIR."
Stout Party. "NO, DON'T TROUBLE! THIS IS THE ONLY EXERCISE I EVER TAKE!"

THE TOO MUCH ORANGE FREE STATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—“Some folks do and some folks don't,” as the song says, but I really think that some folks might be well advised in not throwing orange-peel on the pavement. I am not bigoted but I certainly dislike the Orange men of London, I mean the supporters of the peel party, inasmuch as I am now laid up in bed with a contusion of the head and a nearly broken back owing to doing the “sudden collapse trick” over the skin of a defunct product of Malta or Valencia.

Yours in distress, PETER PIPKIN.

VIVE THACKERAY!—From *The Times* of Friday last, communicated by “our correspondent.” Piquetberg Road, February 7—“Major DOBBIN, an energetic Australian, with a thorough knowledge of horse-flesh, is in charge of the remount department,” and so forth all in his praise. Dear old Dobbin! How's poor colourless Mrs. Dobbin, formerly Amelia, wife of George Osborne? “Gee up, Dobbin! Gee up, and Gee O!” as the ancient country song says. Hope that Becky Sharp is nowhere about in that neighbourhood, or that wicked little adventuress might do a lot of mischief, and upset all Major DOBBIN'S calculations.



Pupil (to Riding Master). "WHAT DO I DO NOW?"

INDIA LOQUITUR.

["In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward."—QUEEN VICTORIA.

"**LORD CURZON** telegraphs that there is still another famine in India."—*Daily Paper*.]

AGAIN that cry of anguish
Rends the pestilential air ;
Again my children languish
In despair ;
Again I hear them crying,
See them pitifully lying
In their thousands—dead and dying
Everywhere.

O London, golden city
Of the many-millioned West,
O England, if there's pity
In your breast,
Hear the voice of tribulation,
And with sweet commiseration
Help your stricken sister-nation,
So distressed !

By Her who now lies sleeping,
Full of honour as of years,

For whom we all are weeping
Salt, salt tears ;
By the Mother who watched o'er you,
By the great pure love She bore you,
O my sister, I implore you,
Lend your ears !
Us, too, She loved and cherished
With a tenderness divine,
And Her sorrow when we perished
Flowed divine ;
Then hear our supplication—
'Tis the best, the one oblation
She would wish in consecration
Of Her shrine.

THE FOOD OF GENIUS.

Life and Beauty quotes the answers of a number of eminent literary people who have been questioned as to what they eat and drink. Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, late of Stratford-on-Avon, has favoured Mr. *Punch* with the following "gift from the grave":—

With thrilling interest, dear *Punch*,
I, least of poetasters,
Do read on what they dine and lunch,
These mighty modern masters.

I wonder, had my daily food
Been what their careful fares are,
Would my poor works have been as good
And wonderful as theirs are ?

If onions I had still forsworn,
And SWIFT-like had not swallowed,
Perhaps, ere BENJAMIN was born,
Some Nancy Noon had followed.

If I had kept with careful hand
Boiled cabbage from my kitchens,
Could I have *Green Carnations* planned
Like Mr. R-B-RT H-CH-NS ?

Or had my food been lentils, maize
And vegetarian messes,
Could I have written classic plays
Like Mr. G. B. S.'s ?

In my dark days all womankind
Was bent on household duties,
And my poor ANN was sadly blind
To literary beauties ;

But had she supped the porridge pot
By which Miss H-NT's attracted,
What *Maiden's Progress* might she not
Have written or enacted ?



Sidney Simeon. Drawn.

THEIR MAJESTIES!

THE KING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN, OPENS PARLIAMENT, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

The Expert in Handwriting.

By A. L.

I.

OFTEN I have wondered whether there is any truth in the remark that the nonsense knocked out of people at school is, at Oxford, carefully and painlessly put back. It was at Oxford that HARVEY—my husband—formed his friendship for WYVERN MAUNDER. WYVERN is a "nice boy," a "dear fellow," or a "good chap," according to people's age and point of view. If he is a trifle better looking than the average, he has neither any sort of pose nor any "views," nor, indeed, anything likely to irritate his fellow men. He is consequently popular, particularly with women; and they probably know how enormously popular they are with him. It is not the sort of thing a man like WYVERN would conceal from them. In fact, he is strangely susceptible, and I have never met him yet when he was not, more or less, desperately in love. Theoretically, he is what I believe used to be called a Pessimist, and never sees the slightest glimmer of a silver lining without promptly calling attention to the lowering cloud. But this does not in the least interfere with his spirits, which are quite abnormally high. Our friendship has always consisted chiefly in our confiding in each other enthusiastically on matters of no importance whatsoever, and giving to each other, simultaneously, excellent advice, to which neither even pretended to listen. I talked to him about everything under the sun. His own subject never varied.

However, after a time, I listened less eagerly to the comfortable sorrows of the sentimentalist. But he still continued to write to me with some frequency, assuming his confidences to be no less interesting than before. It would, however, be most unfair to accuse him, in this matter, of indiscretion. WYVERN MAUNDER'S epistolary communications were liable to remain as profound a secret from his correspondent as from the rest of the world. Clear and intelligible in conversation, on paper he became a dark, unfathomable mystery. As a matter of fact, no one had as yet been discovered who could read a single word of his handwriting.

One day I received a letter from him, written apparently, as usual, in bad Arabic, with the handle rather than the point of the pen. From the shape of the letter I thought it did not seem to require an answer, and I had grown accustomed to judging by appearances in these matters. I therefore took no notice of it, although it looked a little blacker, the words were larger and yet closer together, and altogether it seemed more interesting than usual. But our friendship was growing fainter. Besides, I was going to Tunbridge Wells for Easter by an early train with little GLADYS (HARVEY was to join me the next day), and also I had something on my mind that made me rather absent at the time.

HARVEY had risen late, and I went to say goodbye to him, not at all liking to leave him even for a day. Then, as I went down and saw his breakfast ready in the dining-room, I found the letter in my pocket; so I put it on his plate, thinking it might amuse him to try to decipher "old WYVERN'S scrawl," and went off with GLADYS and her governess to Tunbridge Wells. I was thoughtful.

In the autumn I had seen a palmist known as the Wonderful Mrs. HOPKINSON, who assured me, with the absolute certainty of the mistaken, that a man with the initials A. H. would "come into my life" and "in the early spring" would "save me from a terrible danger." For a time I was sceptical. Yet, as I met, in steady succession, ANTHONY HOPE, ARTHUR HUMFREYS, ANDRÉ HELIOFFALOVICH, Lord ALFRED HAVERLEY and ALGY HAZLER, and when neither of them appeared to shew any desire to come into my life I felt disappointed. The only one

who certainly *did* take a little trouble at one time was ALGY HAZLER, and I am bound to say that if one *had* to be saved from a danger ALGY HAZLER would have been the person I should have chosen to do it.

But, after meeting him, and discovering his good qualities—and his initials—at a dinner-party, after seeing him accidentally at the theatre and on purpose in the Park, he confided in me that he was "privately engaged" to a dear girl down in Hertfordshire.

Privately engaged indeed! People with the appearance of Mr. ALGERNON HAZLER ought to have the decency to be publicly engaged, and they ought to wear a notice to that effect. Not that it mattered; what, in Heaven's name, had it to do with me! However, it was spring; there appeared to be no dangers about, and that absurd ALGY (I never liked him really) had gone to spend Easter "down in Hertfordshire."

GLADYS, Miss MILLS and I wandered about the Common, bought for each other paper-knives of curious Tunbridge ware, and GLADYS presented us each with a shell pincushion, demanding first the money to pay for these useful gifts.

The next morning I received a telegram, of which this is an accurate copy:—

To Mrs. Wentworth, Tiles Hotel, Mount Sebastian, Tunbridge Wells.—All discovered Never return to my roof Am communicating solely through solicitor Harvey Basset Wentworth.

Naturally I felt horribly upset and bewildered, and, of course, I simply hadn't a notion of what it could mean. The more I read it aloud to Miss MILLS, and the more she read it aloud to me, the less we both understood it. In the shadow of the Toad Rock I took the resolution to ask HARVEY what was the matter. I went indoors, when another telegram was given to me at the hotel. It ran thus:—

Come at once to Chiltern Court Will meet you station Bring Gladys and Mills Hope arrange all right, but must tell us everything Love from Violet—Charley.

This was, if possible, a greater puzzle than the last. The only obvious thing was that we must leave the Tiles Hotel at once.

Our journey from Tunbridge Wells to my cousin's country house remains a ghastly blank in my memory. I believe that even Miss MILLS—and certainly GLADYS, who is five—would, if they had been informed of it all, have doubted my utter ignorance of the trouble.

CHARLEY and VIOLET, my greatest friends, are a delightful young married couple. CHARLEY—well, I think that ought to be enough. Everyone knows what a CHARLEY is like. He was exceptional only in being still fonder of sport of all kinds than most CHARLEYS (particularly for shooting with an air-gun at cats).

At the little station at Chiltern we saw CHARLEY.

"BEATRICE, get up here. Miss MILLS and GLADYS can go in the carriage;" and in two minutes I was being whirled along on a high dog-cart, side by side with CHARLEY, who at once began.

"Well, you've been making a nice mess of it!"

"CHARLEY," I implored, "what is it all about?"

"Oh, BEATRICE, hang it!" he answered in a tone of despair, "do shut up that sort of thing, or I can't be the least use. VIOLET and I'll stick to you, if you'll tell us everything."

"But I don't know anything!"

"You're enough to irritate a saint! Listen. HARVEY came to BLACK'S to see me in an appalling state, and I can jolly well tell you if it hadn't been for me he'd have gone straight to Sir JAMES LAWRENCE. I got him to promise to wait two days,

and then, if I could send him a satisfactory explanation of the letter, to come down and give you a chance of explaining."

"Letter! What letter?"

"You know all right!"

"I don't."

"HARVEY found on his breakfast-table, after you left, a love-letter —"

I started.

"A love-letter. The servants say you put it there yourself—though I shouldn't have thought even you would be quite capable of that; but perhaps you did?"

"Oh, my dear CHARLIE," I cried radiantly, clapping my hands with joy. "Of course I did! Is that all? Why, I can explain it easily! It's all right. It's a mistake. I'll convince HARVEY. He's jealous, then, and of —"

"Of MAUNDER, confound him! I always thought he was a decent chap, too. I can tell you, though, BEATRICE, you've got to stop this bosh—for, of course, it is bosh."

"No, it isn't," I cried eagerly, "not even bosh! It isn't anything! Don't you see? WYVERN is madly in love with somebody else, and he confides in me. Oh, CHARLIE, I'm so relieved! Of course, no one can read his handwriting, and HARVEY must have made a mistake."

"Thank goodness! That's all right, then. I'll wire HARVEY something that will bring him down to-morrow morning; and now, do cheer up and make the best of it."

II.

AFTER a night of suspense, I was waiting in the little Japanese room to see HARVEY. I heard his voice. He had arrived! I was horribly nervous. He came in, shut the door and stood in front of it.

I said, "Dearest HARVEY, how could you be so absurd——" and I held out both my hands. HARVEY put his behind his back as though I were a child, and he had a present for me, and I was to guess what it was. So I did the same, though it seemed a silly game. Then he said:

"Now, BEATRICE, it's useless trying to humbug me. I insist on a plain answer to a plain question."

He then produced the letter from WYVERN I had left on the table, and asked me to read it.

Anything so entirely unintelligible, I never saw.

"What's this, HARVEY, about '*Don't laugh at me as a humorous swine*'?"

"Rubbish! It's '*Don't laugh at me as an amorous swain*.'"

I was sure of my version, but stumbled on—"You know little, so far, of these liver pills."

"*Lovers' ills*!" shouted HARVEY. "It's no use wasting time on this. I have copied out the essential part—the part that opened my eyes," and he gave me a paper in his own clear handwriting. This is what I read:

"You are (the?) soul of my existence, you dear woman, and our love is our life. He is frivolous and hateful, and we may (word undecipherable) tell the fool to go hang."

I was appalled at first. Could WYVERN have gone off his head, and really written this nonsense?

"Did you really find this in the letter?"

"Yes. I tell you that, taking it with the rest, I understood it. I thought at first it was a code, or something, but I soon saw it was plain English."

"Plain English! But it doesn't make sense—and WYVERN doesn't make love. Oh, believe me!"

"Silence! If you like, we'll go through the letter together. I wish to be just."

What on earth could "*He is frivolous and hateful*" mean? Why should HARVEY suppose it to refer to him? We went through it, and fought the letter word by word, till my brain whirled. One sentence I read, "*I bought a shutter on the Alps*," which HARVEY perversely declared was "*I sought*

a shelter in your arms." It was endless and maddening, until I had a bright idea. Ask WYVERN! HARVEY scorned it, saying the idiotic fool would be sure to have some damned clever rotten explanation, and so we went on, he reproaching bitterly, I denying and crying, until I suddenly said:

"Listen, HARVEY. I am certain WYVERN would not write to me in that strain, but I'll make this suggestion. Go to an expert in handwriting, and I'll abide by his decision!"

And HARVEY agreed, seeming struck with the idea. After grumbling a little more, and a few words with CHARLIE and VIOLET, he consented to go back to town and see an expert. He refused to stay to lunch, and went by the 12.45, provisionally cold and civil in manner.

In the afternoon our troubles were over. The following telegram arrived:

"Everything all right. Too sorry for words. Expert's explanation follows by post. Will come and fetch you to-morrow morning. Love.—HARVEY."

And by the evening post I received the expert's version of the important sentences. It ran thus:

"I am quick at making verses, and have finished the play in an hour. It is possible and probable that I shall bring it out as soon as I can get a man to go shares."

"I suppose," HARVEY wrote, "that dear old WYVERN has written a play, and hasn't enough money to get it produced himself. If he can't find a capitalist, I'm going to back him up. Forgive me, darling."

* * * * *

The next day we went back happy, though I still had an uneasy belief that WYVERN *must* have been writing to me about some woman—and I was quite certain he would as soon write a play in an hour as a year; also that he was not "quick at making verses." We were talking it over when WYVERN came in, and I signed to him to say nothing when HARVEY discussed it with him.

HARVEY put down WYVERN'S smiling silence, awkward looks, and apparent entire ignorance of the subject, title, or style of his play, to shyness, and went out, leaving us together, to show his renewed confidence.

Then WYVERN read me his own, real, original, and genuine version of the letter. The fatal sentences ran as follows:

"I am sick of dancing attendance on that woman, and can bear it no more. She is frivolous and heartless, and I shall go to Norway to fish as soon as I can get a pal to go too."

Since this happened, the only result of any importance is that WYVERN has learnt type-writing. Certainly, the expert did get one or two of the unimportant words right—which was rather clever of him.

Here are the three versions side by side:—

Husband's Version.	Expert's Version.	Genuine Version.
"You are (the) soul of my existence, you dear woman, and our love is our life. He is frivolous and hateful, and we may (word undecipherable) tell the fool to go hang."	"I'm quick at making verses, and have finished the play in an hour. It is possible and probable that I shall bring it out as soon as I can get a man to go shares."	"I'm sick of dancing attendance on that woman, and can bear it no more. She is frivolous and heartless, and I shall go to Norway to fish as soon as I can get a pal to go too."

And, wasn't it extraordinary? I asked HARVEY the name of the expert, and it's AUGUSTUS HENDERSON—A. H., you know!

So Mrs. HOPKINSON was right, after all!

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

(According to the Emancipated Lady Journalist.)

THERE was a rustle of silk skirts, a delicate odour of the latest fashion in perfume, a metallic jangling of chatelaine appurtenances, and the lady journalist swept into the sanctum of her chief with all the gush and ardour of her kind.

The Editor, a nervous, overworked gentleman, with a habit of strained politeness, saluted his fair visitor, and timidly picking up a long "pull," known in his profession as a "galley slip," ran his eyes its length adown and addressed the lady:

"Your report of the DE JONES wedding," he said.

The Lady Journalist grew sympathetically interested.

"It's very good," he remarked, in tones that hardly carried conviction with them. "'This afternoon,' you write, 'at St. George's, Hanover Square, the marriage took place of Miss CYNTHIA GWENDOLEN DE JONES. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and white azaleas. The service, which was fully choral, was very greatly improved by the able conducting of Mr. THUMPLETON, the organist of the DE JONES' parish church.'"

"Yes," acquiesced she.

"The bride," continued the Editor, "'was given away by her brother. She looked exceedingly well in her wedding gown. It was made of cream satin, and was in every way a triumph of art, etc., etc.' Here you devote four lines to a description of the costume."

"Yes; I had to condense it, knowing how valuable your space is."

"Then you take four more lines for the full court train, with an additional two for the veil. Three more for the jewels, another for ornaments, another for the bouquet."

"I thought it well to have these important facts quite accurate."

"Certainly. There were six bridesmaids, I notice. You give their names in full, with their relationship to the bride. Then four, six, eight, nine lines—no less—you devote to *their* costumes, with two supernumerary lines for *their* jewels and bouquets."

"Yes," said the lady journalist, archly. "It's the usual thing, isn't it?"

"Quite," said the Editor. "Then comes a concise account of the bride's travelling-dress, and the usual remarks about the presents," and he handed the proof to her. She smiled very sweetly as she thanked him. "Now I want you to glance over it,"

ful imperturbability, "I felt that one or two minor details had escaped my observation."

MORE THAN ENOUGH.

Or, Intelligence Wire-drawn.

Original Telegram (No. 1). Storm. African Coast. Damage.

Starlight Phantom. (From our own correspondent.) A terrible storm passed over the South African Coast, causing considerable damage. Houses were blown down and vessels carried on shore for miles.

Sunlight Beacon. (From our own correspondent.) Never was there such a tempest as that seen to-day on the mountainous coast of South Africa. As yet it is impossible to localise the exact spot where the force of furious winds was most felt. It is rumoured, however, that West London was entirely destroyed and the commerce of New Liverpool completely ruined. The inhabitants fled in every direction, and the earthquakes in various parts of the Continent were notable for engulfing many cities. The exact number of those killed and wounded cannot be ascertained, but the loss of life is everywhere admitted to be tremendous.

Noon Chronicle. (From our own correspondent.) One of the greatest hurricanes ever known in the tropics occurred to-day, all along the South African Coast. The storm commenced with an ominous rumble. Then the lightning set fire to (so it is said) sixteen manufactories. Many cathedrals utterly collapsed, to the terror and discomfiture of their congregations. All the doctors in the district rushed to the spot, to find their services too late. The entire population of the locality is reduced to a few

old men and a like number of children. Most of the foreign war-ships went aground, and many of them were lost. Consternation reigns everywhere. The seats of Government have been removed out of danger. The land itself has been so disturbed by the catastrophe that it seems certain that international complications of a most serious character must occur in the near future.

Original Telegram (No. 2). Cancel telegram No. 1.



EH

RES ANT-IQUÆ.

"AUNTIE DEAR, WHERE DO THESE FOSSIL SHELLS COME FROM?"

"OH, MY DEAR CHILD, A GREAT MANY YEARS AGO THEY WERE WASHED UP HERE BY THE SEA."

"HOW LONG AGO, AUNTIE DEAR?"

"EVER SO LONG AGO, DEAR CHILD."

"WHAT! EVEN BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, AUNTIE?"

he said, "and see if there isn't something you have omitted."

Her brows contracted as she ran her eyes up and down the proof.

"Really," she said, looking up with one of her sweetest expressions, "I cannot see anything of importance left out."

"You do not state," said the man gravely, "whether there was a bridegroom at the church."

"There now," replied she, with grace-

THE EGG-O-TEST!

["Immortality awaits the man who will solve the question of a cheap and plentiful supply of new-laid eggs for the breakfast-table, for the lack of these dainties is a subject of unpleasantness between married couples."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

Verses by a Modern Egg-Shelley.

TREMBLING groom, Blushing bride; Marriage knot Firmly tied.	Trembling bride! Anxious groom! Doubtful eggs! Breakfast room!
Honeymoon Being o'er, Back return To England's shore.	Be they bad— It, of course, Means no less Than divorcee.
Breakfast table Seated at, In the newly Furnished flat.	Be they good— He and she, Evermore Will happy be.
Fearing both Love's ordeal! At this first Morning meal.	Tap-tap, groom; Tap-tap, bride, Plunging spoons Eggs inside!
In round cups By the cosy Eggs, new-laid ones Does suppose he.	Is he happy? Is she sad? Is he gloomy? Is she glad?
Them for fresh ones Purchased she had, If by chance they Should turn out bad!	Chicken's eggs! Married folk! All depends On the yoke.

TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

THE success achieved by Mr. TREE's production of *Twelfth Night*, is primarily due to a charmingly naïve *Viola*, as rendered by Miss LILY BRAYTON, to the love-sick nobleman *Orsino*, made as manly as possible by Mr. ROBERT TABER (looking occasionally like Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and acting and speaking so like Mr. HERMAN VEZIN that between the two resemblances the puzzle is to find TABER), to Mr. LIONEL BROUGH's jolly old roystering *Uncle Toby*, combining forces with the irresistibly absurd *Sir Andrew* of Mr. NORMAN FORBES, and the mischievous, buxom housekeeper, *Maria* (afterwards *My Lady Toby*, and therefore aunt by marriage to the proud *Olivia*—how delighted this lady will be!—but what did this matter to rollicking WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE!) as played by Miss ZEFFIE TILBURY, to *Festo*, the musical fool, as jauntily represented by Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, whose songs were encored, everyone of them, and who never acted better than in this difficult part; and to Mr. TREE's perfectly self-satisfied, pompous, unconsciously idiotic *Malvolio*, an immortal illustration of the swollen-headed official. It is one of his very cleverest impersonations: admirable. His only fault is a rather too evident consciousness of his own humour.

This is the first list of the *Twelfth Night* "characters," who, placed as they have been by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN in a perfect paradise called "*Olivia's Garden*" (loudly and most justly acclaimed by the crowded audience), gaily carry the piece to the goal of success, taking the audience with them. On the second list there is Mr. COOKSON as an excellent melodramatic Sea Captain, Miss MAUD JEFFRIES as a rather too Lady Macbethian *Countess Olivia*, and Mr. QUARTERMAIN in that most difficult of all the parts to look and act, namely, *Sebastian*, a gawky, raw-boned looking lad, who is constrained to appear as much as possible like his twin-sister *Viola* (and she is bound to make herself a copy of him, though neither be "the original"), who has to be sentimental, sensible, careless, valiant, to fall

madly in love at first sight and politely to consent to marry off-hand a lady of whom he knows nothing at all, and has never seen before, and all this in a space of a few dozen lines, of which none are of any particular importance! Bravo, *Sebastian*!

The finish is charming and thoroughly Shakspearian. The romantic extravaganza is finished, the prismatic coloured bubble has vanished into thin air, and only the Fool remains on the stage to give one little demi-semiquaver of a note on his pipe and cast a knowing glance at the audience, as who would say, "This is such stuff as dreams are made of"—

"But that's all one

Our play is done,

And we'll strive to please you every day."

Yes, the Fool sounds the true note at the finish, and all present could dream this dream again for which the run will offer, it is most probable, many opportunities between the start and finish of the season. Music, including Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S overture, written long ago, not specially for this occasion, charming.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN his *Shylock of the River* (DIGBY, LONG & Co.) Mr. FERGUS HUME gives us a sensational story with the wrongfully suspected but, of course, utterly innocent hero, the wicked woman, the suffering heroine, and the villain, all in their proper places, and all worked in the same old accustomed fashion up to a certain point, when suddenly "things take a turn," the novel-reader's curiosity is aroused, he pulls himself together and finds that this is, "after all said and done," an uncommonly ingenious and novel plot. Worth reading, mind you, for the plot's sake, not for the writing which runs into wearisome dialogue. The criminally-disposed twins, Tweedledum and Tweedledee gone wrong, are a decidedly original invention. "FERGUS HUME," quoth the Baron, "with all thy faults I am partial to you still," and he recommends this book to those who follow the Baron.

"I would give half-a-dozen of SHAKESPEARE'S plays for one of the prefaces he ought to have written." Thus Mr. BERNARD SHAW when introducing, as he frankly says, from the cart with the trumpet, his *Three Plays for Puritans* (GRANT RICHARDS). The three plays are excellent. But my Baronite will give them all for the preface. Nothing so sublimely egotistic has appeared in print since Mr. SHAW last wrote on a subject always to him alluring. Part of the attraction of reading the pages lies in the dubiety as to whether he has his tongue in his cheek throughout the performance, or whether he is really as enamoured of himself as he professes. There is a limit to his self-esteem. "Better than SHAKESPEARE?" is the enquiry prefixed to the final study of himself. He shrinks from the definite affirmative, but boldly asserts his right to profess to have "something to say by this time that neither HOMER nor SHAKESPEARE said." He certainly has. Whether it is all subtle fooling or hopeless folly, it is decidedly entertaining. But Mr. SHAW does not immediately remind my Baronite of either HOMER or SHAKESPEARE.

The Oxford University Press is always up to date. Within ten days of the Accession of King EDWARD, Mr. HENRY FROWDE had out copies of the amended Book of Common Prayer. It contains a copy of the Royal Warrant for the new Accession Service, issued by the King's command two days' before the book was offered to the public. As is the custom of the University Press, it is issued in various forms to suit divers purses. All are excellently printed; some beautifully bound. My Baronite notes that the prayer for the Royal Family, where, of late, the Prince and Princess of WALES prominently figured, now beseeches for blessing upon "GEORGE, Duke of CORNWALL and YORK, the Duchess of CORNWALL and YORK." By-and-bye there will have to be still further emendation.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

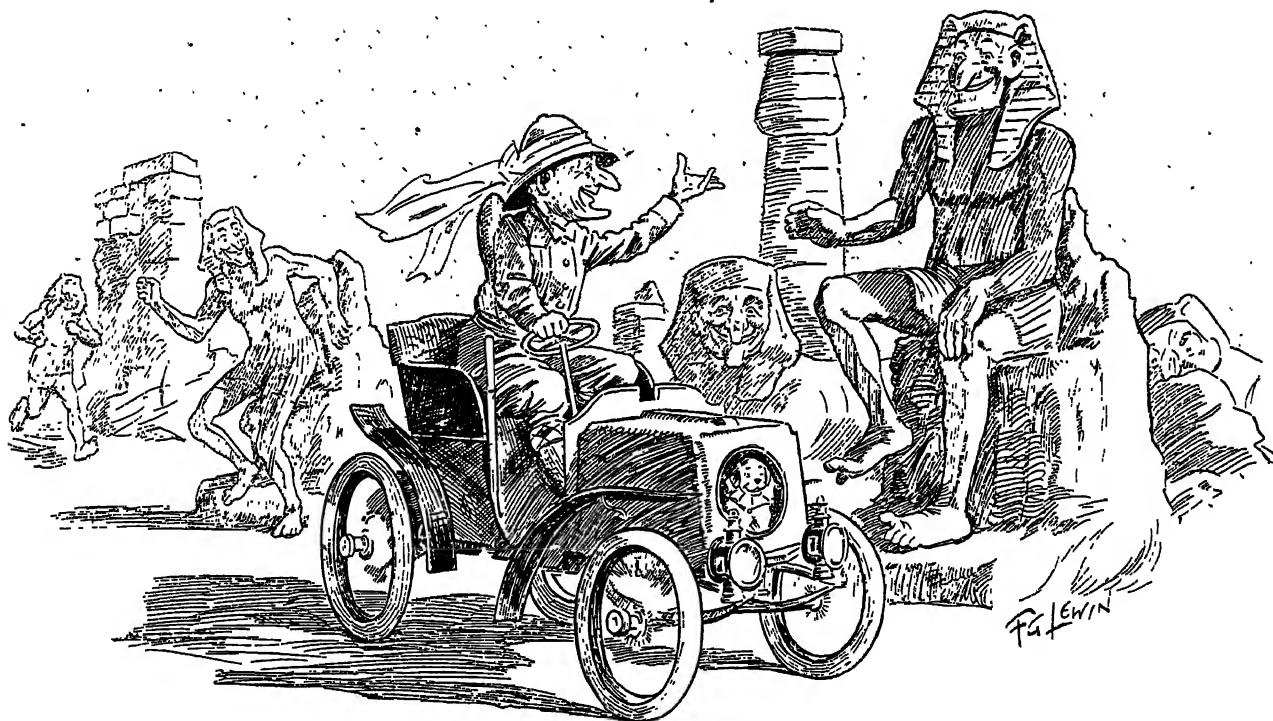
CHAP. VII.

Of Mr. Jorrocks and his creator—Of Verdant Green and Cuthbert Bede—Of Whyte Melville—Of the "Edinburgh Review."

THERE is no more important part of the conversational equipment of a young sportsman than a knowledge of sporting history and literature. To know all about Mr. Jorrocks and his exploits is something, for Mr. Jorrocks is to hunting what Mr. Verdant Green is to university life, a tradition, an encouragement, an example and an absurdity. The man who can quote his Jorrocks in the field, or at any convivial gathering of sportsmen, will never lack the tribute of appreciative laughter. What Mr. Jorrocks did, or said, or thought; how he bore himself in all the vicissitudes of his career, how he was now

own to supplement possible deficiencies in his biography. But if it were shown that he had never been on a horse, the fact would not be more surprising than the undoubted fact that CUTHBERT BEDE, the author of *Verdant Green*, was an undergraduate, not of Oxford, but of Durham University. Whither have vanished all the pale imitations of the immortal *Verdant*? Of Mr. Golightly, the *Cambridge Freshman*, a stray copy is, perhaps, sold here and there to an unsuspecting Cantab, but *Verdant*, whose author was a Durham man, still holds his own in edition after edition, at Cambridge no less than at Oxford. *Habent sua fata libelli.*

In the meantime, O my young friend, let me commend to your notice a delightful article on "The Early History of Fox-Hunting," in the latest issue of the *Edinburgh Review*. I can see your start of surprise. What, you ask, has this great



NOSÉ IN EGITTO; OR, AUTOMOBILITY IN THE LAND OF THE SPHINX.

"ONE TOUCH OF PUNCH MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

crafty and now bold, how he lectured and ate and drank and slept and roistered and rode—these are the topics that have brightened the lives and tickled the ribs of successive generations of hunting men, and seem likely to provide their descendants, in the future, with a no less generous fund of anecdote and amusement. Of Mr. Jorrocks, then, you hear constantly, and more will be said of him in this series; but of the author of his being, Mr. SURTEES—the creator, too, of a whole gallery of vivid sporting characters whose deeds are alive in the mouths of men who ride—little or nothing is known. He wrote his books, he lived his life, death long ago claimed him, and there his history ends. And it is perhaps his greatest glory that by the mere force of his animal spirits and his gift of lively description he should have stamped his fat cockney shopkeeper, Jorrocks, upon the minds of sportsmen as the type and exemplar of a sportsman. Was SURTEES himself a hunting man? It is a horrid doubt; I do not speak by the book, and have no private knowledge of my

quarterly—the jousting place of MACAULAY, and innumerable other protagonists of politics and literature—what has it to do with sport, and how shall a sporting novice profit by reading its severe and solemn pages? Softly, good youth, softly. Remember, that in all ages literature and sportsmanship have gone hand in hand, and that though countless rubbishy books have been written on hunting, as on every other mortal subjects, yet the books that live and delight their readers are the good books. Think of our own, our unapproachable, WHYTE MELVILLE, a scholar, a novelist, a poet and one of the gallantest gentlemen that ever crossed a saddle. He has the grand style in literary sportsmanship; his is the brave and breezy nature appreciative of all noble, generous deeds, his the sense of tears in mortal things and the deep love for the brave dumb creatures who lay at our feet their priceless gifts of strength, courage, affection and devotion. WHYTE MELVILLE is the man: he lives while *Thormanby* and his like are already, to all intents and purposes, dead and forgotten. Hear our Edinburgh Reviewer:

—"It is not impossible," he says, "to find a sportsman who can write a good book without being (as LOCKHART said to MURRAY, when he discovered Mr. APPERLEY, the now classic 'NIMROD'), a man who can hunt like HUGO MEYNELL and write like Sir WALTER SCOTT. But perhaps the readers of sporting literature are less difficult to satisfy than others." Why this should be I know not, for there are many good books on sport, and the modern hunting man is not, as a rule, a *Squire Western*. However, as I say, read your *Edinburgh Review*. You will learn many interesting facts in this bright and pleasant article. And in case you should miss it, I will next week set forth one or two for your advantage.

DIARY OF A SKATER

DURING THE PRESENT WINTER.

London, Monday.—Thermometer descending nicely. Looks hopeful. Hunt up skates and polish blades. A bit rusty—not been used since '97.

Tuesday.—Nice frost overnight. Quarter of an inch of ice at Hampstead. No ice on the Serpentine, as usual. Thin crust on Round Pond. Warning notices against venturing on the same look promising.

Wednesday.—More frost. Get down manual on skating, and refresh memory as to difference between "Rocker C" and "Counter A." Experiment in hall. Wife makes unseemly joke. Asks if I am going to be a counter-jumper; reassure her that "bracket turns" have nothing to do with the damage of wall-decorations.

Thursday.—Still freezing, though less severely. Ice almost bears in suburbs. Read paragraphs in morning papers with avidity *re* skating prospects. As usual, St. James' Park water has to be frozen solid before they will let you on.

Friday.—Snow. Ice not strong enough to bear sweepers. Indications of thaw. V-shaped depression coming from the Continent. Suffer from hump-shaped ditto.

Saturday.—Thaw.

Monday.—Thaw. Championship Day in the Fens. Postponed as usual. Secretary incurably optimist.

Tuesday.—Thaw. JONES calls to say good-bye, being off for a week at Davos.

Wednesday.—Thaw. Meet SMITH at Victoria Station, offensively swinging skates. Explains he is on the way to Holland.

Thursday.—Thermometer 50°. Birds singing and trees sprouting. ROBINSON writes, inviting me to join him on trip to International meeting at Stockholm. Just my luck—have to stick in London.

Friday.—Temperature somewhere in the sixties. Read of skating and snow-balling at Nice and Rome. Why don't they turn off the Gulf Stream in the winter?

Saturday.—Just on the freeze. Rub hands. Get out orange and practice combined figures by myself in dining-room.

"Twice back and forward, and forward inside, change at centre" . . . "forward, and forward three out, and forward inside Q." Hear suppressed laughter of servant in passage. Knock over tray, and nearly sprain ankle over coal-box. Grand sport, however.

Monday.—33°. Cold rain. Hopes dashed. Everything dashed.

Tuesday.—45°. Ironical notices still up by the Round Pond.



CURIOUS VALENTINE, FOUND IN THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE. UNDELIVERED THROUGH INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS.

Wednesday.—31°. Sleet. Reports of skating at Lingay Fen.

Thursday.—32.5°. Slush. Curling in Scotland. Step on orange-peel on pavement. Good practice for back-fall. Had quite a nice little (involuntary) slide. Must be thankful for small mercies.

Friday.—20°. Blizzard. Ten inches of snow. Impossible to stir out until the new municipalities have brought their intelligence to bear on the situation (which will take them a fortnight at least).

Saturday.—Temperature—summer-heat. Temper—boiling-point. Smash skates, and write letter of complaint to the *Times*.

ALL FOR BEER—WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(With the kind assistance of certain well-meaning people.)

SCENE—Beer Provision Department (late Circumlocution Office). Enter man in the street to outer hall.

Man (addressing messenger). Will you please tell me where I am to go for—

Messenger. First turning to the right, second to the left, and ask for No. 16.

Man (entering No. 16, after some trouble in discovering its whereabouts). I have been told to come here to ask for a—

Physician (in attendance). Quite so. Now say British Constitution.

Man. British Constitution.

Doctor (after consideration). Hum! I think you utter the words with sufficient distinctness. Please now go to Room No. 314.

Mess. (entering Room No. 314). I have been told in Room No. 16 that I must ask for—

Physician (in attendance). Quite right. Now tell me, does your medical man forbid you to take ale?

Man. No. I have no medical man.

Physician. That seems a satisfactory answer. You can go to Room No. 27.

Man (entering Room No. 27). I have been sent here by—

Magistrate (in attendance). Quite so. Now I wish to know if you have any conscientious scruple to the consumption of alcohol?

Man. No. On the contrary—

Magistrate. That will do. Have you a wife and family who might be injured by your yielding to habits of intemperance?

Man. I am not married.

Magistrate. I am satisfied. You can go to Room No. 436.

Man (entering Room No. 436). If you please, I have come to—

Accountant (in attendance). Quite so. Well, now, are you prepared to pay rather more than you did some time ago? You see we have to make a certain profit for purposes of a philanthropic character.

Man. I do want a glass of—

Accountant. Certainly. Take this voucher to Room No. 1.

Man (entering Room No. 1). I have brought this voucher.

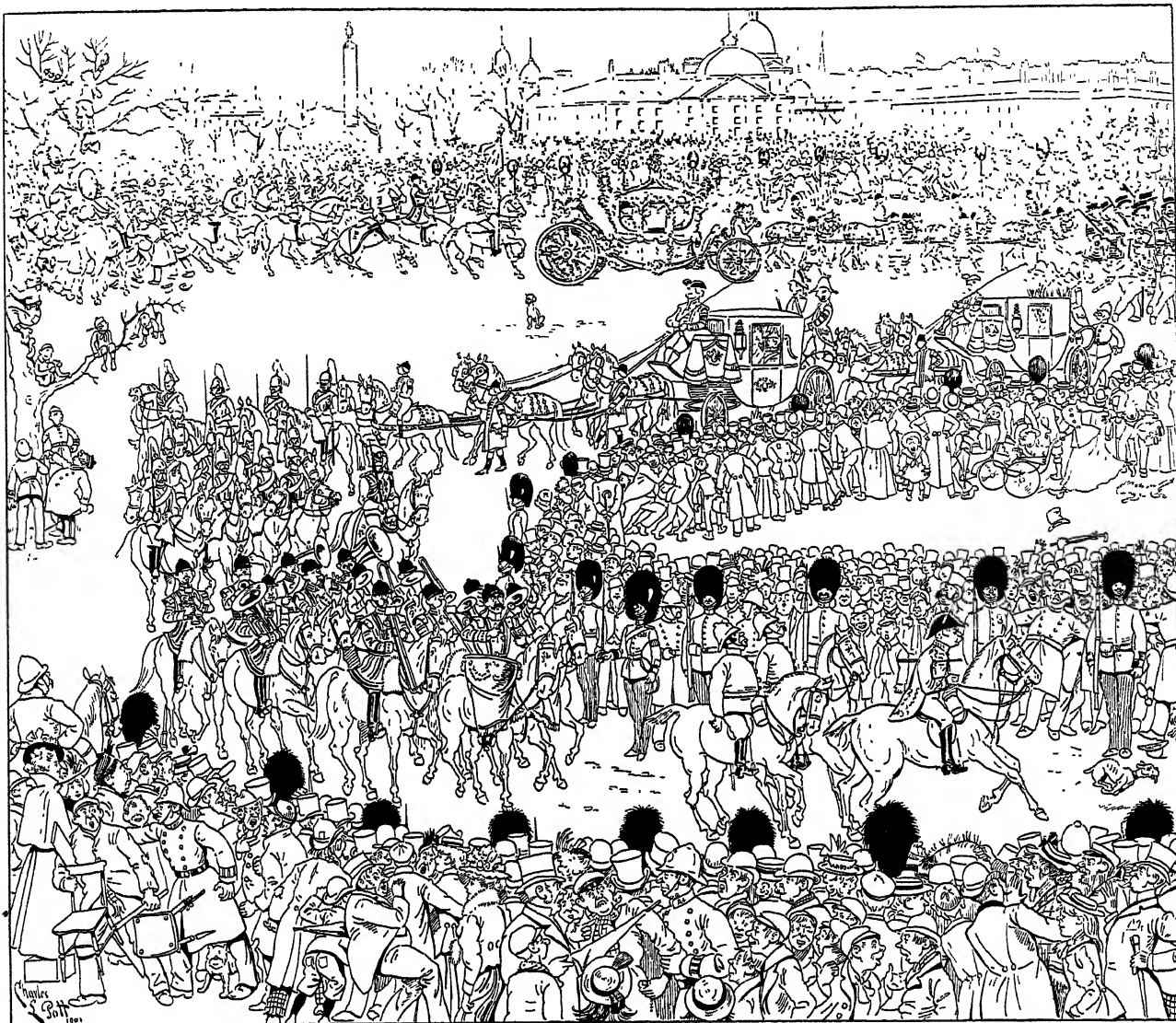
Official Barman. Certainly. Here you are.

Man (taking a half-pint tumbler). Thank you. How much?

Official Barman. Fourpence, please.

Man (after payment and suction). Well, I never! Best thing I can do is to buy a bottle of whiskey, and finish it. Less trouble. Mr. RITCHIE was right to "have some doubt whether a reduction in the number of public houses would be attended with such beneficial results as seemed to be anticipated."

[Curtain.]



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

THE OUTSIDE SHOW.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Thursday, February 14.—In one sense, a pity KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH is not an ordinary Peer of Parliament. To-day disclosed possession of rare gift of making himself heard throughout full length of House of Lords. For most Peers the gorgeous Chamber is the sepulchre of speech. Of 600 Peers there are not more than a score who are able, successfully, to fight against the triumphant faultiness of acoustical properties of the Chamber. To-day LORD CHANCELLOR had occasion to read a form of oath for the KING's subscription. Over the strained ears of brilliant assembly there floated stray words of mysterious import. Understood to be some antiquated decla-

ration administered as a dose of sour Orangeade, presumably a tonic, to newly mounted British monarchs since times of STUARTS.

When, some minutes later, LORD CHANCELLOR, gracefully kneeling, presented to his SOVEREIGN a document with broad black edge, and HIS MAJESTY began to read the lengthy speech prepared for him by his faithful Ministers, his voice, distinct, sonorous, filled the Chamber apparently without effort.

A strange unwonted scene MAJESTY looked upon seated side by side under the canopy of the Throne. Every bench on floor was filled. Masses of black where the Peeresses sat, lightened by the glow of fair countenances and the flash of peerless diamonds, contrasted with the wedges of red driven into the parterre by closely packed Peers in scarlet robes.

Long lines of ladies in deepest mourning filled the side galleries; they crowded the gallery where, in ordinary times, humbler strangers sit. Judges in their robes and full-bottomed wigs; Bishops in spotless surplices; Foreign Ministers in uniform, displaying on their breasts many strange orders. At the Bar stood the SPEAKER, with Mace in attendance. Immediately behind PRINCE ARTHUR, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, DON JOSÉ, ST. MICHAEL; behind them the mangled remains of gentlemen of the House of Commons—all that was left after the fierce rush to get front places at the Bar, see the QUEEN (she looked younger and prettier than ever), and, for the first time in more than a generation, hear the SOVEREIGN recite his own Speech.

House of Commons.—At 4 o'clock Palace Yard crowded with ambulances,

stretchers, bath chairs and other convenient locomotive contrivances for the wounded. BURDETT COUTTS, bustling round on tour of inspection, felt quite at home. It was not the after-math of a fresh engagement in the not yet ended war. It was merely borough and county Members who had taken part in the dash on House of Lords coming back to hear Debate on Address in Commons.

Six o'clock before actual business commenced. SPEAKER took chair at 3.30: but on these occasions House likes to waste its freshest hours, rushing into dinner hour the Leader of House with speech everyone is waiting for. First there was swearing in of new Members, a performance which, if necessity be insisted upon, might equally effectually, far more conveniently, be accomplished between breakfast and luncheon in one of the Committee Rooms. Then SPEAKER read collection of musty Standing Orders which nobody but JEMMY LOWTHER minds. One supplies him with opportunity of dragging out what is now mere mummy of a joke. It prohibits, under fearsome penalties, Peers taking part in Parliamentary elections.

"All my eye," says JEMMY, readily dropping into the vernacular. "At beginning of every Session we solemnly affirm this Constitutional principle, and noble Lords, when it pleases them, absolutely ignore it and us. What does Dr. WATTS remark?"

'Tis not enough to say
You're sorry and repent,
If you go on in the same way
As you did always vent.

In this case, Peers don't even plead sorrow or affect repentance. They just go on in the old way: so do we. No use barking if you can't bite. Let us abolish this futile injunction."

Much common-sense in this; admirably put in a speech once or twice heard. But JEMMY has been at it now for years, and repetition, even of a joke, palls upon frail humanity. The Member for Sark knows an old Seigneur in the adjacent island of Alderney, who has a story which turns upon the firing of a gun. On his own estate the thing works well enough. A well trained retainer, at a certain stage of dinner, fires a gun on the lawn.

"Hallo!" cries the genial host, "there's a gunshot. That reminds me."

Then comes the story. When the old gentleman is visiting at other houses the case is more difficult. But he is equal to it. In a pause in conversation he kicks the table underneath. "Hallo!" he says, "was that a gun? Now that reminds me." Then the story.

Thus our dear JEMMY. Whenever the SPEAKER, at the opening of a Session, submits Standing Order affecting Peers and Parliamentary elections, JEMMY pricks [up] his ears. ["Hallo!" he says,

"Peers in Parliament? That reminds me," and straightway he moves to amend Standing Order.

To-night he considerably spared speech but insisted on a division, the whole performance filching more than a quarter of an hour. Then came those armed men, the Mover and Seconder of the Address, taking precedence of Leaders on both sides with prolonged utterance of pretty platitudes.

CAWMELL - BANNERMAN, at last finding his opportunity, was so demoralised that he displayed the (for him) rare weakness of taking an hour and a quarter wherein to say nothing particular. Thus it came to pass that PRINCE ARTHUR, on whose utterance the crowded House waited, had only half an hour in which to expound Ministerial policy and then was driven perilously close into the dinner hour.

Suppose at opening of next Session, as soon as the SPEAKER takes the Chair, we have the Leader of the Opposition delivering himself of his views of Government policy past, present, and future; the Leader of the House replying. Thereafter, business thus accomplished, play might commence, including JEMMY LOWTHER'S tilt against the Peers, and the pained orations of the Mover and the Seconder of the Address.

Business done.—KING and QUEEN open Parliament. Address in reply to Speech moved in both Houses.

Friday Night.—Sort of haggis of debate. Remember what the appreciative Scot said about the national dish? "Some fine confused feeding in a haggis," he remarked, smacking his lips.

Talk to-night, rather confused than fine, began around pure beer; ran into the War; got back to beer; led to Army Hospitals; diverted by one Irish Member to murderous accusations against Generals, the pick of whom, the pride of all, are born Irishmen; trended by another Irish Member to scholastic mediæval definitions; finally brought back by Burdett Coutts to remarks about himself with references to War Hospital administration.

Drear level varied by brief flash of speech from Lord STANLEY. Extending experience as Chairman of Kitchen Committee; been out to the war. Applied energy in cutting down kitchen expenses by truncating war correspondents despatches. Thing struck him most in campaign was exceeding rudeness of Boers. When they went out to fight they insisted upon killing somebody. With the French poet lamenting the proclivities of the walrus, Lord STANLEY, otherwise generous in his appreciation of the Boer, deprecates his habit in the proximity of kopjes.

Cet animal est très méchant
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

Business done.—None.

MAN PROPOSES—SO DOES WOMAN!

["The twentieth century will have the greatest number of leap years that a century can have." —*Echo*.]

OH, sigh no more, neglected maid,
Who never had a single offer,
The time is coming—so 'tis said—

When you your love can freely proffer.
No lingering day by day in doubt,
Trying to fathom his intentions;
No long-drawn sigh, no angry pout,
Because he never marriage mentions.
Drown'd all your dread and deep fears
In the coming stream of leap years.

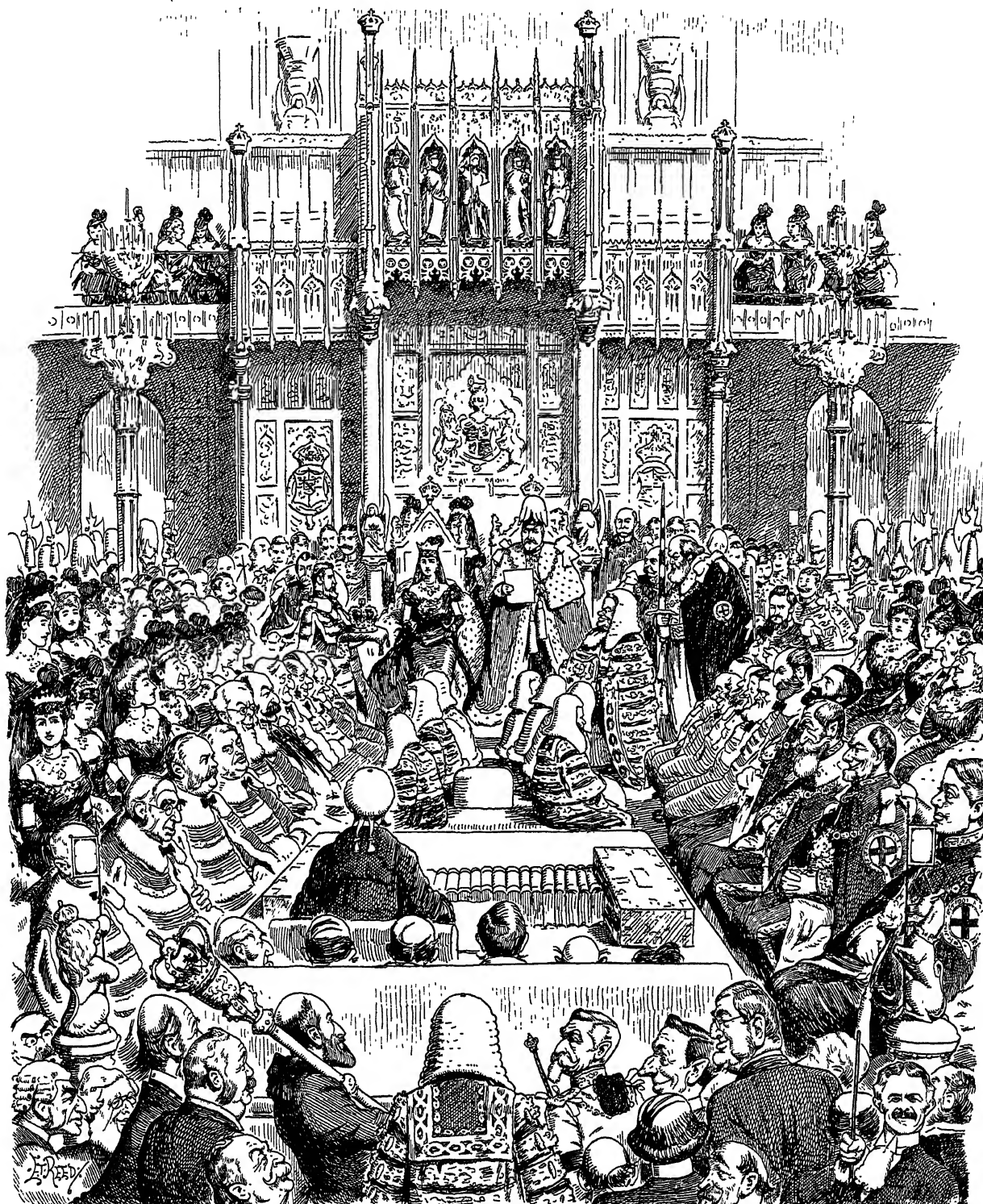
Oh, deem not your entrancing smile
A thing of nature lost for ever
In that it never did beguile
A single man, or your endeavour
To coax from man a word of praise
On your profound attainments mental,
Or grieve that false he thought your ways,
As also your arrangements dental.
Perish all your maidhood's deep fears
In the coming sea of leap years.

As year on year rolled o'er your head
And took from youth some winning grace,
You quite despaired of being wed,
Time stole the fortune from your face.
How was your heart beset by fears
When silver hairs you first did spy
When man came not—but only years,
You positively thought you'd dye.
Spinster, calm your dread and deep fears

In the many coming leap years.
The secret of your years you thought
Too hallow for a human breast.
You followed every manly sport
In bifurcated glory drest.
Unwed!—the awful, grisly cupboard
Skeleton you thought yourself,
A species of unmarried HUBBARD
Reposing quietly on the shelf.
Maidens, up! your harvest reap.
Here's
Success to you in coming leap years.

A TIP FOR LOVERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the papers (how do these things get there?) that the Hottentot widow who re-marries has to cut off the top-joint of a finger, and present it to her new husband. People of different colour understand one another's ways with difficulty, and this account of a primitive jointure is—in the absence of African legal commentaries—valuable as an index to the Black's tone of matrimonial ethics. No jointure, no marriage. If this custom prevailed in Europe, a doubting swain would be provided with a handy test. "M'aimes tu?" he would murmur in the language of passion. "Je maim," would reply the widow, humorously but inaccurately, and she would proceed to suit the action to the word by at once nailing her man with the necessary handsel. What husband would not be happy thus *monstrari digito*? Yours, AD UNGUEM.



THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

(As seen "in the Mind's Eye, Horatio," of our ubiquitous artist who is invariably "all there.")

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

II.—THE AMATORY CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.

(Continued, with further acknowledgments to the gentleman who is reputed to have composed "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.")

FEBRUARY 18TH.—Out of a gondola "I send my heart up to thee; all my heart." I want you here in Venice, to hold you by the hand and teach you things about Art not to be found even in *Baedeker*. I should be the man, and you would be the woman—in this Kingdom by the Sea, as Mr. SWINBURNE said of GEORGE SAND and DE MUSSET. You have heard of these people, beloved?

My Italian betters itself. I had a fancy, when I saw *Dogana* written up in the railway station on my arrival here, that it was the feminine of *Doge* and so should mean the Sea, because the Doges used to wed it with a ring. Of course, it was really the Custom House (*Douane*). We call our pet gondolier *IPPOCOTAMO*, because, for lack of cabs, he is our river-horse. Who was the old lady who complained that she did not see Venice under favourable conditions, as it was flooded? No thought but of you.

19TH.—By all means, dearest, make an armistice with your mother, and let us all go into winter-quarters. I remember, the first (and only) time I saw her, she had such an air of prophylactic maternity that I almost asked her if she knew you were out. Frankly, beloved, she is really rather an old hen; or shall we say she is most (or should it be *more*) like CALVERLEY's parrot that declined to die. It was imbecile, too, you know; the very epithet your mother applied, by implication, to my mother. Still, I must love her a little, since, but for her, how could I have known you? In any case, my whole love to her son.

20TH.—MOST NEAR.—This must be a very, very short letter, as I can hear your horse's gallop in the lane. You are coming, beloved, you are coming!

I am just returned from the gate. It was the butcher's boy. I kissed his feet from mere association of ideas. You are not jealous? He is nothing, nothing to me, except that just now he seemed to take your rightful place. See, I lay my cheek on the words that will soon glow under your eyes. There, I have a black smudge on my nose, and am in mourning for myself. Lay your nose, dearest, where mine has left the paper still warm. Your impressionable.

21ST.—GRACIOUS.—This is very sudden. Your dear letter says that I must understand we parted for over last Tuesday at 3.30 P.M. Ah! these things should not be *written*. Come to me, come, and with your own lips repeat this remark; and then by that very act you will belie yourself with lovely perjury. I would say much more, but my pen, for the first time within my knowledge, refuses. This must show you how strangely I am your distraught.

22ND.—Of course, my Prince, if you *mean* it, I must release you. But nothing shall ever make me stop writing. Do not imagine me capable of such self-effacement. There is a big empty play-box upstairs, which I am having made into a dead-letter office. There will be pigeon-holes to take the little essays which, out of my great love for you, I promise not to post. You are right in saying that I am the most generous woman you have ever met.

23RD.—GREAT HEART.—I would have you know that there are consolations. If you had let me marry you, as I have so consistently urged, that might have been the end of my love-letters. Now there is no limit set them but the grave. My pen was always jealous of your presence. Now it knows it is the dearest thing I ever grasp.

24TH.—I do not propose to outlive my happiness very long. And, indeed, my own mother died when I was seven. In one of

my letters I told you my family was long-lived on both sides. This, of course, was not true; but I wrote it just after your mother had hinted that my "stock" was not very good stuff. Your sorry.

I seek in vain for help from the grief of poets. Words! words! a tagging of epitaphs that makes me sick. "*C'est aimer peu que de pouvoir dire combien l'on aime.*" And the same with sorrow, only more so. If I thought that any eye but yours would penetrate the secret of my woe, I would destroy these letters *unwritten*; or else be more careful about the spelling of my Italian.

I cannot stain this paper with tears as I could have wished. Why will they not come at call, like ink? At each eyelid hangs one, but only semi-detached, like a Brixton villa. You see, I am not so sad but I can still compass some happy turn of thought like this. Your ever ingenious.

25TH.—BELOVED ORPHAN.—Light lie the earth on your mother's head. So short a while ago, and I would not have believed that I could one day hear of her death unmoved. Yet this morning, when the news came, I could not raise so much as a feeble smile. Well, she has had her will; and now she has "gone to her place"—not mine, let me trust. Dearest, you will never have another mother like her; nor I, it seems, a mother-in-law of any sort.

26TH.—DEAR ONLY READER (if any).—I was born with a *penchant* for descriptive letters, and had I meant these for the public eye I should have made your personality shine more speakingly through them. How should the world know just what you are to me from a passing reference to your check riding-breeches and side-whiskers? And that is so long past. By now you must have replaced the one; and the other you may have shaved away in a paroxysm of regret.

I think I could have lost you almost cheerfully if I had only been told why. One of the saddest memories of my childhood (I was two at the time) is concerned with a tale my NANA told me, of a poor wronged woman—was she a Queen of SPAIN, or somebody in TOM HOOD?—whose true love left her on a rumour that she had a wooden leg. She was condemned unheard, and the sentence was practically capital. Like me, she never even knew the charge against her; partly for the stringency of etiquette, and in part through the proper sensitiveness of her lover, who must, I think, a little have resembled you, beloved.

As a child—perhaps already nursing my woman's seed of uncomplaining sorrow—the story touched me poignantly. ARTHUR, on the other hand, who also was present at its telling, has no memory of it. But then he was my junior, being barely out of long-clothes.

28TH.—MOST STOLID.—This is my last letter, positively. The doctors give me till to-morrow to break up. Are you interested to learn the cause? No? Then I must still tell you. *I am dying of Curiosity*. It is the woman's ruling passion—that, and love-letter-writing in my case—strong even to the death.

Many unsolicited answers to our conundrum—yours and mine, beloved, for all that is yours is mine—have been sent in to me by good-natured people, perfect strangers to me, most of them. One writes, quite gently, hazarding the theory that you were bored by me. Well meant, but manifestly absurd. Another guesses that, suddenly, you had recognised your own mother's madness, and shrank from reproducing it. Some of these solutions are too paltry to repeat; and one of them unmentionable on other grounds.

In my secret heart—it may have been through unconscious association with the story of the wooden leg—I half believe that when I called your attention, perhaps with too careless a pride, to the Norman tint in my veins, you gathered, from the eloquence of my love, that their blueness was really due to the presence of ink in my blood. Well, whatever—I would shed its last drop for you. Your always most effusive. O. S.

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

VI.

I OFTEN wonder how it falls,
Despite my best endeavour,
That I am doomed to fail in Smalls
Forever and forever.

At first, my philosophic mind
Was tempted by the beauty
Of PLATO, whom I then combined
With CIO. *de Senectute*;

And when I failed my tutor said,
"If you're advised by me, Sir,"
For these you'll substitute instead,
Say, XENOPHON and CÆSAR."

And so, with KELLY close at call,
I read these war-reporters,
And tried to understand how Gaul
Is halved into three-quarters.

These failing, next I took in hand
Their (so to speak) antipodes,
In HORACE, Smartly rendered, and
(COLERIDGE my aid) EURIPIDES.

But finding I could not extract
From such a dry old BOHN a
Mere drop of nourishment, I racked
My brains o'er *de Corona*;

And lest in prose I might forget
The lighter Muses' frolics,
In leisure hours myself I set
To VIRGIL's gay *Bucolics*.

Next, having failed again in those,
To my no small affliction,
For facts LEAF'S *Iliad* I chose,
While LIVY gave me fiction.

In short, whatever works you find
Within the regulations,
I've taken, and them all combined
In endless permutations.

And still I wonder how it falls,
Despite my best endeavour,
That I am doomed to fail in "Smalls"
For ever and for ever.

WITH ROD AND AIR-GUN.

*Country notes by our own correspondent
on the spot.*

It is with amazement that I have read in one or two esteemed contemporaries the remark that pied cats have been unusually scarce this season. To me, as an ardent devotee of the air-gun (the catapult is now held in the supremest contempt by all Primrose Hill sportsmen), this information comes as a keen disappointment. A friend of mine writing from the wilds of North Bayswater assures me that no less than two of these sprightly little animals have fallen to his gun during the present century; which is an uncommonly good bag, I should imagine, considering the reports of this particular feline's scarcity



*Voice from the Ditch. "DON'T JUMP HERE!"
Irish Huntsman. "AND WHAT WOULD YE BE AFTER DOWN THERE? WATHER-CRESSES?"*

now current. For my own part I have had but one decent shot at a pied cat, and then I fortunately missed her. It was my dear and very wealthy old aunt's, and she would never have forgotten or forgiven.

Disciples of the bent-pin have had some disappointing sport in the round pond on Hampstead. Evidently, the minnow is partaking of the wide-spreading influences of popular education, and is not so open to the crooked argument seductively dangled before its eyes as is popularly supposed. A friend of mine, who persists in advocating the pleasures of deep-sea fishing over freshwater—or as fresh as can be got—sends me a long letter from Margate, where he says quite a host of well-known piscatorial personalities are to be seen daily thronging the jetty. Catches of crab and harbour eels, he writes, average one in every two minutes. One of the advantages of deep-sea fishing, says my friend in parenthesis, is the pleasurable absence of sardine tins and old shoes. To the most philosophic line-dangler, the sight of such aquatic debris on the end of his slender string

brings a distrustful doubt as to whether some forms of British sport and recreation are not over-estimated.

For me, exciting as salt-water fishing is held to be, I think nothing beats the exhilarating, thrilling, and slightly perilous sport of "tiddler fishing," as it is so pleasantly and familiarly called. I spent all last Sunday morning casting over our pond, after having with great difficulty penned all the ducks. I did not actually catch anything, although I noticed with my pocket-telescope that several tiddlers nibbled the bread and swam off. Next Sunday I am going to bait with brown bread, which is considered very digestible; and, after all, why not make your sports as humane as possible?

"As she is spoke,"

In the Train from Nice.

Enthusiastic Golfer (to friend, as train stops at Golfe-Juan). Oh, here we are! This must be the place. "Golfe," golf. "Juan," jeu, play, you know. Yes, this is evidently the station for the Links!

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

VII.—IN THE LYONS DEN.

WHEN Lord LYTTON provided the conventional "happy ending" for *The Lady of Lyons* by reuniting Pauline, née Deschappelles, to the devoted Claude Melnotte, promoting the latter to the rank of Colonel in the French army, he seems not to have troubled his head as to the divergent social ideas of the happy pair, nor as to how the vulgar and purse-proud family of Deschappelles and the humbler Melnottes would get on together. The sequel throws a lurid light on these points. In writing it, great pains have been taken to make the blank verse, wherever possible, as bad as Lord LYTTON'S.

SCENE.—*The drawing-room of CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S house. PAULINE is sitting by the fire, CLAUDE leaning with his back against the mantelpiece. JAMES, a man-servant in livery, enters with a card on a salver.*

Pauline (*reading card*). Mrs. SMITH! Not at home, JAMES.

Claude (*who can never quite get out of his habit of speaking in blank verse*).

Why are you not at home to Mrs. SMITH?

Pauline. My dear CLAUDE, that woman! Mr. SMITH kept a greengrocer's shop. 'Tis true he made a great deal of money by his contracts to supply the armies of the Republic with vegetables, but they are not gentlepeople!

Claude (*in his most Byronic manner*). What is it makes a gentleman, PAULINE? Is it to have a cousin in the Peerage?

Pauline. Partly that, dear.

Claude (*refusing to be interrupted*). Or is it to be honest, simple, kind—

Pauline. But I have no reason for believing Mr. SMITH to have been more honest than the general run of army contractors.

Claude (*continuing*). Gentle in speech and action as in name?

Oh, it is this that makes a gentleman! And Mr. SMITH, although he kept a shop, May very properly be so described.

Pauline. Yes, I know, dear. Everybody calls himself a gentleman nowadays, even the boy who cleans the boots. But I am not going to give in to these unhealthy modern ideas, and I am not going to visit Mrs. SMITH. She is not in Society.

Claude (*off again on his high horse*). What is Society? All noble men—

Pauline (*objecting*). But Mr. SMITH isn't a nobleman, CLAUDE.

Claude. . . . And women, in whatever station born.

These, only these, make up "Society."

Pauline (*patiently*). But that's such a dreadful misuse of words, dear. When one talks of "Society," one does not mean good people, or unselfish people, or high-minded people, but people who keep a carriage

and give dinner parties. Those are the only things which really matter socially.

Claude. PAULINE, PAULINE, what dreadful sentiments!

They show a wordly and perverted mind. I grieve to think my wife should utter them!

Pauline (*very sweetly*). I wish, CLAUDE, you'd try and give up talking in blank verse. It's very bad form. And it's very bad verse, too. Try and break yourself of it.

Claude (*off again*). All noble thoughts, PAULINE—

Pauline. No, no, no, CLAUDE. I really can't have this ranting. Byronics are quite out of fashion.

Claude (*relapsing gloomily into prose*). You may laugh at me, PAULINE, but you know I'm right.

Pauline. Of course you're right, dear. Much too right for this wicked world. That's why I never can take your advice on any subject. You're so impractical.

Claude (*breaking out again*). The world, the world, oh, how I hate this world!

Pauline. Now that's silly of you, dear. There's nothing like making the best of a bad thing. By the way, CLAUDE, didn't you say Mrs. MELNOTTE was coming to call this afternoon?

Claude. Yes. Dear mother, how nice it will be to see her again!

Pauline. It will be charming, of course. . . . I do hope no one else will call at the same time. Perhaps I'd better tell JAMES we are not at home to anyone except Mrs. MELNOTTE.

Claude. Oh, no, don't do that. My mother will enjoy meeting our friends.

Pauline. No doubt, dear. But will our friends enjoy meeting your mother? (*Seeing him about to burst forth again*) Oh, yes, CLAUDE, I know what you are going to say. But, after all, Lyons is a very purse-proud, vulgar place. You know, how my mother can behave on occasions! And if Mrs. MELNOTTE happens to be here when any other people call it may be very unpleasant. I really think I had better say we are not at home to anyone else.

[*Rises to ring the bell.*]

Claude. PAULINE, I forbid you! Sit down at once. If my family are not good enough for your friends, let them drop us and be hanged to them.

Pauline. CLAUDE, don't storm. It's so vulgar. And there's not the least occasion for it either. I only thought it would be pleasanter for all our visitors—your dear mother among the number—if we avoided all chance of disagreeable scenes. But there, dear, you've no *savoir faire*, and I'm afraid we shall never get into Society. It's very sad.

Claude (*touched by her patience*). I am sorry, my dear. I ought to have kept my temper. But I wish you weren't so set upon getting into Society. Isn't it a little snobbish?

Pauline (*wilfully misunderstanding him*). It's dreadfully snobbish, dear; the most snobbish sort of Society I know. All provincial towns are like that. But it's the only Society there is here, you know, and we must make the best of it.

Claude. My poor PAULINE. [*Kissing her. Pauline (gently).*] But you know, CLAUDE, social distinctions do exist. Why not recognize them? And the late Mr. MELNOTTE was a gardener!

Claude. He was—an excellent gardener. Pauline. One of the Lower Classes.

Claude. In a Republic there are no Lower Classes.

Pauline (*correcting him*). In a Republic there are no Higher Classes. And class distinctions are more sharply drawn than ever in consequence.

Claude. So much the worse for the Republic.

Pauline (*shocked*). CLAUDE, I begin to think you are an anarchist.

Claude. I? (*Proudly*) I am a colonel in the French army.

Pauline. But not a real colonel, CLAUDE. Only a Republican colonel.

Claude (*sternly*). I rose from the ranks in two years by merit.

Pauline. I know, dear. Real colonels only rise by interest. [*CLAUDE gasps.*]

James (*opening the door and showing in a wizened old lady in rusty black garments and a bonnet slightly awry*). Mrs. MELNOTTE. [*PAULINE goes forward to greet her.*]

Mrs. M. (*not seeing her*). Ah, my dear son (*runs across the room to CLAUDE before the eyes of the deeply scandalised JAMES, and kisses him repeatedly*), how glad I am to see you again! And your grand house! And your fine servants! In livery, too!

[*PAULINE shudders, and so does JAMES. The latter goes out.*]

Claude. My dearest mother! [*Kisses her.*]

Mrs. M. (*beaming on PAULINE*). How do you do, my dear? Let me give my CLAUDE'S wife a kiss. [*Does so in resounding fashion.*]

Pauline (*as soon as she has recovered from the warmth of this embrace*). How do you do, Mrs. MELNOTTE? Won't you sit down?

Mrs. M. Thank you kindly, my dear. I don't mind if I do.

[*A ring is heard outside, followed by the sound of someone being admitted. PAULINE looks anxiously towards the door.*]

Pauline (*to herself*). A visitor! How unlucky! I wonder who it is.

James (*throwing open the door*). Mrs. DESCHAPPELLES.

Pauline. Great Heavens, my mother! [*Falls back, overwhelmed, into her chair.*]

Mrs. D. (*in her most elaborate manner*). My dear child, you are unwell. My coming has been a shock to you. But there, a daughter's affection, CLAUDE—(*shaking hands with him*)—how wonderful it is!



"A GENTLEMAN OF ALL TEMPERANCE."

Measure for Measure, Act III., Sc. 2.

Sir W-lfr-d L-ws-n (with his favourite, and, under certain conditions, harmless beverage, alluding to the beer-drinker). "I WOULD HAVE HIM POISONED WITH A POT OF ALE!"—AHM!—SHAKESPEARE!"

(Vide Henry the Fourth, Part 1, Act 1, Sc. 3.)

Pauline. Dear mother, we are delighted to see you.

Mrs. D. Of course. I ought to have called before. I have been meaning to come ever since you returned from your honeymoon. But I have so many visits to pay; and you have only been back ten weeks!

Pauline. I quite understand, mother dear.

Mrs. D. And, as I always say to your poor father, "When one is a leader of Society, one has so many engagements." I am sure you find that.

Pauline. I have hardly begun to receive visits yet.

Mrs. D. No, dear? But then it's different with you. When you married Colonel MELNOTTE, of course you gave up all social ambitions.

Mrs. M. I am sure no one could wish for a better, braver husband than my CLAUDE.

Mrs. D. (turning sharply round and observing Mrs. MELNOTTE for the first time) I beg your pardon?

Mrs. M. (bravely). I said no one could have a better husband than CLAUDE.

Mrs. D. (dumbfounded, appealing to Pauline). Who—who is this person?

Pauline (nervously). I think you have met before, mother. This is Mrs. MELNOTTE.

Mrs. D. (insolently). Oh! the gardener's wife?

Claude (melodramatic at once). Yes. The gardener's wife and my mother!

Mrs. D. (impatiently). Of course, I know the unfortunate relationship between you, CLAUDE. You need not thrust it down my throat. You know how unpleasant it is to me.

Pauline (shocked at this bad taste). Mother!

Mrs. D. Oh, yes, it is. As I was saying to your poor father only yesterday. "Of course, CLAUDE is all right. He is an officer now, and all officers are supposed to be gentlemen. But his relatives are impossible, quite impossible!"

Claude (furiously). This insolence is intolerable. Madame DESCHAPPELLES...

Mrs. M. (intervening). CLAUDE, CLAUDE, don't be angry! Remember who she is.

Claude (savagely). I remember well enough. She is Madame DESCHAPPELLES, and her husband is a successful tradesman. He was an English shop-boy, and his proper name was CHAPEL. He came over to France, grew rich, put a "de" before his name, and now gives himself airs like the other parvenus.

Mrs. D. Monster!

Pauline. My dear CLAUDE, how wonderfully interesting!

Mrs. M. (rising). My son, you must not forget your manners. Mrs. DESCHAPPELLES is PAULINE's mother. I will go away now, and leave you to make your apologies to her. (CLAUDE tries to prevent her going.)

No, no, I will go, really. Good-bye, my son; good-bye, dear PAULINE.

[Kisses her and goes out.]

Mrs. D. If that woman imagines that I am going stay here after being insulted by you as I have been, she is much mistaken. Please, ring for my carriage. (CLAUDE rings.) As for you, PAULINE, I always told you what would happen if you insisted on marrying beneath you, and now you see I'm right.

Pauline (quietly). You seem to forget, mamma, that papa was practically a bankrupt when I married, and that CLAUDE paid his debts.

Mrs. D. I forget nothing. And I do not see that it makes the smallest difference. I am not blaming your poor father for having his debts paid by Colonel MELNOTTE; I am blaming you for marrying him. Good-bye.

[She sweeps out in a towering passion.]

Pauline. Sit down, CLAUDE, and don't glower at me like that. It's not my fault if mamma does not know how to behave.

Claude (struggling with his rage). That's true, that's true.

Pauline. Poor mamma, her want of breeding is terrible! I have always noticed it. But that story about Mr. CHAPEL explains it all. Why didn't you tell it to me before?

Claude. I thought it would pain you.

Pauline. Pain me? I am delighted with it! Why, it explains everything. It explains me. It explains you, even. A Miss CHAPEL might marry anyone. Don't frown, CLAUDE; laugh. We shall never get into Society in Lyons, but, at least, we shall never have another visit from mamma. The worst has happened. We can now live happily ever afterwards. St. J. H.

(Curtain.)

ENTRANCED.

[In America an applicant for divorce has pleaded that he was "hypnotised into marriage."]

AH, me! How true!

I too, I too,

With merely a difference, wear my rue;

For my years were few,

And her eyes were blue,

And they pierced my soft heart through and through,

Till my senses flew

As a youth's will do,

And behold I was wedded or ever I knew!

Did I crave a boon

Of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE,

Like this whining cur of a Yankee loon?

Ah, no! for soon

In my honeymoon

All reason was lulled by love's sweet tune,

That I fain would croon

Through life's high-noon—

Hail to thee, Mesmer! I'm still in a swoon.

MILITARY DIALOGUES.

HOW IT SHOULD NOT BE DONE.

The General's office at the headquarters of a district. In the room two tables covered with green baize, a row of red-covered books on each; an almanack, list of returns, etc., are on the green-papered walls, strips of carpet are on the boarded floor. A fine view of parade ground and barracks is obtained through two windows. A smart young General, who has just taken over command, in undress uniform, a row of medal ribbons on his coat, a "swagger stick" under his arm, is standing before the fire-place, an elderly Staff Officer is sitting at the smaller of the two tables.

The General. We'll make our garrison field-day on Thursday the real thing, CHAPMAN, eh? We'll have a fight under the absolute conditions of warfare and no make-believe, except that the cartridges shall be blank instead of loaded ones.

The Staff Officer (who has been through it all before). Yes, Sir.

The General. Have out the whole brigade. How many can we muster?

The Staff Officer. Well, Sir, the big draft for India, volunteers for Africa, and the 200 horses they've been called upon to provide, allowed for, the Dragoons won't stand more than a hundred strong on parade. The battery will send out four guns. The Rutlands, if we suspend musketry and military training, and put all the recruits in the ranks, may stand 300. The Southern Fusiliers, who find the guards that day, about 200, and the Ballinasloe Rifles, 250.

The General. But, good gracious me, what becomes of the men?

The Staff Officer. Orderly men, Sir, garrison employ, fatigue duties, men in hospital, men on light duty, men on guard, men coming off guard, men on picket and police duties, orderlies, men struck off all work by special order, men at Aldershot, cooking, gymnasium classes, men away for mounted infantry, submarine-mining, gunnery, and surveying training.

The General. Stop, stop; that's enough. My brigade shrinks to a regiment.

The Staff Officer. The parade will be "as strong as possible," Sir.

The General. Well, now, as to place (Spreading on the bigger table an ordnance map.) I see there's a fine stretch of down and common land here, twenty miles to the north. We'll send our red force out there on Wednesday to camp, with all military precautions, and—

The Staff Officer. How about transport, Sir? We sent the draft horses of the regimental transport to Plymouth, on an urgent order last week, and the waggons have been returned to the carriage factory to have experimental brakes put on them. The Commissariat have only sufficient vehicles for the barrack work.

The General. Hire.

The Staff Officer. No fund available. Besides, Sir, the last time there were manœuvres on those downs, the commoners put in a claim for destruction of turf and gorse, and got it, and no manœuvres may now take place there without special orders and a special grant.

The General (running his finger over a tract of enclosed country). What about this bit of land round Strawfield?

The Staff Officer. Compensation for crops, compensation for hedgerows, compensation for trees, compensation for ground game—quite impossible, Sir.

The General. Then where on earth are we to fight?

The Staff Officer. There is the big drill-field just outside the town, Sir, that has always been used for the purpose.

The General. And every officer and every man knows every inch of it.

The Staff Officer. We try to give a variety to the "general idea," Sir. On the last field-day the garrison bakery was supposed to be an inaccessible hill, the garrison chaplain's garden, which juts into the field, was an inundation, and the railway, which cuts across the end of the field, was supposed to be an unfordable river. The time before we practised desert warfare, and the bakery was considered a mosque, not to be occupied by either force, the chaplain's lawn tennis ground was an oasis, and the railway a precipitous gorge.

The General. And what do you suggest this time?

The Staff Officer. To make the field-day thoroughly useful, I would suggest South Africa, the railway a donga, the bakery a krantz, the tennis ground a vlei.

The General. Yes, yes.

The Staff Officer. Will it be necessary under the circumstances to close the regimental shops, put the officers servants in the ranks, and suspend musketry?

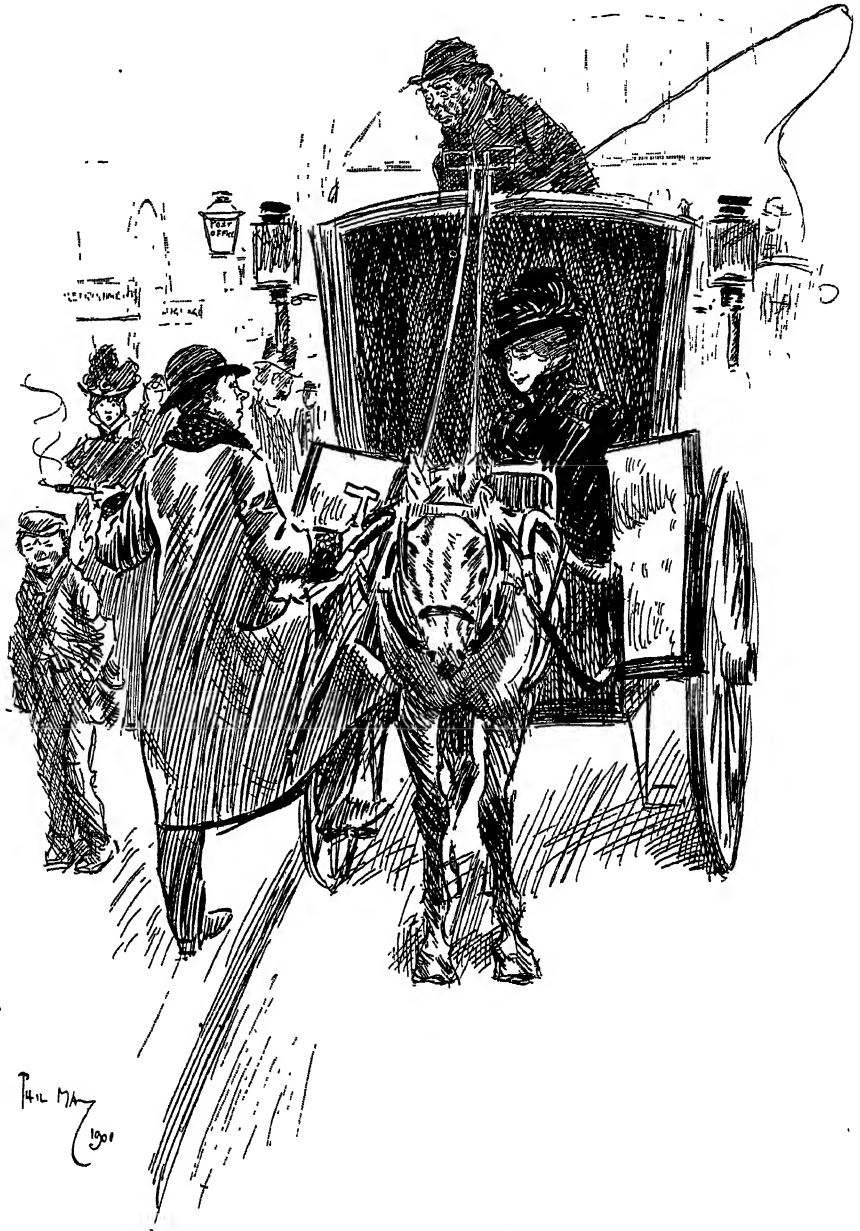
The General. Do what you like. I sha'n't stay here to see such tomfoolery. Let the senior colonel take command. I'll go up to town that day. N.N.-D.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

MUCH diligence having been evinced by the Daily Press in hunting up precedents for the pageant of last Thursday, Mr. Punch's own Constitutional Quidnunc has selected a few of the more vital points in which the present resembles, or differs from, earlier ceremonies:—

Famous Creams.—The horses which took part in Thursday's procession are not the same as those which drew Queen VICTORIA to her coronation.

Gun Salute.—We have searched HOLINSHED in vain for any mention of a similar ceremonial on the accession of King ALFRED.



FORETHOUGHT.

Anxious Wife (to absent-minded husband, who has just directed the Cabman to drive to Scotland Yard). "CHARLIE! WHY ON EARTH DO YOU WANT TO GO TO SCOTLAND YARD?"

Absent-minded Husband. "WHY, YOU KNOW, DEAR. I AM CONSTANTLY LEAVING MY UMBRELLA IN A CAB, AND THEN NEXT DAY GOING TO SCOTLAND YARD TO GET IT BACK, SO THIS TIME I'M GOING TO TAKE IT STRAIGHT THERE MYSELF, AND THEN THERE CANNOT BE ANY MISTAKE."

Royal Robe.—The number of tail-tips in King EDWARD'S ermine lining, which is computed at upwards of 10,000, is quite the largest on record.

House of Commons.—We are assured, by an eye-witness of last week's ceremony, that in the rush after the SPEAKER to the House of Lords several members sustained severe injuries. This is strictly in accordance with precedent.

Royal Address.—The KING did not follow the example of his illustrious great-grandfather in addressing the august assembly as "My Lords and Turkey-Cocks."

State Ornaments.—It is understood that the huckle on the left shoe of the Lord bearing the Cap of Maintenance presented striking dissimilarities to that worn by any of his predecessors on former occasions.

A YEAR LATER.

(Fragment of a Romance by the Shade of Alexandre Dumas père.)

"Now, I command you to go to England," said JOSEPH BALSAMO, extending his hand in the direction of the sleeping girl.

"Master, I am there, all there!" she murmured in a far-off voice.

"You are in London."

"Yes, I am in Leicester Square."

"Why are you in Leicester Square?"

"Because, in your day, all Frenchmen went to Leicester Square or the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

"But I wish you to go to Sydenham to see the Crystal Palace."

"I am at Sydenham, but I cannot see the Crystal Palace."

"Why not?"

"Because it has been swallowed up by the trembling of the earth."

"Now you are at Hampton Court; you are looking for the pictures."

"Yes, but I cannot find the pictures."

"Why cannot you find the pictures?"

"Because the Palace which contained them has vanished, shaken down by the trembling of the earth."

"Well, now you are at Greenwich. Enter the Hospital."

"Yes. Am I to take what remains of the Nelson Relics?"

"No, but you are to look at the picture gallery."

"But I cannot find the picture gallery, for it has disappeared. The hospital has disappeared!"

"Has it also been shaken down by the trembling of the earth?"

"Yes. It has shared the fate of the Crystal Palace and Hampton Court."

"And what is the cause of the destruction of property? This trembling of the earth?"

The girl was silent.

Then, after a long pause, came the reply in the same far-off voice—

FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS.

(Page from the Diary of an extra special Special.)

Monday. On the track. Sure to catch him to-day. Hear that he is dining at a restaurant. Get under the table and wait. But useless—he never came. Foiled, but after him to-morrow.

Tuesday. I will drag his secret from him. He shall tell me what he knows of the secret trust which has attracted so much attention in the contents bills. Once more hounding him down. Followed him to Liverpool and back, but he eluded me at Euston. But to-morrow I find him. Yes, to-morrow.

Wednesday. He knows he is shadowed. I have been everywhere after him, but always five minutes too late. To the Abbey, to Kensal Green, to Smithfield, to Covent Garden and then to Richmond and Kew. But never quite in time; but I take him to-morrow.

Thursday. Missed him at the wedding. Missed him at the funeral. Followed him to the picture gallery, but he escaped. Held on to the cab as he left the theatre. But too late! Always too late! Better luck to-morrow.

Friday. — He is in full flight, and I in full pursuit. I

corner him. Now for "copy." He is safe! He cannot leave the house, and as the door is opened I can enter it. Everything ready for to-morrow.

Saturday. — I triumph! I enter! I am in his presence! and then I find—that I have been following the wrong man! Well, mistakes will occur even in the best regulated investigation of sensational news!



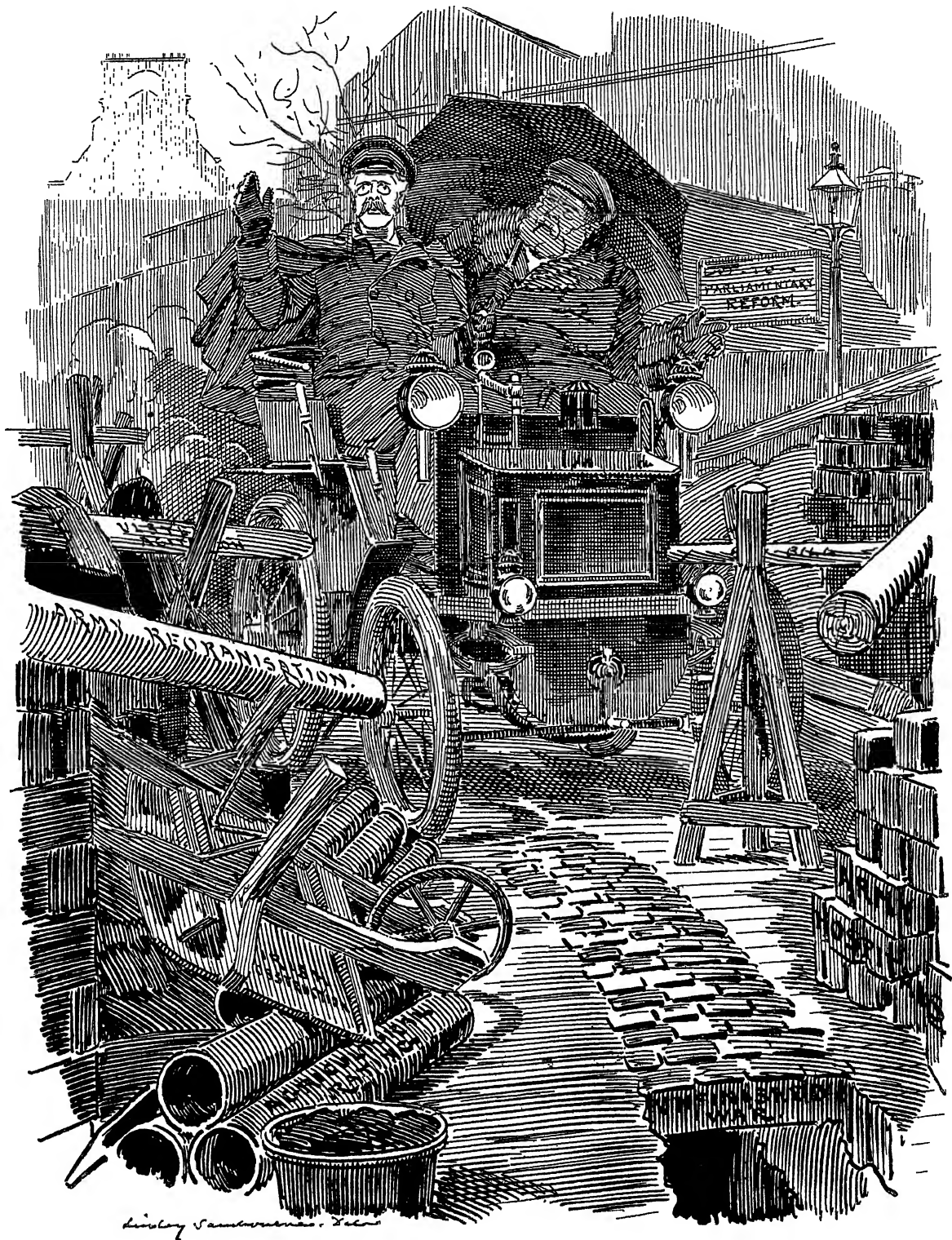
Fond Parent. "No—SHE WON'T WORK! SHE NEVER WOULD WORK!! SHE NEVER WILL WORK!!! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING—SHE'LL 'AVE TO GO OUT TO SERVICE!"

"The cause of the destruction of the Crystal Palace, Hampton Court, and Greenwich Hospital, and other public buildings—"

"Yes—I will know!"

"Is the completion of the tube railway between Hammersmith and Charing Cross."

And the girl relapsed into a heavy sleep.



DIFFICULT STEERING.

LORD S-L-SB-RY (TO ARTH-R B-LF-R). "HANG THESE 'IMPROVEMENTS' ARTHUR! DO YOU THINK WE SHALL GET THROUGH?"

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

[It is presumed, gentle reader, that you have, at some time or other, been present at one of those feasts of mirth and melody which are so popular in the Metropolis nowadays. Unless you happen to be "in the know," the following account of how such a feast is concocted may be of interest.]

PROEM.

The Invoca-
tion.

SPIRIT of Entertainment, fickle fay !
Where, in the theatre-going world to-day,
Dost thou hold firm and undisputed sway
Second to none ?
Is it in melodrama fierce and hot ?
Is it in problem plays with little plot ?
Here thou may'st rest awhile, but they do not
Long enough run.

The Poet's
Fancy.

Boisterous farce will sometimes make a hit,
Drawing forth laughter till our sides should split ;
Comedy, crusted o'er with verbal wit,
All have their day.

But, for a venture like to draw the town,
Even though morbid pessimists may frown,
Give me the much extolled and much run
down

Musical play.

Type of an age that's frivolous, may be,
Owing a lot to Fashion's stern decree ;
Many an hour of harmless pleasantry
Still it affords.

Sparkling with melody that comes and goes,
Mirth that delights and *mise-en-scène* that
glows,

Who is to wonder at such tempting shows
Holding the boards ?

The Reader to
follow his
Leader,

Some, through these pages, may be glad, perchance,
Into the hidden works to take a glance,
Noticing how such blends of song and dance
Reach their success.

No carping curiosity we mean,
But, from a passing glance behind the scene,
Probably more instruction we may glean
Than one might guess.

CANTO THE FIRST.

The Manager.

Come, let us trace the fountain to its source ;
Follow with me, with deferential tread,
Unto the Manager, for he, of course,
Is the presiding spirit and the head
Of all those schemes which, emanating hence,
Startle the town with their magnificence.

Into his sanctum pass through outer doors
Thronged all about, from morning until night,
With histrionic applicants in scores,
Seeking employment, howsoever light.
This is but one small trial, you must know,
Of the successful *impresario*.

Commander of a mighty host indeed,
In town and in the provinces as well,
Many a staunch lieutenant does he need
To deal with business more than one can tell ;
Yet, when in doubt, on him they have to call,
The Alpha and the Omega of all.

And yet, see what a kindly smile is this,
As ev'ry nervous applicant he greets ;
It seems to say there's nothing much amiss
With all the latest box-office receipts.
Fair the reward of such an one as he,
Who studies carefully the great B. P.



The Manager
seeth necessity
for a novelty.

And sum-
moneth his
adherents.



Pegasus
breaketh into
a canter.

Reaping the harvest of his last success,

—Though it, no doubt, is not the only one—
His managerial mind is, more or less,

At ease throughout the fulness of its run ;
Still, for the greatest of dramatic booms,
Far, far away, the mournful last night looms.

While time upon its steadfast course may fly,
His gay productions brave the flight of years ;
And hundredth nights are celebrated by
The giving of *recherché* souvenirs.
But, as I fancy I remarked before,
An end for ev'rything must be in store.

So, when he sees, as some sad day he will,
That the amount of weekly booking falls ;
While pit and gallery no longer fill,
And "paper" finds its way into the stalls ;
He knows that piece is practically dead,
And he must get another one instead.

Forth goes the managerial decree,
"A play, a play ; my kingdom for a play ;
Constructed from the well-tried recipe,
But flavoured with the topics of to-day :
A show that does not strain the intellect ;
In fact, just what my patrons will expect.

"Gather around me, proven men and true,
As you have gathered more than once before,
Authors and lyrics and composers too
(Success is what the latter have to
'score') ;

And, authors, please be good enough to
show

A satisfactory scenario !"

Straightway they come, responding to his
call,

Racking their brains for notions up-to-
date ;

Full of their past experience, and all
Anxious and willing to collaborate.

For, in an entertainment of this kind,
"The more the merrier," please bear in
mind.

It's a quite indisputable fact,
That in musical comedy "books"
(Chiefly frivol and froth)

You do not spoil the broth
By employing a number of cooks.

In a show that has got to attract,
All philosophy's quite out of place ;
You have got to be "smart,"

Though the patrons of Art
Very likely will pull a long face.

But then Art with a capital "A"
Doesn't thrive in a musical play !

If the dialogue's written by A,
The construction is managed by B ;
Then the lyrics, no doubt,

Will be duly turned out

By the efforts of C, D and E,

For the music, melodious and gay,
That will linger in ev'ryone's head,

Some examples you try

Both of X and of Y,

With additional numbers by Z.

Oh, variety's certain to pay

In the score of a musical play !

P. G.

(To be continued.)

CONTRA VIM MORTIS!

["Recent edicts indicate a desire to institute immediate reforms on the part of the Emperor of China, who is calling for the return of those reformers who were active two years ago. Unfortunately, most of these have been beheaded since."—*Reuter*.]

The Mandarins to the Powers :—

NEVER believe that We oppose reform.
The "Boxers" put us in a false position.
We merely bowed before the recent storm,
And so would any prudent politician.
The Emperor is anxious to recall
The councillors by whom reforms were mooted.
Unfortunately very nearly all
Those gentlemen have since been executed!

Should you induce the Empress to retire—
Between ourselves, she is a perfect ogress—
His Majesty would show a keen desire
To tread once more the primrose path of progress.
'Tis she alone prevents the carrying out
Of those reforms to which his heart is wedded,
And KWANG and FENG would help him, there's no doubt—
But they, unluckily, have been beheaded!

We will maintain, as long as we have breath,
He'd rally the Reformers to his banner,
Had they not, most of them, been put to death
In some uncomfortable Chinese manner.
Aided by these he would establish peace,
Redressing all the grievances you mention.
Unhappily their premature decease
Compels him to abandon his intention!

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAP. VIII.

*Of the Edinburgh Review—Of Hares and Stags and Foxes—
The origins of Fox-Hunting.*

LET us imagine, then, that you have primed yourself with all the lore contained in that excellent *Edinburgh Review* article to which I referred you last week. You have had a good day's hunting: the scent has been keen, the hounds have run like smoke, your ardent but docile bay has carried you to perfection, the fox has been pulled down in the open, and you have spared a pitying thought for the fate of this gallant marauder, dying game to the last in the remorseless scrimmage of his pursuers. Now, with a glow of healthy fatigue tingling through your whole body, you are walking or jogging homewards with a few companions. The incidents of the day have been exhaustively discussed; you turn to more general matters. One of the sportsmen may remark that there exist on the face of the earth races of men so hopelessly abandoned as to shoot or trap foxes. A groan of horror comes from his companions; their manly British breasts heave with emotion at the dreadful thought. This is your opening:—

Young Rider. Well, for the matter of that, we used to massacre foxes in England.

First Sportsman. Rats!

Young Rider. No, not rats, foxes. Give you my word of honour we did. (*Sensation.*)

First Sportsman. Get out! Do you mean to say we used to kill 'em without hunting 'em—eh, what?

Young Rider. Certainly, we did. People began with hare-hunting. They used to place nets over foxes' earths, smoke 'em out and kill 'em with clubs. There was a Solicitor-General who said it wasn't foul play to knock foxes and wolves on the head.

[*A pause, indicating polite incredulity.*

Second Sportsman. Oh, you mean back among the ancient Britons, or the Druids—Boadicea, and all that?

Y. R. Not a bit of it. Fox-hunting didn't begin properly till close on the seventeenth century, and even then they didn't think much of it.

Second Sportsman (putting a poser). What did they think much of, then?

Y. R. Oh, hare-hunting or stag-hunting. But the only people who hunted stags were the big-wigs, the great nobles with large estates who could do the thing in style.

First Sportsman (still incredulous). Stag-hunting?

Y. R. Yes, stag-hunting.

Second Sportsman. But, I say—not carted stags!

Y. R. No, no. Real stag-hunting, not what a fellow in a review calls "that grotesque, but harmless parody of sport, the chase of the carted deer."

First Sportsman. Ha, ha! that's good! Grotesque but harmless thingummy—that's capital! These writing chaps do get hold of an idea sometimes—eh, what?

With this I advise you to pause awhile. At this point you've got your company with you. You have filled them with contempt for the past and a hearty satisfaction with the present, and have left them with the idea that they are far finer and more knowing fellows than the paltry folk who, in by-gone centuries, were ignorant of the glories and delights of fox-hunting. But if you pursue the matter, they'll begin to think you know too much, or that they themselves might conceivably come under the suspicion of knowing too little. So you may keep for a future occasion such tags of information as that Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, who opened before all other despatches the letters from his huntsman, was a hare-hunter; or that the original Vine Hounds did not give up the hare for the fox until 1791, or that Lord ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR is believed, on good authority, to have kept the first pack of fox-hounds between the years 1690 and 1700; or that this same pack was sold to the "famous Mr. HUGO MEYNELL, who was the real father of modern fox-hunting." All these matters you will find set out in a very pleasant way in the article I have mentioned—these, and many other matters such as, for instance, the tragic end of "Prince" BOOTHBY, brother-in-law to Mr. MEYNELL. It is recorded that after a breakfast of cold tea at his lodging in Clarges Street, and a ride in Hyde Park, he blew out his brains because he was "tired of the bore of dressing and undressing." "*Mon fils,*" so the father of *M. de Camors* wrote to his son, "*La vie m'ennuie. Je la quitte,*" and quit it he did, surely enough, and possibly, if the truth were known, his weariness of existence came not from the larger boredom of life, but from the interminable tedious repetition of unbuttoning and going to bed and getting out of bed and re-buttoning. And in the days of the Regency, when "Prince BOOTH" lived and died, there were many buttons to be attended to.

HEADS OR TAILS, OR BOTH?

THE British Government cries "Heads!" but the Chinese Government declares that the result of the "toss-up" is "tails," and of these, without the heads, the Chinese do not object to making a present to the Foreigners. As sang FLEURETTE in PLANCHÉ'S extravaganza of *Blue Beard*—

"How can you think my head I'd spare,
As if I'd others by the score?
'Stead of my head cut off my hair
And I will trouble you no more."

and *Blue Beard* makes much the same reply as the British Government might on this occasion—

"If you have but one head to wear
You should have thought of that before,"

And forthwith bids her prepare for her fate.



Riding-master. "DON'T LET HER HAVE HER OWN WAY, SIR! PUT HER OVER THE HURDLE? STICK TO HER!"

A SUSPENDED PENALTY.

[In a recent address, Lord NORTON stated that it was as hard to get hanged nowadays as it used to be easy.]

AVERNUS, take it not amiss
Modernity encroaches,
And makes no longer *facilis*
This one of thine approaches.

Have we not other pathways made
As sure, if not so wheezy,
By which descent into thy shade
Is reasonably easy?

The bicycle, the oyster-bed,
Thou couldst not wish us alter,
Nor yet our arsenic and lead—
Then why regret the halter?

• With pom-pom shells, and patent pills,
Man's shrift is still a short 'un;
So be content with human ills,
Eh? Hang it all, Lord NORTON!

SHAKSPEARE ON DRINK ADULTERATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing you to be an earnest student of the Immortal Bard and, as your name implies, an authority on strong drink, I venture to point out to you that SHAKSPEARE proves that the adulteration of certain alcoholic beverages

was as well known in his day as it is in ours. For instance, *Camillo* in the *Winter's Tale* speaks of a—

"Lingering dram that should not work maliciously like poison."

Again, *Falstaff* knew as much about strong drink as any man in his day, and what does he say?

"Let a cup of sack be my poison!"

Then he denounces the liquor at the famous Boar's Head Tavern, in East Cheap, in these unmistakable terms:—

"You rogue, there's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but reguery to be found in villainous man, yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it!"

That's pretty straight evidence, Sir, isn't it?

But probably more striking than any other passage in the works of the Divine WILLIAM, are the convincing words of the *Queen* in the last act of *Hamlet*:—

"Oh, my dear *Hamlet*, The drink, the drink! I am poisoned!"

In these modern days of stage realism I suppose any one of our up-to-date manager-actors would make the *Queen* point to a handsome tankard, which had been filled from a silver jug labelled "Beer," held by one of the attendants, who, having taken a sip or two on the sly would now be seized with qualms, and would join the



Pupil. "I NEVER COULD DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE."

other sufferers in the final tableau of *Hamlet*.

Pretty conclusive proofs of adulteration are those given above, are they not Sir? And you can take it from me, that what SHAKSPEARE didn't know about the tricks of the trade in drink in his own time was not worth knowing. Another quotation (not included in the foregoing) from the Anti-Beery Bard may, perhaps, receive additional emphasis from the point of a pencil.*

Yours thirstily,

BARDOLPH, Junr.

* Vide "Cartoon Junior."

WAKING THEM UP AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The Awakening, by Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, is not another specimen of the modern "Problem Play," nor is it a play of which the success is problematic. Its success, we may fairly take it for granted, is already achieved, and thereupon are to be complimented Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and the excellent company now under his management at the St. James's Theatre. But if *The Awakening* offers no problem, does it give a probable basis whereon to build up the play? The basis is, that a young girl, owing all her education in art, literature, religion and morals, to the loving and tender care of her widowed father, an artist of some repute, with whom she had lived in the country till his death, after which she continued to reside in the same cottage (if that can be called a cottage, of which in one room alone could be given a dance for some sixty persons or more; but let this pass—some parties, especially heroines, are so uncommonly lucky), attended only by an old and attached nurse (as *Juliet* might have been had she been left an orphan), and a maid (mentioned but invisible) employing her leisure in painting and perhaps occasionally making a trifle by it (but this is not clear), should be, after a very brief and slight acquaintance, so fascinated by the charms of a youngish (thirty or thirty-five?) gentleman, visiting in the neighbourhood, as to have taken his invitation to call upon him in town seriously; and that this young English *Juliet* should have suddenly, *proprio motu*, packed up her portmanteau, bade *au revoir* to her nurse, and have trained to town, put up at an hotel formerly frequented by her father (which is a saving clause, and accounts for her being served with a perfect little dinner), and then, having secured a first-rate hansom, with a polite, good-looking driver and a first-rate horse (O exceptionally lucky *ingénue*!), should have been taken straight away to this fascinating gentleman's abode, whence hearing he had "company" she drives away to nowhere in particular, returning, however, at about 10.45 just in time to catch her *Romeo*, who happening to be an early bird, is on the point of retiring for the night. She is admitted, and then, after awhile, he, acting always, as far as the audience can tell, with a certain amount of proper caution, sees her home. That is the start of it all. Admit all this as a probable basis, and there's nothing to be said except that the author has constructed upon it a very well-written, very pretty, and highly entertaining play.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who seems to have made up his mind never to "make up" his face in modern comedy, gives us a carefully considered study of character in the person of Mr. *James St. John Trower*, a gentleman who, posing as a conventional cynic, occasionally fatuous, with a dormant sense of honour and a very slight appreciation of humour, becomes a convertite of a very high grade when true love, which includes all that self-sacrifice entails, has cast out of him the demon of egoism, by which he was possessed.

Miss FAY DAVIS, as that most ingenuous of simple-minded *ingénues* *Olive Lawrence*, must have been most accurately

measured for the part by Mr. CHAMBERS, so perfectly does it become her, and so admirably does she suit it.

Mr. H. B. IRVING'S *Lord Reginald Dugdale* is a delightful creation of a nondescript sort of person that might find a place among the eccentric beings in one of Mr. LEAR'S Nonsense Books. This *Lord Reginald* (there seldom now-a-days is a comedy without a "Regi" in it) is a composite character, made up apparently out of materials which recall *Master Modus* in *The Hunchback*, Basil Georgione in *The Colonel*, *Lord Verisophi* (in the presence of *Kate Nickleby*), *Master Slender* (sighing and doting on sweet *Anne Page*), and *Lord Dumdreary*: indeed, had Mr. H. B. IRVING met with the exceptional chance that caused *Lord Dumdreary* to supersede the hero in *The American Cousin*, it would be quite on the cards that this part could be so developed and magnified as to put all the others into the shade. The audience accepts the character, little as there is of it, at Mr. IRVING'S valuation, and delight in whatever *Lord Reginald* does or says. He has very little to do and not much to say, but he and Miss GRANVILLE, as *Miss Prescott* (quite the most original and, at the same time, most natural part among the principals in the piece), crown themselves with such laurels of comedy as are accorded only to a very first-rate performance of the antiquated love scenes, between *Helen* and *Modus*, in *SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S The Hunchback*.

Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON, as *Lady Margaret Staines*, the representative of the chief of "Jim" *Trower*'s many conquests among married ladies of title, artistically triumphs in rendering this character so odious—especially in her scene where she plays the *ELEANOR* to *Olive*'s *FAIR ROSAMUND*—as to banish all sympathy with her from the hearts of the spectators. The author tries to let her down easily in the last act, but we only pity him for this weak concession to commonplace good-nature. It is a really remarkable impersonation.

Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS, as the boyish *Cecil Bird*, typical of the latest "form" in fast juvenility, is, as *Cecil* would express it, "about as good as they make 'em."

Mr. VINCENT, as *Jarvis*, the butler, needs no character, except his own most conscientious reading of this one, for his next place.

By Miss TALBOT'S artistic rendering of *Mrs. Selby*, the nurse to this new *Juliet*, is to be obtained all the insight into her young charge's character and history that may make for, or against, the probabilities of the plot as they have already been herein stated.

Miss JULIE OPP, as *Mrs. Herbertson*, one of *Jim Trower*'s minor victims in society, does to perfection all that the author requires of her, which is not of an exhaustive character.

In brief, the piece is thoroughly well acted all round. One word as to the generally well written and evenly-balanced dialogue of the piece. Quotations from scripture, placed in the mouths of any characters in a comedy for the mere purpose of raising a laugh by the smartness of their application, can never be considered as specimens of good taste on the part of the author, nor on the part of those responsible for the production of the piece, from the Licensor of Plays down to the stage-



THE MATINÉE HAT OF A SWAZI WARRIOR.

manager. But when one of these quotations, viz. "One shall be taken and the other left" (it is surely needless to remind either Licensor, author, or actor, Whose these words are), is only introduced, as something sharp in order to provoke a laugh, which, from the thoughtless, it obtains, it is surely time to demand of author, actor and Licensor that any such quotations from scripture should be at once eliminated from the spoken dialogue. We all know who it is that can quote scripture to his purpose, and naturally Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS would object to be coupled with a *collaborateur* who during all these years has never produced one single good work, and what is more, never will.

This is the only fault to be found with the dialogue, which otherwise is good throughout and excellently well delivered. Mr. ALEXANDER'S house is now well furnished for the next six months.

ANTHROPOLOGY ILLUSTRATED.

"It is a commonplace of philosophers that the childhood of the individual symbolises the childhood of the race."—*The World*.]

LITTLE lad with garments tattered,
Threadbare, stained and mud bespattered,
Bleeding nose and dirty face,
Though askance a cold world eyes you
Science still can recognise you
As a symbol of our race.

When with shriek of piercing treble
You discharge the well-aimed pebble,
And our front-door panel dint,
You, conventions thus defying,
Are the traits exemplifying
Of a distant age of flint.

When the pence for which you scramble
Still at pitch-and-toss you gamble,
As your sport the expert cons,
Your disgraceful occupation
Is to him a revelation
Of the period of bronze.

So, despite your garment-tearing,
Rude behaviour, vulgar bearing,
Deafening yell, ear-splitting screech,
Pedagogues, who birch and spank you,
Rather ought by right to thank you
For the lessons that you teach.

FULL CRI!

SIR,—I head this letter to you "Full Cri," that being my playful way of giving you to understand, sportingly and sportively, how full the Criterion Theatre was on the night of my visit. This Farcical Comedy—or, rather, I should describe it as this Whimsical Farce—in three acts, an old form of some of our best farces, when the nineteenth century was yet quite juvenile, is about as funny, as droll (*c'est le mot*) a piece of absurdity as I've seen for many a long day. It has been



Visitor to Country Town (who has been shown over the Church). "AND HOW LONG HAS YOUR PRESENT VICAR BEEN HERE?"

Sexton. "MR. MOLR, SIR, HAS BEEN THE INCUMBRANCE HERE, SIR, FOR NIGH ON FORTY YEAR, SIR!"

running for some months, and seems to be going strong now and as fresh as fresh. Why did I not see it weeks and weeks ago? Why? Because it was unanimously "damned with faint praise," by the principal dramatic critics in the papers; at least, in all those that I read at the time, and so, credulous creature that I am, I was put off the scent, and said to myself, "Nay, this is not good enough." At last, by accident, I visited the theatre. "Laugh!" as CHEVALIER DE COSTER says, "Laugh! Lor! I thought I should ha' died!" Never was WEEDON GROSSMITH more inanely funny, rarely has the jovial Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS been more surprisingly humorous, and as for the *Lord Archibald* of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, well—his acting is worthy of one of the smartest farcical-comedy parts ever written. The whole piece represents the impossible made possible, and that's how, at first, as I fancy, it did not "catch on." There isn't a poor part, nor even a weak

line of dialogue in it from beginning to end.

The ladies are "A1"—all, individually and collectively. Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT is over-poweringly funny, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS the very perfection of farcical-comedy playing, that is, in real earnest; nor is MISS ANNIE HUGHES a whit behind in this respect, though *her* part is very difficult and is the one which goes at first against the grain of an audience until its utter-farcicality is realised, and then it is relished immensely. All the other ladies look well and act well their individual parts, for every one of them is in her degree a "character." CAPTAIN MARSHALL ought to be our best comedy writer in the not very dim or distant future. "All hail, MACMARSHALL! that shalt be more hereafter!" Yours, Sir, truly,

ONE OF HIS WELL WISHERS.

P.S.—But oh, Cap'en, why did you give this piece such a stupid title as *The Noble Lord*?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HERBERT VIVIAN sets forth to pay a morning call on King MENELIK with as light a heart as if his Majesty lived at Lancaster Gate. The record of his journey is presented in *Abyssinia*, a handsome volume published by Mr. PEARSON. It is chiefly made up of letters contributed to that enterprising little journal, the *Daily Express*. Descending on a country little known to Europeans (except such as form units in an army of invasion), Mr. VIVIAN brings to his task the gift of keen observation and the power of lively description. His account of the barbaric dance arranged for his edification on his arrival at Gildessa is a vivid picture. Although on pleasure bent he was of a frugal mind. "Don't bring the whole village," he said, to his head man. But they all came—at least, when the dance was over, there were 600 waiting to

STEEVENS, whom the Gods loved and took early, has much to answer for. His style of journalistic work, vivid, highly coloured, bristling with point, has fatal attraction for writers of quite other capacity. It is easy to reproduce, in debased style, some of its peculiarities. Hence, in certain journalistic circles, grievous falling away from the high level it was once the pride of the London Press to maintain. However, in this volume is the well of pungent picturesque writing undefiled. Let us drink at it, says my Baronite, and be thankful.

PRO-BARON DE B. W.

COURT DRESS.

SIR,—How very awkward is the description of the Court costume as ordered to be worn on certain occasions, *i.e.* "Full dress with trousers." Emphatically "with trousers."



["The Master of Aston Workhouse ascertained that some of the Paupers were artistically inclined, and set them the task of decorating the board-room."—*Daily Mail*.]

WHY NOT ESTABLISH ART SCHOOLS IN ALL THE WORKHOUSES? SUGGESTION GRATIS TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

be paid. Mr. VIVIAN found MENELIK at home when he called. The conversation long flagged. When it came to a dead stop, the morning caller remarked "People in England take an extreme interest in Ethiopia." Encouraged by the King's reception of this pleasing remark, Mr. VIVIAN asked that he might be graciously favoured by being made transmitter of a message to the English people. The King consented, and my Baronite remembers reading the message in the columns of the *Daily Express*. It struck him at the time as resembling rather the literary style of Tudor Street than of Addis Ababa. However, it was very interesting; and so is the book, its value largely increased by eighty illustrations from photographs taken on the spot.

On the belongings of the late Mr. STEEVENS reaching this country, his widow found among them six letters he had failed to get through for newspaper publication. They are included in an enlarged edition of his book *From Capetown to Ladysmith*, published by BLACKWOOD. The volume, fourth of the Memorial Edition, includes his equally well-known *Egypt in 1898*.

Supposing it was "Full dress with hats." This would be in contra-distinction to "Full dress without hats." But what is included in "Full dress"? Well, at first sight the uninitiated would say "everything." That is, shoes and buckles, silk stockings, knee-breeches, vest, coat, tie, gloves, &c., &c. Very good: then any courtier in "full dress" must, if "with trousers" be added, wear these as "overalls." He cannot come to Court in "full dress" carrying his trousers over his arm. At least, it doesn't at first sight seem quite the correct thing. Will you, Sir, enlighten

"ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW"?

NURSERY RHYME.

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, what news d' you bring?

'I've been to London to see the King.'

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, what heard you there?

"King, Lords and Commons indulge in a 'swear.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 18.—The MARKISS, hampered by insistence of HARRY CHAPLIN upon resolve to withdraw upon a position of fuller personal freedom in politics, paralysed by determination of GRAND CROSS to rest on his laurels and his pension, bethought him how he might strengthen his Ministry. In the dilemma, like GOLDSMITH'S Traveller, "his heart untravelled fondly turned to home." HATFIELD, the hub of the Universe, the De Beers of intellectual and administrative diamond digging. As the LORD CHANCELLOR says, "Worldly advancement, like charity, should begin at home." Unfortunately for the State, home circle limited. Successive drafts already narrowed it. There remained the Son and Heir.

"Come," said the MARKISS, "let us make him Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

Of all subaltern posts in the Administration, this far away the most difficult and delicate. With chief in House of Lords, Under-Secretary is medium of communication between the Department and the public. As compared with his position in Commons, Secretary for State in the Lords has easy berth. Under-Secretary always in evidence, assailed night after night by searching questions.

Difficulty of position illustrated by PRINCE ARTHUR when, ST. JOHN BRODRICK succeeding GEORGE CURZON at the critical outpost, he wrapped him round with peremptory injunction not to be inveigled into attempt to swim without bladders. To meet Questions appearing on paper, Under-Secretary was provided with carefully considered reply written in seclusion of Foreign Office. Mustn't, in any circumstances, be led into supplementing its absence of information.

House always resented this innovation; put up with it perforce; no use arguing against majority of six score and ten. By dint of carefully eschewing reference to specially obnoxious circumstance establishing rule, soreness somewhat healed. Many Members forgotten PRINCE ARTHUR's autocratic agency; had come to regard the matter as arising upon initiative of Under-Secretary himself, possibly justified by exigencies known at the Foreign Office.

To-night, the familiar episode recurred. Question on paper with relation to Ministers of Allied Powers in Pekin. SON AND HEIR read off answer from manuscript; pressed for further information after manner of twentieth Century, was stricken with diplomatic dumbness.

"Will not the Noble Lord answer?" JOHN DILLON insisted.

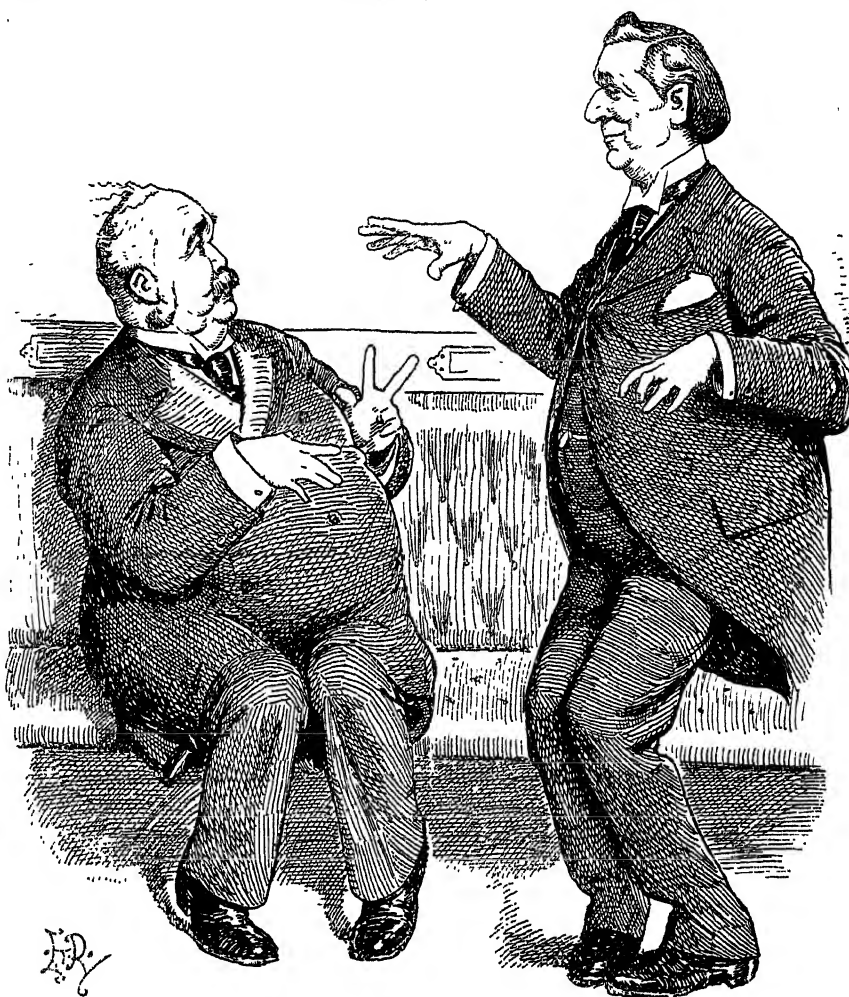
Up gat the latest tower of strength

to the Ministry, and ingenuously replied, "The Leader of the House has stated that it is an understanding the Under-Secretary shall not answer Supplementary Questions."

Something Bismarckian in the crude simplicity of this confession, the apparent gratuitous giving away a position. Only, when BISMARCK played the game he always won. Now House flashed forth in blaze of righteous wrath. Was its privilege of full inquiry to be limited at

BANNERMAN. Strong suspicion of hypnotism at work as, when ASQUITH declared himself a convert to annexation; when he insisted war must be carried out to the end; when he agreed forthwith to attempt at planting in conquered States fully equipped machinery of constitutional Government, he always turned round to C.-B., and waving his hand in peculiar manner said, "And that's what my right hon. friend thinks."

C.-B.'s body moved; half opened his



ASQUITH HYPNOTISES "C.-B."

caprice of a Minister? For two hours and a-half debate foamed; on division in crowded House Ministerial majority reduced to 45.

Business done.—Quite a lively night. The Unexpected happened through its long length. No opportunity for preparing long speeches; consequently, House seen at its best in the give-and-take of unpremeditated debate.

Tuesday.—Irish Members had little surprise in store to-night. Still harping on Address. ASQUITH made speech on position of affairs in South Africa that might have been delivered from Treasury Bench. Special charm was it purported to express views and opinions of CAWMELL-

mouth as if about to speak. ASQUITH made another rapid movement with outstretched hand; C.-B. fell back in his seat, what time the Ministerialists cheered, BOB REID glared, Irish Members howled.

After this surprised at nothing, not even when, from Irish camp, uprose a rustic figure remarking:

"A nachdarán, mar Eireannach ó áit go labharthar, gaedilín bláth, fear o nasum go bfuil teanga aici, agus atá fós ag brúin saorise d-fágail cáitfidn me labairt ins an féis sasanach so in mo thanga fein."

This may have been to the point; obvious difficulty in assuming certainty. SPEAKER, stretching hands forth on elbow of chair, looked aghast; quickly seized

situation; the exile from Erin, forlorn by the banks of Thames, had dropped into his native tongue.

Mr. MURPHY, rising later—"clothed just as I am," he said, proudly drawing attention to his new knock-me-down suit of light tweed—explained, that the gentleman from East Kerry was moved by conviction that "the Irish tongue is the best thing in which Irish Members can make an English government know what they want. Pleeztr edón thetá i lófm y kóte."

"Order! order!" the SPEAKER sternly cried, fearful of fresh incursion of the Irish.

SPEAKER inexorable, and like the harp that once through Tara's Halls the soul of music shed, Mr. O'DONNELL sat as mute in St. STEPHEN'S Halls as if that soul were fled.

Business done.—Debate on Address. JOHN AIRD, just back from damming the Nile, took the Oath with a grace and ease that charmed the onlooker. "It's practice, you know," said JOHN, with his usual modesty.

Thursday.—When PRINCE ARTHUR unexpectedly rose to follow T. W. RUSSELL in his tirade on Irish Land Question there was general impression that T. W. was about to catch it. Members recalled occasion when the PRINCE turned and rent HENRY HOWORTH, who had not made himself anything like so offensive as T. W., fresh from Ulster, succeeded in doing. Last time T. W. spoke it was from Treasury Bench, where he sat a subaltern in a Government in which landlords predominated. To-night, he rose up from below gangway and, amid rapturous cheers from Land Leaguers opposite, called the landlord accursed.

An odd, sharply-contrasted change; but T. W. had explanation ready. "I have changed," he said, "I admit. But Ireland also has changed."

Concatenation of circumstance, coincidence of date, happy since they synchronised with the MARKISS's intimation that there was no place for T. W. in the reconstructed Ministry.

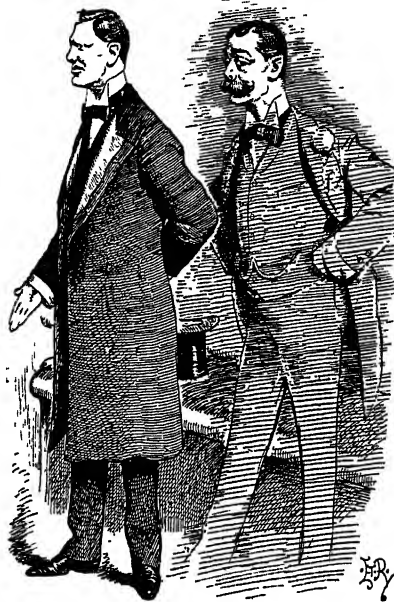
PRINCE ARTHUR, tossing about on Treasury Bench whilst T. W. fulminated from below gangway, was a changed man when he stood on his feet. Almost dove-like in his attitude towards "my hon. friend"; would not question his motives; would not quote old speeches delivered by him; only regretted that he should adopt a style of oratory which, harmless in the House, might prove disastrous in the inflammable fields of Ulster.

Members felt it wasn't for this PRINCE ARTHUR had at the particular moment interposed. Soon the secret was out. There were threats of revolt in Ulster Camp; PRINCE ARTHUR'S business was to nip this in bud by declaring pending vote one of confidence in best of all Govern-

ments. That made clear, Debate might safely be left to shape itself.

Business done.—REDMOND *ainé* moved amendment to Address, demanding establishment of system compulsory land purchase in Ireland. Negatived by 235 votes against 140.

Friday.—Still talk of WINSTON CHURCHILL'S speech. Much interest pertained to occasion; high expectation; both justified. Fortunate in circumstances attending his *début*. LLOYD GEORGE obligingly bridged latter portion of dinner hour with blatant denunciation of all things British, exaltation of all things Boer. Frantic cheers of Irish sympathisers with England's enemies drew in loungers from the lobby, students from the library, philosophers from the smoking-room. Constant stream of diners-out flowed in.



Reviving "a certain splendid memory."

When young CHURCHILL rose from corner seat of bench behind Ministers, obligingly lent by CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, he faced, and was surrounded by, an audience that filled the Chamber. No friendly cheer greeted his rising. To three-quarters of the audience he was personally unknown. Before he concluded his third sentence he fixed attention, growing keener and kinder when, in reply to whispered question, answer went round that this was RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S son.

Nothing either in voice or manner recalls what WINSTON in delicate touch alluded to as "a certain splendid memory." He has, however, the same command of pointed phrase; the same self-possession verging, perhaps, on self-assurance; the same gift of viewing familiar objects from a new standpoint; the same shrewd, confident judgment. Instantly commanding attention of the House, he maintained it to the end of a discourse wisely brief. Pretty to see SQUIRE OF MALWOOD watching him with pleased, fatherly smile; PRINCE

ARTHUR, with glowing countenance, keenly listening from the opposite bench, doubtless thinking of days that are no more, feeling again the touch of a vanished hand, faintly hearing the sound of a voice that is still.

The Member for SARK remembers over the waste of nearly a quarter of a century GRANDOLPH'S maiden speech. He rose from the bench behind that from which WINSTON spoke. In those days he did not assume the prominence of a corner seat, content to find a place somewhere about the middle of the Bench. He had plenty of room to choose, for the House was not half full. The occasion was one of CHARLES DILKE'S crusades against small boroughs. In course of his speech he had alluded disrespectfully to Woodstock, the family borough for which GRANDOLPH, not then scorning the ways of ducal cadets, was content to sit. The speech created little attention, save among two or three close observers who recognised the flash of genius in the unconventional utterance. Not the most friendly and sanguine listener dreamt of the future career of the young man who, having made an end of speaking abruptly the left House and was not heard again till after long interval.

Very different fortune attends his son when, twenty-six years later, he makes his maiden speech. WINSTON must see to it that the reversion of circumstance is not followed all along the line. The father began on a low level, and stormed the topmost towers of Ilium. The son springs into notice from a lofty plane, and will be expected to preserve his attitude.

To which end SARK, nothing if not practical, warns him to be chary of contribution to debate, at least, through his first session. Better to have the House of Commons wondering why you don't speak, than marvelling why you do.

Business done.—Still talking round Address. Accent chiefly Irish.

HERALDIC TALK.

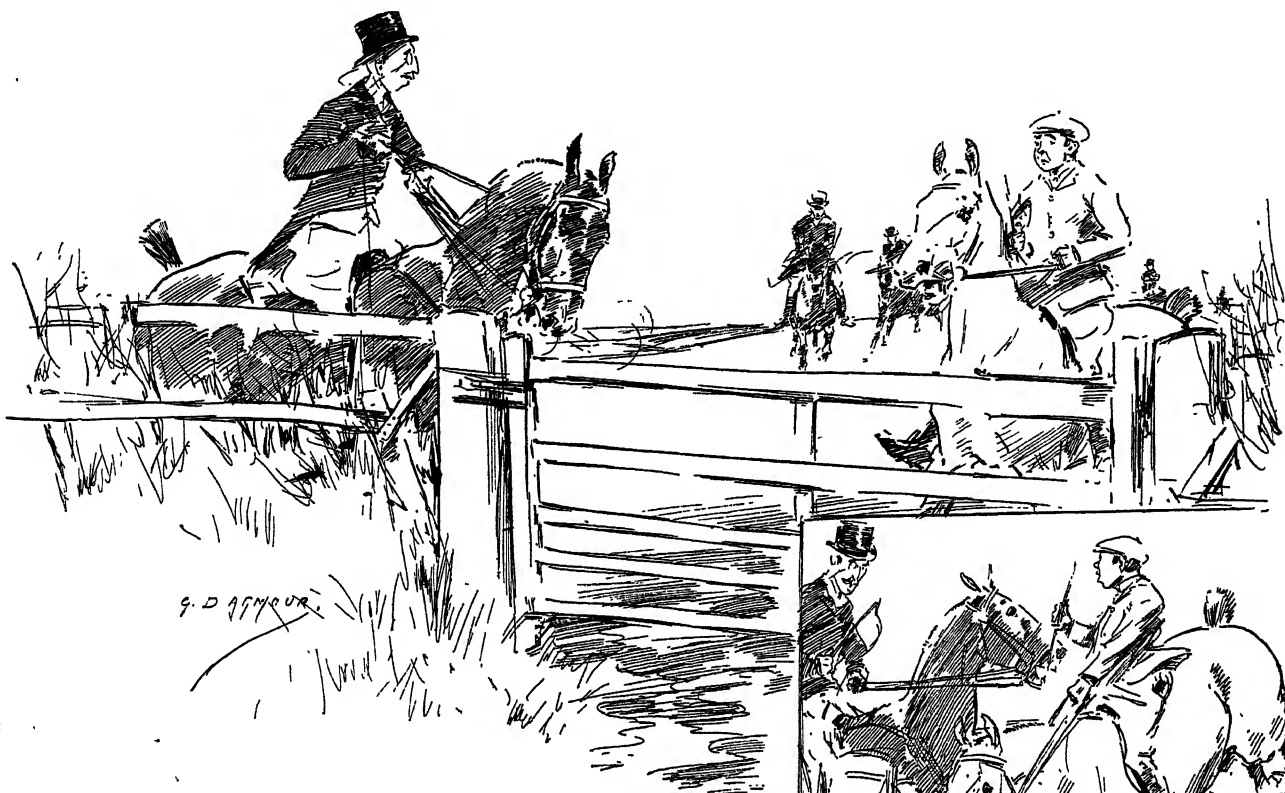
Three Lions (first quarter). Can't see what the dragon wants. But perhaps has as much right to be over yonder in the fourth corner as, say, the Irish harp.

Irish Harp (third quarter). Ah, be aisy now! And is it the Welsh dragon that's to come anent me! And green, too! Staling the green, me national colour! Another injustice to pore ould Oireland!

Large Lion (second quarter). lassie! Na doot your national colour is jest blue! But we dinna want a bit of a green dragon.

Three Lions (fourth quarter). It strikes us that, if we cannot have Wales in our quartering, we can visit our absent colleague in a neighbourly fashion.

[*Exeunt to the sign of the "Green Dragon" for refreshment.*]



Swell. "HERE, BOY! JUST NIP OFF, AND PULL THE GATE OFF THE HINGES, WILL YOU?"

TEMPERANCE RESOLUTIONS.

(Framed with the best intentions by an experienced toper.)

NEVER again to attempt to open a house door with a corkscrew instead of a latch-key.

To give up assaulting a lamp-post accidentally.

To draw the line strictly in advance of the oblivion-creating last glass.

To remember that soda - and - brandy should never be the necessary substitute for a cup of tea at breakfast time.

To secure accurate pronunciation of the test words "British constitution" at all times.

To maintain a mastery of my perambulations and to refrain from assaulting the pavement with the back of my head.

And, last of all, to determine with all the strength of my will to resist the attractive habit of going to bed in my boots.

LATEST FROM MARS.

(A flimsy picked up in Fleet Street.)

WE can see all that is happening on earth below and in the dearth of news are delighted to be able to give a little exclusive information.

Theatres up here doing fairly good business. Pantomime on the wane. Under-studies taking the places of principals,

and general reduction in extra ladies. Dresses a little off colour, and shortly will be sold at a reduction for the Provinces.

No alteration in the Bank rate. Few new companies announced. But several good issues (taking back pages) expected after Easter.

War Office up here in an awful state of confusion. Accounts branch requires immediate re-organisation. A few young business men urgently needed to replace fossil officials.

No steamboat service on principal metropolitan river in spite of the efforts of the Local County Council.

All the above—although not unlike the actual position of affairs on earth—is absolutely authentic. This information is the exclusive property of Mr. PENNYER LINER, Butterfly Gardens, late Grub Street.

AD MISERICORDIAM.

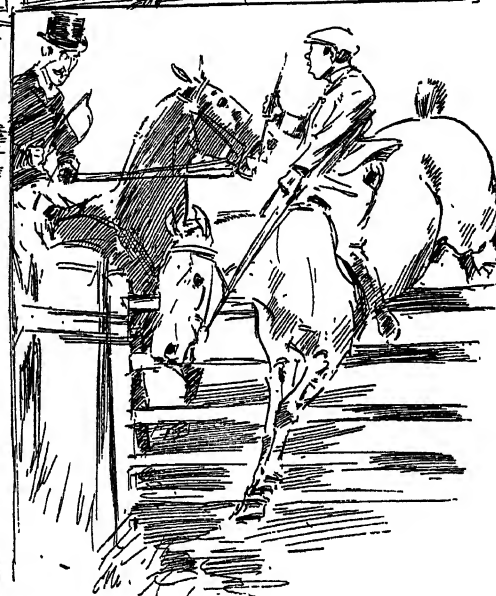
[It was a common practice among Athenian citizens, in answering a charge, to bring into Court their wives and families with the object of exciting the judicial compassion. An interesting parallel comes from Northampton, where it was stated in mitigation of a charge of assault that accused was the father of thirty-two children.]

SEE where the weeping mother stands!

My two-and-thirty kneel to you,

And twice as many tiny hands

Make passionate appeal to you.



Boy (on jumping pony). "NOT SO MUCH OF YOUR 'BOY,' IF YOU PLEASE!"

Behold their four-and-sixty eyes
Suffused with tender dew, my Lord,
And oh, be softened by the sighs
Of these my thirty-two, my Lord!

My case is an exception—No,
The very oldest residents
Can quote no parallel, although
The Scriptures give some precedents.
And if I sometimes take a dram
Like other fathers, who, my Lord,
Can fairly judge my case who am
The Sire of thirty-two, my Lord?

LATEST FROM THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.—Snow, thunder, rain, with intervals of sunshine, moonlight and fog. Passages between Dover and Calais, as well as can be expected. Cones, umbrellas, and parasols hoisted. Furs, muslins, and waterproofs worn till sudden change. Then severe colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

VIII.—THE VENGEANCE OF CASTE.

MOST people, in their day, have wept tears of relief at the ending of T. W. ROBERTSON'S comedy *Caste*, when the Hon. George D'Alroy—not dead, poor chap!—falls into the arms of his wife, Esther, while his father-in-law, Eccles, bestows a drunken benediction upon him before starting for Jersey, and his sister-in-law, Polly, and her adored plumber, Gerridge, embrace sympathetically in the background. In these circumstances it seems hardly kind to add a further act to this harrowing drama. But the writer of Sequels, like Nemesis, is inexorable. If the perusal of the following scene prevents any young subaltern from emulating D'Alroy and marrying a ballet-dancer with a drunken father, it will not have been written in vain.

SCENE—The dining-room of the D'ALROYS' house in the suburbs. Dinner is just over, and GEORGE D'ALROY, in a seedy coat and carpet slippers, is sitting by the fire smoking a pipe. On the other side of the fire sits ESTHER, his wife, darning a sock.

Esther. Tired, GEORGE?

George. Yes.

Esther. Had a bad day in the City?

George. Beastly! I believe I'm the unluckiest beggar in the world. Every stock I touch goes down.

Esther. Why don't you give up speculating if you're so unlucky?

George (hurt). I don't speculate, dear. I invest.

Esther. Why don't you give up investing, then? It makes a dreadful hole in our income.

George. One must do something for one's living.

Esther (sighing). What a pity it is you left the Army.

George. I had to. The regiment wouldn't stand your father. He was always coming to the mess-room when he was drunk, and asking for me. So the Colonel said I'd better send in my papers.

Esther (gently). Not drunk, GEORGE.

George. The Colonel said so. And he was rather a judge.

Esther (unable to improve upon the phrase in which, it will be remembered, she was accustomed to excuse her father). Father is a very eccentric man. But a very good man, when you know him.

George (grimly). If you mean by "eccentric" a man who is always drunk and won't die, he is. Most eccentric!

Esther. Hush, dear. After all, he's my father.

George. That's my objection to him.

Esther. I'm afraid you must have lost a great deal of money to-day!

George. Pretty well. But I've noticed

that retired military men who go into the City invariably do lose money.

Esther. Why do they go into the City, then?

George (gloomily). Why, indeed?

[There is a short pause. GEORGE stares moodily at the fire.]

Esther. I had a visit from your mother to-day.

George. How was she?

Esther. Not very well. She has aged sadly in the last few years. Her hair is quite white now.

George (half to himself). Poor mother, poor mother!

Esther. She was very kind. She asked particularly after you, and she saw little GEORGE. (Gently) I think she is getting more reconciled to our marriage.

George. Do you really, dear? (Looks at her curiously).

Esther. Yes; and I think it's such a good thing. How strange it is that people should attach such importance to class distinctions!

George. Forgive me, dear, but if you think it strange that the Marquise de St. MAUR does not consider Mr. ECCLES and the GERRIDGES wholly desirable connections I am afraid I cannot agree with you.

Esther. Of course, Papa is a very eccentric man—

George. My dear ESTHER, Mr. ECCLES made his hundred and fifty-sixth appearance in the police-court last week. The fact was made the subject of jocular comment in the cheaper evening papers. The sentence was five shillings or seven days.

Esther. Poor Papa felt his position acutely.

George. Not half so acutely as I did. I paid the five shillings. If only he had consented to remain in Jersey!

Esther. But you know Jersey didn't suit him. He was never well there.

George. He was never sober there. That was the only thing that was the matter with him. No, my love, let us look facts in the face. You are a dear little woman, but your father is detestable, and there is not the smallest ground for hope that my mother will ever be "reconciled" to our marriage as long as she retains her reason.

Esther. I suppose father is rather a difficulty.

George. Yes. He and the GERRIDGES, between them, have made us impossible socially.

Esther. What's the matter with the GERRIDGES?

George. Nothing, except that you always ask them to all our dinner parties. And as gentlepeople have a curious prejudice against sitting down to dinner with a plumber and glazier, it somewhat narrows our circle of acquaintance.

Esther. But SAM isn't a working plumber now. He has a shop of his own. Quite a large shop. And their house is just as good as ours. The furniture is better. SAM

bought POLLY a new carpet for the drawing-room only last week. It cost fourteen pounds. And our drawing-room carpet is dreadfully shabby.

George. I'm glad they're getting on so well. (With a flicker of hope) Do you think there's any chance, as they grow more prosperous, of their "dropping" us?

Esther (indignantly). How can you think of such a thing!

George (sighing). I was afraid not.

Esther (enthusiastically). Why, SAM is as kind as can be and so is POLLY. And you know how fond they are of little GEORGE.

George. Poor child, yes. He has played with their children ever since he could toddle. And what is the result? A Cockney accent that is indescribable.

Esther. What does it matter about his accent so long as he is a good boy, and grows up to be a good man?

George. Ethically, my dear, not at all. But practically, it matters a great deal. It causes me intense physical discomfort. And I think it is killing my mother.

Esther. George!

George. Moreover, when the time comes for him to go to a Public school he will probably be very unhappy in consequence.

Esther. Why?

George. Merely irrational prejudice. Public school boys dislike all deviations from the normal. And to them—happily—a pronounced Cockney accent represents the height of abnormality.

Esther (sadly). In spite of our marriage, I'm afraid you're still a worshipper of caste. I thought you turned your back on all that when you married me.

George. So I did, dear, so I did. But I don't want to commit my son to the same hazardous experiment.

Esther. Ah, GEORGE, you don't really love me, or you wouldn't talk like that.

George. My dear, I love you to distraction. That's exactly the difficulty. I am torn between my devotion to you and my abhorrence of your relations. When your father returned from Jersey, and took a lodging close by us, nothing but the warmth of my affection prevented me from leaving you for ever. He is still here, and so am I. What greater proof could you have of the strength of my attachment?

Esther. Poor father! he could not bear to be away from us. And he has grown so fond of little GEORGE! (GEORGE shudders.) Father has a good heart.

George. I wish he had a stronger head.

[This remark is prompted by the sound of Mr. ECCLES entering the front door, and having a tipsy altercation with the maid.]

Maid (announcing). Mr. ECCLES.

Eccles. (joyously). Evening—hic—mo children. Bless you, bless you!



"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE," &c.

First Expert. "I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHING VERY WRONG WITH HIS 'TUBES.'"
Second Expert. "NOT A BIT OF IT! HE'S AS SOUND AS A BELL!"

Esther. Good evening, father.

Eccles. Won't you—hic—speak to yer old father-in-law, GEORGIE? (GEORGE says nothing.) Ah, pride, pride, cruel pride! You come before a fall, you do! (Lurches heavily against the table, and subsides into a chair.) Funny that! Almost—hic—seemed as if the proverb was a-coming true that time!

George (sternly). How often have I told you, Mr. ECCLES, not to come to this house except when you're sober.

Eccles (raising his voice in indignant protest). Shober—hic—perfectly shober! shober as a—hic—judge!

George. I'm afraid I can't argue with you as to the precise stage of intoxication in which you find yourself. You had better go home at once.

Eccles. Do you hear that ESH—TER? Do you hear that—hic—me child?

Esther. Yes, father. I think you had better go home. You're not very well to-night.

Eccles (rising unsteadily from his chair). Allri—ESH—TER. I'm goin'. Good ni—GEORGIE.

George (with the greatest politeness). Good night, Mr. ECCLES. If you could possibly manage to fall down and break your neck on the way home, I should be infinitely obliged.

Eccles (beginning to weep). There's words to address to a loving—hic—father-in-law. There's words—(lurches out).

Esther. I think, GEORGE, you had better see him home. It's not safe for him to be alone in that state.

George (savagely). Safe! I don't want him to be safe. Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to hear he had brokeh his neck.

Esther (gently). But he might meet a policeman, GEORGE.

George. Ah, that's another matter. Perhaps I'd better see the beast into a cab.

Esther (sighing). Ah, you never understood poor father!

[A crash is heard from the hall as ECCLES lurches heavily and upsets the hat-stand. GEORGE throws up his hands in despair at the wreck of the hall furniture—or, perhaps, at the obtuseness of his wife's last remark—and goes out to call a cab. (Curtain.)

St. J. H.

A DIFFICULT FEAT.

MR. CARNEGIE does not like football. He says, "I do not approve of any game in which men stamp upon each other when they are down." Nor do we approve of such practices, nor do we know how it is done—even at football. "For men who are down to stamp upon each other" is clearly a feat which Mr. CARNEGIE alone can explain.

THE EMPEROR'S QUANDARY.

[The Emperor of CHINA realises that his future is a diplomatic toss-up. He must pay the indemnity, and have the ringleaders executed. In point of fact, it is—taels he loses, heads we win.]

THE Chinese Emperor knit his brows

As his ministers came around him
With servile nods and extravagant bows,
His LI HUNG CHANGS and his great POW-
WOWS,

In a terrible stew they found him.

He speaks;

"The Powers are gathered about the Gate
And around the sacred wall.

Their anger I cannot one jot abate,
And I do not like, I am bound to state,
The look of affairs at all.

"We moved our Court to a quieter spot,
To think things carefully over.

But how to get out of our artful plot,
And how to unravel the Boxer knot,
Is a thing I can not discover.

I am sure you will hear with great sur-
prise

That we're stumped for fresh excuses.
We have come to the end of our list of
lies,

And the Chinese Puzzle our wit defies.
In short, it the very deuce is.

For the Powers request an enormous lot

Of cash, as indemnity,
And the heads of the leaders of the plot.
But these gentlemen wire they would
rather not

With our modest request comply.

Of these two-fold evils we both must
choose,

As I shall exactly prove.

To accept their terms we cannot refuse,
But do you not see how we stand to lose
Whichever the way we move?

We pay the Indemnity: Taels they win.

It is heads we lose if we slay
The great ringleaders. Do you begin
To see what a terrible plight we're in?
And to think, it's the only way!

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If DE WET be ever caught I venture to suggest that, instead of sending him to St. Helena or Ceylon, he should be brought to England and handed over to the Master of the Buckhounds, to be used as a deer in place of the present quadrupeds. What rattling runs he could give over the country round Windsor, and what a saving it would be to country in venison! Even Mr. LABBY, M.P., the deadly opponent of the Buckhounds, could scarcely object to the King's Boer-hounds.

Yours obediently,

PRACTICAL PETER.

The Kennels, near Slough.

SHOW-SEEING MADE EASY.

NOW that London has tasted blood, so to speak, and expects her weekly feast of pageantry and procession, it may not be amiss to throw out a few hints and suggestions for the greatest happiness of the greatest number of sightseers:—

1. That the pavements shall be scientifically and permanently "raked," in the theatrical sense, i.e. given a slant of not less than twenty degrees down to the roadway.

2. That, where the foregoing is impracticable, the roadway be raised at least three feet, or, better still, be turned into an American elevated track.

3. That all police, soldiers and volunteers lining the route, do so *behind*, instead of in front of the crowd.

4. That the crowd arrange itself in sizes, that is, all the short persons should stand in the front rows, it being made a mis-demeanour for a tall individual to block the view of one of lower stature.

5. That *matinée* hats be ranked as a felony, breach of the peace, or *lèse-majesté*, according to circumstances. The wearers to be instantly removed in custody and head-cuffed.

6. That better and safer accommodation be provided in trees commanding the line of procession—at present, ladies have some difficulty in mounting even to the lowest branches. Spiral staircases round the trunk should therefore be constructed, with proper hen-roosts where available.

7. That the tops of lamp-posts be made more accessible. Occupiers of such an excellent vantage ground should no longer be discouraged by insecurity of tenure and foothold and the attentions of the police.

8. That ladies shall not be hoisted on gentlemen's shoulders under any pretext whatever. Anybody shall be entitled to run a pin into the offenders.

9. That babies be left at home, as the supply of coroners is limited.

10. That the invention of the lady who used a looking-glass on the occasion of the Opening of Parliament on February 14 be developed, and the view be reflected into all the suburbs. This would enable people to stay at home.

11. That all processions pass twice over the course, on the principle of an overflow meeting. Those who have seen the first time to go home at once.

12. That London be entirely rebuilt and fitted with decent vistas, à la HAUSMANN.

13. That their Gracious Majesties be entreated to open something, Parliament for choice, once a week. The Houses needn't sit during the interval, as they really appear to have outlived their usefulness, except for spectacular purposes.

A. A. S.

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

VII.

WHEN I delight to fling aside
Republic, Frogs and Annals,
 And swiftly down to Ifley glide
 In short and simple flannels;
 With sported oak your heart still broods
 Behind its safe defences,
 Intent on ROBY or *The Moods*
And Tenses.

Oars and the oarsman's lusty art,
 You keep them at a distance,
 Rights are for you a thing apart,
 Although my whole existence.
 How GRAS made his bump you know
 (V. Fifth *Aeneid*); but, Sir,
 Who caught us yesterday below
 The Gut,* Sir?

No boats for you a charm possess
 Save that which bore ULYSSES,
 To more legitimate, if less
 Intoxicating kisses—
 That famous ship the wily one
 Contrived with axe and adze too,
 To plough the grey sea waves—and undergrads too.

Who cares a hang for firsts in Greats
 And academic glory?
 Dull bookworm, come and see the eights
 And shut *de Oratore*.
 Learn what a thing a man may be,
 And think to win a pewter
 More splendid than a first, like me,
 Your tutor.

* A narrow winding channel of the Isis below the Barges.

REDINTEGRATIO AMORIS.

["At present the Tube railway was like a new toy, but a time would come when a large proportion of the former omnibus riders would renew their old habit of riding along the streets in the open air in vehicles drawn by a pair of the noble animals provided by Providence for the service of man, rather than in an earthy-smelling tube 100 ft. below the surface of the earth."—*Chairman of the London Road Car Company.*]

WHEN other trips to other parts
 By ways new-fangled fail,
 Whose underground nefarious arts
 No longer shall prevail;
 And when that route to Turnham Green
 Shall lose its novelty,
 And you on Tubes are not so keen—
 Then you'll remember me.

When telephone, electric light,
 Gas and the water main,
 Break roads no longer, day and night,
 And traffic's clear again;
 If, sick of subterranean trains,
 You'd choose your way to be
 The method Providence ordains—
 Then you'll remember me.

AN ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH HEN.

[According to Mr. MONTEFIORE BRICE in the *Daily Mail* of Feb. 22, 2,025,820,560 foreign eggs were imported last year, for which five and a half millions of pounds sterling were paid.]

Two thousand million eggs and more
 In 1900 were imported;

On British chickendom I call,
 While yet you may escape such
 dangers!
 Why should all Free-Trade prizes fall
 To strangers?

Be Danes and Muscovites declined
 And such-like gallinaceous produce,



Nervous Visitor (who is being taken out for a drive by his host's daughter). "ISN'T IT VERY UNSAFE GOING SO FAST DOWN-HILL, MISS DAISY? AND—AND—TO HOLD THE REINS SO—SO LOOSELY?"

Miss Daisy (light-heartedly enjoying herself). "IS IT? I DON'T KNOW. I'VE NEVER DRIVEN BEFORE. PAPA WON'T LET ME WHEN HE'S AT HOME. SAYS I'M SO RECKLESS." (*Flicks whip.*) "COME UP, OLD MAN!"

They range from "Fresh" to "New-laid," or

"Assorted."

£5,000,000 of English gold
 Pays for this alien-sent albumen;
 JOHN BULL at market's lost his old
 Acumen.

Wake up, ye hens of England; wake,
 O retrogressive British peasant!
 A suicidal course you take
 At present.

Till at election-time they find
 An odd use!

Dorkings and Plymouths, every breed!
 Your country's wealth is going
 begging;

To do your duty now you need
 An egging!

Back to the land let HODGE return,
 Each to his own depleted county;
 Let Britons, not invaders, earn
 The bounty!

A BALLAD OF EDWARD GREY.

(After Tennyson's pathetic poem, "Edward Gray"; and with acknowledgments to the author of the famous proposition, here distorted from its original sense:—"Let us bury the hatchet—in the bowels of our enemy!")

[HISTORIC NOTE.—On February 20, Sir ROBERT REID (sympathising with the Boers) presided at a dinner of the Eighty Club given in honour of Sir EDWARD GREY (Imperialist). Pending the time when the clouds should roll by, the Chairman thought it would help to clear the air if he confessed to a marked difference of opinion, on a point of temporary interest, as between himself and the guest of the evening. Sir EDWARD GREY heartily endorsed this sentiment. He further admitted that he had modified his admiration for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's attitude. He deplored that gentleman's tendency to allude to a section of the Liberal Party as Pro-Boers. The Liberal Party was actually a very fine combination, with a remarkable future before it.]

CAUTIOUS HARRIET CAMPBELL-B.

Sat on the fence in her well-known way;
"And where is your warrior's axe," she said,
"And have you buried it, EDWARD GREY?"

Cautious HARRIET spoke like that;
Slightly blushing I looked away;
"Cautious HARRIET, coals of fire
Lie on the scalp of EDWARD GREY.

"BERTHA REID was my own true love,
Liberal both our hearts at core,
But I was British by taste, and she
Pro-(as I used to call her)-Boer.

"Wrong I thought her, as she thought me;
Between our loves was a deadly breach;
We moved apart in neighbouring plots,
While you sat tight with a leg in each.

"Winged and khakied words I spake,
Once I suffered myself to say—
"You are too little an englander
To suit the habits of EDWARD GREY!"

"Several sporting things I did
Calculated to cause her pain;
Even toyed with the lustrous locks
Of gentle JOSEPHINE CHAMBERLAIN.

"But Wednesday last the Liberal Bond
Fed in my honour, and hearts were freed;
And there to welcome me, in the chair,
Looking her best was BERTHA REID!

"EDWARD GREY, we differ!" said she;
"So it would seem," was my reply;
"Let us agree to differ," she said,
And "Certainly, BERTHA REID!" said I.

"Steadily fell the coals of fire;
The course of EDWARD GREY was plain;
I must contrive to depreciate
The charms of JOSEPHINE CHAMBERLAIN.

"I thought her promising once," I said,
"But that is my view no more, no more;
She called my beautiful BERTHA REID
A rude unmannerly name—pro-Boer!"

"Frank was our laughter over the wine,
Frankly we spoke in generous vein;
That night we buried our hatchets in
The heart of JOSEPHINE CHAMBERLAIN.

"Right through her bosom of triple bronze
They cleft her heart like a thing of clay;
There lies the hatchet of BERTHA REID,
And the similar weapon of EDWARD GREY."

O. S.

TARTARIN A BRIGHTON.

LE NAUFRAGE.

Le lendemain la brume avait disparu, et le soleil, toujours pâle en Angleterre, brillait entre les nuages. Le vent soufflait rudement.

TARTARIN s'habilla vite, chercha ses amis, les entraîna dehors. "Allons," dit-il, "plus de brume, une bonne brise, tout ce qu'il nous faut, hein? Vite, au port!" Alors les Tarasconnais cherchaient à s'orienter. Ils voyaient toujours la grande promenade et les cailloux de la plage.

"Différemment," demanda TARTARIN, "où est donc le port?" "Probablement," dit BRAVIDA, "il n'y en a pas, comme les antiquités, les monuments, les curiosités de la ville." "Eh bien, alors," répondit TARTARIN, "nous allons nous embarquer dans un de ces petits bateaux sur la plage là-bas." "Impossible," crièrent les autres, "par ce vent."

"Moi, j'irai," dit TARTARIN simplement. "Vous n'osez pas," fit BOMPARD. "Le Président du Yackt Club de Tarascon," répondit l'autre d'un ton sévère, "ne craint rien en mer."

Et là-dessus le héros descendit lentement de la digue, aborda un batelier, et lui fit signe de lancer à la mer une barque à voiles. Cette partie de la plage était abritée par un brise-lame. L'homme obéit sans hésiter, croyant avoir affaire à un marin distingué. Et pendant que TARTARIN attendait tranquillement, PASCALON, les larmes aux yeux, le priait instamment de ne pas risquer sa vie. Mais TARTARIN ne fléchit pas. TARTARIN seul, debout à côté du mât, la tête haute et le regard fier, gardait toujours son calme héroïque. De temps en temps il regardait sa boussole, qu'il tenait à la main.

Poussée par le batelier, la barque glissa dans l'eau, et un instant après TARTARIN se cramponna au mât. Les Tarasconnais, moins inquiets, regardaient le petit bateau traversant l'eau calme à l'abri du brise-lame, et puis ils poussaient des cris d'effroi, car, à quelques mètres de la plage, la barque coula, renversée par les vagues.

Quel moment terrible! Leur illustre président naufragé, ce héros du Midi noyé dans la mer triste et grise du Nord!

Heureusement l'eau n'était pas profonde, le batelier s'y précipita et tira le grand homme hors des vagues. Ruisselant, grelottant, le héros tomba entre les bras de ses camarades. Ils le portèrent à une voiture. Arrivé à l'hôtel il se coucha immédiatement, et demanda, toujours grelottant, des grogs chauds. Il en avala plusieurs et s'endormit.

Le soir il s'éveilla et se leva en sursaut. "Allons," dit-il, "nous pouvons partir, je n'ai plus froid, cette fois je ne meurs pas. Mais tout de même je vous donne ma démission. Je ne serai plus Président du Yackt Club de Tarascon. Je ne serai plus yacktmann. J'en ai soupé. Les montagnes sont dangereuses, les lions sont terribles, mais la mer—zou!—dans un yackt, rien qu'une planche entre vous et la mort—té, vé!—elle me fait peur! J'y renonce à tout jamais. PASCALON, prenez ma boussole, et donnez-la au brave batelier qui m'a sauvé du naufrage. Allons! La note, une voiture! Ça m'effraye toujours, ce bruit de la mer. Vite, à la gare! Pardi, on n'est pas noyé dans les trains au moins!"

Une heure plus tard ils quittaient Brighton. H. D. B.

HIS WAY OF DOING IT.—Admiral Sir E. R. FREEMANTLE writes the preface to Mr. ARCHIBALD S. HURD's pamphlet "*The British Fleet; is it Efficient and Sufficient?*" From this it is evident that the Admiral is not satisfied with being himself and merely writing, but he wants also to be Hurd.

"ROD AND LINES." Definition.—Having to be swished first, and then having to write out a *pœna* of a hundred lines into the bargain. "But," quoth our Etonian, protesting, "such a combination was never heard of!"

TO THE KING'S PARLIAMENT.

SIRS, you are met—the nation's fate,
 The nation's hopes are in your keeping,
 And you shall sit in high debate
 While those you cater for are sleeping.
 'Tis yours to wrack a weary head
 In coming to a grave decision,
 But not to lie at ease in bed
 And be subtracted from division.
 And some shall wage the war of words
 With skill, with wit and eke with passion,
 Transforming kindness' milk to curds
 As is the parliamentary fashion.
 And some, compelling oft the storm
 That agitates the usual teacup,
 Will rant of grievance and reform,
 Being all too swift to rise and speak up.
 While others, TOMMIES in the ranks,
 Seen but not heard shall keep their
 places,
 The partisans of leaders' pranks,
 The saviours of their leaders' faces.
 The whips shall hurry to and fro,
 Much talk shall be and many a Question;
 New policies shall come and go,
 And all be merged in one congestion.
 Of *you* our knowledge is but short,
 But Parliaments have gone before you
 And steered the ship of State to port,
 Born of the parentage that bore you.
 So let us trust, as sure we must,
 When all is said and done and written,
 That, as a fact, your every act
 May honour Great and Greater Britain.

THE PERFECT LETTER-WRITER.

THE old-fashioned manuals gave examples of very simple letters to relatives and employers, some few specimens of business communications, and no more. The growth of education during the last thirty years and the multiplication of means of travel have so vastly increased the numbers of correspondents that it is now necessary to give examples of letters to personages in high places, to editors of newspapers, to managers of railways, to directors of public institutions, to foreigners, and to others. Many of these letters would be from persons in humble positions, who have been instructed, but not quite to this point, by the Board Schools. Simple forms of letters are now unnecessary. For instance, the first letter, judiciously varied, might be

From a Young Man to his Grandfather, on hearing of the latter's Engagement.

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER, — With the greatest pleasure I have received the news that you are about to be married for the fifth time. When I consider your activity of body, in a bath-chair, and of mind, when expressing your opinion of my Uncle ADOLPHUS, your son-in-law, I may confidently express the hope that you may be as happy with, and may confer as much

happiness on, my future step-grandmother, as you were with, and did confer on, my grandmother SUSAN, and my step-grandmothers MARY, DORA, and ELAINE. I understand that the lady's name is GWENDOLEN, and that she is nineteen years of age. As I have only seen her once, when, in the absence of your valet, she brought you your evening arrowroot, it would be presumptuous for me to praise her personal appearance; but I may truthfully say that I have rarely noticed any other London housemaid so remarkable as she for a rosy complexion and a roundness of figure, which together would have fascinated RUBENS himself.

With my heartiest congratulations and every good wish, I remain your affectionate grandson,

THOMAS WROTTUR.



Little Griggs (to caricaturist). "BY JOVE, OLD FELLER, I WISH YOU'D BEEN WITH ME THIS MORNING; YOU'D HAVE SEEN SUCH A FUNNY LOOKING CHAP!"

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

(See Edwin Pallander's "Across the Zodiac.")

WHERE wouldst thou roam? Where Neptune's name
 Crowns ADAM'S and LEVERRIER'S fame?
 'Mid ether where Uranus swings?
 Or poise thyself on Saturn's rings?

'Neath Jupiter's pale moonbeams sleep?
 In Ceres golden harvests reap?
 In Pallas' glades, by Eros' fire,
 Or through the fields of "Martian ire"?

Wouldst stroll by Venus' berg or dell?
 With Mercury's burning sunsets dwell?
 Rather I'd live on Earth serene
 Whose climes have hit the golden mean.



THE JOYS OF MOTORING.

NO, THIS IS NOT A DREADFUL ACCIDENT. HE IS SIMPLY TIGHTENING A NUT OR SOMETHING, AND SHE IS HOPING HE WON'T BE MUCH LONGER.

"IN RE-AWAKENING!"

IN our last week's number, while giving due praise both to Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS for his comedy, and to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and his company for their excellent interpretation of it at the St. James's, Mr. Punch's Representative took grave exception to the injudicious and quite unnecessary introduction into the dialogue of certain scriptural quotations calculated to make the thoughtless smile, but the judicious grieve. Author and manager, readily admitting the justice of the criticism, at once decided on expunging these lines from the spoken dialogue. This is indeed "The Wisdom of the Wise" at the St. James's. We only refer to the incident, "now closed," in justice to Mr. Punch's critic, lest those who see the expurgated edition of *Awakening* should rub their eyes, wondering what exception that hypercritical person could possibly have taken to the witty, dramatic dialogue of Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS' thoroughly well-acted play. One question remains, were these scriptural quotations in the original MS. that was passed by that *Custos Morum*, the Licensor of Plays? We pause for a reply—and we shall continue to pause for some considerable time.

STANDARD CLASSICAL STUDY FOR AN ACTOR.—"Seneca de beneficiis," i.e. "SENECA on 'Benefits.'"

DIFFERENT WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

Cabman (holding up coin to fare). Is this, Sir, the pecuniary recompense to which you think I am justly entitled?

Fare. In truth, honest Charioteer, you have gauged my meaning.

Cabman. I am a poor man, but proud. Good morning, Sir.

[Raises his hat and drives off.]

Cabman (holding up coin to fare). 'Ere, wot's this?

Fare. A shillin', and you're dear at that.

Cabman. Blank! blank! blank! if I don't summons yer hugely carcass before a beak, and that hinstanter. Blank! blank! blank!

[Driving off, swearing awfully.]

ANOTHER APPLICATION.—A note in the *Daily Telegraph* informs us that the millinery worn in the new piece at the Apollo Theatre, came from the "Maison de Cram, Court Milliners." What an appropriate name for the house of a tutor, who "coaches" pupils for the various "exams."! Just the thing! The *Maison de Cram*!

"TWO SINGLE GENTLEMEN," &c.—The *Westminster Gazette*, reported, last week, that a large gathering of Welshmen in the City went to hear a sermon preached by "The Rev. GRIMALDI JONES." Here at last must be the long wished-for combination of Church and Stage! "The Rev. GRIMALDI!"



WHICH WILL HE DROP ON ?

LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

Short stories with sad endings.

III.—THE LOVE STORY OF AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN.

REGINALD MAINGAY arose out of an attitude of genuflection. His nervous clutch was about the brim of his silk hat, his demeanour the excess of blushing awkwardness.

"Then," he said, in quavering notes. "I'm—I'm not good enough for you? A regular bad penny. Won't have me at any price. I—I shall come into ten thousand a-year, you know."

A strange, dancing light came into the young girl's eye (the right eye, I think).

"It is not that," she said. "Oh, we all have faults, I know. I do not want to be harsh or unkind—but—"

"I see," said REGINALD, dolefully. "I'm a bit of a rip—"

"But you will improve?" said the girl, half-appealingly.

"I will study hard to be more deserving of your love—when you bestow it on me. I'm not worthy of you, but if I had a little encouragement—just the faintest glint of hope," and he paused, and blinked out his pent-up emotion.

BRENDA TEAUCHAMP-MANNERS was a girl of great ambition. She saw in the shy, limp, *gauche* young man standing with bent knees before her, the making of one of England's heroes. At present he was impossible. But under a woman's refining influence, what wonders might not be wrought. Then ten thous—tush! how our minds run on these sordid details.

BRENDA held out her hand. "In a year and a day," she said dramatically, "I will answer you."

The lover accepted the period of probation, and the young girl who had read of the follies, the undurability, and the ever cropping up of hitherto unconsidered shortcomings in Man, congratulated herself that she, at any rate, would have a husband adaptable to the lightest whim of her feminine fancy. For one year and one day REGINALD would be under her close surveillance, and well she knew that her charms were all sufficient to feed the flame of love in REGINALD MAINGAY's bosom until such time as her good influence had transformed the awkward boy, with his selfishness and objectionable bachelor vices, into an eligible husband.

The year and the day were past, and the lover again crouched in an attitude of supplication before the beautiful and the ambitious BRENDA TEAUCHAMP-MANNERS. He scarcely realised, so mysterious are the workings of love—what a marked change this young girl had effected in him. Even she doubted—the result was so utterly beyond anything her most ambitious hopes had formed.

"You have given up drinking?" she said.

a great flood of memory the recollection of bygone bluffs and jack-pots. Still, for her sake, he had eschewed cards.

"And, REGGY," cooed BRENDA plaintively, "you have given up your horrid clubs, where men sow the first seeds of selfish indulgence?"

REGGY sighed. He had.

"And you don't lose all your loose change betting, REGGY?"

There came a doleful "No."

"And your father has taken you into the firm as a partner?"

"Yes. A full-blown partner."

"And you are working so hard?"

"I'm an absolute busy bee. I'm—" The man paused. Never until this moment had he fully realised what sacrifices he had made on the altar of love. He gazed with wonder and admiration into the radiant face of the young girl, as the full significance of the idea took shape in his mind. He trembled with a mixed emotion when he thought to what a state of perfection he had attained. BRENDA saw the idea battering against the fortification of REGINALD'S mind (being a General's daughter) and fearing a breach, said quickly:

"REGGY, can you doubt my answer? It is 'Yes!' You—you are mine!"

But REGINALD wavered. "BRENDA," he said, "You really think I am a model of virtue and everything a modern husband should be?"

"Yes," replied the girl, a little joyous lilt in her tones. "You are perfect!"

"I think so, too," said MAINGAY, with horrible emphasis.

"Miss TEAUCHAMP-MANNERS, you have shown me my true value. I am worth a Duchess—at least!"

Then the ambitious woman saw—alas, too late!—that she had stretched the elasticity of a man's nature to snapping-point. She cried out. But REGINALD had gone.



A LITTLE IN ADVANCE.

IN THE FUTURE THERE WILL BE NO HARD-AND-FAST LINE BETWEEN THE DEFENSIVE FORCES OF THE COUNTRY—MR. PUNCH IS ENABLED TO GIVE A FORESHORE-TENED PORTRAIT (FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1910) OF VICE-GENERAL SIR TAFFRAIL SABRETACHE, COMMANDING THE ROYAL HORSE MARINES.

"For your sake, yes," replied REGINALD.

"I am a confirmed teetotaler."

"And you do not smoke?"

"No. Knowing your aversion to all forms of smoking, I broke off the habit. It was a wrench, but I did it."

"And you never gamble?" enquired BRENDA, hesitatingly.

"Not in any form," he answered. "Much as I am tempted by alluring fluctuations."

"And what about cards, the devil's prayer-book?"

REGINALD had been a great poker-player, and the mention of cards brought back in

QUERIES FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—Licences permitting bores to talk about golf, hunting and the weather. Taxes on photos, cycles, and powder puffs. Insist upon stamps for circulars, visiting-cards and play bills. Exact the heaviest penalties from amateur scribes who send idiotic articles to editors without enclosing stamped and addressed envelopes for their immediate return.

WHITECHAPEL TO MAYFAIR.

"At an inquest held in Bethnal Green on the body of a boot-finisher who had hanged himself, it was elicited that the man had to work twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four in order to make 3s. 6d."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

SISTER, I look on your halls of light,
And I see your children fair
Arrayed like the lilies, and flashing bright
From a thousand gems on my dazzled sight;
I see them dancing the live-long night,
Like water-flies, free from care.
I see them satiate sit at meat
And dally with dainties they cannot eat;
I see them sow what after years
Will reap in hunger and burning tears;
Of every pleasure they drink their fill,
And lo! their cry is pleasure still.
They heed not, they,
Who else must pay,
So long as their life is a merry and gay;
And care can go
To Jericho
While the song is sweet and the music low.



Sister, look on this garret bare,
Look on this rag-strewn bed:
These blue lips, haggard with want and
care,
This frame so meagre and gaunt and bare,
This poor cold image of starved despair—
Sister, look on my dead!
Day and night, night and day,
My children are toiling their lives away,
Aching head or aching heart
Still they must stick to their pitiful part,
Still they must hammer and cut and
carve—
Stop for a day, and the world says,
"Starve!"
Cease to slave,
And a pauper's grave
Is all the poor boon that my sons need
crave;
Their song is a sigh
And their music a cry—
Sister, tell me the reason why!

HOW TO WRITE FOR PUNCH, THE
TIMES (OR ANY OTHER PAPER).

(By one who has done it.)

A NUMBER of volumes have been published of late with such titles as *The Complete Guide to Successful Journalism*, *How to write for the Magazines*, etc. But, so far as we know, none of these works contains hints to the innumerable aspirants who wish to write for *Punch*—a task demanding, of course, quite exceptional powers. The following hints on

this important matter are sure to be widely welcomed.

1. The first thing is to find an appropriate subject. There is no difficulty at all about this. Select a well-known joke from any *Jest-Book*, or take one from a back number of *Punch* itself. Perhaps you have been taught that originality is prized by editors; in that case you should compose a ten-thousand-words essay on "Molecular Attraction," or "The Burial Customs of the Ancient Hittites." Nothing like this, as you will justly point out to the Editor, has ever appeared in his periodical, so that he is bound to welcome it.

2. You will then write your article on foreign note-paper, taking care to use both sides. And remember, that an illegible handwriting is a sure sign of genius.

3. With the manuscript you will enclose a lengthy letter, giving a few reasons why the Editor must feel bound to use your contribution. Any one of the following is highly recommended:

(a) That five years ago a letter of yours on the town drainage-system was published by the *Puddleton Gazette*.

(b) That you recently met at a garden-party a man who knew a man whose second-cousin's husband is on nodding-terms with the Editor.

(c) That you have an elderly relation to support, or that your family is very numerous.

(d) That extremely feeble as you believe your contribution to be, it is at least better than anything printed in *Punch* within the last ten years.

4. If you do not get a handsome cheque by return of post, you will write an angry letter to the Editor, demanding the reason of this disgraceful delay. Should he still remain silent, you will follow it up by other letters, varied by abusive postcards. Then you will call three or four times a day for a month at the office, *Mr. Punch's*, *The Times*, or whatever the paper may be that you have honoured, and demand to see the Editor. (N.B.—Towards the end of the month it may be well, as a precautionary measure, to carry a revolver in your pocket.)

5. If, in spite of all these expedients, your contribution fails to appear, you can still tell your friends, with perfect truth, that you "have written for *Punch*," or that you have written for *The Times*, *Post*, *Telegraph*, &c., as the case may be. That *Punch* declined to print your contribution is, after all, an irrelevant detail.

"A Shorter Way."—Address a letter to the Publishers requesting them to forward you a copy of *Punch*, for which you enclose stamped and addressed wrapper. This is "writing for *Punch*" reduced to its very simplest form, and the plan is adaptable to any and every form of journal.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

(Page from a Business-Man's Diary.)

Monday.—Attended meeting of Patent Thunderbolt Company. Board perfectly satisfied with manager's report. Didn't understand it. Didn't like to say so. Others understood it, so it must be all right.

Tuesday.—Looked in at the gathering of the Antipodean Tube Connecting Syndicate. Man in chair seemed to know something about it. Intelligent man, and clear-headed. Passed him customary vote of confidence.

Wednesday.—Appeared at the Board of the Moribund Life Assurance. Rather late for the statement, but in time for the fees. Asked what had been done. Company Director replied "Oh, the usual business." Appeared disappointed at my arrival, as, had I not put in an appearance, Company directors would have divided my fee. Things seem to be going well. Lunched at the Club.

Thursday.—Turned up at the Consolidated Spanish Aërial Castle Combination. Report in every way satisfactory, as far I can make out. But I never had a head for figures. However, I quite understand that our "prefs.," i.e. "preference shares," are at a premium, and are expected to go higher.

Friday.—Popped into the Board Meeting of the Undiscovered Island Development Company. All going well according to the experts; but I admit, as I said to a companion director, that geography and minerals were never among my strong points at school. By the way, at University never did any geography. Nobody ever did. Quite forgotten if we had any maps.

Saturday.—A day off. Vote myself into my arm-chair before fire, and shall take up Encyclopædia to get out of it some information as to Thunderbolts, Tubes, Castles-in-Air, geography and mineralogy generally. . . . Can't find Encyclopædia—suppose I haven't got one. Old golfing friend calls for me to run down with him to Sandwich Links from Saturday till Monday. Good. Bother Directorates and Directories. All comes right if you don't worry. That's my motto, and a good one. Off. Back in time to get fees on Monday at the meeting of Patent Thunderbolt Company (Limited).



REGULAR IMPOSITIONS.—MR. GAZE, for America, would impose duty on Russian imports. Thereupon M. WHITE would impose duty on American imports into Russia. Isn't this a striking instance of "Ready Witte"?

THE MODERN COLOSSUS.

O FABLED Apollo of maritime RHODES,
If you could behold this Imperial Isle,
And see who presides o'er our latter-day
nodes,
You could not forbear with amusement
to smile.

Like Atlas of old, on his shoulders he bears
The burden of state; granting chary
assent
To kingly decrees, on his country's affairs,
Or yielding faint praise with admonish-
ment blent.

Kings, Emperors, Cæsars some title abate
To their greatness, beshrouding their
emblems of power,
And on his sweet pleasure content are to
wait,
Or—haply, beneath his fell anger to
cower.

Ambassadors, diplomats, plenipots., all
This Cerberus strive to appease with a
sop,
Full knowing his pow'r to procure their
recall,
If he, by design or chance, on them
should drop.

He shows each new Member the path to
pursue,
Inculcates his duties, imposes his plan
Of political action the whole session
through;
And trumpets his views from Beersheba
to Dan.

He lays down the laws for our Naval
defence:
His voice through the War-Office echoes
again;
He argues his rights with a vigour intense;
He booes in the theatre with cheerful
disdain;

O'er vestry, o'er council, o'er newly-made
movement
Still does he the wand of authority
wield;
He weaves aëry webs for some Body's
improvement;
The soldier instructs in his duties afield.



And the ha'penny papers without inter-
mission
For his favour and nod of approval
compete.
The great British Empire is—by kind
permission
Of him I refer to—The Man in the
Street!



Sydney Harvey, 1901.

"OH, JANE! JANE! WHAT WILL YOUR MASTER SAY!"
"WELL, IT AIN'T MY FAULT, MAM—I'M SURE. I DIDN'T SO MUCH AS LOOK AT THE
THINGS. THEY MUST 'A BEEN SHOOK BY THAT THERE 'ORRID TUBE THAT THEY TALK
ABOUT!"

SUPREMA LEX BATTERSEÆ
VOLUNTAS.

[The Borough Council of Battersea demands that
the Government shall stop the war.]

SEE mighty Battersea arise,
An awe-inspiring suburb,
Quite peaceful, save for coster's cries
Of rabbits or of rhubarb.

(Excuse that rhyme.) This stately place
Displays its awful power,
And dooms to dire and deep disgrace
The Ministers who cower.

Of course they tremble. Dare they stand,
Like lightning-scoring AJAX,
Defying Battersea's command,
And still in office stay Jacks?

Ah, no! The Ministry must fall,
And not because it blundered,

Unless it can obey the call
S. W. has thundered.

It can't obey, so what is claimed
By Battersea is cruel;
The Government, abashed, ashamed,
Must die in such a duel.

O Conscript Fathers round that Park
Where bicyclists go riding,
To pity's gentle pleading hark
And cease your angry chiding!

If all the Ministers went out,
How could you take their places?
Your valuable time, no doubt,
Is filled in many cases.

Could you neglect South-Western shops
To rule the British nation?
Then leave to others, till it stops,
That humbler occupation.

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

CANTO THE SECOND.

Pegasus
resumeth his
steady trot.

WE left the authors and composers too,
But, for a while, the latter have to rest;
At present there is nothing they can do,
Though later on for time they may be pressed;
So your attention let me kindly ask
For the librettists, in their thankless task.

Thankless, I say, because, as well they know,
There is so much hard work to do at first,
Which into nothingness will doubtless go
As soon as it begins to be rehearsed.
And, when the shadow of their work remains,
They get condemned by critics for their pains.

The Libretto.

And here a word in season let me speak:
Who is to blame, and in a large degree,
That these librettos are so often weak?
Surely the unintelligent B. P.
What use in writing subtle epigram?
The line that gets most laughter is a "D—n!"
So then the authors, if they know the ropes,
Must not rely upon their verbal wit;
A first-night audience may raise false hopes
By seeing and appreciating it.
But afterwards, though some good lines may
"go,"
You'll find this is not generally so.



The Scenic
Artist.

Important to a very large extent
Is the *locale* wherein they lay their plot;
It may be one they've chosen to invent,
Or, on the other hand, it may be not.
The point is, that the scenic artist gets
A chance of painting some effective "sets."

The Acts.

The piece will be divided into acts,
Two is the number most in vogue to-day
(Though change of dress and scenery distracts
Attention from the dullness of a play).
And the finale to the first will be
The one dramatic opportunity.
The thread of story in *this sort of play*,
By song and dance is often being stopped;
So in the second act, I think it may
To all intents be absolutely dropped.
And the *dénouement*—if there's one at all,
Can take place hurriedly at curtain-fall.

The Scenario
is completed.

But more of this anon; come, reader, now
Revenons à nos moutons for a bit;
The authors, rather cramped, yet knowing how
They must proceed if they would make a hit;
Working upon the lines I've tried to show,
Concoct an up-to-date scenario.

When the scenario is complete, the authors will read it to the Manager, who will suggest countless alterations which may or may not coincide with their views. For instance, one of the characters in the piece may be a young girl,—essentially refined and charming.

"Ah!" says the Manager, "just the part for Miss ASTERISK."

Now, Miss ASTERISK is a sprightly serio-comic from the halls, who has gained popularity by singing *risqué* songs with a cockney accent. Therefore, consternation and expostulation on the part of the authors.

"Nonsense, my boys; she must have the part. Look at the salary I pay her!"

And so on, till the authors abandon many of their fondest

schemes to the necessity of "writing round the cast." However, let us presume that, subject to these trifling alterations, the scenario is approved and the authors are told to "go ahead."

Now are they fairly started on their task,
The framework of their vessel has been laid;
But, before very long, they'll have to ask
The lyric writers for their timely aid.
Giving them, while the dialogue proceeds,
Hints as to what each situation needs.

The Lyric
Writers.

These lyricists must be gentlemen who will
Adapt their muse to suit the changeful
times;
Their lyres with sentiment one moment thrill,
The next, with patter or ingenious rhymes.
No metrical experiments they shirk,
So they too, settle down and get to work.
The choruses,—fair sailing have they here,
Trios, duets, concerted pieces too;
Some may be "cut" and never used, I fear,
Others may last the many changes through.
The songs—well, better leave them for a
while,
Each artiste must be suited as to style.



The Composers.

Lastly, but not by any means the least,
Though till the present, idle they have been;
Helping to flavour this dramatic feast,
The light composers come upon the scene,
And, that our homage may appear completer,
Let's try to welcome them with change of metre.

Whom the
Poet greeteth
with a hymn of
praise.

Hail to each very harmonious gent,
Prosperous, happy and gay;
Lords of the *bâton*, by public consent
Crowned with the branches of bay.
Weavers of many a catchy refrain,
Pets of the man in the street they remain;
Favoured by "royalties" now and again,
Who so contented as they?



Loud barrel organs all over the land,
Grind forth their latest success;
When their *chef d'œuvres* are performed on
the band.
Clapping is hard to suppress.
"Things with a tune" that are easy to hurn,
Persons superior call them "tum-tum,"
Still they appeal to and satisfy some;
I'm one of those, I confess.

Long may they live and continue to write;
Sad will the season be, when
"Scores" of their making shall cease to delight
Scores of their own fellow-men.
Let them enjoy their successes to-day,
As they give airs to the public to play,
Surely we ought to excuse them, if they
Give themselves airs now and then!

All the collaborators being thus gathered together, this masterpiece of musical comedy ought to make rapid progress. The difficulties of "writing round the cast" have been already mentioned. In the next Canto it is proposed to introduce the reader to some types of the *dramatis personæ*, touching on their peculiarities, which it is the author's duty to study closely and endeavour to suit.

P. G.

(To be continued.)

CUPID AT BANGOR.

["In consequence of the rustication of two students who infringed the stringent rules that regulate the relationships between the men and women students of Bangor, it is reported the undergraduates have resolved to strike."
—Daily Paper.]

Before the Senate-room.

Chorus of Students.

To worship at the shrine
Of ever-lovely Venus
Is nothing, we opine,
Particularly heinous.
If *Romeo* has erred
And punishment betide him,
We pledge our solemn word
To stand or fall beside him.

(Enter Professors from Senate-room.)

First Professor. Friends, Welshmen, students of this famous school—

First Student. Hold hard! One line apiece! You know the rule.

First Prof. A troublesome, when one has much to say.

First Student. Of *Romeo*? Then prithee, fire away!
For once we'll waive the *stichomuthia*.

First Prof. Sirs, of your *Romeo* and his offence
We have considered duly, weighing each
Small circumstance that haply might excuse
His so black crime. You murmur. Crime it is,
According to the sacred laws of Bangor,
Where none may court a maid, nay, not so much
As change a word with her, unless the twain
Be formally betrothed. Yet *Romeo*—
Himself denies not—through the streets at eve
Escorted *Juliet*, yea, unblushing, came
E'en to the portals of her hostel here.
For this no palliation can we find,
Nor semblance of excuse why we should stay
The execution of our sentence. Sirs,
Your *Romeo* is banished. (Uproar.) *Juliet*
Must also leave the college.

(Renewed uproar, which finally resolves itself into a chorus of students.)

You hear? You hear? It's perfectly clear,

Our *Romeo* they banish;

And *Juliet*, too, that adorable Blue,

Has likewise got to vanish.

Oh, shame! Oh, shame! If that is your game,

You may play it, of course, if you like, Sirs;

But, first of all, pray, hear what we have to say—

If you rusticate them, we shall strike, Sirs,

Profs. (in horror). You will strike? You will strike?

Students. We shall strike, Sirs!

Chorus of Profs. *φεῦ, φεῦ!* What shall we do

If nobody will come near us!

Wo, wo! Where shall we go

If nobody comes to hear us?

Chorus of Students. Your lecture rooms will be silent as tombs,

Your voice unheard. Beware us!

Your oldest joke will not provoke

The shade of a smile.

Profs.

Oh! spare us!

Student. Your lecture will fall on a dead brick wall:

However you may prepare it,

No looked-for applause will greet each clause—

Profs. Enough! we cannot bear it!

Student. You yield?

Profs. We do. And what of you?

Student. You'll wink at the laws?

Profs. You'll give us applause?

Student. You'll forgive the young folks?

Profs. You'll laugh at our jokes?

All. We will! we will! we will!

Smile the lips so grimly set,

Laughter takes the place of anger:

Romeo and Juliet

Are once again restored to Bangor!

(Curtain.)



VEGETARIAN VERSES.

O MUSE! inflate me with celestial fire,
Let all my baser particles expire,
And deign to smile upon me, though the ire
Of those who drag Old England through the mire
By slaying beasts to glut a mad desire
Should overwhelm me with convulsion dire.

How passing mad is man! And who can doubt
That all his woes, and maladies, from gout
To mumps, and measles of the German breed,
Arise from his carnivorousness and greed.

What can create a thief

But beef?

What is it animates the glutton?

Why, mutton.

The murderer sticks his fork

In pork,

And how exceedingly unpleasant

Is he that feasts on pheasant!

If Englishmen are down upon their luck,

Attribute it to duck.

War-clouds above, the atmosphere is murky

Through eating turkey,

And many a suicide selects the fatal cartridge

Through partridge.

What thing supremely stamps this heartless "profit and
loss" age?

—The awful sausage!

O happy Hindoo!

How I venerate you,

For killing of cattle you wholly eschew,

Which is so much the better I think for the "coo,"

To vary what STEPHENSON said to pooh-pooh

Certain pessimist views which were sadly untrue.

Then the heathen Chinese,

How blessed is he!

Can you picture him peacefully swilling his tea,

And swallowing rice-with exuberant glee?

But if he foolishly forsake that diet

No "power" (or set of "powers") can keep him quiet.

Inspired by pig and puppy he will burn

And massacre and slay at every turn;

So, gentle reader, be advised, and shun

All food that's more exciting than a bun;

Intoxicating flesh, you may have gleaned,

Will speedily transform you to a fiend.

Be warned in time, and try the better plan

Of turning to a vegetar-i-an.

The soul upon the tender cabbage reared

Is certain to be honoured, loved, revered!

QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. O'DONNELL tried to set a new fashion of bi-lingual debates. A greater diversity would be obtained if each Member spoke, to the best of his ability, in any language he had studied, somewhat as follows:—

Mr. Gibson Bowles. Señor, la posición de los docks de Gibraltar no es buena, pero mucho estúpida. Porque hacer los docks allí?

liberali è un voto dato ai Boeri! Senza dubbio è vero, per Bacco!

Mr. Lecky. Vir præclarissime, loquor

ponere. Cur non facere linguam latinam obligatoriam in Africa meridionale?

Sir Cuthbert Quilter. Herr SPRECHER, wenn echtes, gesundes Bier in England nicht zu kaufen ist, warum bringt man nicht Bier aus Deutschland?

Lord Cranborne. Mwango bango ngogo mballamballa ntobo nwanga wa. [This speech is in accordance with the edict of the Leader of the House, directing that, in order to avoid diplomatic complications, all answers by the Under-Secretary



"YE IDES OF MARCH ARE COME"; OR, ROME DURING YE CENSUS.

From a rare old frieze out of Ye British Museum.

Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett. Chin, chin. Me no speake Inglis. Me wishee ask Secletary for Foleign Devils—beg pardon, Foleign Affairs—when Inglismen getee be number one topside in China and makee Lussia kow-tow chop, chop?

Mr. Labouchere. Mijnheer, ik will fragen, heeft mijn vriend DE WET bagged Lord KITCHENER yet?

Mr. Chamberlain. Mi scusi, Signor Parlatore, questo onorevole signor è un Pro-Boer. Diavolo, ogni voto dato ai

linguam latinam, semper lectam et locutam in universitatibus. Sum membrum unæ universitati. Nunc volo interrogationem

for Foreign Affairs shall be in the Kaffir language.]

Mr. Balfour. Monsieur le Parleur, à l'instar de mon illustre ami, le Marquis de LANSDOWNE tous les ministres parlent français. Le discours de mon très honoré confrère le Sous-Secrétaire des Affaires Étrangères, discours à la fois bref et et éloquent, simple et lumineux, explique à merveille les intentions du gouvernement. Après cet exposé admirablement raisonné je n'ai rien à dire. H. D. B.



'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

VIII.

WHEN time was refusing to fly,
And the Dean was especially stale
(It was frequently said
That our excellent Head
Was blind to the point of his tale),
When even the clouds became dry—
Though our spirits they damped for all
that—
Our glances would fall
On a bench in the Hall
Where two damsels from Somerville sat.

The one was a dream of delight,
Instinct with a delicate grace,
With cheeks soft and dimply—
In short, it was simply
A rapture to look on her face.
The other a regular fright,
Green-goggled, and forty at least,—
So we thought it our duty
To call the one Beauty,
While t'other was known as the Beast.

Now, the Beast had a studious mind:
Her thoughts were intent on the Head,
And in shorthand she wrote
An elaborate note
Of the least little word that he said.
Her brow was well wrinkled and lined,
As though with historical dates,
And we one and all knew
That this terrible Blue
Was a "cert" for a first in her Greats.

But Beauty, sweet innocent, seemed
To set on the lecture small store:
To judge from her look,
She apparently took
The worthy old Dean for a bore.
We thought that in fancy she dreamed
Of love or the joys of the ball;
"Why, why," we all said,
"Vex her dear little head?
She will only be 'gulfed*' after all."



The wisdom of mortals is nought,
And even the youngest man makes
What we venture to view
(With all respect due
To omniscient youth) as mistakes.
Of all things, as Euripides thought,
To comprehend woman's the worst;
The Beast was found fit
For the bottomless pit,
While Beauty came out with a first.

*One who goes in for honours and receives a pass is said to be "gulfed."



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

"HALF A PINT EXTRA THIS MORNING, MR. BROWN, IF YOU CAN SPARE IT."

"SORRY I CAN'T, MARY. THE FACT IS, THIS 'ERE BEER SCARE 'AS CAUSED A RUN ON SODA AND MILK."

"TO UNCLE CHARLIE."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—I say, such a rag! weeve got a French feller jest come to this school and *he dissent know his own languidge!* I tride him at it yestiddy I sed why carnt you speak English? & he srugged his shoulders & sed "*oh slarner fairy hang*" meaning it didnt matter & then he sed he could "*parlay un petit pew*" I arksd him 2 or 3 things & he didnt know them so I sed "*Vooner poovj par parly pour noisettes!*" and he almost danced with rage. I looked at him skornfly, & sed "*O'est un joli gibier, n'est par*". & would you bleeve it, he didnt

know what I ment? Ass you praps dont understand French like I do, Uncle CHARLIE, I'd better trangslate my larst frase—"Thats a pretty game, aint it."

And this afternoon in the rakit cort when he made rather a good stroke, I yelled out, jest to encurridge him "*Oh, quel coup de fromage!*" meaning of coarse "Oh, what a cheesy stroke!" he coodent even understand *that!* These French fellers are beasely iggnorent, I tell you. Then he began to jabber and jestickleate but I sed "*Oh fermez voo, voose ates un vrai rotteur*" and that *did* shut him up.

Your affectshunt nephew

MAX.

THE NEW GENIUS OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(Lines suggested by the remarks of a local guide, radiant with reflected glory.)

THE more I live and look about
The more it seems surprising
That men who might have made a name
Should miss the full reward of fame
For want of advertising.

Authors, especially, I see
Addicted to the habit
Of hiding their effulgent light,
And keeping somewhere out of sight
In burrows like a rabbit.

Of how they privately behave
The journals make no mention;
Their facial cast remains in doubt,
They feed in public spots without
Attracting wide attention.

Even the Bard of Avon chose
To play the homely brewer,
To nurse a quiet love of pelf
And never talk about himself
To any interviewer.

Our faith in his reputed works
Is naturally shaken,
With no contemporary puff
To tell us if he wrote the stuff
Or got it done by BACON.

I wonder if some Philistine,
Some impious child of DAGON,
Will, in the course of time, discuss
Who was the actual Genius
That penned *The Master Pagan*!

Will curious cryptogrammatists
Join the insensate *mêlée*,
To prove that Mr. CAINE (of Man)
Wrote it to please the Great God Pan,
And called himself C-R-LLI?

Not if our M-RIE's clear *réclame*
Shall still survive to boom her!
And I believe it will not be
False shame or foolish modesty
That lets the moth consume her!

A happy thought, to take a house
In SHAKESPEARE's own locality,
Where frequent pilgrims pass the door
And cannot very well ignore
Her poignant personality!

The Yankee, streaming to the shrine
Of our immortal Mummer,
Forgets the dead and doubtful "Swan,"
And concentrates his worship on
The real and living Hummer.

The showman, sick of shady myths
And dearth of life-recorders,
Explains that this is not the way
A grateful Stratford treats to-day
The prophet in her borders.

"Behold," he cries, "the actual house
That Miss C-R-LLI leases,
In yonder study's restful shade,
Accepting none but Heaven's aid,
She makes her masterpieces.

"Such the retirement suited to
A theologic scholar!
Screened from the idle curious throng
To her we might apply the song
'Go, lovely rose!' (by WALLER).

"Hard by she builds a worthier home,
And, when she seeks that haven,
Upon the walls where now you gaze
The Mayor of Stratford means to raise
A tablet chastely graven:—

*Within this temple, which has been
Presented to the nation
(Here follows name of Mayor, with date),
Occurred a portion of the great
C-R-LLI's inspiration."* O. S.



THE NEW STAR, AND WHAT WILL COME OF IT.

(A report received from the Milky Way.)

"WHAT shall we do?" cried Jupiter
from afar, using the wireless telegraphy.

"I have already bestowed a magnificent
army, that will go any where and do any-
thing," replied Mars.

"And I," put in Neptune, not to be
outdone in generosity, "have given a
first-class navy that can meet that army
anywhere and conquer it."

"I have bestowed a perfect bevy of
beauties, who will cause any number of
cases to be ready for trial by battle,"
said Venus, with a love of mischief
suitable to her sex.

"And I have given a messenger system
equal to anything at St. Martin's-le-
Grand," murmured Mercury, not feeling
sure that his gift would be valued.

"That is not very much," sneered
Saturn; "and I can do a little better.
My ring is already on its way through
space."

"Ring!" thundered Jupiter. "A pretty
present, indeed! Why, the poor little
star will be hopelessly ruined if it has
anything to do with a ring! I've half a
mind to crush it at its birth with a
thunderbolt."

"It will reach maturity before your
messenger arrives," returned Mercury,
who had a taste for figures.

Jupiter considered a moment, and then
gave judgment.

"Well, let us see how matters go.
Wars, beauties, an imperfect postal ser-
vice, and a commercial ring from Saturn
to swallow up everything."

"Oh, dear me!" cried the new star.
"I don't believe, with such extra-
ordinary gifts, I shall be any better off
than that poor old world the Earth!"

THE PERFECT LETTER-WRITER.

PART II.

*From an Organ-grinder to the Principal of
the Guildhall School of Music.*

SIR,—Reluctant as I am to trespass upon
your valuable time, I cannot refrain from
pointing out to you the irreparable injury
which your institution, together with the
Royal College and the Royal Academy of
Music, may ultimately cause to the pro-
fession of which I am a member. I do
not in any way blame you, or the gentle-
men controlling the other establishments,
but I think you cannot deny that in
time, through your mis-directed efforts a
majority—no doubt a small majority—of
the English nation, or, at least, of the
inhabitants of London, will become so
prejudiced in favour of the sort of instru-
mental music which you, and others like
you, advocate, that the performances
given by members of my profession will
no longer be universally appreciated and
admired, as they are at present, and as
they deserve always to be. In fact—but
of that, happily, there is so far no sign
whatever—London may ultimately sink
to the level of Brussels, or any other
third-rate capital, where the instrument
on which I perform is absolutely pro-
hibited.

Far distant be the day when so-called
"education" may teach the Londoner to
wish for some trifle by CHOPIN or SCHUBERT
played on the digital pianoforte, rather
than an air from the music-halls rendered
on the mechanical one! At present it is
evident that the noble English nation
prefers the street organ to any other
instrument, for the members of my pro-
fession are welcomed to your great cities
in a manner unknown in other countries.

I have another subject of complaint.
As those who play the piano with their
fingers increase in number, the noise
caused by them in summer, when the
windows are open, becomes every year a
greater interruption to the enjoyment of
the music performed on the piano by
members of my profession, with the
infallible accuracy and perfectly correct
time only obtainable by the use of
mechanism. Your own institution, being
somewhat retired, causes us little annoy-
ance. But I shall never forget the first
time that I passed the Royal Academy of
Music on a hot day. I entered Tenterden
Street, a quiet turning such as I prefer,
and no sooner had I done this than so great
a noise of digital pianoforte playing burst
upon my ears that I turned and fled.

It is difficult for me to suggest any
remedy for the growing evils of which I
complain, unless it were a heavy tax upon
all non-vehicular instruments of music,
but I feel it my duty, on behalf of my
profession, to enter a protest, and I am,
Sir, your obedient servant.

ROSSINI MASCAgni MECCANISMO.

EMANCIPATION DAY.

A Forecast.

[“A Chicago alderman has discovered that babies can be put to sleep by the phonograph. With cradles rocked by electricity and babies soothed to sleep by the phonograph, the emancipation of mothers is surely progressing.”—*Evening News.*]

It was Sunday morning.

Mrs. HECTORINE PHILLBERT adjusted her *pince-nez*, and placing first her right foot, and then her left, on the rail of the chair, stooped over and fastened her spatter-dashes.

“Are you going to Church?” enquired a weary voice from the depths of an arm-chair.

“Of course not,” replied the wife, in hard, decisive tones. “Surely, GEORGE, you are aware of my antisabbatarian tendencies.”

“I forgot,” he added hastily.

“I am going to look in at the Liberated Ladies Club. A paper of mine, ‘Shall Husbands rank as Domestic Pets,’ is being read. I shall lunch at the Scribblers Club. We have a discussion on in the afternoon. Dr. EDWARDALINE JONES reads a portion of her delightful scientific romance, *Yellow Decadence; or, the Airship Belle.*”

“Then you will be home to tea?” enquired the armchair, tentatively.

“No, the Sunday Playland Company are giving a performance of *Motor Mary; the Society Scientist.* But it will be over by half-past eleven. However, don’t wait up. I know how tired you will be amusing the children.”

An audible groan issued from the cushioned deep of the saddle-bag.

“By the way, GEORGE, you might see what is the matter with the cylinders of HILDEBRAND’S electric cradle. It rocks so jerkily, and I fear the vibration may have a bad effect on the child’s cerebral vertebra.”

“Where is it?” asked the weary voice.

“In the child-room. The phonograph is there also. I have left out three antiquated tunes, ‘The Alabama Coon,’ ‘Lazily, Drowsily,’ and ‘Hush-a-Bye.’ But if these don’t send the child to sleep try the blue tube, a special soporific, a blend of all our popular continental composers.”

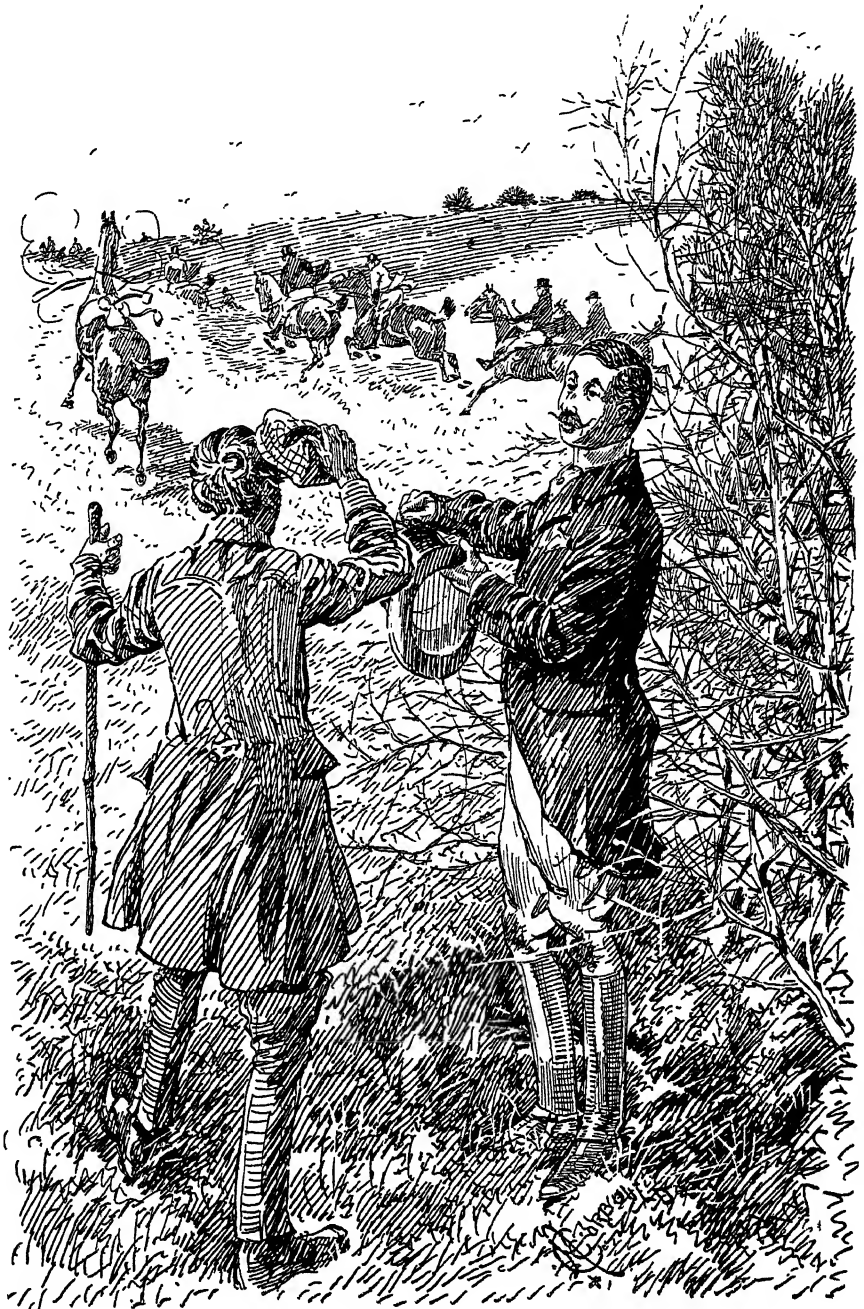
“Very well, dear,” in tired tones.

“And see that HONORIA does not spend the whole of the day in the laboratory. Poor child, she is only fourteen; but so enthusiastic over her profession.”

“Yes, she has burnt three fingers and her eyebrows off already.”

“My dear GEORGE, she would be of no use were she unable to appreciate the nobleness of sacrifice on behalf of her glorious calling. And keep little JOYCE out of mischief.”

“Oh! I can’t do anything with that child.”



GONE AWAY.

Yokel (to dismounted gent, whose horse has got away). “SHALL I CATCH HIM FOR YER, MASTER?”

Tomkins (who has been mounted by a friend). “THANK YOU, NO. NEVER MIND. I WAS TOLD THE MARE ONLY WANTED A GOOD GALLOP—SO I’LL—ER—LET HER HAVE IT.”

[Congratulates himself on his safety, and walks quietly home.]

“Of course not, if you will persist in trying to keep him quiet by telling him silly ghost stories. He naturally looks down on you. If he is naughty, explain the germ theory to him through a megaphone, and get the microscope and make him examine those specimens of bacteria in my study. It will frighten him horribly, and at the same time serve the laudable purpose of inculcating some scientific knowledge.”

The arm-chair became violently restless.

“By the way, you can hear my paper being read at the Scribblers’ Club through the electrophone. Now, GEORGE, I’m off.”

A SUGGESTION.—Sir,—I am tired of reading about DE WET being “Cornered.” Can’t he be “Squared”? Yours, WAT ROTT.

OMAR AND OH MY!

A DRAMATIC EXPERIMENT.

[It is said that a drama founded upon the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám, as rendered into English by FITZGERALD, has been written in the United States and will shortly be given on the stage. *Mr. Punch* hastens to present a rival version.]

SCENE—Court-yard of the deserted palace of JAMSHYD, canopied by that inverted bowl commonly called the sky. To right, a tavern—not deserted. To left, a potter's house. At back, the grave of BAHRAM, whence a sound of snoring proceeds. A wild ass stamps fitfully upon it. It is four o'clock in the morning, and the "false dawn" shows in the sky. In the centre of the stage stand a lion and a lizard, eyeing each other mistrustfully.

Lion. Look here, do you keep these courts, or do I?

Lizard (resentfully). I don't know. I believe we both keep them.

Lion (sarcastically). Do you? Then I venture to differ from you.

Lizard. Perhaps you'd rather we took turns?

Lion. Oh, no, I wouldn't. I mean to have this job to myself.

[He and the lizard close in mortal combat. After a gallant struggle the latter is killed, and the lion proceeds to eat him. Suddenly a shadowy form issues from the grave at back of stage.]

Lion. BAHRAM, by Jove! Confound that jackass. (Bolts remains of lizard and then bolts himself, pursued by shadowy form.)

Wild Ass. They said I couldn't wake him. But I knew better! Hee-haw! (Exit in triumph.)

[A sound of revelry becomes noticeable from the tavern. A crowd gathers outside. The voice of OMAR, rather tipsy, is heard.]

Omar. When all the temple—hic!—is prepared within, why nods the lousy worshipper outside?

[A cock crows, and the sun rises.]

Crowd (shouting in unison). Open then the door. You know how little while we have to stay. And, once departed, goodness only knows when we shall get back again!

Omar (opening the door and appearing unsteadily on the threshold). You can't come in. It's—hic—full.

[Closes door again.]

Crowd. I say, what rot!

[Exeunt, depressed.]

Nightingale (jubilantly from tree). Wine! wine! Red wine!

Rose (from neighbouring bush, much shocked). My dear, you know I have always been a total abstainer.

Nightingale. So you have. But every morning brings a thousand roses. After

all, you're cheap. JAMSHYD and I like our liquor, and plenty of it.

Rose (shaking her head in disapproval). I've heard he drank deep.

Nightingale. Of course he did. You should have seen him when HÁTIM called to supper! He simply went for it!

Rose (blushing crimson). How dreadful!

Nightingale (contemptuously). I dare say. But you wouldn't be so red yourself if some buried Cæsar didn't fertilize your roots. Why, even the hyacinth's past isn't altogether creditable, and as for grass—why, I could tell you things about the grass that would scare the soul out of a vegetable.

Rose (annoyed). I'm not a vegetable.

Nightingale. Well, well, I can't stay to argue with you. I've but a little time to flutter myself. [Exit on the wing.]

Enter OMAR from tavern. He is by this time magnificently intoxicated and is leaning on the arm of a fascinating SÁKÍ. He has a jug of wine in his hand.

Omar (trying to kiss her). Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears to-day of past regrets and future fears. To-morrow! Why to-morrow! I may be—

SÁKÍ (interrupting). I know what you're going to say. To-morrow you'll be sober. But you won't. I know you. Go home!

Omar. Home!—hic. What do I want with home? A book of verses underneath the bough, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread—no, no bread, two jugs of wine—and thou (puts arm round her waist) beside me singing like a bulbul.

[Sings uproariously.]

For to-night we'll merry be!

For to-night—

SÁKÍ. Fie! An old man like you!

Omar. Old! Thank goodness I am old. When I was young I went to school and heard the sages. Didn't learn much there! They said I came like water and went like wind. Horrid chilly Band-of-Hope sort of doctrine. I know better now. [Drinks from the jug in his hand.]

SÁKÍ (watching him anxiously). Take care. You'll spill it.

Omar. Never mind. It won't be wasted. All goes to quench some poor beggar's thirst down there (Points below.) Dare say he needs it—hic.

SÁKÍ (shocked). How can you talk so!

Omar (growing argumentative in his cups). I must abjure the balm of life, I must! I must give up wine for fear of—hic—What is it I'm to fear? Gout, I suppose. Not I! [Takes another drink.] SÁKÍ (trying to take jug from him). There, there, that's enough.

Omar (fast losing coherence in his extreme intoxication). I want to talk to you about THREE and ME. That's what I want to talk about. (Counting on his fingers.) You see there's the THREE in ME and there's the ME in THREE. That's

mysticism, that is. Difficult word to say, mysticism. Must light lamp and see if I can't find it. Must be somewhere about.

SÁKÍ. You're drunk, that's what you are. Disgracefully drunk.

Omar. Of course I'm drunk. I am to-day what I was yesterday, and to-morrow I shall not be less. Kiss me.

SÁKÍ (boxing his ears). I won't have it, I tell you. I'm a respectable SÁKÍ; and you're not to take liberties, or I'll leave you to find your way home alone.

Omar (becoming maudlin). Don't leave me, my rose, my bulbul—I mean bulbul. You know how my road is beset with pitfalls—hic!—and with gin.

SÁKÍ (disgusted). Plenty of gin, I know. You never can pass a public-house.

Omar (struck with the splendour of the idea). I say—hic!—let's fling the dust aside, and naked on the air of Heaven ride. It's shame not to do it!

[Flings off hat, and stamps on it by way of preliminary.]

SÁKÍ (scandalised). If you take anything else off I shall call the police.

[Exit hurriedly.]

Omar (terrified). Here, SÁKÍ, come back.

How am I to find my way without you? (A pause.) What's come to the girl? I only spoke—hic—meta—phorically. Difficult word to say, meta—phorically! (Longer pause.) How am I to get home? Can't go 'lone. Must wait for someone to come along. (Peers tipsily about him.) Strange, isn't it, that though lots of people go along here every day, not one returns to tell me of the road. Very strange. S'pose must sleep here . . . S'pose—[Rolls into ditch and falls asleep.]

The curtain falls for a moment. When it rises again, day is departing and it is growing dark. OMAR is still in his ditch. The door of the potter's house, to the left of the stage, is open, the potter having betaken himself to the tavern opposite, and the pots within are arguing fiercely.

First Pot. Don't tell me I was only made to be broken. I know better.

Second Pot. Even a peevish boy wouldn't break me! The Potter would whack him if he did!

Third Pot (of a more ungainly make). Depends on what he drank out of you.

Second Pot. What's that you say, you lopsided object?

Third Pot. That's right. Sneer at me! 'Tisn't my fault if the potter's hand shook when he made me. He was not sober.

Fourth Pot (I think a Súfi pipkin). It's all very well to talk about pot and potter. What I want to know is, what did the pot call the kettle?

Third Pot (grumbling). I believe my clay's too dry. That's what's the matter with me!

[The moon rises. A step is heard without.]



FREE QUARTERS.

Welsh Dragon (insinuatingly). "LOOK YOU NOW, CHENTLEMEN, COULDT YOU NOT MAKE ROOM FOR ME IN YOUR LITTLE PARTY? AM I NOT A TRAGON AND A PROTHER WHATEFFER?"

["Members of both Houses of Parliament who wish for Wales an equality of heraldic recognition with the other divisions of the United Kingdom met yesterday, and elected a committee to prepare a memorial on the subject for presentation to the King. The Red Dragon was the symbol most generally advocated for inclusion in the Royal Arms."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

Several Pots. Hark, there's the potter!
Can't you hear his boots creaking?

Enter potter from tavern.

Potter (crossly). Shut up in there, or
I'll break some of you.

*[The pots tremble and are silent.
There is nothing pots dislike so
much as being broken.]*

Potter (seeing Omar). Hullo. Come out
of that. You're in my ditch. *(Lifts him
into sitting posture by the collar.)*

*"Omar (rubbing his eyes). Eh? What's
that? Oh, my head! my head! (clasps it
between his hands.)*

Potter. Get up! You've been drinking.
Omar (dazed at his penetration). I
wonder how you guessed that!

Potter. It's plain enough. You've been
providing your fading life with liquor. I
can see that with half an eye.

Omar. I have, I have. I've drowned my
glory in a cup, and my head's very bad.

Potter. You should take the pledge.

Omar. Oh! I've sworn to give up drink
lots of times. *(Doubtfully)* But was I
sober when I swore? Tell me that.

Potter (scratching his head). Dunnow.

Omar (staggering to his feet). Would but
the desert of the fountain yield one
glimpse! In more prosaic language, could
you get something to drink? I'm rather
star-scattered myself, the grass is wet.

*[Potter goes to house and takes up
third pot at random.]*

Third Pot (delighted). Now he's going
to fill me with the old familiar juice!

*[Potter fills him with water and returns
to Omar.]*

Third Pot (disgusted). Water! Well, I'm
dashed!

Omar (to potter). Many thanks. O
SÁKÍ, here's to you. *(Drains beaker.)*
Ugh! don't think much of your liquor. I
wish the moon wouldn't look at me like
that. She's a beastly colour. Why
doesn't she look the other way?

Potter (sarcastically). Wants to see you,
I suppose.

Omar (darkly). Well, some day she
won't. That's all. Farewell. O SÁKÍ,
yours is a joyous errand. But I wish you
had put something stronger in the glass
(Handing it back to him). Turn it down,
there's a good fellow.

[Exit.]

St. J. H.



A SUGGESTION WITH SEVERAL SHOCKS.

*["Llanfyllin (Montgomeryshire) Town Council
were yesterday horrified by the suggestion that a
dramatic license should be granted to a London
agent for the presentation of musical dramas in the
Town Hall. Only one gentleman had the temerity
to support the application. The Council declined
to have anything to do with the unholy thing, and
the application was laid on the table."—Daily
Telegraph.]*

SCENE FROM A PLAY FOR PURITANS.

SCENE—A Welsh Town Council. Around a
plain table are seated several councillors
in diverse pious attitudes. They are
all grave, formal, and severe in mien
and aspect, clad in sombre broad-
cloth and whiskers. One with sinful
daring revels in a tufted chin. Before
each is placed a glass of filtered water
indicating the purity of their discourse.
A murmur of indignation is with diffi-
culty suppressed. The councillor with
the tufted chin has just sat down. He
is purple in the face with shame and
vexation. A gentleman near him is
sobbing bitterly. Several councillors
are blowing their noses with Christian
violence. To an incidental accompani-
ment of snuffles, groans, and lamenta-
tions, Alderman JONES rises.



*Alderman Jones (with great emotion and
a fanatic vigour of utterance).* Fellow
townsmen and miserable sinners. Can I
believe my ears? Is it indeed true that a
lost soul from our iniquitous Capital has
had the temerity to enter this town?

A Muffled Voice. Impossible!

Ald. Jones. Enter this town, I repeat,
with the impudent, the degrading, the
truly horrible suggestion, that a dramatic
license should be granted for the repre-
sentation of musical dramas in the Town
Hall?

[Tremendous sensation.]

Several Councillors (in chorus). Alas!
Woe! Woe!

Ald. Jones (stemming a rebellious tear).
And that this diabolical scheme has the
support of an inhabitant of this town and
a member—alas, misguided and fallen!—
of this council? *(Every eyeball is turned
with a synchronizing click on the unfortu-
nate possessor of the tufted chin. He,
overcome by the fear of some vengeful
Welsh Nemesis, slowly slides off his chair
and disappears beneath the council table.)*
Oh, my friends, help me to quench this
growing spirit of levity. Assist me to
uphold the traditions of this exception-
ally moral town, wherein such a thing as

a short skirt or an indecorous knicker-
bocker has never penetrated. Think
what this terrible, this soul-excoriating
suggestion means. To see in our midst
an actor—*(terrible excitement)*—who
smokes cigarettes on a Sunday, and an
actress—a real actress—with rouge and
hare's-foot. *(Awful, sepulchral groans.)*
*One councillor, overcome by vertigo at the
thought of such an innovation, of seeing an
actress through anything but smoked glasses
and a respirator, splutters in his glass of
water, and has to be assisted out, still
coughing and gurgling.)* To have the name
of SHAKESPEARE—*(patriotic hisses)*—coupled
with our immortal Welsh bards. To hear
our children lisping the profane names of
WAGNER and OFFENBACH with our own
dearly-loved LLANWYLLGWYDFENELLYN.
(Yells of anguish.) My fellow-townsmen,
for years we have eschewed the naked
truth. Let us treat, then, with Welsh con-
tumely and municipal scorn this—this—
my tongue can scarcely be brought to
utter it—this bare suggestion.

*[Several councillors are prostrated, and
the meeting breaks up as soon as the
morally-afflicted are sufficiently re-
covered.]*

PECULIAR TO MARS.

Latest Signals from the Red Planet.

No time wasted in Parliament.

Everyone satisfied, especially the
working-man—unable to comprehend the
meaning of strikes.

Farmers boast of continuous peace and
plenty.

Toleration reigns supreme everywhere.

No difficulty in obtaining respectable
domestics.

No black balls ever found in club ballot
boxes.

Newspapers—absolutely reliable—sen-
sational paragraphs carefully barred.

Rational dress is the order of the day
and night amongst all classes of the com-
munity.

Latch-keys abolished.

Problem plays and musical monstrosi-
ties things of the distant past.

Hotels conducted on principles of
honesty, politeness, and efficiency.

Policemen absolutely unnecessary in
consequence of the excellent behaviour
of everyone.



THE NEXT SPLASH WEDDING;
Or, Hymen among the Billionaires.
(By Transatlantic Cable.)

As all the ceremonial arrangements of forthcoming nuptial *matinées* among the Four Hundred are now being stage-managed and rehearsed some months previous, we are able to present our readers with an advance report of the morning performance of a wedding-de-luxe which will be enacted early next April at the Vaudeville Memorial Chapel of Nudeport (R.I.). It will be a very quiet, but thoroughly toney affair.

The high contracting parties are Miss MAMIE GREENBACK, only daughter and heiress of the late well-known financier of Wall Street, and Mr. OGDEN G. VANDEPÔT, America's richest young man, who has recently amassed over 1,000,000,000 dols. by a smart corner in freight-cars.

Miss MAMIE is a twentieth-century blond of *ultra chic* appearance, who has received the most expensive and exotic education that Europe can provide, and weighs 138 pounds. She is an expert balloonist and base-ball player, manages her father's banks single-handed, and has taken the highest degrees possible in law, medicine, pigkilling and laundry-work. She has a complete set of gold teeth with diamond fixings, and curls her hair every night with five-hundred-dollar bills. Her favourite colours are green (from her name) and yellow (from the newspapers); and she adores peanuts. Everyone considers her a perfect peach.

Of the groom's career, we need only say that he has been in the push ever since the day he left his cradle to drive his own motor-pram on Fifth Avenue. Everyone knows the solid gold yacht with which he intends to reach the North Pole this summer, and his lapis-lazuli cottage in the Adirondacks in which the five hundred millionaires were lost the other day. O. G. wears an uphill smile, and will go further still. There is not much ice that he can't cut.

To avoid any appearance of a hippodrome wedding, and to ensure perfect privacy for the twenty thousand guests, the Vaudeville Chapel will be raised from its foundations for this occasion, and transported by means of a mammoth trolley on to a monster raft, which will be moored a mile from the shore. It will be reached by a parquered pontoon causeway, but, in case any of the congregation elect to swim the distance, the sea will be artificially warmed and spread with oil for several days beforehand. This will cost a hundred million dollars at least. A fleet of steam-tugs will whistle throughout the service to keep order.

The sacred edifice will be draped from steeple to basement in cloth of gold, and the drop scene at the chancel-steps will be formed of the rarest old green Gobelins

Youth. "MIS: STANHOPE, YOU'RE POSITIVELY THE ONLY PERSON I'VE MET TO-DAY WORTH STOPPING TO SPEAK TO."
Miss Stanhope (thoughtlessly). "INDEED! YOU ARE MORE FORTUNATE THAN I AM!"

tapestry obtainable. The musical arrangements are entrusted to Manager GRAU, who will bring a trained choir of *prima donnas* and choristers over from KOSTER and BIAL'S. Bishop POTTER will pronounce the benediction at the fall of the curtain. All this will run into another hundred million dollars.

Mr. VANDEPÔT is to have a dozen best men, supported by a hundred ushers in gold-lined diving-costume, which will come in handy, after the ceremony, when real pearls are to be thrown instead of

rice. The groom himself will wear rubbers of fine-spun platinum. These items figure out at another hundred million.

The thirty-six bridesmaids will be tastefully attired in pointlace bathing-dresses heavily jeweled at fabulous expense. The bride's costume . . . (here follow ten columns of description, which we must regretfully omit as also the account of the sky-scraper cake with elevator in the inside, and the unostentatious departure of the happy pair in an airship, chased by yellow reporters in balloons).



. THROUGH THE WIRES.

(A comic scene that has been repeated daily for years.)

SCENE—A Receiving Office. Enter One of the Public, hurriedly.

One of the Public. Will you please put me on to the Grand Hotel at Rottenborough?

Official. You will have to pay a fee first.

One of the Public. Certainly. Only, please be sharp, as it is important I should communicate with my friend at once.

Official. Where did you say?

One of the Public. Rottenborough. Most important I should telephone at once. Rottenborough.

Official (leisurely examining volume). Oh, here we are. It will be half-a-crown for three minutes.

One of the Public (producing and handing over coin). Certainly. But do look sharp.

Official. But now you must give me the proper number.

One of the Public. The Grand Hotel, you know, at Rottenborough. How am I to find out the number?

Official (leisurely). Oh, by looking at one of those books.

One of the Public (after a diligent search occupying several minutes). Rottenborough 1095.

Official (leisurely). Rottenborough 1095. Very well. (Speaks through receiver.) Put me on to Rottenborough 1095. Baysington 4.

One of the Public (after a pause). Would you kindly see if they are attending at Rottenborough?

Official (leisurely). Must wait a little. Very likely the line is occupied.

One of the Public (after five minutes). Surely you must be on to Rottenborough now.

Official (leisurely). No, I think not. (Bell suddenly rings.) I think that may be for you. (Enters small box.) Yes. (Makes room for One of the Public to enter.) If you want an extra three minutes, you must pay another half-crown.

One of the Public (after putting down his umbrella and arranging his hat). Are you there?

Distant voice. Gabble, gabble, gabble.

One of the Public. I can't hear what you are saying.

Distant voice. Gabble, gabble, gabble. Exhibition, tram-car—gabble, gabble, gabble.

One of the Public. Are you Mr. SMITH?

Distant Voice. Yes; I am trying to—gabble, gabble, gabble.

Official (putting in his head.) Three minutes are up. Having another half-crown's worth?

One of the Public (looking round). Thank you. (Returning to the receiver.) Are you Mr. SMITH?

Distant Voice. Yes; are you Mr. BROWN?

One of the Public. Yes, I am. I can hear now, quite distinctly.

Distant Voice. Well, what do you think of the idea? You see, the Exhibition will be near the tram.

One of the Public. Yes; but I don't quite understand. You had better repeat what you were saying.

Distant Voice. Well, I was saying—gabble, gabble, gabble.

One of the Public. I can't hear you. Pray repeat.

Distant Voice (once more becoming unintelligible). Gabble, gabble, gabble!

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so rarely finds an artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"FOR HE ON HONEYDEW HATH FED."
Coleridge.

Official (putting in his head). Have another half-crown's worth?

One of the Public (angrily). No. (Shouting through the telephone) I can't make out what you are saying, but if you can hear me you had better write.

Distant Voice. Gabble, gabble, gab—(is suddenly switched off).

One of the Public (after paying five shillings). Well, of all the— (Rest of the sentiment carried into the street.)

(Curtain.)

A SEVERE CASE OF A FEVER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a family man I claim your sympathy. You are, no doubt, aware that certain Railway Stocks are, on the "Bourse," known by feminine abbre-

viations. Thus:—Brighton A's are called "Bertha," Dover A's "Dora," and so on. This is all very well on 'Change, but my fool of a broker, JOE JOBBINS, got me into serious trouble last Thursday. I entrusted him to sell some Sheffield A's for me and to re-invest in Caledonian A's, telling him to wire me the result. Then I went down with SPARKINS to Richmond, had a pleasant dinner at the "Star and Garter," and went home at night feeling passing joyful. Scarcely, however, had I manipulated my latch-key, with the help of a policeman, when I was confronted by my Commanding Officer, who, in tones of sepulchral indignation enquired, "What's the meaning of this, Mr. BUBBLETON?" at the same time handing me a telegram which read as follows: "Got rid of Sara taken on Clara for you as desired, JOE."

I confess that for the moment I was forgetful of the jargon of Capel Court, and mumbled something about stupid practical joke. My hesitation increased the suspicions of my old Argus-eyed pheasant, and even now, notwithstanding that I have got a sworn affidavit from JOE JOBBINS as to the meaning of his despatch, and have loaded her with fifty pounds' worth of Spring gowns, she keeps me as tight as a greyhound in a leash, and my warmest protestations of undying affection are met with such chilling remarks as: "Is that the way you addressed SARA?" and "What a pity it is that CLARA can't have you!" However, to-day I got JOE to write and say he had bought me a consignment of "Transvaal Devils," and this has sobered her a little.

Nevertheless, I am sure you will agree with me that the sooner these unmanly nicknames are abolished the better for the peace of mind of such innocent speculators as, yours dolefully,

BARTHOLOMEW BUBBLETON.

The Dovecote, Larkhall Rise.

TO LUCASTA.

(New Style.)

["M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN proposes to reduce military service to one year, with the proviso that men who reach the age of twenty-seven, and are not married, shall be drafted again into the army for one year."—Paris Correspondent of Daily News.]

TELL me not, sweet, I change my mind
When, now of fighting shy,
My deadly weapons left behind
To thy soft arms I fly.

If you as mistress now I choose,
And bid you thus to yield,
It argues neither wavering views,
Nor passion long concealed.

For though my ardour, dear, is such,
The reason, I confess,
Is not that I love you so much—
But I like fighting less.

A NEW "POLLY" DIALOGUE.

(With a-polly-gies to Mr. Anth-ny H-pe.)

Copyright, Punchland.

"I ALWAYS wonder," said Mrs. MICHELMAS, looking intently at nothing, "how we manage to keep up a conversation for so long."

"Genius," I observed apologetically.

"For —"

"Talking airy nothings," said I complacently, taking a small bottle of Apollinaris water upon my lap.

"I knew something was wanting," remarked Mrs. MICHELMAS, picking up a kitten.

"The domestic muse!" I murmured, as my fingers unravelled the wire.

Mrs. MICHELMAS started, and looked at me uneasily.

"It runs in the family," I sighed.

"You must undergo treatment for it," she observed, gravely stroking the kitten's ear.

There was a pause.

I thought out my next speech carefully. "In the conversational craft," I said, rubbing the cork abstractedly, "everything depends on the stroke. The art of dialogue is like a 'Varsity race.'"

A pucker crept round the delicately-marked eyebrows of Mrs. MICHELMAS.

"Ah, I see, you feel," said I cheerfully, "that it's a struggle with the 'blues.' Still, you should avoid the dark side—deal with the light aspects."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. MICHELMAS, stroking the kitten the wrong way.

"You must forgive a Cambridge man favouring the light side."

Mrs. MICHELMAS accidentally lost her hold of the kitten.

"You must go," she exclaimed with fervour.

"You are dreadfully irrelevant," I complained, loosening the last piece of wire on the bottle.

"Conversation without a kitten is impossible," she flashed out.

I held out my bottle. "Take this," I cried magnanimously; "so long as you stroke something it's all right."

"But what will you do?"

I took up my silk hat. "My heart being true to my POLL," I said, "there is nothing left for me save silk, silence and sorrow. Unless——"

"Yes?" she cried expectantly, swinging the bottle to and fro.

"Unless you care for conjuring tricks."

"I do, I do!" she cried.

I smiled with genuine pleasure, then turned up my sleeves.

"Yes; the hat's quite empty," she cried, in answer to my look.

I twirled the hat round delicately, and then covered it over with a *Westminster Gazette*. There was another pause.

"Permit me," I asked politely, as I shook out from the hat scores of dainty epigrams and *bon-mots*, and, finally, an innumerable Persian kitten.

She clapped her hands. "Admirable!" Then, for fear she should discover how I did it, I gracefully retreated.

"TWENTCENT."

[With acknowledgments to the anonymous inventor of this abbreviation in the *Daily Mail* of February 25.]

AN end to Nineteenth Century ways by this contraction's meant—

Let's look around and ask ourselves if *we* are quite "Twencent."

The streets were up last century, and still we circumvent

The same old blocks and yawning gaps—would *that* be called "Twencent"?

We tolerate the poster-fiend, the pill-advertisement That blights our English countryside—I don't think *that's* "Twencent"!

We've still a million Londoners in slum and rook'ry pent, Who pig together in a style distinctly not "Twencent."

Last hundred years' eternal talk reduced each Parliament To wasters of the public time—nor are they yet "Twencent"!

And still are found some Englishmen (?) who calumnies would vent

On Britons fighting Britain's cause—*that* doesn't sound "Twencent"!

Belauding every bandit-foe, their energies are spent; "King-like, the Boer can do no wrong"—a tale that's scarce "Twencent."

Each squalid murder-case is made a National event— So, after all, *do* we deserve the epithet "Twencent"?

A. A. S.

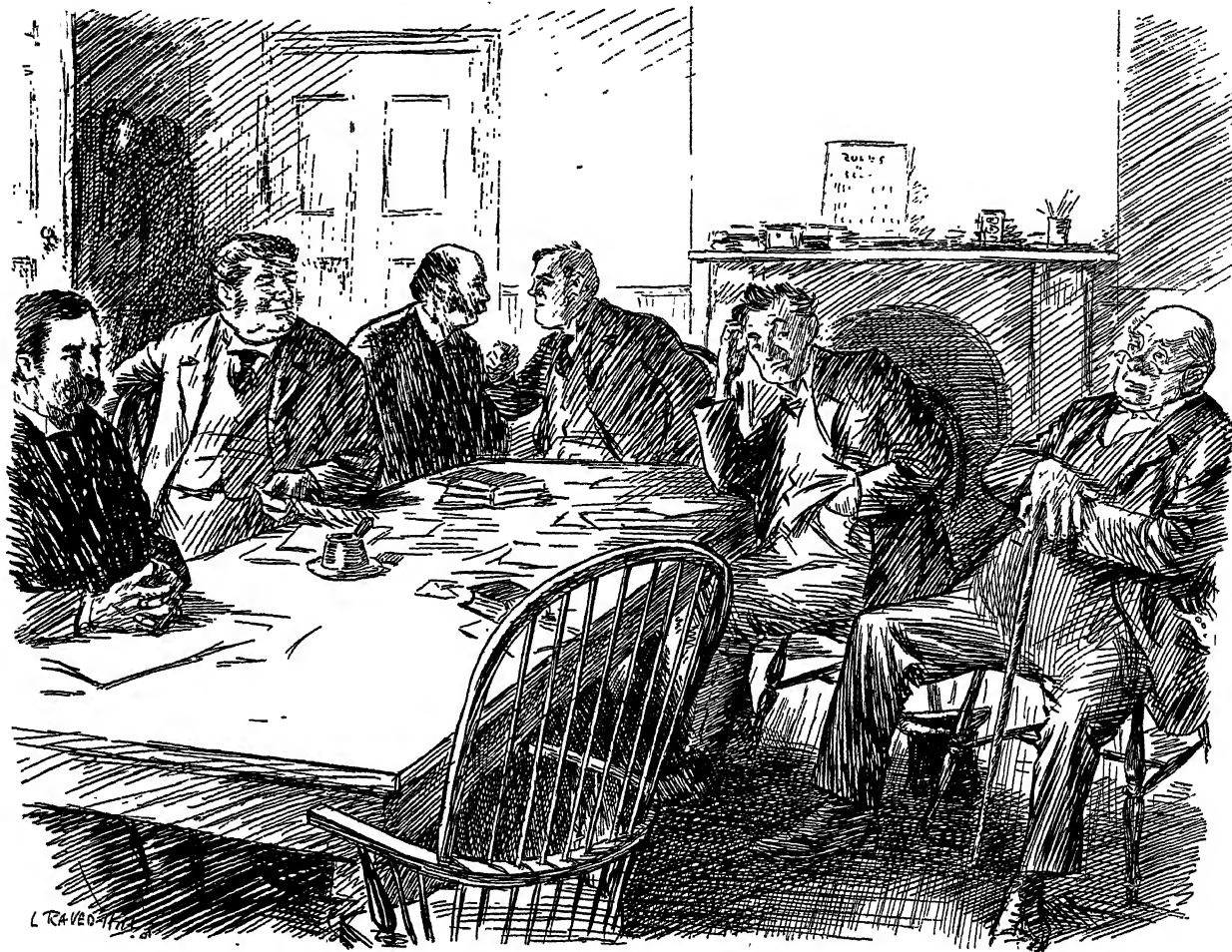


VARIUM ET MUTABILE.

Uncle Sam. "EF I COULD TRUST YOU NOT TO GET TALKIN' TO STRANGERS, I'D PUT MY TRAPS ON BOARD AND GIT. BUT AS IT IS, I'LL JUST HANG ROUND THE RESERVATION A WHILE."

[“Nor is there any probability that the American forces will be withdrawn from the island, while, &c., &c.”—*New York Correspondent in the “Times,”* March 1.]

NO NEW THING.—Last week, the *Daily News* drew attention to the Sultan of MOROCCO having ordered Scotch pipes and piper to match. Of course, the latter will be a salaried official, and the Sultan will have, not for the first time, “to pay the piper.” The combination of Scotch and Moor will not surprise the shooter of the wily grouse, who so often sings, “O Wily, we have missed you!” And the North-country sportsman has long since been accustomed to the union of the Man of the Mosque and the Man of the Kirk, when they meet under one hat in the person of a MCTURK.



MORE AMALGAMATION.

Parish Councillor. "WULL, I DO VOATE THAT THE TWO PAR'SHES BE MARMALADED."

Chairman. "OUR WORTHY BROTHER COUNCILLOR MEANS, I UNDERSTAND, THAT THE TWO PARISHES SHOULD BE JAMMED TOGETHER."

"THE MISSING WORD."

ANYONE who appreciates good acting in a pretty and touching play will find the materials for enjoyment on visiting the Court Theatre, where a dramatised version of *MARION* (not "MARIAN," as the play-bill has it, which is adding insult to injury, as Mr. Sam Weller observed on reading "*Moses*" instead of "*Samuel*" prefixed to *Pickwick* on the way-bill of the coach) CRAWFORD's story, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, adapted by Mr. CHARLES HANNAN, is now being given by Mr. MARTIN HARVEY and his Company, with Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE added to the number. And a very powerful addition he is, with a melodramatic situation at the climax of the piece that forcibly reminds the "Old Hand" of that unrivalled scene, where the muffled drunkard, throwing off his disguise and standing erect, declares himself to be "HAWKSHAW the Detective!" So Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE (February must be his lucky month, and the fourteenth his lucky day), by arrangement with Messrs. HARRISON and MAUDE, gets a chance at the Court which was not open to him at the Haymarket, and makes the most of it.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY's rendering of a most difficult character, that of *Count Skariatine*, who is a bit "off his head," is thoroughly artistic. It is so perfect as to excite the pity and arouse the impatience of an audience that has begun to

sympathise with the poor, crazy creature, who, in the midst of his supposed delusions, and in his agony of a broken memory, is always a Christian gentleman, *un chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*. Mr. HARVEY's is a very remarkable performance, and he is ably seconded by Miss N. de SILVA, as the loving, self-sacrificing, gentle-toned *Viera*. A clever company all round. Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND, as the villainous cousin—not too villainous, but just villainous enough, will scarcely be recognised by those who have seen him as the loyal Cavalier in the first piece, *Sweet Prue*, written by CLAUDE DICKENS, which, as being a capital little drama of forty-five minutes' duration, beginning at eight o'clock, is a strong supplement to the bill. In this piece Mr. LANDER, who is so good as *Schmidt* in *The Cigarette Maker's Romance*, makes a striking figure of *Major Overton*, as does Mr. FRANK VERNON of *General Gaul*.

Mrs. B. M. DE SOLLA gives us a vigorous rendering of the harsh, miserly, rancorous *Akalina*, mistress of the cigarette factory; Miss GRETE HAHN is good as the giggling *Anna*; and Miss BESSIE ELDER as the idiotic *Augusta*, with nothing to say but plenty to do in the way of tumbling about, is a sort of German *Tilly Slowboy*, only without any baby to take care of and talk to.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY's art has probably considerable limitations, but, so far as the very difficult character of *Count Skariatine* is concerned, it is a masterpiece in miniature.



JACK BULL AND THE BEANSTALK.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 25.
—Great day for CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. In spite of advancing years, a body maimed in his country's service, secret sorrow over the falling away (on to the Treasury Bench) of his old comrade CORPORAL HANBURY, and a general distrust of the Government, the CAP'EN, ever on the alert, for some time has had his weather eye on Gibraltar. Doubts wisdom of plan of fortification. In Recess, whilst others made holiday, the CAP'EN put up the helm and steered his barque for Gibraltar. Arrived there, saw at a glance what was the matter. Our sapient custodians of the Empire been spending millions on works apparently specially designed to meet convenience of enemies' fire. To-night CAP'EN brought the subject forward on Amendment to Address; demanded enquiry and meanwhile stoppage of the expensive, worse-than-useless work.

Expected things would take their usual course. War Office would sneer at the CAP'EN; Admiralty would tell him to mind his own business. "Instead of which" PRINCE ARTHUR promptly rose, and, as the CAP'EN put it, surrendered keys of fortress; promised to appoint committee; invited the CAP'EN to join it.

HANBURY happened to be away; spared the remorse born of abandonment of such a leader. The BLAMELESS BARTLETT almost breathless with admiration. A good deal in what he says. Gibraltar one of the chief bastions of the Empire. House of Commons cheerfully voted millions for its better defence. Two Governments have carried on the work. Highest officers of Army and Navy concerned in carrying it out. As the BLAMELESS B. remarks, it is left for a civilian—if he had remembered *Our Mutual Friend* he would certainly have quoted Mr. BOFFIN, "and with a wooden leg"—to discover the flaw.

Business done.—Still debating Address.

Tuesday night.—"List of amendments to the Address reminds me of the widow's cruse," said the Member for Sark, turning over the almost endless folios. "Here we are on the ninth day of Debate, and paper fuller than ever."

Quite true. If Ministers pleased, Debate on Address might serve for full business of Session. You may raise any topic; it's all fish that comes into the net of the Address. One thing, however, to place Amendment on paper; quite another to find opportunity of moving it. Of the more than forty Members who proposed to discourse on divers subjects, only four have been able to get on. Night after night, SAM SMITH has been seen in his place, lingering like the grey mist on the early morning moorland. Wasn't Piccadilly at midnight this

time occupied his mind; nor had he at heart reminiscences of naughty things seen and said on the stage. Was concerned about malpractices in the Church.

So was GREENE, K.C. GREENE, not a Bencher of the Middle Temple for nothing, proceeded by Bill. SAMUEL, called early one morning, found on opening his Orders of the Day that GREENE, K.C., had brought in a Bill dealing with Church Discipline. According to Standing Orders, notice given to bring in a Bill precludes prior discussion of the subject matter upon a Resolution. SAMUEL was dished. His discourse, already typewritten for convenience of

Alack! JOHN DILLON, that Parliamentary lean kine who, being on his legs, swallows up everyone else's chance, was to the fore. Caught SPEAKER's eye last night at a quarter to eleven; moved Amendment, calling upon Government to make peace with the gentle Boer on his own terms, some apprehension that he would talk till half-past eleven, making it impossible to dispose of Amendment at last night's sitting. Three-quarters of an hour a pretty good slice for private Member to take out of a sitting.

"But we know our JOHN," said wearied Members. "He's good for three-quarters of an hour"; and they yawned in advance.



Brother Ch-n-n-g. "AH! BREE RABBITS—BROTHER ROBERTS, I SHOULD SAY, HOW BROAD, HOW STATESMAN-LIKE HE IS!! WHAT CONVINCING ELOQUENCE! YET WHAT A PITY THAT HE SHOULD SPEAK THAT ENGLISH LANGUAGE THAT HAS SUCH SAD AND SHAMEFUL MEMORIES FOR US ALL! WOULD THAT HE COULD ADDRESS US IN THE VERNACULAR OF OUR DEAR DE WET!!"

Brer R-b-ts. "YES, VERILY, INTEET, WHATEFFER!!"

able editors desirous of giving verbatim reports, was burked.

"And he calls himself GREENE," said S. S., with usual bitterness. "How deceptive are appearances in this darkened vale!"

Just before nine o'clock PRINCE ARTHUR pounced. Still nearly two score amendments on the paper. At least four score Members, merely British, prepared to take part in Debate on one or other. House particularly anxious to hear young CLAUDE LOWTHER. Has been out to the war; started at hour's notice, abandoning cheerful life in Paris to face hardships of campaign. Distinguished himself in several hard fights; mentioned in BOBS' despatches. Apart from interesting personality, House would have welcomed his testimony to things he had seen with his own eyes.

Turned out they didn't nearly know their JOHN. When midnight struck he was still on his legs. To-night came up quite brisk. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has had a night to himself; REDMOND aîné has delivered several speeches. TIM HEALY, in his unpatriotic way, has more than once charmed crowded audiences with piquant speech. Time Ireland should know JOHN DILLON was around. So, having spoken for an hour and a-quarter last night, continued this evening through another hour, with six minutes thrown in.

This spoiled all chance of his Amendment being debated. But one can't have everything, and JOHN had enjoyed himself for two hours and twenty-one minutes by Westminster clock.

"Must give up JOHN DILLON," said SARK, regretfully. "When I first knew him he was an influence in Debate;

delivered at reasonable length, pointed, picturesque, sometimes eloquent, speeches. But verbosity is like the passion for drink. Unresisted it grows upon a man till he becomes its hapless slave. There are Homes for the habitual drunkard. Why shouldn't we have caves into which we could lower the irreclaimable babbler?"

Business done.—Address voted.

Thursday night.—Members came down to-day a little low-spirited. Fresh Supplementary Estimate circulated, asking for additional three millions to meet expenses of war conveniently concluded on eve of dissolution last October; brings total amount up to ninety-five millions. Remember how, on eve of war, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE prophesied it would cost £100,000,000. Jeered at from Ministerial side.

"LABBY," they said, "is more than usually farcical."

Rather a costly farce. As a taxpayer, would be glad to contract myself out of future liabilities by payment on basis of my share of the round one hundred million.

However, a silver lining to every cloud. AKERS DOUGLAS sewed it on to-night. Supplementary Estimates under discussion. Total amount not big as figures go in these piping times. Only there is persistent rise in the coal bill. In all public offices this item gone up. Irish Members particularly interested in case; whenever fresh public office reached in course of estimates, be sure you would find head of Irish Member projecting from coal-hole wanting to know why coal bill so large.

Dealing with vote for Houses of Parliament, AKERS DOUGLAS explained mystery. True, the bill increased by some thousands; extra cost only apparent. What has really happened is reduction of expenditure. Coal bought now for Parliament and public offices on entirely new principle; middleman abolished; First Commissioner of Works, with basket on arm, goes down to pit's mouth, purchases day's stock and brings it home; pays down on the nail; so obtains advantage of ready cash.

AKERS DOUGLAS'S countenance glowed as he announced that hereby was saving of fifteen per cent. on the coal bill. Even Irish Members touched. For a while JEREMIAH JORDAN ceased his Lamentations over the cost of carpets in House of Lords.

"What a Government it is!" said SARK, in a broken voice. "NASMYTH hammer nothing compared to it. With one hand it spends ninety-five millions on a little war; with the other it knocks off fifteen per cent. from the domestic coal bill." *Business done.*—Got into Committee of Supply.

Friday night.—PRINCE ARTHUR made a mistake when, at beginning of Session, he

ran away from his proposal to make Standing Order of the Sessional Order apportioning Friday nights for Committee of Supply. Immediate consequence has been appropriation of considerable portions of last Tuesday's and Wednesday's sittings, wrangling round the Sessional Order. Will all have to be gone through again next Session, and every Session as long as arrangement lasts. Much better have taken his cherry at one bite.

Of many reforms introduced into Parliamentary procedure in last twenty years, few exceed in substantial benefits to



"Captain" Tommy Bowles goes on tour to Gibraltar with his Marvellous Ventriloquist Quartette!

(Mr. Balfour granted Mr. Gibson Bowles a committee consisting of an admiral, a general, a civilian, and himself, to enquire into the danger of the Gibraltar Docks.)

public service the setting apart from opening of Session, of one night a week for discussing Supply. Under old order of things Supply was allowed to drift into closing weeks of Session, when tired Members, kept up for all-night sitting, in the end voted millions with both hands. Now, with twenty-three Fridays set apart exclusively for Supply, discussion is practically untrammelled.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

A LITTLE OUT OF DRAWING.

["The chief drawback to street locomotion," says a writer in the *Eastern Counties Magazine*, in an article on "The Electric Tramway and its Future," "is the horse."]

To street locomotion the great drawback, Says a logical scribe, is the harnessed hack.

A good draw-forward we thought the horse;

In imagining this we were wrong, of course.

It is clear to-morrow is yesterday, And everything travels the opposite way.

AN AIRY TRIFLE.

(From the "Times" of April 1, 1910.)

THE public enquiry in connection with the claim of the Atmospheric Company, for an increase of its powers, was resumed yesterday, when Mr. BINKS, the Company's Chairman, was further cross-examined by Mr. Punch, K.C., who appeared on behalf of the British Public.

In reply to counsel's questions, witness said that the present charge for the use of air—a shilling in the pound on the actual rental of a house—did not appear too high. In fact, it was absolutely necessary to raise it, if his Directors' salaries of £5,000 apiece were to be maintained. He knew that some people argued that the Company had no proprietary rights over the atmosphere. This was a mistake. If it was recognised that water was a valuable commodity, to be doled out sparingly by companies, and paid for at fancy prices, the same principle applied to air. The work of the Company consisted in a variety of operations, requiring the most elaborate care. Pressed as to the meaning of this, witness alluded to the annual banquet of the Board, the preparation of which caused the whole staff much anxiety. No doubt, some complaints had been made as to the limited amount of air per head allowed by his Company. This was really the fault of the consumers, many of whom were extremely wasteful. Steps were being taken to remedy this. For the future, anyone guilty of having more than one window open, except between the hours of two and four p.m., would be summonsed. And an extra rate would be levied on those who had any ventilating apparatus in their houses, on the same principle as that employed by the water companies in regard to bath-rooms. The additional powers asked for by the Company were inconsiderable—merely the right to add a few more shillings in the pound on the air-rate, together with an increased period of imprisonment for those convicted of infringing the Company's regulations. Asked how he could have the impudence to make such claims, the witness replied, amid some laughter, that surely a public which consented to endure the tyranny of the water companies would submit to anything a body of self-constituted monopolists chose to ask. Indeed, he considered that his Company was a greater public benefactor than the water-company. Some persons managed to get along with very little water, but everyone needed air. Therefore it was only right that everyone should pay for it. Questioned as to the conduct of the Company's officials, witness admitted that complaints had been made. It was possible that an inspector had called at one house nine times in a week, to test the consumption of air

therein. That, witness considered, showed praiseworthy zeal. And the inspectors were paid (out of the rates) at so much per visit.

At this point the atmosphere in the hall became unbearable. The witness was understood to gasp that his Company must have cut off the air by mistake, and the enquiry was hurriedly adjourned.

A. C. D.

COMPENSATION.

LEARNED in natural laws the Government,
The County Councillor no less a student;
Each to one clause official ear has lent,
The compensative law, so just and prudent.

Each reckes that for a heaven-climbing
hill

Some scooped-out valley lies below the
plain;
That every town grown peopleless and
still

Marks distant cities growing up amain.
Each has revolved in hydra-headed mind
How Nature when upheaping mound on
mound,

Occasionally aided by mankind,
Is elsewhere mole-like working under-
ground.

Each for the other serving as a prop,
Of Nature's compensative wish aware,
When County Councillor pulls down a shop
The Government digs up a thoroughfare.

HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see hundreds of suggestions in your contemporaries as to the finding of means whereby to pay the expenses of the war. Some advocate special postage stamps, others taxes on cats, others again on bicycles, and others on perambulators or cigarettes. Permit me, Sir, as an old economist, to suggest a practical way by which the Revenue is bound to be largely increased and that is,



to fine every individual over twenty who does not take at least half-a-pint of spirits or a quart of ale every day. If your conscientious teetotaler won't take strong liquor, then he pays the penalty; if he does, the Chancellor of the Exchequer benefits. This is a double-barrelled method well worthy of the attention of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, because there's no getting away from the results. It's heads I win, tails you lose.—Your obedient Servant,
THOMAS TOPER.
Glenkvat Lodge, Tooting.



"WHO PAYS THE PIPER CALLS THE TUNE."

Johnnie (to waiter). "AW—YOU 'RE THE BOSS—HEAD WAITER, EH?"

Waiter. "YESSIR."

Johnnie. "AH, WELL, JUST—AH—SEND UP TO YOUR ORCHESTRA CHAPS, AND TELL 'EM I REALLY CAN'T EAT MY DINNER TO THAT TUNE."

PAINFUL POEMS.—No. I.

"BURIED IN THOUGHT."—A GRAVE SUBJECT.

BURIED in thought, buried in thought!

How can we sing of his fate as we ought?
There in the pride of his manhood he
stood,
Perfectly healthy, and happy and good,
Then in a moment (pray shudder—you
should!),

He was buried in thought!

Buried in thought, buried in thought,
Suddenly turned to a cipher (or nought)!
Something or other caught on in his brain
(Sensible, witty, or wholly inane),
Starting of thought a calamitous train—
He was buried in thought!

Buried in thought, buried in thought,

Dead to the deeds which around him are
wrought!

Come let us mournfully stand by the grave,
Solemnly chant a lugubrious stave,
Handkerchiefs, hats in our sympathy
He is buried in thought! [wave—

Buried in thought, buried in thought!

Are we by sorrowing relatives sought?
Mother or sister, asking for "WILL,"

"Where is our loved one?" "Does he
feel ill?"

Say, "We have left him alone on the hill
Buried in thought!"

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

CANTO THE THIRD.

The reader
seeth stars.

AD *astra* let us turn, if you're inclined,
The objects of so many fulsome "pars";
For now and then a manager may find
That he indeed has got to thank his "stars."
A piece which makes the critics stand aghast
May yet attract by virtue of its cast.

While competition rages fierce and hot
'Twixt representatives of rival firms,
These footlight favourites have only got
To choose their theatre and to name their terms.
The marvel is, how any purse can stand
The salaries that some of them command.

Exclusively engaged for terms of years,
While with the public they are all the rage;
The manager takes care that each appears
In ev'ry novelty that he may stage.
If there should be no parts for them to play,
These must be written in without delay.

The Society
Lady.

Let us just glance at some of them awhile;
Here is the lady who'll impersonate
A leader of Society. Her style
Is smart and cynical and up-to-date.
She's rather fond of speaking lines anent
Marriage and love,—two things quite different.



A gay grass widow or a chaperone,
To handsome youths a counsellor and friend;
She'll sing a song or two if left alone,
With a few steps of dancing at the end.
But she can act, so "take it as a fact"
She's just the sort of party to attract.

The Prima
Donna.

Then there's the high-class prima donna, who
The part of heroine will doubtless take;
Dweller among the top notes, firm and true,
Queen of the tender trill, the subtle shake.
But sad to say, one rarely, now-a-days,
Will find a prima donna in these plays.

The Soubrette.

And the soubrette:—a useful person she,
Lively and gay, her spirit never flags;
She'll sing and dance, and not infrequently
Will help the low comedian with his "gags."
She should be given one, or maybe more,
Of the most tuneful numbers in the score.

Fashion
in Songs.

Now, Fashion in these ditties will prevail:
Time was, when quite the proper thing to do
Was to relate in verse a touching tale,
Not wholly unconnected with the Zoo.
But we have wearied of such songs as these;
This sort of thing perhaps may better please:—

MARY AND HER DAIRY.

The Poet
parodieth.

MARY MILES was a country maid,
Plumpish and plain and pleasant;
Though some folks thought she was just a shade
Too cute for a simple peasant.
She lived at a dairy all serene,
And didn't she keep that dairy clean!
For day after day, with smiling face,
She tucked up her sleeves and mopped the place.

MARY, MARY, mopped up a dairy,
Kept it clean and coolish and airy;
Many a passing stranger stopped
At the delicate dairy MARY mopped!



Now simple MARY had got a most
Remarkable lot of *swell* beaux;
Though not good-looking, yet she could boast
A beautiful pair of elbows.

And neighbouring noblemen saw the charms
Of MARY's plump though plebeian arms;
So Dukes and Marquises thronged the door
While MARY mopped up the dairy floor.

MARY, MARY, mopped up a dairy,
Kept it clean and coolish and airy;
Many a high-born head was popped
In the delicate dairy MARY mopped!

At length a widowed but wealthy earl
Could really resist no longer;
For ev'ry day that he saw the girl
He felt that his love grew stronger.
He offered his heart and his coronet,
And fell on his knees, though the floor was wet;
While MARY danced on the pots and pans,
And soon the vicar announced the banns.

MARY, MARY, quitted the dairy,
Work for her is unnecessary;
Never the slightest hint is dropped
Of the delicate dairy MARY mopped!

The above number, if set to a taking melody with a *refrain* accompanied by a lilting movement on the part of singer and girl-chorus, and immediately followed by a descriptive "dance and exit," will no doubt become a great favourite with the public. Its moral may be vague, but this will be more than atoned for by the pleasing jingle of words in the refrain. If the accompaniment be fairly easy to play on the piano, the song will become very popular with young men of the undergraduate type, while suburban drawing-rooms will resound with it before the piece has been running for a hundred nights.

There may be other lady stars, no doubt,
This is an average collection, though;
And quite enough, as you would soon find out
If you should ever try to run the show.
Three leading ladies—and each lady wills
That *her* name shall come first upon the bills.

The Show
Girls.

Turning to lesser lights, that meekly shine
Upon the outskirts of this firmament,
We find the "show girls," goddesses divine,
Who with their humble lot are quite content.
A line or two to speak, will raise them quite
Into the seventh heaven of delight.



But though they're insignificant, when seen
From a mere histrionic point of view,
Pray do not take this trifling fact to mean
That there is no real work for them to do.
They have to set off for our admiration
Triumphs of the costumer's creation.

The Chorus
Ladies.

Then there are ladies of the chorus. These,
As individuals, are hardly known;
Yet their united efforts always please,
They're indispensable, as you must own.
In numbers they are formidable, and
They need controlling by a skilful hand.

The Première
Danseuse.

Perhaps we ought, *en passant*, to include
An energetic dancer, of the sort
That always seems so anxious to obtrude
Her antics on some Eastern monarch's Court.
How strange that people always seem diverted
By ladies who are amply underskirted! P. G.

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *New English Dictionary* (HENRY FROWDE) is getting on. Volume IV., a massive tome, dealing with the letters F and G, is just issued. The scale upon which the work is accomplished appears from the fact that, whilst Dr. JOHNSON dealt with only 1312 words beginning with G, Mr. HENRY BRADLEY and his assistants explain and lavishly illustrate 15,542. This is twice as many as are comprised within the borders of more massive modern dictionaries. Among much curious information conveyed is the fact that the letter F contains no words beginning with a Latin prefix. (This will probably throw a new, strange light upon the fact that the little old woman in *Little Dorrit* had no name but "Mr. F.'s Aunt.") Words directly taken from the Greek are also absent. Apart from its uses as the supremest dictionary of the English language, the book is positively fascinating. My Baronite, a busy man who could do very well with forty-eight hours in a day, shrinks from turning to the treasure-trove in search of varied meanings of a word, knowing by experience that having once opened the pages he goes on reading when he ought to be writing.

How startling in colour, at least, if not in design, is the cover wherein it has pleased Publisher PEARSON (Limited) that Mr. RICHARD MARSH'S *Strange Wooing of Mary Bowley* shall appear before the world of romance-readers! Seeing the cover, the not over fastidious novel devourer, in search of a sensation, would shudder and avoid. The orangey-yellow would so impress itself on the retina that for some seconds everything must appear to his jaundiced eye as smeared with this book-paint. Was it "ever thus since childhood's hour"? the Baron asks in a Swivellerian mood, recalling a "snatch," and remembering how once upon a time, in 1894, as he has been informed, this same *Strange Wooing* appeared as a PEARSON publication, price sixpence?

Soit: The Baron never saw it: to him it is as new as though it had only just made its first appearance. Well, it is a rough-and-ready sort of story, the satisfactory perusal of which can be accomplished only by the most artful skipper who knows when to come upon the tit-bits and when to pounce. When the situation, to which minor incidents have not inartistically prepared the way, arrives, it is a good one, but the author tries to get more out of it than it will stand. MR. MARSH does not take himself seriously, and treats his melodramatic story in a light-hearted fashion that robs it of all genuine realism. Yet it has its merits, and on those merits it may be recommended to the hesitating.

An excellent plot underlies Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE'S last novel, *According to Plato* (HUTCHINSON). A man falsely accused of forgery, knowing that the criminal is his friend, dumbly suffers the penalty. On the termination of his imprisonment he went out to Australia, and made enough money to leave

his son wealthy. The son returns to England and, not knowing the name of the man who victimised his father, is thrown within the circle of his acquaintance, and, of course, falls in love with his daughter. Mr. MOORE has, perhaps, not made quite as much of this complexity as some would have done. Led away by desire to give friendly digs at various fashionable follies, he invents elaborate and far-fetched machinery. This makes possible some amusing sketches of a Technical School of Literature and of a system of ingenious advertising. The best character in a sprightly book my Baronite recognises in *Sir Creighton Severn*, the great inventor, who successfully applied electricity alike to big ends and little ones.

Street Dust, by "OUIDA," is a collection of stories (F. V. WHITE & Co.) of which the first gives its title to the book. Not a happy title; nor is there much happiness in the stories

which might have been called *Four Dismal Nights and a Bright Morning*, or *Dark Clouds and a Ray of Sunlight*. They are all artistically told. *The Little Thief* is sweet but painful. *The Fig Tree* is terrible, being the short history of a word, a blow, a cut, and a run. But the last story is cheerful, bright, and as delightfully improbable as a fairy tale while as pretty as the legend of DICK WHITTINGTON. There's a cat in it, too; but she is "a person of no importance," at least of very secondary importance in comparison with the chief characters. As we are told to be thankful for small mercies, so we may be grateful for short stories, especially when they are written by "OUIDA" at her best.

Mr. JOHN LANE, who, publishing in London and New York, is in more places than one at the same time, is bringing out (in both presumably) a pocketable and certainly portable edition of GEORGE ELIOT'S works, and has led off with the universally popular *Adam Bede*. The Baron welcomes the old *Adam* in this costume as heartily as ever. More so, indeed, as he hasn't seen him for an age, and "absence makes to grow

fonder the heart" of the thoroughly appreciative

BARON DE BOOKWORMS.



"GET OUT OF THIS! YOU'VE NO BUSINESS IN HERE. COULDN'T YOU SEE THE BOARD?"

"AY, WE SEED BOOA'D."

"WELL! WHAT DID IT SAY?"

"IT NIVER SPOKE!"

THE PEER AND THE PERI.—In the *Daily Telegraph*, last week, it was announced that the Marquis of HEADFORT is "engaged to be married to Miss BOOTE," who, "is now playing at the Gaiety Theatre." Well, why not? If there be anyone aware of any just cause or impediment, let him declare it. For ourselves, if there be anything in names, we should say that "Head-fort" indicated a strong-willed person who would plunge into matrimony, head first, determinedly. As for the jocosely verbal chances offered by the name of "BOOTE," are they not evidently numerous and humorous, "*Hé, mon petit chou?*" And, after all, what boots it to anybody, except the principals, if Miss BOOTE prefers being a married Marchioness to remaining a "*femme sole*"?

LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

Short Stories with sad endings.

IV.—THE HOME OF THE IDEAL.

HE stood reclining his arms on the balustrade, and pondered the question deeply. It was at one of Mrs. ALGY PACER's "affairs," as she playfully called her dances, that he had first met her, and here they were again figuring at the same function, but not as strangers; far from it. Why should he change his state? He, GEORGE PEECHCROFT, only son of Sir ROBERT BEECHCROFT, the wealthy mill-owner. He was healthy, wealthy and—speaking from the standpoint of an unmarried man—wise. He sighed portentously as he gazed over the carved rail, which ran the length of the gallery in which he alone lingered smoking, and looking down at the brilliantly lit ball-room thronged with its gay devotees. He was desperately in love, past all forgiveness. How well she danced, how she laughed and chattered, the embodiment of a healthful and refined joy! And her features; delicate, clear cut; softly merging beauty with beauty. She would make an ideal wife. Yes, GEORGE was in love, and just the least bit selfish. But is it not written in the book of the lady novelist that all men are selfish? PEECHCROFT paused as he half uttered the word "ideal." After all, was she ideal? Would she differ from other women? Would she not curtail his little pleasures, become extravagant with his money, develop a spirit of social competition and irk his spirit—as yet unfettered—with a thousand marital demands? He had plenty of money, hosts of friends, was popular, and the world practically at his disposal and none to say him nay. Why change? He might go farther than bachelorhood, and fare worse. Plenty of his acquaintances had done so. This was a passing fancy, a hot-house infatuation. He was under a spell. Her hair was excellently *coiffured*, her gown fitted and became her, her manners were fascinating, her attention so sincere. Pough! It was his good temper. The dinner had been excellent, the cigars and wines of the choicest. This was exuberance, not love. And yet, ENID FEATHERWAYTE—ah! was it not love that made all these things appear better than they really were? PACER's wines were, in the words of his own man, "distinctly off, Sir!" No, it was love. But his freedom

—if he married, he would lose it; she would prove like other women.

A mirthful laugh close by his ear cut short his speculation. GEORGE blushed furiously, and tried to appear at ease before the beautiful young girl, who smiled with apparent enjoyment at his discomfiture.

"Come, Mr. PEECHCROFT," said she, holding up a slim gloved finger, and declining her head coquettishly to one side. "You were thinking of me."

GEORGE laughed boisterously. "I want

wants. I should study his nature, make myself acquainted with his peculiarities, minister to his complaints, and thoroughly familiarize myself with his temperament."

"My dear Miss FEATHERWAYTE," began GEORGE, in a pean of delight. But she went on:

"I should not grumble at being left alone, night after night, while he was enjoying himself at his clubs. Occasionally—perhaps, once a year—I should expect to be taken to the theatre or the opera."

"Of course—"

"I should never talk about servants, and I should be careful not to bother my husband with distressing particulars of the several misfortunes attaching to the families of my indigent relations. I should always appear dressed in the height of fashion, and be careful that not a speck of dust found a resting place in our joint home."

"Excellent—"

"I should learn to suffer in silence, and never refer to my own indispositions or complaints. But rather bend my mind towards my husband's trifling inconveniences, and generally surround him with an atmosphere of cheerful contentment and loving peace."

"My dear ENID, I cannot refrain from expressing my delight to hear you utter such sentiments. You would make an ideal wife."

"Oh, nonsense!" and a beautiful blush rose to her cheeks.

"But you would, ENID; will you marry me?" And he bent closer to catch the softly whispered reply.

"Yes."

"My dearest!" cried GEORGE PEECHCROFT, in a lover's delirious transport. "You are mine, mine!"

He was about to fold her in his strong embrace when he gave a sharp cry of pain. With a start he struck his head against the balustrade, and woke up. A lonely and disappointed feeling pervaded him. It was all a dream.

JUBILEE OF OWENS COLLEGE.—When the debt of £22,000 is extinguished, will it still be called "Owens College?" or will another word be inserted, so as to make it "Owens and Payins College?"

AN ESSENTIALLY QUIET AND MODEST NOBLEMAN.—Who is? Lord MILTON. Why, certainly, as he is always a DE MURE person.



A NOCTURNE IN THE TREE-DWELLING COUNTRY.

Late-returning Individual in Fore-ground. "WELL, I'M HANGED IF I CAN REMEMBER WHICH IS MY HOTEL!"

your advice, Miss FEATHERWAYTE. Is a man in my position justified in remaining single?"

"It depends," said ENID, cautiously.

"Statistics," murmured GEORGE, "show the average married woman in a far from satisfactory light."

"I am afraid," said the girl, thoughtfully, "she gives more thought to her servants, dresses, furniture, carriages, jewels—than to the giver of all these—her husband."

"Of course, that is wrong."

"Unmistakably. But, of course, I can only say what I should do," continued ENID, timidly. "My first thought would be of my husband, of his comforts and

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A "school for journalists" was tried, I believe, a few years since. But would it not be better to attempt something of the kind with the rising generation in the days of their boyhood? I subjoin an interview as it could be reproduced in any latter-day school newspaper.

(From our own Commissioner.)

Having carefully disguised myself in a bald wig and a false moustache (reserved for the purpose from the accessories supplied for our latest private theatricals), I presented myself to Mr. BIRCH. The impression I wished to convey was that I was a parent anxious to place several sons under his care, and from the manner in which I was received I believe my effort was successful.

"You keep a good table?" I asked.

"An excellent one. As a matter of fact, we frequently have soup, fish, and an excellent joint or *entrée*. Sweets, of course, daily."

"Then, if NOBBY Minor declares that 'resurrection pie' twice a week is the only dinner dish he is guilty of a falsehood?"

Mr. BIRCH raised his eyes with an expression of astonishment.

"And I should like to ask," I continued, pleased with the effect I had created, "if you are careful that your charges shall not be over-worked."

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly. Our object is to prepare our pupils for the Universities, and we have a distinguished list of successes."

"I presume," said I, with a smile, "that you refer to BRAINS Major—who, I fancy, was known to his schoolmates as 'Old Sweater,' and is frequently trotted out as an example at prize distributions."

"Certainly, Mr. BRAINS had an exceptionally distinguished career at Oxford, but I am unaware that he was ever known as 'Old Sweater.' Perhaps you received that information also from NOBBY Minor."

I smiled and waved my hand gracefully. I owed NOBBY Minor one-and-sixpence, and he is for ever reminding me of that unpleasant fact. I pursued my inquiries.

"Now, before I place any of my sons with you, I should like to know that you are liberal as to pocket-money. I am given to understand that food at the tuck-shop is very expensive, and that there is a growing disinclination to accept

postage stamps (even with a liberal discount) in lieu of cash. So it is important that the boys should receive what is sent for them."

"Sir!" replied Mr. BIRCH, flushing with anger. "You would imply that I might cheat either the parents or their children!"

"No, no," I explained hurriedly, for when Mr. BIRCH gets into a wax he is distinctly dangerous. "I don't mean to



YE "G. P. O"-GRE!

"OF YE OGRE THAT LIVED HARD BY LOTHBURY THAT HAD ENVIE OF A CHRISTOM CHILDE, FOR THAT HEE WAS SWIFTE OF FOOTE AND THAT MEN GAVE HIM MUCH LARGESSE, AND HOW HEE WOLDE HAVE DEVoured HIM. AND HOW SIR BOULNOIS OF ST. MARY LA BONNE AND SIR DANVERS LE SMITH OF YE STRAND ESSAYED TO RESCUE YE CHRISTOM CHILDE."—*Sir Thomas Mallory's "Courte d'Edwarde."*

["The Bill which is backed . . . by Mr. W. F. D. SMITH and Mr. BOULNOIS is intended to afford the Company liberty of action, &c."—*Times, March 4.*]

say anything of the sort. But my *pater* tells me that he pays you at the rate of eighteenpence a week, when I only receive—"

"Your *pater*!" exclaimed Mr. BIRCH, springing to his feet; "and the money you received!"

To add to the embarrassment of the moment, at this point of the interview my false moustache came off and I had to run for my life.

As I hear you are on the point of being expelled, I forward this contribution—from a safe distance. May it be satisfactory to Mr. BIRCH and NOBBY Minor. Give my love to the latter, and tell him that some day I will send him his eighteenpence.

TO MY SMALL NIECE.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

YOUR question, my pet,* as I take it
Is solely and easily this—
If a burglar his pleasure should make
it
To trouble my somnolent bliss,
Should I use a revolver (and miss)
Or against his skull hurl boots to break
it?

I bow to your kind superstition
That "nunky" is splendidly
brave,
And would in this awkward
position
Infallibly go to his grave
In a noble endeavour to save
Much personal loss and con-
tribution.

To prevent his abstracting my
treasure,
His blood I might take on my
soul
With quite undeniable pleasure
If behind him in secret I
stole,
Myself pretty safe on the
whole,
And could shoot him or club
him at leisure.

But, child, as the truth of the
matter
I feel to a child must be told,
Your fondest illusions I shatter,
Your Uncle is gouty and old;
He never was any too bold—
Of late he's more timid, and—
fatter.

The truth is as follows: the
bedding
Would cover my diffident
face;
All shreds of foolhardiness
shedding,
If my life I could save by an
ace,
I'd be, though he rifled the
place,
As blithe as I am at a wed-
ding.

"QUICK RETURNS."

(*Omnibus hoc vitium raconteuribus!*)

MY dear old Proser, I declare,
I like to hear you "in your glory,"
With many a halt from stair to stair,
As slowly we to bed repair,
With what rich gusto do you air
That "splendid story"!

"Splendid," I quite agree, although
I merely grunt like some John Dory;
I can't enthusiastic grow,
Because, in fact, some hours ago
I told it you myself, you know—
That splendid story!

THE SILENCE THAT PAID;

OR, A BETTER WAY OF ADVERTISING.

"Est et fidei tuta silentio Merces."—HOR.: *Carm. iiii.*, 2, 25, 6.

Now March, the double nature, wild and tame,
 Betrays the wool beneath his pelt of lion;
 And by the bed of Winter, dying game,
 His crocus crown young Spring begins to try on.

Biding his Easter boom the bookman sleeps,
 And in the pause our literary cubs treat
 Of serpents sighted on the inky deeps
 Or else the giant gooseberries of Grub Street.

A myriad brains (if brains they truly be)
 The same insoluble enigma vexes:—
 "Who is the 'Englishwoman,' who is she?
 Tell us at least (if any) what its sex is."

In dazzling salons of the most polite
 West Kensington debates the topic daily;
 Here they have heard the facts, and here can cite
 Internal proofs to satisfy a Paley.

And ever someone, who declines to say
 The writer's name, though he has always known it,
 Blushes a healthy pink as who should pray—
 "Press not the soft impeachment, lest I own it."

The list of claimants (not including those
 Who call themselves the author's aunt or cousin),
 So far as present calculation goes
 Amounts, as I have read, to some three dozen.*

Others, on whom Suspicion never pounced
 As likely parties to the work in question,
 Declare, with candour almost too pronounced,
 That they repudiate the mere suggestion.

And yet there is that painful point of view:—
 While he (or she), the actual author, lay low,
 What if some innocent like me or you
 Has worn unwittingly another's halo?

Pro-Boers of tender conscience still recall
 How night by night they tossed on beds of bristles
 Till Mr. JOSEPH published, names and all,
 Those scarcely less notorious epistles.

But we—against Suspicion's stealthy ways
 What shield of Truth shall similarly fence us,
 Unless, perhaps, the Government should raise
 The point at issue in the coming Census?

It asks about our age and health of mind,
 Let it invite an answer worth the seeking,
 Thus: *Is the Occupier (undersigned)*
 An "Englishwoman," technically speaking?

But, first, I make appeal:—Dear Sir (or Ma'am),
 Elusive object of our speculation,
 O be contented with your "little slam,"
 Nor overdo an adequate sensation!

If you are reasonably drunk with fame,
 And cloyed enough with wallowing in clover,
 Why, then, for Heaven's sake, let's know your name,
 And get this tedious dull business over.

O. S.

* Thirty-seven is given in one paper as the precise number of known pretenders to the authorship of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER IX.

Of Mr. Surtees, his Life and Works—*The Dictionary of National Biography*—*The Value of Observation*.

WRITING a few weeks back on the subject of Mr. SURTEES, the creator of *Jorrocks*, I committed myself to the statement that but little was known of him except that he had lived and written and was now departed.

A correspondent, however, has written to me from the neighbourhood of Darlington as follows:—

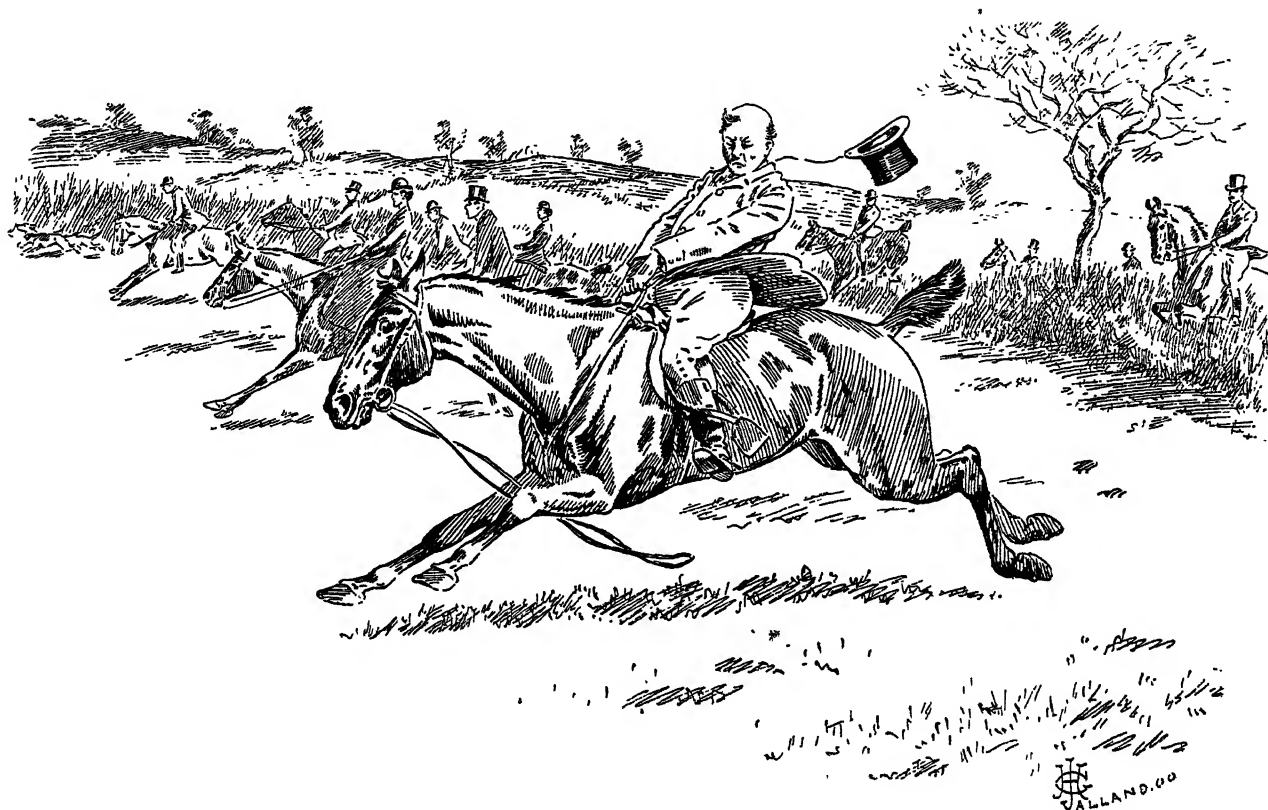
"You may be interested to know that the author of *Jorrocks* is perfectly well known. He lived in the County of Durham. The hounds he hunted with were 'The Braes o' Derwent,' of which Pigg was huntsman. Mr. SURTEES belonged to a branch of the fine old county family of SURTEES still with us. I have just been sitting with my old friend, Mr. A—M—, aged eighty-six, late M. F. H., who says he knew him personally very well. Many of the scenes of *Mr. Jorrocks's* adventures were in this neighbourhood, and many of the persons described by Mr. SURTEES were, or are still, easily recognisable."

Hereupon, I did what I ought to have done before I wrote of Mr. SURTEES at all. I turned to the *Dictionary of National Biography* and looked up the name. There, sure enough, set out in nearly three columns of that absolutely invaluable book, I found plenty of details with regard to the novelist. He was born in 1803, educated at Durham Grammar School, qualified as solicitor, and began writing for the old *Sporting Magazine*. During 1830 he compiled a manual for horse-buyers, and in 1831 helped to start the *New Sporting Magazine*, which he edited for five years. In the pages of this periodical he developed the character of Mr. *Jorrocks*, "a sporting grocer, the quintessence of Cockney vulgarity, good humour, absurdity and cunning." The *Dictionary of N. B.* further states that it was the success of these sketches that led to the conception of a similar scheme by CHAPMAN and SEYMOUR, which resulted in the "*Pickwick Papers*." Later on SURTEES became a J.P. for Durham, a major of militia and, glory of glories, high sheriff of the County in 1856. He died in 1863. He was, says the Dictionary, "a keen observer, very tall, but a good horseman, who, 'without ever riding for effect, saw a deal of what the hounds were doing.'" For all further details, those who are interested may be referred to the Dictionary itself, which is a nice, handy little work in sixty-three volumes, admirably suited to the waistcoat pocket. Having thus made my reparation to the injured shade of Mr. SURTEES, I may proceed with a clear conscience.

For purposes of conversational excellence, I know nothing that will serve a youth so well as a careful observation of the types he meets when engaged in the chase of the fox. I put aside for the moment the so-called fashionable packs. We cannot all hunt in the Midlands; some of us have to be content with the hounds that hunt the country in which we were born, or where we have our residence, in the south, the north, the east or the west. These, the average, steady-going packs, are, in a sense, the backbone of the sport. They pursue it, year in, year out, against all manner of adverse circumstances, and keep the sacred lamp of the chase burning with an enthusiasm that nothing can daunt. One who hunts with such a pack, not for show, but for sheer love of the sport, may say of himself, varying what GOLDSMITH said of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS:—

When they talked of their Quorns and their Pytchleys and stuff
 He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

And devotees of the Quorn and the Pytchley may be appeased when they reflect that in this perversion they are privileged in regard to hunting with the position that RAPHAEL and CORREGGIO hold in regard to painting. So the matter is fair all round. I will suppose, then, that you hunt where you live, and that you live where most Englishmen, after all, live—that is, in a part of England unadorned by a fashionable pack. Keep your eyes



EASILY SATISFIED.

Gent (who all but dissolved partnership at the last Fence). "THANK GOODNESS I'VE GOT HOLD OF THE REINS AGAIN! IF I COULD BUT GET MY FOOT INTO THAT CONFOUNDED STIERUP, I SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT!"

open as you ride, and mark well, for future use, the characters you meet. You will be repaid in more ways than one, for you will find that the more you know of the men who ride, the better you will like them, and the more highly you will honour this gallant and representative body of our fellow countrymen. In my next I will give you a few hints that may help you in your observation.

POST OFFICE COMPETITION.

["The Post office threatens to supersede the District Messenger Boys."]

BRISK boys, who go so very fast,
So quickly yet so surely too,
Here is an awful threat at last,
Which might dishearten even you;
Henceforth the fatal fact you know,
You struggle with the G. P. O.

However quickly you may run,
However promptly do your task,
Remember there is always one
From whom no mercy you can ask;
A monster, deaf and blind and slow,
Will dog your steps—the G. P. O.

Yet be not frightened or ashamed,
But bravely to your duties keep,
The horrid monster I have named
Is usually fast asleep;
And, should it now less drowsy grow,
You need not fear the G. P. O.

You've heard the fable of the Hare,
Who, while the Tortoise won the race,
Was idly dozing. Now the pair
Of you, in such a tale, change place;
The Tortoise certainly would go
To sleep, since he's the G. P. O.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, when (to save expense)
Years ago I lived at Brixton,
While for your proud residence
Kensington your father fixed on;

Then, though living far apart
(I with heart with rapture beating,
You with blush and well-feigned start),
Somehow we were always meeting.

But though we now, CHLOE dear
(How is it? Alas! I wonder),
To each other live so near,
We are as the poles asunder.

Where you go to sup or dine
I am not allowed to follow;
At that dismal club of mine
Doomed my lonely meal to swallow.

Strange indeed, that I, who then
Danced attendance, fetched and
I, alone, of all the men, [carried,
Scarcely see you—now we're married.

GIVE AND TAKE.

(A Song sung after James Thomson.)

GIVE a man a dish he can eat,
Give a man a wine he can drink;
If they're bad for his health he'll get
'em by stealth,
And never will sleep a wink.

Tell a man a stupid old joke,
Give a man a book dull to read;
You'll be on the floor and out of the
door
With a nose he has caused to bleed.

Give a man a note he can change
While you wait his return to tea;
Your trust is in vain,—but I needn't
explain—
'Tis "the confidence trick," you see.

BELLES LETTRES.

BY BAROO JABBERJEE.

I.—An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

I AM to commence with the personal explanation. After my star was in the brilliant ascendant of a crack British Novelist, owing to successful serial publication of "The Adventures of Mr. BINDABUN BHOSH" (which has, somehow, not yet made its appearance in voluminous form), I was humbly approached with a complimentary request from *Honble Punch*, that I was to do him some criticisms on up-to-date English fictions and literatures.

But, finding myself destitute of the *quantum suff* of straw to compose even the moiety of a brick, I nilled the invitation with a polite *nolo episcopari*. Subsequently, however, I made the discovery that literary circles, both in Calcutta and London, were in the pucker of a stew concerning 'a certain volume of post-obit correspondence, entitled, *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*.

Some stoutly upheld them as the unadulterated output of a genuine young deceased feminine; others more sceptically maintained that they were the spurious and flim-flam productions of some anonymous male.

Not having perused the said documents at the time, I was obliged to confess myself totally incompetent to undo the Gordian knot of their authenticity; but, hey-day! presently Rumour, protruding her thousand tongues painted with venom, indicated my inoffensive self as either the stony-hearted recipient or the *fons et origo* of these elegant *billet-doux*!

So, impelled by sheer curiosity, I procured a copy of the volume from a Calcutta library, and read same with eyes jutting out in amazement. I should mention that I had previously seen copious extracts in the pages of *Punch's* periodical; but these, though obviously from the same hand, are probably taken from some enlarged edition, as I cannot find them in my own copy.

First and foremost, let me vehemently deny that any of these epistles were written either to or by myself, though I will admit that, while a resident in England, I received countless equally impassioned notes, and not only from Miss MANKLETOW, but innumerable other members of the softer sex.

Had I been an *Œdipus* to foresee the frantic avidity with which cultivated British readers would devour authentic love-letters which were not even addressed to themselves, I should have preserved those chaste and erotical effusions, instead of carelessly destroying matter worth many hundreds of rupees.

As to the wanton and gratuitous accusation that I wrote the contents of this volume, while I will not affect such false modesty as to pretend inability to do so (and in far more correct style and composition), still I can conscientiously assure all honble readers that I am, like Emperor CÆSAR's better half, above suspicion.

And I should really have expected that their own nude commonsense would have demonstrated the utter folly and preposterousness of such a supposition!

Is it reasonably plausible that any certificated B.A. could perpetrate such a solecism as "Look, see! O blind mouth!" [v. Letter I.] when it is within the knowledge of the veriest schoolboy that the mouth is not the organ of vision? Or am I so mediocre an astronomer that I should talk of a star swimming up, clasping the writer, and showing her the portrait of a lover? [v. Letter II.] This is not customary with any stars that I am acquainted with, and if it is contended that all this is intended metaphorically, no Oriental scholar is addicted to mix his metaphors in such topsy-turvy fashions.

On the other side, I am constrained to admit that there are certain passages which, to a superficial student, might seem to implicate myself. Letter XII. contains an allusion to "a well-dressed sort of young fellow, in grey and a moustache, and know-

ing how to ride," which, except in the matter of proficiency in the art of equitation, is on all fours with my own personal appearance.

In Letter IV. the writer inquires if her beloved goes out rabbit-shooting for love of her, and misses every time, and in Letter L. she requests him not to shoot any lark birds, it being incontrovertible that, when engaged in pleasures of the Chase, I did miss nearly every time, and did not hit a single lark bird.

Also, in Letter C, she addresses him as "Dear Prince Wonderful," and I was notoriously mistaken by most London feminines for some sort of Native Prince. Again, in Letter Q, she narrates that she heard someone speak of him as "charming," which she might constantly have heard remarked of this unworthy self had she been a resident at the same select boarding establishment, though I do not assert she was, assuming her to be of feminine gender at all.

Moreover, she comments [Letter XXXI.] on the resemblance between a portrait by Honble TITIAN of a certain tip-top Norfolk magnate and "somebody she likes," and, though unacquainted with either of the parties, I have frequently received compliments on my aristocratic bearings, and have been actually accosted in the streets as the "blooming Duke."

And, finally, there is the striking reference [Letter LV.] to her pen as "a poor dinky" [qu. clerical mistake for "dingy," or "inky"] "little Othello," which appears to contain a round-about reference to some Native gentleman with rather jealous proclivities. Still, after making all these handsome admissions, I repeat that the cap is a palpable misfit for such an unassuming head as the present writer's.

I will next examine the question: Are these documents the work of a genuine female woman or *vice versa*?

If not, one thing is a cock-certainty. They are by a male who is an *au fait* in the knowledge of the proper attitude of a female towards her lord and master. The writer addresses her most Beloved as "her own sweetheart whom she so worships"; [Letter VI.] invites him [Letter XIII.] to come and see her, but to shut "those dear cupboards of vision," his eyes; (probably in dread of being dazzled) asks permission [Letter XXI.] to send his poor foot a kiss per post; tells him [Letter XXIV.] that "her love lies grovelling and insufficient at his feet, and will, till they become amputated;" begs him [Letter LVI.] to continue to smudge his letters with a "whirlpool mark of his thumb," for the reason that it is "delicious to rest her face (on the said smudge) and feel *him* there."

All this is marvellously true to nature and characteristic of the feminine temperaments, as I can testify from having been frequently compelled to correct similar tendencies in my own wives.

But there are other points which render me suspicious. Would a real lady request that she might not be given presents of jewellery? [v. Letter III.] I can only say this is utterly opposed to my own experience of the sex. Would any feminine muster up sufficient physical courageousness to tie up a mouse in a paper bag and throw it out of the window? I should consider this a dare-devil proceeding, even for myself. Or would not a genuine English lady use some more refined expression than to write about "waters wallowing under the bellies of gondolas?" [Letter XXXVIII.]

Without presuming to decide where even angels will rush in and disagree, I proceed to another point, *videlicet*: Why did these lovers part? And here I have no hesitation in solving so facile a conundrum. They parted because the lady was a victim of woolgathering wits, and the sweet bells of brain were irrevocably jangled.

This I can prove by internal evidence: In Letter IV. she says she is making her dress-tail purposely long so that, before vanishing round a corner, it may say to him: "I love you so, see how slowly I am going." She entreats him [Letter XXXI.] to walk only on one leg when thinking of her. She suffers from delusions (1) that the constellation of *Ursa Major* looks in at



THE MAGIC CARPET.

[Wishing "Godspeed" to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who are starting for Australia, Saturday, March 16.]

her window and growls at her. [Letter V.] (2) that a man came down from a Blue-moon and partook of plum-porridge in her society [Letter P.]

I inquire fearlessly, are these the concomitants of an unclouded intellect? And I expect with utmost confidence that Echo will oblige with the customary answer in the negative.

My theory is, then, that the young man broke it off on ground that his *fiancée* was secreting a bee in her bonnet, and that he abstained, with the delicacy of a chivalrous, from telling her this reason, and also from endangering his person by a personal interview.

It may be asked: why did she not adopt the ordinary Constitutional remedy of deserted feminines, and institute legal proceedings for breach of promise to marry, as Miss M. did against my unfortunate self? She had, *primâ facie*, a better case; he had a superfluity of the root of evil; she had preserved all his letters; and he had publicly acknowledged her at a ball as his official *fiancée*. [v. Letter XI.]

The reason is plain as a pike's head. No solicitor, however full of push, would undertake the cause of a client afflicted with the loose tile, and giddy as a goose with rats in her upper story!

But in making these shrewd guesses, I must again disown all personal connection with this painful kettle of fish. It would do me severe social and professional damages were I supposed to be the hero, or even the author, of this notorious production, and I cannot too emphatically contradict such fallacious and cock-and-bull assertions.

Nevertheless, as I do not wish to damp a juvenile *littérateur* (if not deceased), I have pleasure in testifying that I have perused the little volume with considerable interest.

Calcutta, Feb. 11th, 1901.

H. B. J.

A MEETING OF THE BENCH.

["It was extremely necessary that the judges themselves should know something of the meaning and effect of the sentences they passed, and it should be every judge's duty to acquaint himself, as far as possible, with the effects of different punishments."—*The Lord Chief Justice, at the meeting of the Society of Comparative Legislation, February 27.*]

The L—d C—r. In criminal matters, my learned brethren, I must confess I have always been a mere child. My interest in crime and punishment is, of course, merely an academic one. Therefore, I have much pleasure in calling upon my friend the Lord Chief Justice to open this discussion.

The L. C. J. (genially). Well, dear boys—er—that is, my noble, learned and distinguished brethren, I want to talk to you about my recent speech on the subject of making the punishment fit the crime. I regret the absence, to-day, of Mr. Justice GILBERT, whom I may perhaps describe as—ahem—the pioneer in this untrodden by-way of criminal jurisprudence (Fine phrase that, H—LSB—Y. Hope the reporters will get it all right). The whole thing lies in a nutshell. How much of what sort of punishment will most effectually prevent any given crime? A mere matter of proportion, which we can only settle by a course of personal investigation, in which I hope a number of judges will be ready to take part. In the first place, we will assume that my Brother D—Y has been guilty of a series of acts of violence, felonies, in fact, of varying flagrancy, and we will therefore sentence him in the straightforward, if unfeeling, language of *Stephen's Digest*, to be "once, twice, or thrice, privately whipped" in addition to the usual terms of imprisonment. After each whipping he will report on the effects, and we shall thereby gradually arrive at a correct sliding scale of strokes and crimes, so that in future a judge will merely have to refer to the scale in order to give [a criminal the correct number of strokes sufficient to prevent him from repeating the particular crime. And so with all our other punishments. Various judges will kindly oblige with sliding scales compiled from knowledge acquired at first hand.

(Sings—*Con amore.*)

Our object all sublime
We shall achieve in time
To make the punishment fit each crime
That is by us cognoscible!
So judges shall be sent
To achieve this high intent
By per-so-nal ex-per-i-ment—
At least, "as far as possible"!

Chorus—omnes.

By per-so-nal ex-per-i-ment,—
Or, at least, as far as possible!

D—y, J. (chiming in rather late).

But only as far as possible!

The L—d C—r. Very good idea. What about capital punishment, though?

The L. C. J. Capital punishment, my lord, does not seem to me to be divisible or capable of being adjusted according to a sliding scale, unless your lordship would care to experiment personally in the effects of partial electrocution?

D—g, J. (interrupting). Never mind Capital; let us get on to Labour—hard labour. [Laughter.]

The L. C. J. Order, order! This place is not a theatre.

R—r, L. J. Nor a court of the King's Bench Division.

[Polishes his eye-glass.]

D—g, J. (with pity). Ah, wisdom and wit go through the Divorce Court before they reach the Chancery courts. By the way, I hear that Appeal Court I is a very dull place. Wait till I get there!

The L—d C—r. Order, order!

D—g J. "The reputation of the Bench for wit must be kept up"; and it has been, thanks to BRAMWELL and BOWEN and me.

R—y, L. J. [glaring through his spectacles.] Thank goodness, we have, and are likely to have, no unseemly levity in Appeal Court II.

The L. C. J. No; have to go to the House of Commons for that, eh, old boy? Do you remember how—

The L—d C—r. Really, my lord, I think we are wandering somewhat from the point.

The L. C. J. As your lordship pleases. With regard to hard labour—

D—y J. (in a solemn voice). I have a suggestion to submit. There is one form of hard labour which can best be performed by one who possesses the trained action of an expert pedestrian. I suggest that the learned lord's early athletic training, with which we are all so familiar, makes him peculiarly fitted to prepare a sliding scale showing the daily amount of treadmill proportionate to every offence known to the law. A course, say, of two or three years' duration, not exceeding four hours a day, in spells of—

K—h, J. If I might venture for one moment to interpose, though merely an Equity Judge, and therefore unversed in crime, still, as an old Fellow of a well-known Oxford College, and a regular Saturday visitor to the Links at Sandwich, it occurs to me that all this experimenting in punishments which my Common Law brethren so nobly propose to undertake, might be saved by the simple expedient of constituting a Criminal Court of Appeal. In Civil matters, and especially, if I may say so, in Chancery matters, we find a similar institution of much value in correcting any slips, or *inelegantie juris* (if I may be permitted the Latin expression), which may inadvertently occur in the Courts of first instance. I cannot help thinking, that in order to make the punishment effectually fit the crime, a strong court of criminal appeal—

D—g, J. (interrupting). The learned judge finds himself in sympathy with the well-known hymn, commencing, "Pleasant are the courts above." (Cries of "Order!") All I want to—

L—e, J. Speaking as a judge of first instance, I would say, with reference to such irreverent flippancy, that "we want but little here below."

D—g, J. "Nor want that little long"! The *L—d C—r.* Seems to me, my learned brethren, that all this is not getting us much forwarder as to the true proportions of crime and punishment. Therefore, unless my brother *G—M* has a few remarks to offer on welsheers and water-jumps, or has a real gilt-edged tip for the Bar Point-to-Point to communicate, I move that the consideration of this matter be adjourned *sine die*.

[*Carried nem. con. Exeunt omnes.*]

WHO IS IT?

WHO was the man whose features, through

His iron vizor, none could guess?
Who was he, say? And who are you
P. S.?

Can you be STEYN, that wicked elf
Who helped to get us in this mess?
President STEYN might sign himself
P. S.

But so might PHILIP STANHOPE do,
And mere initials, I confess,
I hardly trust to guide me to
P. S.

I own I find it hard to see
What likely name they might express.
There's C. P. SCOTT of course. He's C.
P. S.

Again, it might, of course, be he,
The man with curious views on dress,
Whom everybody knows as G.
B. S.

But wherefore stick, I hear you say,
At one initial more or less?
Why not our greatest poet, A.
C. S.?

Or why not he whose polished style
All Mr. Punch's readers bless,
Our humorous and versatile
O. S.?

It might be SAMUEL SMITH, M.P.,
Who views the war with such
distress;

But his initials ought to be
S. S.

I passed—quite vainly—in review
A dozen writers for the Press,
From CLEMENT SCOTT to W.
T. S.,

Till, in despair, I even asked
The former Member for Caithness.
But even CLARK has not unmasked
P. S.

* * *

Postscript.

I ought to add that LABOUCHERE
Might be the man, or HENRY HESS.
—But, after all, this is a mere

P. S. St. J. H.



Pompous Publisher (to aspiring novice in literature). "I HAVE BEEN READING YOUR MANUSCRIPT, MY DEAR LADY, AND THERE IS MUCH IN IT I THINK—AH!—VERY GOOD. BUT THERE ARE PARTS SOMEWHAT VAGUE. NOW YOU SHOULD ALWAYS WRITE SO THAT THE MOST IGNORANT CAN UNDERSTAND."

Youthful Authoress (wishing to show herself most ready to accept advice). "OH, YES, I'M SURE. BUT, TELL ME, WHICH ARE THE PARTS THAT HAVE GIVEN YOU TROUBLE?"

A SEASONABLE LETTER.

Huntingthorpe Hall.

MY DEAR JACK,—I want you to come down on Monday and stay a couple of days with me. My wife will be delighted, as you can help her with a children's party, and also play Pantaloon in a little thing being got up by the young people. I will mount you on the Tuesday with our Staghounds, as I know you are fond of a day's hunting. No, don't thank me, my dear chap—I shall be only too glad if you will go, as the horse I am intending to put you on is a rank brute, and when he doesn't refuse his fences—which is a rare occurrence—he invariably falls into them. However, you won't mind that, will you?

You will have to put up with real bachelor accommodation I am afraid, as

the house is crammed. The best I can do for you is a half share of one of the attics. Our cook has left us, all unexpectedly, so this places her room at our disposal for two of you. The kitchen-maid is doing her best to keep us from starving; but, though she means well, I can hardly class her as a *cordon bleu*.

LOUISE DEARLOVE, that pretty little girl you were so sweet upon last season, is unable to come; but her brother—the red-headed youth who was always trying to pick a quarrel with you—will be here.

I am so short of horses that I fear I must ask you to cab the four miles up from the station; but I am sure you won't mind taking the rough with the smooth.

Yours ever, JOHN JOSTLER.

As the recipient of the above invitation, I ask which is "the smooth"?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"THE Right Honble. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., who made possible the Unionist Parliament of 1895 to 1900," should be considerably gratified by having so useful, so amusing, and so historically accurate a work dedicated to him as Mr. H. W. LUCY's *Diary of a Unionist Parliament* (J. W. ARROWSMITH). It is excellent in style and sound in matter, while as a work of reference, as to details that would have escaped the notice of the ordinary stolid chronicler, it is invaluable. But Mr. LUCY is ever on the alert; nothing worth recording escapes his eagle eye: he comes, he sees, he pounces. The major and minor notables in Parliament, with their "tricks and their manners," are all placed before the reader in a series of "living pictures," varied in combination and distinct in character. Occasionally, the REED (E. T.) is called in to assist the Pen, and his quaintly grotesque sketches, speaking likenesses as they are in broadest caricature, add point and brilliancy to the scenes described. Those "in the know" will welcome this book as a pleasant reminder, and the majority in "the-don't-know" will be delighted to find that Parliamentary Proceedings can be so dealt with as to interest them as much as an entertaining novel by their favourite author, whoever he may be.

Five years ago Miss BROMLEY DAVENPORT wrote the *Story of Aline*, a first novel my Baronite hastened to applaud as a work of singular originality and power. Miss DAVENPORT, now Lady RIDLEY, has not been in a hurry to make a second attempt. The result justifies her prescience and her prudence. *Anne Mainwaring* (LONGMAN'S) is a considerable advance on her successful first effort. To begin with, the literary style is excellent—not always the case when lovely woman stoops to writing. All her people are of flesh and blood. One seems to have met them somewhere. Lady RIDLEY certainly has. It is a long time since my Baronite read a novel which had about it such atmosphere of reality. An additional charm to the story is its partial framework in the old manor-house, Waynstate, with its ancient ruins, its park, its skies, its moor, and its ever-changing greenery. *Anne Mainwaring* confirms the impression conveyed by the *Story of Aline*, that the new century is dowered with a new novelist ranged close by the limited circle of first-class women writers. If need be, we will wait another five years for a novel from Lady RIDLEY. But she must go on.

When in a novel the experienced Baron lights on the phrase, "A strange, hunted look came into her eyes," he pauses to repeat SNERR's question in *The Critic*, "Haven't I heard that line before?" and prolongs the interval in order that he may commune with himself as to it being worth his while to devote any more time and attention to the story. So it chanced, during his perusal of *The Sin of Jasper Standish* (CONSTABLE), written by "RITA," that coming across that "strange, hunted look," the Baron debated as to whether he was sufficiently interested in the plot to see it out to the end. And he decided that in spite of a considerable amount of superfluous Irish padding, and despite the motives for the crime being inadequate, and in spite of murderer and victim being not particularly interesting personalities, yet would he persevere in order to see if "RITA" had given a sudden twist to her tale which would lift it out of the very ordinary class of stories to which, up to a certain point, it seemed to belong. There is a good love scene, out hunting, following, of course, upon an accident that, for a while, brings together the estranged lovers. But the dialogues are somewhat tedious, and the narrative too slow for the reader who wants to "come to Hecuba." Had the title been *The Sins*, instead of *The Sin*, it would have been more exact if not quite so striking, and had "RITA" only devised that, somehow or other, an exceptionally terrible vengeance should have fallen upon the sordid criminal,

the book would have received a stronger recommendation to public attention than the Baron can, under the circumstances, give it.

Anyone at all "out of sorts" in this perverse weather, and forced to remain indoors, will do well to adopt the Baron's advice which is, that he take at certain times a dose of Dr. ASHBY STERRY'S mixture entitled *The Bystander* (SANDS & Co.), and read "Awaking," "A Bad Cold," and several others as occasion may serve. But let the patient defer his study of *Jonas Chuzzlewit*, in same work, until he is quite well again and strong enough to bear it. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY!

[Dr. G. ARBOUR STEPHENS, of Glasgow (according to *Science Siftings* of Feb. 23rd), recommends a simple cure for sea-sickness, viz., to keep one eye closed.]

HERE'S the latest panacea
(Dr. STEPHENS'S idea)

For the sufferer from nausea now to try;
When the motion gets offensive,
And you're feeling apprehensive,
All you have to do is—cover up one eye!

No, it isn't hocus-pocus—
Simply stops your power of focus
On the billows as they're bounding low and high;
Could you have a plainer reason
Wherefore, when you see big seas on,
You can say that *mal-de-mer* is "All my eye!"

Well, I've roamed o'er salt abysses,
Like the travel-tossed Ulysses,
And as yet on ne'er a nostrum could rely;
Each infallible suggestion
Failed me, so the one in question
May be but a case of "Wink the other eye!"

POTAGE À LA STRAND THEATRE.

THAT such a piece of farcical folly as *In the Soup*, representing an initially good idea of a plot utterly frittered away in the attempt to elaborate its dramatic development, should have achieved a success that has carried it merrily over one hundred and fifty nights, and that apparently it should still be going strong, speaks volumes for the company of clever comedians headed by Mr. JAMES WELCH and Miss CARRIE CRONYN, and ably seconded by Miss MARIA SAKER, Mrs. RICHARD EDGAR, Miss AUDREY FORD (one of the "spoons" in the soup), Messrs. JOHN BEAUCHAMP, HARRY FARMER (the other "spoon"), VICTOR WIDDICOMBE, and WILLIAM WYES (looking inimitably foolish), who play all together, in a rapid touch-and-go, give-and-take fashion that artfully affords no pause for thought, and evokes continuous merriment from the audience, who are thoroughly with them—"in the soup"—from first to last.

What is *In the Soup* is not the strength of the essence of wit, but is simply the flavouring and spice thrown into every possible line by the actors, who also supply the brightly burning lamp of animal spirits that keeps the rather weak material bubbling hot, and thus it is rendered highly palatable to a mirthfully disposed audience. Not since in November, 1899, Mr. THOMAS WISE played *Singleton Sites*, in an amusing piece *The Wrong Mr. Wright*, has there been such peals of laughter in this theatre.

During the evening a small but thoroughly efficient orchestra, under M. MAURICE JACOBI (evidently the genius is hereditary), elicits well-deserved applause for its performance of a capital selection, in which, as in the piece there is never a dull moment.



OVERHEARD IN BOND STREET.

"WHICH OF 'EM WOULD YER 'AVE FOR A MUVVER, BILLY?"



Cook (to young Mistress, who has received a present of some game). "AND, PLEASE 'M, DO YOU LIKE THE BIRDS 'IGH?"

Mistress (puzzled). "THE BIRD'S EYE?"

Cook. "WHAT I MEAN, MUM, IS, SOME PREFERS THE BIRDS STALE."

Mistress (more puzzled). "THE TAIL?" (Decides not to seem ignorant). "SEND UP THE BIRD, PLEASE, COOK, WITH THE EYES AND THE TAIL!"

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

IX.

WHERE is the youth whose giant brain
A single year at college
Convinces that it doth contain
The sum of human knowledge,
Who views with scornful lip upcurled
This simple world?
In Balliol.

Where is the keen laborious Scot,
Who studies Sanskrit, Persian,
Or Japanese, but loveth not
"Gratuitous exertion,"
Yet not without a smile doth see
The barley-bree?
In Balliol.

Where is the crank who bade us shirk
The athlete's wasted labours,
And turn our hands to honest work
To benefit our neighbours;
Who built a road to nowhere—now
A miry slough?
In Balliol.

Where is the zealot that declares
To-day he knows no master
But Buddha, and to-morrow swears
He follows Zoroaster,
Next week will find his crying need
The Mormon creed?
In Balliol.

Where is the infidel, the Jew,
The bearded Turk, the Theist,
The Gnostic, the believer true,
The Mussulman, the Deist?
This happy family you 'll find
In love combined
In Balliol.

Where are the men who think and read,
Whose sterling reputations
Will make them leaders fit to lead
The coming generations?
Where, where are they who will be great
In church and state?
In Balliol.

FUNERAL FANCY. — Almost "a dead language"—the *Erse*.

IN RE ARMY REFORM.

(Suggestions that have reached 10, Bouverie Street.)

MOST flattering, certainly. Apparently, when the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War cannot agree upon any matter the affair is to be referred to me. Well, I am not quite sure I have the requisite expert knowledge, but, however, I shall be happy to do my best. But am not quite sure that best will be the best for the British Empire.

(Signed) THE MAN IN THE STREET.

It must be obvious that the first thing necessary is to put the Volunteers, the Militia, and the Regulars, on the same footing—especially the Volunteers.

(Signed) A CITIZEN SOLDIER.

Only thing possible under the circumstances is to remove the class distinction between Militia and Regular. The Volunteers are absolutely superfluous.

(Signed) OLD CONSTITUTIONAL FORCE.

Return to the old idea, of course. Let the Regular Army be the Regular Army, and abolish the Auxiliary Forces.

(Signed) GENERAL AGED SEVENTY.

Why not turn the British Army into a Company of Limited Liability? Jokers say it is already. But, to be serious—for it is a very serious matter—a good prospectus should be got out at once. Would be pleased to join the Board after allotment.

(Signed) PROMOTER.

What is wanted is centralisation. Let one man be responsible for everything. I have a brother-in-law who would accept the appointment on very reasonable terms.

(Signed) A PATRIOT.

Avoid centralisation, a system which has been the curse of the Army. Things will come right somehow, whatever is done. But only carry out my idea and all will be well, and at once.

(Signed) OPTIMIST.

Why have an Army at all? It is an expensive luxury, and is absolutely needless if proper diplomacy is used to settle international disputes.

(Signed) A PRACTICAL MAN.

If we are to have an Army, let us have the best army. If we are to have a Commander-in-Chief, let him be the ablest commander-in-chief. If we are to have a War Minister, let him be the best war minister. Surely this is the best policy.

(Signed) PROOF POSITIVE.

It is irritating that so much should be written about Army Reform, when the only way of securing it is at hand. Let *Mr. Punch* himself take the entire command of the Imperial Forces, and all will be right as threepence!

(Signed) COMMON SENSE.

[Quite true, but the gentlemen mentioned prefers the more useful office of Critic-in-Chief.—Ed.]



“ARMS AND THE MAN.”

JOHN BULL (to the RIGHT HON. ST. JOHN BRIDGES, MINISTER FOR WAR). “YOU’RE NOT A SOLDIER, BUT ACCORDING TO MY SYSTEM YOU’VE GOT TO CARRY THIS; AND DON’T LET ME CATCH YOU TRYING TO SHIFT IT ON TO ANYBODY ELSE’S SHOULDERS!”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 4.—When, thirty-five years ago, Mr. GLADSTONE was rejected by his Alma Mater, he hastened down to Manchester and, as he said, stood before the electors unmuzzled. To-night Field-Marshal LORD WOLSELEY, quitting post of Commander-in-Chief, faced his Peers unmuzzled. House crowded to listen to a bark that might prelude a bite. WOLSELEY took up position on second cross-bench where Field-M Marshals most do congregate. On similar occasions in times past the pleasant presence of the PRINCE OF WALES has been on front bench, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE seated a little lower down. To-night the bench tenantless. H.R.H. is EDWARD THE SEVENTH. When he comes down to House he sits on Throne. Possibly subject matter of debate too painful for DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to listen to. Howbeit, his place was empty.

On third cross-bench with accidental—or was it studious?—avoidance of being on same line as his predecessor in the post of Commander-in-Chief sat BOBS, grimly attentive; saying nothing; doubtless thinking a good deal.

WOLSELEY set off at a gallop; if he had an appointment with ARABI PASHA at Tel-el-Kebir at half-past one to-morrow morning, couldn't have started at higher speed. Kept it up throughout. When, after rattling through an hour, he made end of speaking noble Lords nearly breathless from effort to keep pace. Conclusion exceedingly definite; system in vogue since WOLSELEY went to Pall Mall is "pernicious," fraught with peril to the nation. Commander-in-Chief is a nonentity; to-day ANTONIUS BRODERICK personally commands British Army vice CÆSAR, LORD LANSDOWNE, gone to Foreign Office. WOLSELEY schooled himself in restraint of passion or strong language. But infinite scorn flashed under his quiet manner as he pictured the civilian Secretary of State planning fortifications and directing armies whilst a veteran soldier, used to arms from his youth, fretted his soul in an overlooked antechamber in Pall Mall.

For a civilian, LANSDOWNE uncommonly warlike; not content with defending system attacked, carried war into enemy's country; bluntly accused WOLSELEY of sulking in his tent, jealous of a system that placed Secretary of State in direct touch with military experts. Shirked duties assigned to him; neglected auxiliary forces at home; made possible the occupation of Ladysmith; failed to warn the Cabinet that it would take more than one Army Corps to subjugate the Boer.

Here was a pretty washing in public of War Office dirty linen. Noble Lords alarmed, dismayed, thought they had

better forthwith adjourn; moreover, the sacred dinner hour was striking. So they went home more than ever at ease in contemplation of the British Army.

Business done.—Duel between late Secretary of State for War and his esteemed colleague, the ex-Commander-in-Chief.

Tuesday night.—The MARKISS in fine

he asked, "which, so far as we can see, is now raging between the *régime* of 1888 and the *régime* of 1895."

He saw it all. At the former epoch the Adjutant-General, having a scheme to submit, brought the papers in the first instance to the Commander-in-Chief. After issue of Order in Council in 1895, the papers went first to Secretary of State.



"A DIVISION"

(for which even the *Ini-Moichael Fl-v-n* and Co. will quit the House).

"The most injoyable noight of iver spint!"—*Mr. M-ch-l J-s-ph Fl-v-n.*

form to-night. Situation decidedly grave; disclosure made that whilst armies in the field in South Africa, sometimes half-famished, often shelterless through the night, were fighting for life and Empire, Heads of Department in supreme control of military affairs were squabbling on details of personal supremacy. The hero of many fights, victor of most, "our only General," as he was wont to be hailed, publicly impeached by a colleague as personally responsible for the two circumstances chiefly responsible for prolongation of the war, circumstances that at one time threatened to realise Mr. KRUGER's cheerful proposal to drive the English into the sea.

"A lamentable, unseemly attack," ROSEBERY called it, in tones of burning indignation.

The MARKISS, waking up, shaking off the drowsiness born of partly audible remarks from NORTHBROOK, CHELMSFORD and DUNRAVEN, assumed mental attitude of old Caspar seated in the sun, posed by the inquisitive small boy. What WOLSELEY and LANSDOWNE fought each other for the MARKISS never could make out. "To me," he said, looking from the ex-Secretary of State to the retired Commander-in-Chief, "it has all seemed very strange." "Now what is the dispute?"

"That's all," said the light-hearted Premier, looking round at amazed Lords, who thought they had for two nights been engaged in debate on a subject that goes to the root of efficiency of Army, with which is bound up the safety of the Empire.

Business done.—In House of Commons Irish Members, bored to death by debate on Education vote, suddenly broke out. PRINCE ARTHUR, after patiently watching waste of a week in discussion of Supplementary Estimates moved closure. House cleared for Division. Irish Members refused to retire; were at length after desperate struggles severally carried out by the police. "God save Ireland!" they sang as they were borne towards the door; but, owing to circumstances, the familiar carol was sadly out of tune. As the MEMBER FOR SARK, summing up the situation, says, "The Irish members took the floor and the police took the Irish members."

House of Commons, Thursday night.—No one looking on this evening would conceive it to be the same assembly that burst into tumult at the midnight hour of Tuesday, what time Mr. FLAVIN's flowered waistcoat was rent, and Mr. JEREMIAH JORDAN had occasion to add a fresh chapter to his Lamentations. Every seat filled;

the long side galleries thronged; Peers penned like sheep in gallery facing SPEAKER'S chair; over all atmosphere of intense expectancy, through which from time to time flash electric sparks from Irish quarter. Gunpowder thick sprinkled over floor; needed but the dropping of match from awkward hands, the spark of steel on flint from elephantine boot, to cause explosion.

Temporarily relieved from presence of the Twelve Apostles of disorder, ashamed of what had happened, deeply concerned to re-establish itself in public opinion, House assumed an attitude of quiet dignity that forbade such mishap. SPEAKER sounded key-note. JEREMIAH JORDAN wrote protesting it was all a mistake about his having disobeyed instruction of Chairman, of Committee to leave House when division was called. To logical Saxon mind question suggests itself, How could JEREMIAH have been "conveyed," as the police call it, from his seat below the gangway if, in obedience to the injunctions of CHAIRMAN, he was at the moment in the Division Lobby? J. J. explains. He had meekly gone forth when division was called, but hearing premonition of a row in House had instinctively returned; found a convenient post of observation below gangway; was named by CHAIRMAN, and before you could say JEREMIAH JORDAN found himself haled forth by well-meaning but indiscriminating police.

SPEAKER at once accepted this as establishing *prima facie* case for enquiry; permitted JOHN DILLON to raise question of Privilege upon it, resulting in full acceptance of JEREMIAH'S narrative and removal of the ban of suspension. To this happy ending, which had powerful influence over character of debate on New Standing Order, Chairman of Committees contributed frank admission that, amid turmoil of the midnight orgie, he made a mistake with respect to the part JEREMIAH played in it.

Business done.—Debating New Standing Order providing expulsion for remainder of Session of Members guilty of extreme disorderly conduct.

Friday, 5.40 a.m.—House just up after passing Standing Order. HUGH CECIL contributed picturesque episode to prolonged drama. Nearly two hundred years ago, Ireland even then a distressful country, Dean SWIFT contributed to settlement of problem *A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents*. Title of Pamphlet long; its recommendation short. "Fatten and eat them," wrote the genial Dean.

Lord HUGH has an equally short way with recalcitrant Irish Members. "Clap 'em in prison," says he. Moved Amendment to Cousin ARTHUR'S Resolution, leaving out clause about suspension for

rest of Session, substituting "and shall be committed to prison until the further order of the House." Pretty to see the willowy figure of Lord HUGH swaying before the storm that burst upon him from Irish camp when he rose to move his Amendment. The mobility sign rather of strength than of weakness. When Irishmen howled themselves hoarse he began in voice of womanly softness to urge the reasonableness of his proposal. Absolutely ignored existence of turbulent crowd immediately facing him; only sign of consciousness of the tumult was the almost delirious movement of the long thin fingers of nervous hands. Never since public speaking began were seen such gestures, such mad movements of delirious digits. Otherwise calm, courteous, sweetly-persuasive in effort to show that the discipline he recommended, possibly drastic at first glance, would really be conducive to what Mr. KRUGER would call the moral and intellectual advancement of the Irish Member.

"What an Inquisitor he would have made!" said SARK, looking admiringly at the frail figure, the passionless face. "He was born four hundred years too late."

Business done.—At to-night's sitting House again crowded. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, in masterly speech, detailed proposals for Army Reform.

TO A JILT.

MOST cruelly fair, I'm returning
The presents you squandered on me,



Ah! sadly I sing it, discerning
That you would prefer to be free;
My ring you will doubtless surrender
(Two rubies enclosing a pearl,
Engraved with some lettering tender)
To serve for a kindlier girl.

You will find in my registered packet
The pin (of Assyrian gold),
The button you cut from your jacket,
The gloves (they are covered with
mould);

In fact, there is each little present
Save one, that I beg as a grace
And a memory bitterly pleasant—
Your handkerchief, dainty with lace.

And this—I would swear that my broken
And moribund heart couldn't spare,
This infinitesimal token
Of our idiotic affair.

But truth, which is all that is left me,
Compels me the notion to quash,
Since Fate of the trifle bereft me—
It never came back from the wash!

PROVOCATION.

"If the purpose of Great Britain is still to look for delay she will not get it. If it be her determination to pick a quarrel with us she will find . . . when the war terminates that the steel band which binds the Throne in London to Australia and India, which passes through Canada, will have been rent in twain, and with its severance down will go the British Empire."—*Senator Morgan.*

OLD lion, feeble and effete,

None of your impudent resisting;
Tear up that treaty obsolete.

I guess your worn-out stump wants
twisting.

Do you imagine UNCLE SAM

About your treaties, few or many,
Cares, one and all, a single-cent?
Not much! he isn't having any.

So when our Eagle flaps about

If you but touch a single feather,
I reckon he'll just wipe you out,
You and your colonies together.

Yes, just you let the noble fowl

With beak and claw but once get to you,
The rooster soon will—What! you growl?
You want to pick a quarrel—do! you?

THE SCIENTIST ON HIS METAL.

"It was sufficiently startling to hear of arsenic as a constituent of beer, but now Professor W. N. HARTLEY, of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, avers that there is silver in soot."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE wonders of science who shall tell?
The penetrating glance of seer
Draws Truth from out her sunken well,
And traces arsenic in beer.

Still pressing on with probing eye,
The panting scientist puts foot
In Truth's domain, and learns thereby
That silver is contained in soot.

Not far the time when we shall learn
To look where we ne'er looked before;
And in least likely place discern
The secret of some precious ore.

To find within some dark recess
Of the constrained anatomy
Of any messenger express
Slight evidence of mercury.

To con the fact with marked relief,
Which truth no longer dare conceal,
That in the nature of the thief
There lies a tendency to steel.

To hear some scientist serene
Inform you with expanding grin,
That he from his grand-parent mean
Extracted had a heap of tin.

To hear it said in serious tone,
Accepted, too, in spirit proper,
That the policeman has been known
By many to be merely—copper.

The wonders of science who shall sing?
The radiant light it still must shed.
Not ours to soar on fancy's wing,
For by its knowledge we are lead.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Donald (who has picked up fair Cyclist's handkerchief). "HI! WOMAN! WOMAN!"

Fair Cyclist (indignantly). "'WOMAN'! HOW DARE YOU —"

Donald (out of breath). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR! I THOUGHT YOU WAS A WOMAN. I DIDNA SEE YOUR TWEWS."

A WIFE'S PLEA.

[If Canada wishes to place this country under an eternal debt of gratitude, she will export to us some of the servant girls whom a lecturer at the Imperial Institute on "The Maritime Provinces of Canada," mentioned as among the resources of Prince Edward Island. What are potatoes, oats, lumber, wood-pulp, horses, and the other products compared to these?—*Daily Telegraph*.]

(A letter found at the Colonial Office addressed to its highest official.)

DEAR SIR,—In this humble petition,

Which I trust you will not disavow,

I merely point out a condition

That you may not happen to know.

A condition, Sir, fraught with disaster,
An evil unpleasantly rife.

Oh, help me the danger to master,

Assist, Sir, the servantless wife.

Enough of the Khaki Campaign, Sir,

No more of the Boers and DE WET,

From African matters refrain, Sir,

Australian fétter forget.

And bend all your talents and skill, Sir,

On a question that cries for redress,

On a socially serious ill, Sir—

Great Britain is quite servantless.

Yet, the remedy lies to your hand, Sir,

For Canada teems, so I hear,

With servants of all kinds. How grand,
Sir,

If all to these shores we could bear!

Oh, promise you will do your best, Sir;

We would pay them in wages just
double

To what they receive in the West, Sir—

Oh, do help us out of our trouble!

You have only to place an embargo

On ships leaving Canada's ports

That do not contain a large cargo

Of Canada's servants (all sorts).

What are pulp and potatoes and horses,

And lumber and oats—what are they,

To a maid who can wait through three
courses

And not be fatigued the next day?

Then send us a shipload of cooks, Sir,

Who can cook—say a chop or a steak—

Without searching through twenty odd
books, Sir—

And a simple milk pudding can make;

Who will rise before twelve in the
morning,

And expect not the use of the carriage,

Who do not in a pet give you warning

If some trifle you dare to disparage.

And of generals, sev'ral ship loads, Sir,

Not forgetting the "all-work" adept,

Who is needed in all those abodes, Sir,

Where "only one servant is kept."

With stair maids and scullery pack, Sir,

A hundred big liners or more;

Bring them hither in cruiser or smack, Sir,

At once to this servantless shore.

Let them come with the flowers in spring,
Sir,

In swarms like the midsummer fly,

Let every fresh cargo-boat bring, Sir,
An assortment to choose from. Oh, try
To do this. Oh, make an endeavour
To sweeten the matron's home-life
And she'll bless you for ever and ever,
Yours truly, A SERVANT-LESS WIFE.

LONDON LOGIC.

(A conversation overheard after the recent
L.C.C. Election.)

First Ratepayer. So, here we are again!
The Progressives romped in!



"WHERE IS MANCHURIA?"

Second Ratepayer. Disgraceful! And
London must now wait another three
years before justice can be secured!

First R. Quite so. And the same sort
of thing occurred three years ago! It is
scandalous!

Second R. What are all right-thinking
people doing? It seems to me so easy to
go to poll.

First R. Exactly. Can't take more than
five minutes, or ten minutes, at most. And,
then, everyone has the path made so easy.
Just before the Election I got a card
giving my number and the place where I
was to record my vote.

Second R. So did I. And, of course,
everyone had the same advantage.

First R. No doubt. If there had been
any neglect in this, it would certainly
have been recorded in the newspapers.

Second R. Assuredly! and yet, in spite
of this, the Progressives have romped in!
It is shameful that this was allowed!
And only on account of apathy!

First R. Apathy—yes, that's the word,
apathy. If everyone had done his duty,
a very different result would have been
obtained. Of course, you voted.

First R. Well, as a matter of fact, I
didn't. You did. Eh?

Second R. Well, to tell the truth, I
didn't.

(Exit severally.)

NOT TOO PLAIN MORALITY.

[A Chicago judge has expressed his opinion that,
"although women are undoubtedly upon a higher
moral plane than men they are not so reliable upon
the witness-stand."]

"I HEAR you speak of a moral plane,
Which only women can ever attain;
Tell me, Judge—for I fain would go
To find this plane that you say you know—
Is it after a woman has taken an oath
That she makes such strides in her moral
growth?"

"Not then, not then, my child."

"Is it in the walls of a fusty court,
Where suits are long and memories short;
Where lawyers ask of a spinster's youth,
And miss by a decade or so the truth;
Where peril lurks 'neath the question
bland—
Shall I find it, Judge, on the witness-
stand?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"I cannot tell you, my gentle Sir,
What I may mean you must only infer;
Somewhere there is a woman best
Where she cannot be put to a brutal test.
Morals are not for the witness-box,
And should you seek for a paradox,
It is there, it is there, my child."

HOW TO SIGNAL TO MARS.

(Impressions after reading an article in
the current number of the "Pall Mall
Magazine.")

TAKE a flag about the size of Europe,
and mount it upon a staff the length of
the circumference of the earth. Then
generate sufficient electric fluid to illumi-
nate the material, which should be of a
conductive character. Having done this,
apply the fluid to the material with the
assistance of all the electric waves of the
solar system. Next change the laws of
Nature, in so much as they prevent the
operation of waving so gigantic a flag as
the signal. Select a day when the condi-
tions are favourable, and put the apparatus
in operation. Then, if the Martians are
on the alert, they may possibly observe
the signal, and reply to it, say, in a couple
of centuries. If you do not obtain a
manifestation, conclude that the inhabi-
tants of Mars are looking another way.

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

The Poet
deserteth the
fair sex.

THOUGH ladies first we've criticised—I trust
With all respect which to the sex is due,—
The male performers, in their turn, we must
Subject to an impartial interview.
And here, as in the ladies' realm, there seem
To be some mighty ones who reign supreme.

The Baritone.

See this embodiment of manly grace,
Before whose glory ev'rybody pales;
In the shop windows we shall find his face,
His voice is tuneful as the nightingale's.
He's worshipped, with a fervour that's intense,
By female members of the audience.



The heroine is his alone, so he
Will sing her tender ballads now and then;
And his profession probably will be
Either the Army or the bold R.N.
This gives an opportunity, in fact,
For one big "number" in the second act.

There, very likely in some foreign clime,
And with a chorus of the fullest size;
To swinging melody in martial time,
His own profession he will eulogise.
And people will applaud with emphasis
A composition something, say, like this:—

Patter for
Patriots.

"Oh, we take him from the factory or mill,
(You will find out who the "him" is by and
bye);

We set to work and train him with a will,
And raise a martial ardour in his eye.
It does not matter if he's not refined,
Or if he cannot even write his name;
For his want of education doesn't influence the
nation,
He's a Gentleman in Khaki, all the same.

"O—oh, Gentleman in Khaki, you're a good
'un, there's no doubt,

And particularly useful as a chap to sing about;
May your pluck be never failing, may your
aim be ever true,

Oh, Gentleman in Khaki, there's my best top
note for you!



"But when one day the call to duty comes,
And he has got to face the nasty foe;
While all the air with patriotism hums
(Which fills the house and makes this number
go),

The gallant lad from danger does not flinch,
Oh, Englishmen, you really should rejoice;
Off he goes across the ocean, and you'll notice
my emotion

By the most pathetic tremor in my voice."

[Chorus as before, only much slower and with
impressive pauses.

The Low
Comedian.

Then there's the low comedian, on whose
Shoulders a mighty burden oft is hung;
Nothing can check his efforts to amuse,
Even a "gag" but serves to loose his tongue.
An artist, in his own way unsurpassed,
Perhaps the hardest worker in the cast.

In awkward situations he will get
When he's the chance. Anon he'll condescend

To join in some light, rollicking duet,
A nimble-footed, fair, young lady friend;
Also, at frequent intervals, he tries
A change of costume or some quaint disguise.

The Ponderous
Potentate.

One other type of artiste yet awaits
Our close inspection for a while. 'Tis he
Who in a lifelike way impersonates
Some potentate or lord of high degree.
Massive of frame; of voice distinct and clear,
Each word he utters you can plainly hear.
Who then is better suited to supply
That element which brightens the conclusions
Of many shows like this;—for low and high
Welcome a song with topical allusions.
Following up my previous example,
Once more let me submit to you a sample.

I WANT TO BE TOPICAL.

The Poet
toucheth on
topics.

"A person who holds an exalted position
In musical comedy land,
Will very soon find that the claim of tradition
Is something he cannot withstand
The humorous potentate's always expected
To touch on events of the day;
And therefore a topical song I've selected,
To sing in the usual way.

Chorus.

"Oh, I've got to be topical,
Topical!
Topical!

Encored by women and men;
If my verses should pall
I get fresh ones, that's all;
I'm sure to be topical then!



"Of course I'll allude to the fact that my nation,
Though probably one of the best,
Is lacking in products of civilization
That are such a boon to the west.
The halfpenny papers, Parisian dresses,
The latest Society play;
If I say that the Twopenny Tube a success is,
Is that being topical, eh?

"For I want to be topical,
Topical!
Topical!

Encored by women and men;
When the houses vibrate
Up at Notting Hill Gate
The Tube must be topical then!

"And turning to matters more thrilling than ever,
I mean the South African War;—
A verse about KRUGER, which need not be clever,
Is certain to win an encore.
And then I shall mention,—it may make a stir too,
The heroes we're proud of to-day;
BADEN-POWELL and KITCHENER I can refer to,
I fancy they're topical, eh?

"For I want to be topical,
Topical!
Topical!

Encored by women and men;
If I drag in Lord BOBS
(And can rhyme him with "jobs,")
Oh, shall I be topical then?"

P. G.

(To be continued).

THE PERFECT LETTER-WRITER.

PART III.

From a House-Painter at Hackney to the Dean of St. Paul's.

VERY REVEREND SIR,—In the interest of Art I venture to address to you this letter, which, I trust—written as it is in a cause, that of Art, as dear to you, Mr. DEAN, if I may say so, as to myself—you will read with the attention due not to its manner, since I am, unhappily, a man of scanty education, but to its matter, a letter, in fact, dealing with that mighty edifice, the masterpiece of CHRISTOPHER WREN, which the nation, or the Prime Minister, or the London County Council, or someone, has committed to your keeping.

Now it must be evident to you, Mr. DEAN, that the exterior of St. Paul's, untouched for centuries, cannot remain much longer in such a deplorable condition. There is not a house in Hackney which has not received three coats of good oil paint, or, at least, a wash of colour, during a much shorter period.

I have, therefore, elaborated a scheme, of which I am sure you would approve, for the entire painting. It is evident that a cathedral should not be treated as a mere ordinary building, but that the arts of graining and marbling should be freely employed. I do not,

however, propose that the whole surface should be marbled. The mouldings, and all the other lines of the structure, should be emphasized by vermilion, Naples yellow, Prussian blue, Brunswick green, and other colours calculated to enliven the gloomy heaviness of the structure externally, in the same manner as they have already been employed to adorn the interior.

The mention of the internal decoration compels me to say that it has never been my custom to depreciate the work of other tradesmen. Still, I am forced to say that the decorator at Hammersmith, who has hitherto been engaged upon this job, has shown a curious remissness in altogether neglecting the external painting.

No one can deny that he is making the interior extremely bright and cheerful. I am not acquainted with any building in Hackney so gay in appearance, and this notwithstanding the fact that he has not yet availed himself of the arts of graining and marbling to increase the tasteful splendour of his work. Why, then, has he left the exterior in such a black and gloomy condition? It cannot be from regard for the mere architectural features, since he has not hesitated to alter these

BRITANNIA TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

["A Truant School, 'a trap to catch little Hooligans,' has been established for some time in Drury Lane. It is proposed to establish two more similar institutions in Battersea and the East End."—*Daily Paper.*]

A MILLION a week—'tis so!—

A million a week, and more,
You are flinging away that your boys may play

This murderous game of war.



TERPSICHOREAN.

Sportsman (to Dancing Man, who has accepted a Mount). "HOLD ON TIGHT, SIR, AND SHE'LL WALTZ OVER WITH YOU!"

internally when he perceived that his judgment in architecture was superior to that of WREN.

As he has not undertaken the external painting, I can offer my services without any breach of professional etiquette. I may add that, by observing the colours you have permitted him to use, I have learnt that you and he think, as I do, that brilliance should be our first aim, and I have designed the external decoration accordingly.

Trusting that our mutual interest in Art will seem to you, Mr. DEAN, a sufficient reason for my intrusion, I have the honour to be, Very Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,
P. GREEN.

Bid Lust and and Intemperance hail,
And call them to aid in their devilish trade

Of getting recruits for the gaol.

Ah! think, ere you force on the world
The blessings they fain would decline,

Of the festering sore that cankers the core

Of this over-grown empire of mine.

Ah! give me a fraction, a tithe
Of the all but incredible sums
You so freely afford to the sons of the sword

For my starved little sons of the slums.

Is it well with us all
at home
That you spend with
a hand so free?
Have sorrow and care
then flown elsewhere
And bidden adieu to me?

Look at these tatters
and rags!

These faces so
wizened and old,
These urchins whose
shirt is Drury
Lane dirt,
Whose fare is but
hunger and cold!

These faces precociously lined
With poverty, sin,
and despair—
Mere infants of ten
with the vices
of men—
Ah! look on all this,
if you dare.

Foul are the dens
where they bed,
Fetid and foul is the
breath

Of their pestilent
slums where the
sun never
comes—

Hotbeds of sickness
and death—
Where Ignorance,
Folly and Crime

LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

Short Stories with Sad Endings.

NO. V.—THE YOUNG MAN WHO DIDN'T.

COLD silence reigned in the room. The man-servant with noiseless activity had set the card-table and disappeared, closing the door gently after him. MURIEL stared into the fire. Ever and anon aromatic cloudlets of cigar smoke sailed past her. Once he broke the burdensome silence by setting down his coffee cup with a clangour that almost made her start. Then there was a piff-biff. He had thrown the moiety of his weed into the fire with a gesture of unrestrained impatience. Now she knew it was coming. The words she had anticipated for four months. Four sweet months of unalloyed happiness. He was so handsome, so markedly superior to the average man who found an entrance to her smart and exclusive little coterie. Quite the most priceless ornament of her sporting set. And her heart? Had it not been in the keeping of MONTY PIPSTONE any time these three months?

The man rose, and came nearer to the girl. His face was working strangely. There was a drawn look, that told of hidden agony. His fists were clenched, and once he raised them threateningly as if he would wring his very life out in sheer distress. MURIEL gasped, and raised a hand in silent agony.

"MONTY!" she implored with wide staring eyes.

"Ah! It must come," the man cried, his whole frame shaken with the extremity of his passion. "For four months we have dwelt in Elysium. Given ourselves up to the delicious reverie of love. Interchanged sighs, stolen glances, mingled song and laughter, joys a thousandfold, our hearts beating in unison."

"Yes."

"And while we dreamed, I knew that there must come an awakening——"

"Ah, you have deceived me!" Her eyes outflashed the serried gems that rose and fell on her quivering neck, like the relentless moving of storm-borne waters.

"Forgive me," said PIPSTONE in remorseful tones, seizing her slim wrists and peering into her tear-wet eyes. "You shall, you must, when you hear what I have to say."

MURIEL gave a despairing sob.

"Don't make my punishment harder. It is now almost more than I can bear. To see you, the only true queen of my heart suffering through my words, for ever so short a moment tears me into a thousand pieces of living agony. I know I was wrong. Acoward, I suppose, to go on treading the primrose path of love, knowing to what end. I know I should

burning in my breast. I was wrong to suppress it, I know; but the thought that to reveal it would separate us kept me mute. And now——"

MURIEL was crying softly.

"At the Club I am avoided. Members pass me by suspiciously; the servants eye me curiously, as if I were some extinct monster of antiquity. My friends are falling from me like leaves from autumn-stricken trees. Acquaintances who were wont to tip the cheery nod now let me go unacknowledged, or frown sullenly on me. I am ostracised. I am a social outcast."

"MONTY, do not torture me! This suspense——"

"I shall leave you," said the man, resolutely. "For when you know my secret, you will cut me out of your visiting list, and curtail the occasional friendly dinner, as others have done. Maybe we shall never meet again. It is impossible for me to remain in your set."

"Oh, surely you exaggerate the nature of your crime?"

"Do not utterly despise me."

"MONTY, tell me, tell me what it is. Perhaps——"

"Do not hope. I—I—can't play bridge!"

The woman sat staring into the fire. An icy hand tore at her heart. MONTAGUE PIPSTONE had passed out of her life.

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an artist who realises the poetic conception.)

"AND I WOULD THAT MY TONGUE COULD UTTER THE THOUGHTS THAT ARISE IN ME."—Tennyson.

have chosen the only alternative of withdrawing as quietly as possible. I saw—none clearer—in what a false position I was placed. That I had no right to be included in your set."

"Ah! some social misdemeanour!"

The man loosed his hold of her wrists. "It was absurd to imagine that I could pursue the routine of pleasure imposed by another season, without someone of average perspicuity discovering in what manner I fell short of the social equipment with which I am accredited. I should have torn down with a morally courageous hand the sign of 'elegant,' to which I have no claim."

"Oh, MONTY, do not hastily condemn yourself!"

"All hope is gone. Think the best of me. For weeks the awful secret has been

uniform capable of improvement?

A. Certainly, by its entire change.

Q. How would you alter it?

A. By having cloth of a new colour.

Q. Would quality or price be material?

A. No, so long as expense was a secondary consideration.

Q. Would you discard gold lace?

A. I would increase its use in all directions. It would be good for trade.

Q. Would you make the habitual wearing of uniform compulsory?

A. I would insist upon the officers changing at least half a dozen times a day, never wearing the same uniform twice.

Q. And do you consider War disastrous to the military tailor?

A. Absolutely, as the British officer prefers to fight, so to speak, in his shirt-sleeves.

A MILITARY COMMISSION.

(Army Tailor Examined.)

Q. Is the present

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

IX.—OUT OF PATIENCE; OR, BUNTHORNE AVENGED!

SCENE — Drawing-room of Colonel CALVERLEY's house at Aldershot. His wife, SAPHIR, is entertaining ANGELA, ELLA, and the rest of the love-sick maidens—now married to stalwart officers of Dragoons—at afternoon tea. Each lady dandles a baby, which squalls intermittently.

Chorus.

Twenty heart-sick ladies we
Living down at Aldershot,
Every morning fervently
Wishing, wishing we were not.

Twenty married ladies we,
And our fate we may not alter;
If we dare to mutiny
They will send us to Gibraltar!

[The babies, appalled at this prospect,
howl unanimously.]

Saphir (as soon as she can make herself heard). Our mornings go in stilling baby's squalls.

All. Ah, miserie!

Saphir. Our afternoons in paying tiresome calls,

All. And drinking tea!

Saphir. And then those long, long, regimental balls!

All. Ennuie, ennue!

Saphir. After a time that sort of pleasure palls,

All. As you may see.

[All yawn, including the babies.
Chorus.]

Twenty heart-sick ladies we, etc.

Angela (sighs). It's a dreadful thing that we should all have married officers in the Army.

Saphir. And all have to live at Aldershot.

Ella. All except Lady JANE.

Saphir. But she married a Duke.

Ella. I don't see why that should make any difference.

Angela. You wouldn't expect a Duchess to live in the provinces. She couldn't be spared.

Ella. What do you mean?

Angela. No Duchess is allowed to be out of London during the season. There are hardly enough of them to go round as it is.

Saphir. I never imagined that when we were married we should find ourselves so completely "out of it."

All (indignantly). Out of it!

Saphir. Yes, out of it. Out of the world, the fashion, what you please. Æstheticism is out of vogue now, of course, but there have been lots of fascinating "movements" since then. There's been IBSEN and the Revolt of the Daughters, and AUBREY BEARDSLEY and the Decadence, and MAETERLINCK. The world has been through all these wonder-

fully thrilling phases since 1880, and where are WE?

Angela (remonstrating). We read about them in the ladies' papers.

Saphir. Read about them! What's the good of reading about them? I want to be in them. I want to live my life. (Shakes her baby fiercely. It raises a howl.)

Ella (rushing to the rescue). Take care, take care! Poor darling! it'll have a fit.

Saphir. Take it, then (Throws it to ELLA). I'm tired of it. What's the good of buying a complete set of back numbers of the *Yellow Book*, and reading them, too—(General astonishment at this feat)—if you can't even shake your baby without making it squall. I'd never have married Colonel CALVERLEY if I had thought of that!

Angela. Nor I Major MURGATROYD.

(Sings.)

When first I consented to wed,
I said, "I shall never come down
To passing my life
As an officer's wife,

In a second-rate garrison town."

I said, "I shall live in Mayfair,
With plenty of money to spare,
Have admirers in flocks,
Wear adorable frocks,
And diamonds everywhere."
Yes, that's what I certainly said
When first I consented to wed.

I thought—on the day was wed—
I could reckon with perfect propriety
On filling a place

With conspicuous grace
In the smartest of London Society.

I said, "It is easy to see
I shall be at the top of the tree,

And none of the millions

Of vulgar civilians

Will venture to patronize me!"

Yes, that's what I foolishly said
When first I consented to wed.

As the song ends, enter Colonel CALVERLEY, Major MURGATROYD, and the other officers, in uniform as from parade. The ladies groan. So do the babies.

Colonel. Hullo! Groans! What's all this about?

Saphir. If you only knew how it pains us to see you in those preposterous clothes.

Officers. Preposterous!

Angela. Perfectly preposterous. You know they are.

Major. If by preposterous you mean not conspicuously well adapted for active service, we cannot deny it.

Angela. Of course you can't. Your uniforms are useless and pretentious. To the educated eye they are not even beautiful.

Officer (horrificed). Not beautiful!

Saphir. Certainly not. If they were, you would not be so unwilling to be seen about in them.

Col. (haughtily). It is not etiquette in the British Army for an officer ever to be seen in his uniform. It isn't done!

Saphir. And why not? Because he is ashamed of it. He wants to be dressed like a soldier, not like a mountebank. How can anyone respect a uniform that's only meant for show?

Major. That's true. But the ladies? If it wasn't for our gorgeous frippery they wouldn't fall in love with us.

Angela (crossly). Nonsense. Women like soldiers because they are brave, not because they wear red coats. Any Tommy could tell you that.

Col. (sarcastically). Indeed?

Angela. Yes. SAPHIR, tell Colonel CALVERLEY the story of WILLIAM STOKES.

Saphir (sings). Once WILLIAM STOKES went forth to woo,

A corporal he of the Horse Guards (Blue),
He thought all housemaid hearts to storm
With his truly magnificent uniform.

But the housemaids all cried "No, no, no,
Your uniform's only meant for show,
Your gorgeous trappings are wicked waste,
And your whole get-up's in the worst of taste."

All. The worst of taste?

Saphir. The worst of taste!
These quite unfeeling
Very plain dealing

Ladies cried in haste—

"Your uniform, BILLY,

Is simply silly

And quite in the worst of taste!"

Poor WILLIAM took these cries amiss,
Being quite unaccustomed to snubs like this.

At last he explained, by way of excuse,
His gorgeous clothes weren't made for use.

His elaborate tunic was much too tight

To eat his dinner in, far less fight,

It was only meant to attract the eye

Of the less intelligent passer-by.

All. The passer-by?

Saphir. The passer-by!

And so poor BILLY,

Feeling quite silly,

Threw up the Horse Guards (Blue),

And now in the Park he

Appears in Khaki,

And greatly prefers it too!

Colonel. That's all very well, and I dare say you're right in what you say, but you'll never get the War Office to see it.

Major. They're too stupid.

Saphir. Was it the War Office who sent us to Aldershot?

Major. Yes.

Saphir. You're quite right. They are stupid!

Colonel. What's the matter with Aldershot?

Angela. It's dull, it's philistine, it's conventional. And to think that we were once Æsthetic!



GROWING BOYS,

Master Jack. "PLEASE, MA, AREN'T I GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW SUIT, LIKE TOMMY?"
Mrs. Britannia. "NO, DEAR. TOMMY'S OLD SUIT WAS SO WORN OUT THAT HE HAD TO HAVE A NEW ONE; BUT IT COST ME SUCH A LOT OF MONEY THAT I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOURS DO AS IT IS FOR A BIT."

[The Army Estimates are three times the amount of the Navy Estimates.]

Officers (mockingly). Oh, South Kensington!

Angela (angrily). Not South Kensington! Chelsea. If you knew anything at all, you'd know that South Kensington is quite over now. People of culture have all moved to Chelsea.

Saphir. Why on earth don't you all get snug berths at the Horse Guards? Then we could live in London.

Colonel (sadly). Do you know how promotion is got in the British Army?

Saphir. No.

Colonel. Listen, and I will tell you—
(Sings.)

When you once have your commission, if you want a high position in the army of the King,

You must tout for the affections of the influential sections of the Inner Social Ring.

If you're anxious for promotion, you must early get a notion of the qualities commanders prize;

You must learn to play at polo, strum a hanjo, sing a solo, and you're simply bound to rise!

For everyone will say

In the usual fatuous way:—

"If this young fellow's such a popular figure in High Society

Why, what a very competent commander of a troop this fine young man must be!"

You must buy expensive suits, quite the shiniest of boots, and a glossy hat and tall,

For if you're really clever you need practically never wear your uniform at all.

You probably will then see as little of your men as you decently can do, And you'll launch a thousand sneers at those foolish Volunteers, who are not a bit like you!

And those Volunteers will say

When you go on in that way:—

"If this young man's such an unconcealed contempt for the likes of such as we What a genius at strategy and tactics too this fine young man must be!"

When, your blunders never noted, you are rapidly promoted to the snuggest berth you know,

Till we see you at Pall Mall with the Army gone to—well, where the Army should not go.

When your country goes to war your abilities will awe all the foemen that beset her,

And if you make a mess of it, of course we're told the less of it the country hears the better!

And you'll hear civilians say,

In their usual humble way,

If this old buffer is a General of Division, and also a G. C. B.,

Why, what a past master of the art of war this fine old boy must be!

Saphir. Do you mean that you'll never

get a berth at the Horse Guards, any of you?

Colonel (sadly). It's most unlikely.

Saphir. Then my patience is exhausted. I shall apply for a judicial separation.

Angela. So shall I.

Ladies. We shall all apply for a judicial separations.

Officers. Impossible!

Angela. Oh, yes, we shall; we cannot consent to remain at Aldershot any longer. At any moment a new movement in the world of Art or Letters may begin in London, and WE shall not be in it. The thought is unendurable. We must go and pack at once.

[Exeunt.

Curtain. St. J. H.

PAINFUL POEMS.—No. II.

A FATAL SUCCESS.

AMINADAB CARRUTHERS JONES

Was steady as can be,
He was, as everybody owns,
Of strict sobriety.

This man invented something great
(I think it was a gun);
And then there came a weary wait
Ere victory was won.

He fought a monster in disguise,
The ruddiest of tape,
Which strangled private enterprise
In every size and shape.

At last, at last, success was his,
Success for all his schemes!
He worked a miracle—that is,
He realised his dreams.

"Adopted" was the gladsome word
Which filled his heart with glee—
That night poor JONES was as absurd
A sight as you could see.

He staggered home to Mrs. J.,
His face suffused with pink,
And this is what he had to say:
"M'RIA, wha' you think?"

"I shay, goodole redtapshafoul,
M'RIA, wha' you shay?
We're joll' goodfellers, tooroolool,
Hi, tooroolooloolay."

INTOXICATED WITH SUCCESS,
He fairly lost his wits;
The happy home, as you may guess,
He pounded all to bits.

In sorry degradation sunk,
He showed himself a "rip."
With pure success our friend was drunk,
No liquor passed his lip.

And now, good friends, a warning take,
Pray, pay especial heed,
Success should make you fear and quake—
Beware how you succeed!

THEOPHRASTUS UP TO DATE.

"Literary Characters."

THE NEW PUBLISHER.

NEW Publishing may be defined as the puffing of unknown authors for the sake of gain.

The New Publisher is one who will do his own reviewing, and fill many columns of the papers with eulogies of his own publications. Warming to the work, he will hire sandwich-men to parade the streets proclaiming their aspirations or their sin. Great is his belief in anonymity, and having propounded the riddle he is well pleased to keep silent and reap the harvest from a puzzled world. He is very apt to bring discredit on his profession.

THE NEW JOURNALIST.

New Journalism is the framing of fictitious sayings and doings at the pleasure of him who makes journals.

The New Journalist is a person who will condemn a prisoner before he has been tried, or ruin a man's reputation to sell a single issue of his paper. When a sensational trial is in the courts he will be quick to scent out any savoury gossip and horrible revelation. It is quite in his manner, too, to publish the evidence of a witness who has not yet appeared in the box. Hearing that a degree of frost has been registered during the night, he hastens to write a par. on "Blizzards at Brixton," adding, that Wandsworth and Wimbledon are in winter's icy grasp. He is also called Yellow.

THE NEW WAR CORRESPONDENT.

New War Correspondence is a distressing indifference to style and subject, where popularity is concerned.

The New War Correspondent is one who, though he has seen nothing of war, and knows as little of politics, will cheerfully go to the front, and write home criticism of the General's tactics and of the Government. There is no need for him to leave his quarters in order to give a graphic description of the latest battle. He is apt to refer to a scouting reconnaissance as an advance in force, adding that on this day he messed with the — Regiment who had looted a barrel of whisky. If half-a-dozen Boers are dislodged from a kopje, he will describe it as a great victory, though he will point out that, but for the blundering of the General engaged, the loss of five British officers might have been avoided. He is quite likely to write a novel, in which he will discourse much of "Glass-eye," "Pom-pom" and "'Ard-work." He is very apt to use this kind of phrase, "The lioness of Britain whelps heroes still." He is a "quill-driving lump of sin."

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

X.

My heart still stops, my brain is all
Filled with a strange wild humming;
I tremble still when I recall
The manner of its coming;
It flashed across the Teubner text,
A heaven-sent inspiration—
One moment darkness, and the next
My brilliant emendation.

Fame was upon me ere I knew:
All Oxford talked about me,
And e'en the *Classical Review*
Was incomplete without me;
The Public Orator too spent
The best of his oration
Describing as the year's event
My brilliant emendation.

Six rival colleges began
To woo me, each a suitor
Intent on getting such a man
As me to be its tutor.
I therefore came to be a Don
And spent a Long Vacation
Preparing learned lectures on
My brilliant emendation.

Now readings come and pass away,
And those which are selected
By scholars as the best to-day
To-morrow are rejected.
Why bother, then, what truths new-found
We owe the German nation?
I'm still contented to expound
My brilliant emendation.

AN ENGLISH PARODIST'S LOVE-LETTERS.

EXPLANATION.

THESE parodies were written for purposes of publication. Even the urgent request of the writer's best friends have not prevented him from printing them. They point so obvious a moral to brother-parodists that the author feels it as all-commanding upon him to give the letters to the world.

The story that echoes through the following pages shows how hopelessly the author has fallen under the influence of certain eminent writers. When at length he shakes 'off this influence, he finds to his horror that he is inarticulate. So long has he imitated the method and style of others that he has no longer any style of his own; he has become a mechanical mocking-bird. Therein lies the tragedy; for a man who cannot write a natural love-letter must give up the rôle of lover.

LETTER I.

(Written under the influence of G-rge M-r-d-th.)

BELoved,—With this letter lies overt the first page of the scented volume of



"JUST IN TIME FOR THE CENSUS, SIR!"

love. Its passionate perfume narcotises my soul with verbal-tone pictures, and drives me with its harmonious discords into polysyllabic conceits. There is an obscurity, dearest (if, mayhap, obscure I shall seem) which arises from excess of light. On the sensitised brain of the ordinary soul this super-radiance is registered as shadow, and, indeed, develops as such. You, beloved, would scorn such a negative test.

And now to psalm the praises of Cupid, who liketh not the naked, unattractive highway that leadeth direct to wedding bells, but glorieth, Ariel-like, in the intricate byeways of intellectual magic-loving ordeals, while shunning marriages that are not amazing. And now, dearest, take a deep breath, for I am about to enter upon a glittering sea of metaphors, and goodness knows when a full-stop will arrest my declamatory barque. To-night I opened my casement (there is no window in my room) while mine ears drank in—Nature has been kind in gifts aural—the bitter-sweet passion song of the nightingale, which entranceth my soul with the value of archaic words and recondite phrases, albeit somewhat sense-betwisted

from the natural meaning accorded them by the upper-shelf haunting dictionary; maddeneth my heart with such an ecstasy as the gods feel who, looking down upon the stage of life, rejoice in the pantomimic vagaries of low comedians gallery-espied—somewhere in the Lane of existence; greeteth my body (my soul and heart have already been disposed of) with some chance catarrh (that I super-gladly suffer) which, claspeth my throat in its ardent embrace, or whispering in sibilous periods to the *penetralia* of the bronchi—Dearest heart of my heart, I have lost my place, and where my original nominative was, alas, I wot not. So farewell. The fount must cease to flow: inspiration has become siccato.

SUGGESTED ADDITIONAL TAXATION.

	£	s.	d.
For every Motor Car	4	4	0
If with smell	5	5	0
Extra offensive ditto	6	6	0
Motor Car proceeding at over ten miles an hour, for each additional mile	1	1	0
For every Bicycle used for "scorching"	0	10	0

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

The Press
Paragraphs.

THE masterpiece towards completion tends,
And on its steady journey to success
It may be pushed along by kindly friends
Who chance to be connected with the Press.
In many a chatty paper, far and near,
Notes on the new production will appear:

Starting with just a line or so at first,
These paragraphs are few and far between ;
But ere the piece for long has been rehearsed
On ev'ry side accounts of it are seen ;
All of them helping, in some slight degree,
To rouse the public curiosity.

Soon, with an ardour uncontrolled and hot,
The journalists crowd thickly on the scent ;
Each tries to find out details of the plot
(If there should be a plot by accident).
Failing in this, he very often gleans
Descriptions of the dresses and the scenes.

The Illustrated
Interview.

Or, knowing public interest runs high,
The authors and composers he'll pursue,
And, at their private residences, try
To get the honour of an interview.
Sometimes their latest photos they will fetch,
And let him reproduce them,—say in *Sketch*.

Let us now return for a while to the piece itself. It is far enough advanced to go into rehearsal. This necessitates our approaching the theatre,—and by the stage door. But before taking what may be to the reader such a momentous step, perhaps it would be as well to propitiate the fates, and do homage in fitting fashion to this mystic barrier which guards the world behind the footlights.

INVOCATION TO THE STAGE DOOR.

Hail ! O thou magic and mysterious portal,
Strangely attractive to the guileless mortal,
Who, though possessed of an inquiring mind,
Has never had the chance to "go behind."
The real from the unreal thou dost divide ;
And those to whom the *entrée* is denied,
Heed not the voice of elders, who declare
That they are building castles in the air.
Dazzled by all the splendour of to-day
They see in thee the one and only way
To Fairyland ; and feel a hatred for
Thy careful and suspicious janitor ;
Who, watching from the corner of his eye,
Will let no unfamiliar face pass by.

O foolish ones, why will ye not be wise ?
When will the outside public realise
That through this mystic door, for many a one,
The road to disillusionment may run.
Alas ! the youthful dream of beauty stops
When one has been confronted by the "props." ;
While as for Fairyland, the only things
That will suggest it are perhaps the "wings."

Rehearsal of
the Chorus.

Preliminaries will be started by
Rehearsals of the chorus, who will be
Summoned as soon as possible to try
The music, full of haunting melody.
Female and male, henceforth they must not shirk
The drudgery attendant on such work.

Pity the chorus master, who will sit
Surrounded by the many-voicéd throng ;

Taking them through the music bit by bit,
And interrupting when they sing it wrong.
Marking the time for them, "One, two: one, two!"
Shouting out "Ladies, that will never do!"

No orchestra his efforts will assist,
As has been, and will be in future days ;
Only the tinkling of a pianist,
Who on his instrument serenely plays.
This sort of thing is steadily maintained.
Until, at length, proficiency is gained.

The idiosyncrasies of the chorus must often have struck the reader. They are always on the spot when wanted, and always willing to sing. But let them speak for themselves.

SONG OF THE CHORUS.

The Chorus
singeth for
Itself.

The principal characters wander about
Wherever the action may take them,
And though it may strike you as funny, no doubt,
We never, no never forsake them.
To regions remote they may possibly fly,
To deserts unpleasant and sandy ;
But no matter where these localities lie,
They're sure to find some of us handy.

Our voices are clear and sonorous,
And no situation can floor us ;
Both early and late or
From Pole to Equator,
There's no getting rid of the Chorus !

Supposing a musical number is due,
For which we're responsible partly ;
The stage may be empty, but give us the cue,
And see how we take it up smartly.
To come on in clusters of two or of three
We're always remarkably willing !
We enter from Centre, from P, and O. P.
(Result of elaborate drilling.)

We look as if nothing could bore us ;
Though dreadful disaster hangs o'er us,
Sopranos and basses
Wear smiles on their faces,
You cannot discourage the Chorus !

Act One may present us as civilized folk,
But, as you perhaps may have reckoned,
We probably shall our identities cloak
In starting upon Act the Second.
The lady who was a Society belle,
Supposing the piece should demand it,
May next be a peasant ;—the Regent Street swell
May turn to a bloodthirsty bandit.

And no one can really ignore us ;
The audience sitting before us,
Our value confesses ;
In tights or in dresses,
They live things up, do the Chorus !

Meanwhile, in other quarters, matters are being rapidly pushed forward. The scene-painters, having submitted models and had the same approved, are hard at work on the two or more "sets." The costumiers are materialising the ideas of the designer, and turning out elaborate creations which are to make the piece a well-dressed one. It is high time to call a rehearsal of the principals. Accordingly, one day, the members of the company assemble on the stage. Some of the more favoured ones may have had the piece explained to them previously by the authors, but the majority will have to obtain a vague idea of it, by reading through their parts.

(To be continued.)

P. G.



Milkman. "MILK! MILK! ME O!"

Little Girl (to Governess). "WHAT DOES HE SAY 'ME O!' FOR?"

Governess (readily). "OH, THAT'S FRENCH, DEAR. 'MIE' IS SHORT FOR 'DEMIE.' 'MIE-EAU' MEANS 'HALF-WATER'!"

PHILANTHROPY IN THE WEST-END.

(Speech designed for Lord ROSEBURY on the occasion of his opening a Loan Collection of Pictures in the Lobby of the House of Commons.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I cannot think Why I should give this opening address, Except that I have leisure more than most And often undertake these little turns. Since first, some three-and-thirty years ago, I entered what is known as public life, I have remarked a desultory change In Members' manners, chiefly for the worse. Time was, some three-and-thirty years ago (Excuse my mentioning the date again), Before the Irish occupied our thoughts, When the behaviour of the Lower House Was almost worthy of the Peers themselves. Home Rule is dead (I helped to dig its grave, And made an after-dinner speech above it), But several naughty passions roused thereby Have wrought corruption in our polished style And even compromised the House of Lords, Where I myself only the other day Observed a noble Marquis who betrayed A "lamentable and unseemly" tone— To cite the epithets I then employed.

It is in hope of working some reform Which may effect itself by moral suasion, And ease the burdens of our brave police, That I expose these pictures which include The hundred greatest works of human Art, Selected by my friend, Lord AVEBURY. OVID (in ancient days) regarded Art As an emollient of savage natures; But Art is very long, and takes its time; And he were optimist who should expect That for a Member passing through this Lobby (Possibly under force and upside down) In course of transit simply to have seen A CONSTABLE suspended on the wall Should be the sudden means of his conversion And change a FLAVIN to a CHESTERFIELD. Yet if he only gave sufficient time To rapt and steady contemplation of Some useful masterpiece—a RAPHAEL or A MICHAEL ANGELO (I'll ask the Press, Who claim the copyright of these remarks, Not to report him as VON ANGELI), Then I believe that in this stately House There is no Hooligan so coarse of hide But what the brute would ultimately own The Brummelising influence of Art.

Nor has this choice collection been arranged Merely to mollify the rampant kind And cause "the ape and tiger" to expire. Apart from general humanising aims, An intimate regard has here been shown For individual Members' private needs. Thus it is hoped that this sublime *chef d'œuvre*— Lord Roberts playing with the little Boer— (Illustrative of peaceful Ignorance) Imbibing Wisdom from a Warrior Chief) May chance to catch my LORD OF LANSDOWNE'S eye. The *Soul's Awakening* has been secured In order to divert my noble friend The Duke of DEVONSHIRE. Those chaste designs, HOGARTH'S progressive series of *The Rake*, Should give an added breadth to SAMUEL SMITH.

The picture of *The Princes in the Tower* Might soften Lord HUGH'S adamantine breast; And all the house of CECIL must remark This rather pleasing *genre* interior, *The Happy Family*. Our Liberal Leader Is suitably accommodated with *The Choice of Hercules*, while LANDSEER'S gem, *The Time of Peace*, with careless lambs and goats Bleating about the rusted cannon's throat, Should meet the Anti-British-Army views Of HARCOURT. *Dignity and Impudence*, By the same master's hand, is meant to warn Precocious genii like Master WINSTON, Not to usurp the seat of Mr. BOWLES. That rustic scene, *The Dam beside the WEIR*, Speaks for itself; and, finally, *La Source*, that emblematic nude, is loaned Exclusively for WILFRID LAWSON'S needs.

I need not stimulate my audience With further instances how Art may be "Applied" to persons. 'Tis my honest hope That each of you will help in pointing out To other Members those respective works Which strike you as applicable to them; Always remembering our primal aim— To civilise the mob. I ought to add That catalogues are free, a gift from GORST, Another of his many services To Education.

Let me now declare This Gallery open. May its various oils Assuage the troubled waters round our bark; And may a bounteous blessing wait upon These efforts to reclaim the West-End rough. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON have issued the first volume of a work which promises to take a favoured place in the library. It deals with *The Living Races of Mankind*, providing a popular illustrated account of the customs, habits, feasts and ceremonies of the human race throughout the world. To the proper study of mankind no equally original and comprehensive work has before been undertaken. The letterpress, edited and partly written by Mr. H. N. HUTCHINSON, assisted by eminent specialists, deals with masterful brevity with the physical features of the races of mankind, their clothing, ornaments, food, dwellings, weapons, habits and customs, their modes of thought and mental characteristics. Without minimising the value of the text, my Baronite believes it is the illustrations that will mark the supremacy of the work. They are taken on the spot, in the Fiji Islands, New Guinea, Australia, Tasmania, Siam, China, the Andaman Islands, Bokhara, Siberia, and all the ends of the earth. Such a varied collection of living figures so admirably reproduced, has not before been seen between the covers of a single volume.

There has been such a run on the "Masters" in fiction, that, as an attraction, it would have been better had Miss BESSIE HATTON chosen some other title for her novel than *The Master Passion* (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Limited). However, "a rose by any other name" will have the roseate effect, so we may accept this latest "master-piece" with satisfaction, even if it be not quite so "masterful" as the name implies. The plot is of the smallest consequence. Evidently it is intended for a study in the evolution or development of character. A kind of *Taming of the Shrew*. The heroine starts as a most impossible specimen of modern girlhood, and though she eventually tones down into

something of an ordinary human being, she never quite loses that unorthodox temperament which is apparently the distinction of most up-to-date heroines. The very best parts of the book are decidedly in the life at the French convent. Here Miss HATTON is thoroughly at home. Her descriptions of the happy uneventful routine of existence in a convent school are done with a charming delicacy of touch. Of the many female characters, the most distinctly and pleasantly drawn one is that of the nun, *Madame Véronique de Salles*. But why *Salles*? Should it not be *Sâles*? "*Salles*" is so suggestive of "*salles*" for music, *de lecture, d'attente*, etc. An interesting story, but overweighted with this idea of a "Master Passion."

A Narrow Way (METHUEN) will add to the growing reputation of MARY FINDLATER. It is the story of a bright, clever, pure-minded, unselfish girl, cooped up in the narrow cage of the Edinburgh home of a dour Calvinistic aunt. With consummate, perhaps unconscious art, these grim surroundings serve to bring out the charm of KITTY. My Baronite strongly recommends the Baron's readers to find and follow *A Narrow Way*.

What Men call Love (WHITE & Co.) is a sad, sad story of human passion, painful as such stories, to be true to life, must always be, told by LUCAS CLEVE with strong grip of character, considerable power of description, both of the picturesque scenery in which the action takes place, and of the naturally dramatic situations through which it is worked out to the end. "*Their Penance*" would have been a more accurate title for the story, telling as it does of the agony of self-reproach, of savage vengeance, and of suffering willingly undergone in expiation of a crime, for which forgiveness has been freely and fully accorded, but too late. Decidedly a powerful work. The gleam of sunshine at the finish relieves the human tragedy and consoles the tender-hearted.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OHÉ! MON MAIRE!

"NOT to-day, Baker;" no, nor on any other day, Worshipful DANIEL BAKER, Mayor of Folkestone, in spite of your anxiety, as displayed in that letter to *The Times* last week, to get the post through from Paris to Glasgow, and *vice versa*, taking London *en route* and advancing business by, as this "DANIEL come to judgment" hath it, some twenty-four hours. As if letters couldn't wait! As if business would not be all the better conducted in consequence of business-like men having time to ponder and consider, instead of replying hurriedly, and committing themselves in a second to what they may possibly regret "it may be for years, it may be for ever!" Answer in haste, repent at leisure.

And what other loss will there be—not to the business men, but to the travellers? Why the loss of a *genuinely good lunch* at the Calais Buffet, taken by those who know what to eat, drink and avoid, in the space of at least twenty-five minutes by English and Continental time (would it were an hour!), and digested quietly and pleasantly, and probably "slept upon" during the journey; so that the traveller, feeling like *Richard*, when he was "himself again," arrives in Paris with the makings of another excellent appetite which will be in working order by the hour of dinner. And the wise and worshipful DANIEL (he'll find himself in a lions' den without celestial aid to rescue him) points out that for those who *must* feed there is luncheon provided in the restaurant car, so that, *en route*, the traveller can sample a specimen of *poulet* and *vin rouge*. Has the worthy Mayor of Folkestone personally tried this? Probably; and he may be impervious to indigestion (O lucky official!), or His Worship may have had an exceptionally fortunate experience. I, *moi qui parle*, have done it once, or twice, but, as the song says, "Never again with you, ROBIN!" We were jolted, to this side and that, we were



THE WEAKER SEX.

She (a stalwart damsel). "YOU HAVEN'T JOINED OUR CLUB, MR. SLEAFORD?"

He (7 st. 6 lb.). "NO. FACT IS, I THINK MIXED HOCKEY FEIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS."

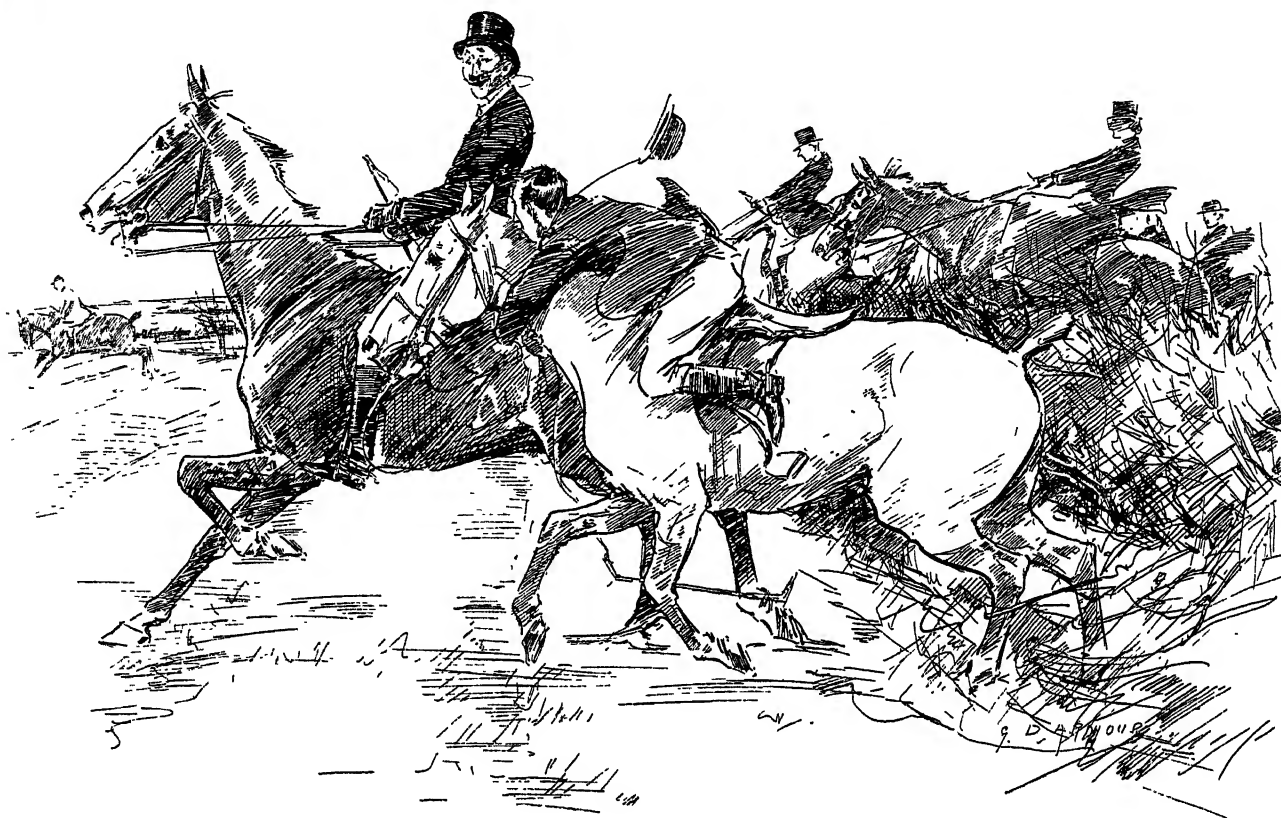
She. "INDEED!—DO YOU MEAN FOR THE MEN?"

clutching and shaken, and the waiters were staggering; the knives and forks became a danger, glasses jingled and collided, bottles were grasped, and the whole meal was a most upsetting and "upset" affair. Perhaps the occasion was an exceptional experience; but evidence is against that supposition.

Viâ Folkestone for Boulogne to Paris, with twenty minutes allowed for refreshment, and no other stoppage of any sort save five minutes at Amiens, is certainly the quickest and cheapest, supposing fares unaltered, for those in a deuce of a hurry, and who "needs must" because a certain personage, name unmentionable to ears polite, is their engine-driver; but for those who would prolong life, see good days, and take everything easily, we adhere to the London *viâ* Calais route to Paris, *with as much time as one can possibly get* at Calais, even if there be a few francs more to pay for the extra forty minutes' journey which saves the traveller from dyspepsia, and gives him rest after refreshment.

Business is business, Mr. Mayor, and we don't want it to be less business-like: but where there's more haste there's less speed and, on the whole, where there is one letter which it is of vital importance (financially) to answer at once, there will be some ninety-nine to which the answers will be all the better for keeping. Besides, how about telegraphing, telephoning, private code cabling, and Marconi signalling? "Long life and success to the Mayor" of Folkestone, and may he come to a better mind on the subject of *De Londres à Paris et retour*.

His Worship's truly, THOMAS TUCKER.



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

HAVING BEEN CANNONED AND NEARLY BROUGHT DOWN, TO BE ASKED IF YOU ARE TRYING THE AMERICAN SEAT.

MATINITIS.

"An eminent American specialist in nervous diseases has declared that the *matinée* habit is dangerous to most young girls. "The nervous strain that a girl undergoes while witnessing the average dramatic performance is exceedingly severe," says this authority, "and if often repeated is likely to do great injury and lead to nervous prostration."—*Daily Mail*.]

So fresh, so fair was she,
With rose-emblazoned cheeks, and eyes
Darting amid the hearts of men
Their liquid fire; laughing then
An Angel tumbled from the skies
So fancy-full, so free.

So buoyant and so gay,
With heart untrammelled by a care;
Infused with Nature's healthy glow
As lightly moved she to and fro
As thistledown upon the air,
A frolic-loving fay.

So dull, so drear is she.
With cheek down drawn and lily-pale

And eyes with sable circles. Now
The hair clings to the pallid brow
And ah, her wasted form as frail
As any you shall see!

To what foul thing a prey?
To life, to love alike averse
She lies a shrunken bag of bones,
And plucks her nerveless frame and
A victim to the latest curse [moans,
The baneful *Matinée*.

THE CHINEASY-GOING EMPEROR.

["Last summer the Chinese Government beheaded four distinguished Chinamen who were rash enough to advocate peace. They have now, under foreign pressure, issued an edict restoring to the decapitated quartet all the honours of which they had been deprived, except, presumably, their heads."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

FOUR Chinamen of high degree
Seeing the folly
Of warring 'gainst the Powers that be;
That it must jolly

Quickly bring human miseriee,
For peace proclaiming
Were by the Emperor's decree,
After much blaming,

Decapitated, one plus three.
Events then showing
That one and two and one Chinese
Were much more knowing,
The Emperor did straight agree
To grant their pardon.
And said, 'twas easy now to sec,
He had been hard on
His subjects four of high degree.
In recognition

Of which, he craved apologise,
Swore their position
In future certainly should be
(More contrite growing)
From such annoying errors free.
Moreover, vowing
They still should be of high degree,
Titles and clothing,
And henceforth he himself would see
They wanted nothing.



QUITE AT HOME.

BRITISH AND GERMAN ALLIES. "HI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

RUSSIAN COSSACK. "I'M THE MAN IN POSSESSION! ARE YOU GOING TO TURN ME OUT?"

BOTH (hesitating). "N—N—NO. NO. WE ONLY ASKED."

RUSSIAN COSSACK. "THEN, NOW YOU KNOW."

[Goes on smoking.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 11.—Strangers in Gallery agreeably surprised to-night. On entering were presented with copy of Orders of the Day.

nothing more surely calculated to undermine British Constitution than to unfold and peruse sheet of printed paper in Strangers' Gallery. This evening every other man had his copy of Orders of the Day, rustling its leaves as if he lived in a free country.

PRINCE ARTHUR moved Sessional Order permitting report of Supply being taken after twelve o'clock even though opposed. Mentioned that it was order of procedure in practice for many Sessions. More than ever necessary now; business in backward state; close of financial year approaching;



A VERITABLE LABOUR OF HERCULES.

THE RT. HON. ST. JEN BR-DR-CK STEELS HIMSELF TO RESIST ALL EFFORTS AT SOCIAL PRESSURE IN WAR OFFICE MATTERS

"Lor, bless me!" said a stout gentleman from Camberwell, who had been there before; "next they'll be giving us a long clay and a pint of porter a-piece."

Had occasion to remember his last visit; finding proceedings a little dull produced from side pocket copy of ha'penny evening paper; was looking out latest "official" news from South Africa when the Assyrian in form of messenger on duty came down like wolf on the fold. Gave gentleman from Camberwell to understand that next to heaving half a brick at the SPEAKER

"Now I'll know what they're at," said the gentleman from Camberwell, wetting his thumb in preparation for sudden emergency of turning over pages.

Two hours later he was led forth a limp mass of humanity; mentally in such dazed condition that having, as he thought, taken the Camberwell 'bus presently found himself approaching Marble Arch. His recollection of what had taken place in House between half-past five and nine o'clock, more than a full third of the sitting, a little hazy; in the main accurate.

many votes to be taken; not a moment to lose.

"Very good," said the gentleman from Camberwell, himself a man of business in the drapery line; "that is so, or it ain't. If it be, House, above all things business assembly, will agree and they'll get to work. If not, they'll say so; there'll be a Division, and the thing'll be out of the way in half an hour."

"Ah, *mon vieux*," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, regarding him compassionately; "how little does Camberwell know of the

most perfect business assembly in the world!"

What the stranger saw and heard was JOHN ELLIS making long speech in support of amendment limiting proposed arrangement to Easter; JEMMY LOWTHER, looking wondrous wise, deploring systematic suspension of twelve o'clock rule, which kept middle-aged young gentlemen out of their beds after midnight; CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, making as though he were going to comb PRINCE ARTHUR'S hair with his hook saying, "I told you so!" Then a Division. Another Amendment moved by SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. Second Division. (N.B. A Division occupies a quarter of an hour.) Irish Members, breaking vow of silence, came to the front; demanded that Vote on Account, closing of which led to "ebullition of feeling" at midnight last Tuesday, should be exempted from operation of Sessional Order; said they wanted to discuss it. PRINCE ARTHUR not allured by this tempting bait. Eight o'clock had struck; through two hours and a half the dreary drip of talk had fallen; silver-tongued Mr. FARRELL accounted for three-quarters of an hour.

Twenty minutes past eight; Members famishing; closure moved; SPEAKER declined to put it; thought he'd like a little more before going off to his chop; KNIGHT OF SHEFFIELD obliged; rebuked his right honourable friend on Treasury Bench for mismanagement of public business. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE'S amendment negatived on Division; closure moved and carried. Another Division, the fourth, and at nine o'clock, the ordinary familiar Sessional Order moved at half-past five was renewed.

At this stage the gentleman from Camberwell was led forth, and record ends.

Business done.—Committee appointed to consider King's Civil List.

Tuesday night.—When in difficulty play DON JOSÉ. This, the motto of most powerful Government of modern times, exemplified to-night in Strange Case of General COLVILLE. On verge of midnight; House densely crowded; atmosphere in that electric condition that portends possible disaster. PRINCE ARTHUR speaking an hour ago cleverly attempted to put gloss on the case.

"The House," he said, amidst storm of cheers and counter-cheering, "is resolving itself into a grand jury on questions of strategy in order to say whether there is a case to go to the common jury in the shape of some military Court of Inquiry, which is to reverse or indorse as it thinks fit, the verdict of the Commander-in-Chief."

ASQUITH, in one of those masterpieces of lucid, cogent statement with which from time to time he illuminates debate, put the fact more accurately. "General COLVILLE'S case was," he said, "considered

by the Secretary of State. All the information available being brought before the authorities, he was deliberately reinstated in his command. First he was acquitted, then reinstated, and after all that was done a Court of Inquiry was held behind his back, at which he was not represented, of the evidence produced at which we have no knowledge, and of the charges neither he nor we at this moment have any idea. When a General, having performed ill or well in the field, is reinstated in his post after consideration of his conduct by the most competent authorities he ought not, according



"Why don't ye tax the Gulf Stream?"
(Mr. T-m H-ly.)

to the rules of justice, according to the traditions of fair play, and the practice that prevails in every branch of life—social, political, or business, to have that decision reversed, and his status taken away without some opportunity of answering the new charges preferred against him."

That was the plain and simple demand. House of Commons shrank instinctively from complicity with anything resembling a DREYFUS case. Did not presume to offer opinion whether COLVILLE was justified in his action at Lindley. DICKSON-POYNTER, who was on the spot, varied this attitude. He, a trained soldier with personal knowledge of the whole affair, emphatically acquitted COLVILLE of blame. The House on its part simply demanded reference of the case to a Military Court of Enquiry before whom, in presence of the accused, the whole evidence should be considered.

Question entirely free from party politics; speakers equally divided between two camps supported General COLVILLE'S demand. In the two nights' debate only one voice raised in support of position assumed on Treasury Bench. WINSTON CHURCHILL, refraining from dealing with the particular case, urged Secretary of State as a matter of principle not to budge. To-night Leader of House, with keen instinct of danger, made question one of confidence in the Ministry; also dragged in BOBS, who must be getting a little tired of the tactics.

"Fire away, Gentlemen, if you like," said the Master of Legions; "if you do, you'll hit BOBS."

Even after this, things looked nasty; certainly if Ministerial majority were left with free hand the appeal for a court-martial would have been carried by acclamation. At this crisis DON JOSÉ put up to repeat PRINCE ARTHUR'S solemn warning to whom it might concern. If amendment were carried, BOBS would go, Ministers would resign and (this arrow DON JOSÉ sped from his own quiver) the British Army would be destroyed.

After this, only one thing for good Ministerialists to do. They went into the Lobby almost to a man, and the veteran soldier seated under the Gallery listening to the long debate was finally broken.

Business done.—Motion for Enquiry into COLVILLE case negatived by 262 votes against 148.

Thursday night.—House gathered to discuss vote of eighty-eight millions sterling proposed in Army Estimates. Sum beats the record; involves question underlying existence of the Empire; House presumably anxious to approach subject forthwith, bestowing upon it every available moment of Sitting.

But there is QUINLAN'S ASS. Irish Members insist that it shall be first attended to. Like birth of JEAMES, the early years of QUINLAN'S ASS are "wropt in mist'ry." Suddenly, unexpectedly, probably at a period when life's shadows are lengthening, QUINLAN'S ASS has a question all to itself on paper of House of Commons; put and answered amid full panoply of ordered Sitting; wigged and gowned Speaker in the Chair; Sergeant-at-Arms watchful at his post; Mace on the table; eager circle of listeners. A bye-wave of interest ripples round the owner of the quadruped. QUINLAN? What manner of man is he who owns an ass that thrills Ireland with passion, and, standing with meek obstinacy on floor of House of Commons, bars progress of vote of eighty-eight millions of sterling?

It was Mr. REDDY who, lightly throwing a leg over the back of QUINLAN'S ASS, trotted the beast down the floor of the House. For one of his name, an Irish Member to boot, he was singularly unready of speech. This doubtless due to



DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

Aunt. "BUT WHY WON'T YOU DANCE WITH SYLVIA, BOBBY?"
Bobby. "OH, I CAN'T DANCE WITH HER. SHE'S GOT SUCH A 'NORMOUS WAIST

seething indignation clogging his voice. Mention of QUINLAN'S Ass set every fibre in his body vibrating. Crowded House, scarcely less excited, with difficulty followed the narrative.

As far as could be made out, there has been larceny in the case of QUINLAN'S Ass. "Who stole the donkey?" is a question often put by ribald crowds and never answered. Darkness of equal depth brooded over the felonious attempt on QUINLAN'S Ass. What Mr. REDDY succeeded in making clear was that Quinlan's Ass was "the only one to go before the grand jury of Tullamore Assizes." Grand jury threw out the bill, and QUINLAN'S Ass left the court without a stain on its character. But charges had been incurred; the ratepayers were mulcted. The Crown Solicitor, probably in peril of his life, meanly suggested that the Attorney-General would pay costs out of his pocket.

Now Mr. REDDY was coming to the point. With skilful application of heel, he made QUINLAN'S Ass give out threatening kick behind.

"Will the Attorney-General for Ireland pay the costs?" he gurgled.

Vainly battling with emotion, ATKINSON, noting that breadth of the table was between him and QUINLAN'S Ass, emphatically answered "No, I will not!"

Movement of depression plainly visible on pendulous ears of QUINLAN'S Ass as this cruel answer fell upon them; quietly permitted itself to be led forth by Mr. REDDY.

Haven't yet heard the last of the beast. SARK tells me Irish Members intend to ask leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss case of QUINLAN'S Ass as a matter of urgent public importance.

Business done.—Question of QUINLAN'S Ass and 121 others on the Paper (majority of equal importance) disposed of, what was left of Sitting devoted to Army Estimates.

Friday.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, faced by deficit unequalled in modern times, at his wits' end to find new sources of taxation. Jumps eagerly at suggestion lightly thrown out by TIM HEALY in debate on Congested Districts (Ireland) Bill. MACARTNEY lamented neglect by Board of Ulster, "although," he said, "the tenants there are worse off than those on the West coast, who have the benefit of the Gulf Stream."

"Why don't you put a tax upon it?" said TIM.

Why not, indeed, ponders the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. More will be heard of this on Budget night.

Business done.—Taxation considered.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER X.

Hunting Types—The Man who rides a Bolter.

YOU can't be in the hunting field for more than a very short time without meeting the man who rides a bolter. "Have no truck with a puller," said the Colonel to me, when first as a youngster I followed the hounds. "A puller's often a showy horse, and when they bring him out to you from his stable and make him do his paces up and down, or clear a hurdle in the little field beyond, why you're apt to think you've never in all your life seen a nobler animal. There he goes, a great sinewy, bony, upstanding chestnut, full of fire and courage, clean-limbed, a proud jumper, and with an action that makes a man feel as if he were riding on C springs. Yes, my boy, that's all very well when there are no hounds, and no other horses tearing up to him and thundering along with snortings and pantings that make him feel as if there was a devil let loose behind him and he had to go his best and fastest to escape. Look at his eye carefully. It's not really an honest eye—too much white about it for that, and too little of that liquid intelligence that shines in the eye of a good horse. However, you'll buy him probably, and then you'll take him out with the hounds, and

then your mother ought to hang up a special votive tablet if you come home with sound bones. That horse, my boy, turns into an untamed streak of lightning—if you can imagine a streak of lightning with a mouth as hard as that of an ARMSTRONG gun, and a power of pulling that turns your arms and shoulders into a mass of aches. No, there's no pleasure to be got out of a horse like that. Get rid of him anyhow; sell him, pawn him; give him away; but don't keep him, or, if you do keep him, don't ride him."

So spoke the Colonel, riding on his wiry flea-bitten grey—a man bronzed by many suns and scarred in many fights, a keen horseman and a joyous rider to hounds. I laughed, as is the habit of youth, and promised to remember his words, and that very day I saw JOHNNIE BARROWMORE lugging and tugging on the top of a huge hay, a mere robin on a round of beef. JOHNNIE was the soul of good humour, but the amiability even of his temper must have been exhausted by the innumerable apologies he found himself compelled to dispense. He banged into the master; he collided with the huntsman; he all but rode over old Captain BODLER, who was fumbling about at a small fence. He upset his best friend and lost him the best run of the season, and then, getting away himself, he disappeared like a flash in the dim distance, far beyond the hounds and their music, a swiftly vanishing meteor, viewed with amazement and fear by the rest of the field. His account of that dreadful gallop is Homeric. I cannot recall the whole terrible series of its incidents, the roads he clattered along, the carts he avoided by a hair's breadth, the iron railings he cleared, the gardens he crashed through, the villages he terrified with his reckless speed, the dogs, the pigs, the hens that he trampled on. Late at night a woe-begone wreck of the once immaculate JOHNNIE arrived at his home. His horse had finally hurled himself into an orchard, had fixed JOHNNIE, bruised but happy in his release, between the branches of an apple tree, and had then continued his flight into the unknown. He (the horse, I mean) was found on the following day, minus his saddle, in a neighbouring sea-port town, and was sold for six pounds to go in a butcher's cart. That was the last I ever heard of him, but I always pitied the butcher.



Yet who can be wise at all times. Only a month later I was mounted on my latest acquisition, the finest horse, I thought, I had ever ridden. We were with a private pack of beagles, and the hare kept running rings. When my brute saw the hounds and heard them give tongue his whole nature changed. He bounded this way and that; he bored, he flung his head into the air and into my face, he took the bit in his infamous teeth, tested my hands and arms, found his mouth had the greater strength and endurance, and away he went. We ended—the interval was a nightmare—down a twelve-foot drop on to a large field-roller, the shafts of which he splintered into match-sticks, while I soared through the air and landed twenty feet beyond on my back. That was my first and last horse of that kind, and since then I have never been the man who rides a bolter. But you'll find him at one time or another in every hunt, and the best advice I can give you is to keep out of his way.

BUSINESS EXPERIENCES OF THE HON. THOMAS CASH.

By T. H.

MY special aptitude for business, or, since I have had several, perhaps I may even say businesses, was not entirely a gift; it was also largely due to early training. I had spent a great number of years at school, learning to express myself fluently in languages of which at least one has yielded several distinct words to the vernacular of the money market; and with great prudence I had early obtained a special exemption from the study of mathematics and French and German, that I might have more hours to devote to Æschylean tragedy and Aristotle's Poetics. I had then passed four years at Oxford, devoting the first two to perfecting my knowledge of the same subjects, and the last two to forgetting them and specialising in—if my memory serves me—Moral Philosophy. Rounding this off with a period of Roman Law, punctuated by dinners at an unhealthy hour in the Temple, usually in the vicinity of a Hindoo and two Japanese, I came naturally to the summit of the long hill of intellectual preparation, and with a conquering shout leaped down the sunny slopes of commerce.

I had myself no doubt as to the suitability of my training; but it was pleasant to find that it had stamped capacity upon my countenance so unmistakably. I saw many agents of many businesses, and in no single instance did any one of them fail to recognise at a glance that the special conditions which had admittedly handicapped the owner would be powerless against me. In cases where meagreness of profit was attributed to the proprietor having taken to gambling, or to drink, or to photography, it was, of course, natural that my superiority to such vices should be apparent to the most unobservant. But when failure was openly attributed to mismanagement, and when this fact was treated as a detail which I could correct with a touch, and which rather enhanced the value of a property for me than otherwise, I began to understand how much my education had effected.

Those experiences grew increasingly gratifying. In one concern, for instance, even general bad trade was similarly treated as a detail which, although fatal in the past, and possibly in itself deplorable, need not in my case affect the consideration of the price; but this seemed to me little removed from flattery. I think—in fact, I feel sure—that the mere presence in a neighbourhood of one properly trained commercial intellect would not affect its entire economic conditions; unless, indeed—but no, probably even Oxford intelligences have their limitation.

This was in the year—well, I need not perhaps mention the date. Anyone who has ever at any time looked for a business will be able to identify it for himself when I say that it was in the year when all the concerns on offer were a sure fortune to

an energetic man. I was simply appalled at the lethargy which had settled down on the commercial classes. Energy, as I often used to remark to PEPLOW, as he punted me up the Cherwell, is at the root of all success, and I frequently pointed out to him that it was only when he relaxed his efforts that we ever failed to reach Parsons' Pleasure. And here, in various forms, were Dr. JOHNSON's potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice simply spoiling through the indolence of traders. It was a saddening reflection, and I mentally resolved that the mercantile world should be raised by my example from this slough of indolence, that it should learn to see in me the Apostle of Effort, and that I would never fall away for one moment from that noble ambition, even though I had to have two managers to do the work and sank under the strain of paying them.

I think it was GUNTER's advice that ultimately decided me to choose brewing for my first field of operations. He said that Hereditary Incompetence had so long used this industry as a training ground for recruits, that to enter it had become a kind of baronial goose-step, and any intellect which really marched could not fail to achieve distinction. PEPLOW's statement that he had heard beer took a week to ferment, during which time one could only look at it, certainly weighed with me, for I know the value of such periods of cerebral incubation; but I was young then, and too prodigal of energy to attach full importance to this consideration. At any rate, I decided upon brewing, and consulted Messrs. PINTÉ and PUETA on the subject.

These gentlemen had providentially the very thing. The profits were practically non-existent, but there were reasons. Their account was a little confused, for we cannot all have University lucidity of expression; but, so far as I understood, it was that the proprietor, being a dipsomaniac with the morphia habit, had

made no attempt to prevent the American competition, which had ruined the local industries and depopulated the district. To an energetic man, however, this concern was a sure fortune. GUNTER and PEPLOW agreed that it offered a fair field for the display of my talents.

Some little time was taken up by valuations. A tall gentleman, nominated by Messrs. PINTÉ and PUETA, and a short gentleman nominated by myself, spent three days in elaborately avoiding one another in the neighbourhood, dined together on the evening of the third day, and on the morning of the fourth informed me that the long gentleman's valuation amounted to £50,000 6s. 8d., and the short gentleman's to £49,999 13s. 4d.; they therefore proposed, with my consent, to agree to the figure at £50,000. This was very fortunately the sum which I had told Messrs. PINTÉ and PUETA I desired to invest. I am not a mathematician myself, but I consulted GUNTER, who was a Wrangler in his time, and he said the precision of these figures impressed him very favourably.



AN EXCUSE.

Mistress. "ANOTHER BREAKAGE, JANE? AND A WEDDING PRESENT, TOO! HOW EVER DID YOU DO IT?"
Jane (sobbing). "THEY AL—WAYS BREAK—WHEN I—DROP 'EM

The legal formalities and the engagement of a manager caused some further delay, under which I chafed considerably, but everything was at last completed. I celebrated the occasion by giving a dinner to PELOW and GUNTER, which served both to inaugurate the buckling on of my commercial harness, and also as a leave-taking to my two friends on my setting out on my annual holiday. I think we all felt the solemnity of the occasion. PELOW proposed success to the New Era in a speech of great power, and my housemaid, who is from the country, and happened at the moment to be bringing in a decanter, was so carried away by his dramatic description of the brightness of the day which he said had dawned, that she turned off the electric light and plunged us in temporary darkness. GUNTER, if less apostrophic, was equally complimentary, and congratulated me on having that day taken a step which would do more to undermine the drunken habits of the neighbourhood than the most fanatical temperance crusade.

I returned thanks with, I hope, modesty, deprecating the idea of sacrifice, for I had made none. To a man of my temperament the idle lolling on a woolsack, dispensing patronage to greedy relations, would have been as repugnant as, in the alternative, the somnolent atmosphere of a Bishop's palace. The so-called learned professions did but deal with the corns and bunions of the body politic: it was not only from a sense of duty, but from my own desire, that I had elected to sit rather with my finger for ever on that pulse of trade which throbbed with the true life-blood of the nation. I said more, but it is scarcely worth recalling, for I am conscious my eloquence was heavy; a sense of coming responsibility robbed it of its usual light touch. Early the next morning I started for Yokohama.

If I had known then as much as I do now I should have hesitated to go so far, but my knowledge of managers was at that time singularly incomplete. Even to this day their shortcomings amaze me, for that absence of strenuous endeavour which distinguishes the hireling is a characteristic to which I can never get accustomed. I have no doubt that the reports on which I had insisted, and which followed me about from place to place, may have indicated an unsatisfactory state of things, but they were so shrouded in technical obscurities, and reached me so long after despatch, that they did not seem worth the labour of perusal, and it therefore came upon me as a shock to receive a telegram from PELOW advising me to come home and look into matters. I was relieved to find on my return that there was nothing, so to speak, organically wrong. I think PELOW, if he had been willing to do as I would have done in his place, might have remedied matters instead of cabling for me, but he has a lethargic nature and undoubtedly there had been an unaccountable lack of supervision.

I took the matter in hand with my usual promptitude. I interviewed my manager, and after impressing upon him the criminality of slackness in any affair where a hand has once been put to the plough I discharged him forthwith. I gave PELOW a chance of redeeming the fault against friendship which he had committed, by offering him the occupation of my office whilst I looked for a fresh manager, and I made it my business to weigh the answers to the advertisement I inserted in the trade journal.

In this manner I soon had matters in a satisfactory condition, and MACDONALD, the first applicant, installed. He was a lean and angular Scotchman, lurking behind cheek-bones and a colossal self-satisfaction, a quality I particularly detest. But procreantism was never one of my faults, and as MACDONALD applied first, and there were twenty-seven other candidates whose examination would have taken time, I acted instead of talking and engaged him there and then. In the week that PELOW had been in my office I could not find that he had done anything, except order other people about and send the office boy for bottled beer, so I excused his further attendance and took possession myself.

It has always seemed to me a blot upon our commercial

system that to all that a principal must necessarily have upon his mind there should be added the strain of supervision. I yield to none in energy, but every scientist distinguishes between the two leading types—energy of motion and energy of position. Of these, it is the latter which I have developed to such an extraordinary degree; I have always recognised it as the highest, and we needs must love the highest when we see it.

The necessity for this supervision is unfortunate enough when a principal is upon the spot, but when he is at a distance it is simply intolerable. MACDONALD had a repellent habit of chasing me about the country with lists of conundrums requiring immediate answer, and this in spite of my protests that I could not possibly return braced for strenuous daily effort if I had to attend to correspondence whilst recruiting.

Many employers would have refused to be thus worried, and would have left him to flounder as best he could; but, making allowance for a weaker vessel, I used to go through his questions with great care, and write marginal instructions against each, such as—

"Consult a solicitor."

"Refer to Mr. PELOW, who knows my views."

"Buy the hops now, unless you can get them cheaper later on."

"Follow your own judgment, and report to me further."

In spite of this assistance, business did not seem to be properly dealt with in the office, and at last, on one occasion, when I returned from a shooting engagement to find my desk crowded with matters which I had already disposed of as above, I realised that the time had come for me to administer an object-lesson.

(To be continued.)

A JAM PUFF.

(With apologies for conserving the somewhat peculiar rhymes of the original.)

[Mr. JAMES BOYLE, U. S. Consul at Liverpool, in a report says, "It is probably a fact that jam, and not beef, is now the national diet of the Englishman."]

WHEN mighty cheap jam is the Englishman's food,
It reduces our bills while diluting our blood,
And makes us anæmic and gentle and good—
Oh, the Cheap Jam of old England!
And oh, for old England's Shop Jam!

Our beef-eating fathers were once stout and strong,
And kept in the public-house all the day long;
No jimjams for us, but this virtuous song:—
Oh, the Glucose of old England,
And oh, for old England's Sham Jam!

When good Queen ELIZABETH sat on the throne
The blessed word "jam" in this land wasn't known,
And I guess she'd have heard this refrain with a frown—
Oh, the Prime Jam of old England!
And oh, for old England's Prize Jam!

ANIMALOSITY.

THE British Lion and the Eagles twain
Of Germany and U. S. A. (not pairable),
And other emblem Birds and Beasts, complain
That Russia's China action is un-Bearable.

TOAST AND SONG.—Good luck to the Duke and Duchess of YORK and CORNWALL! Chorus everybody, if you please, "Ophir the sea and far away!"

A PAINFUL POSITION.

EVERYONE must feel the greatest sympathy with a private individual on whom for the nonce publicity is thrust, even though he be distinguished from his fellows by merely the label of a number, and who is subjected to the plainest outspoken criticism in the newspapers, which he may be sure is read with the keenest interest by friends, foes, and the public generally. Such is the fate of any college man of Oxford or Cambridge who becomes one of "the Eight" of his University. Study the minutely conscientious professional criticisms on the unhappy (temporarily) Oxonians and Cantabs engaged in practising for the great annual competition. The Oxford men occasionally "pick up the work rather well"; but in their stroke there is "a lack of rhythm." Unfortunate "Numbers Three and Five" (they're no longer men; they're only numbers, like convicts) "swing out of the boat"; and "bow" (i.e. "bow oar," but this distinction, such as it is, is better than being merely a number), "failing to keep time," aids his confederates in causing "the boat to roll about." Subsequently (poor souls!) their "form began to deteriorate," and this happened not far from the "Craven" (*absit omen!*) "Steps." Then, when they come to an end of their practice, their "finish" having been "far from good" (alas!), "the majority of the men were much distressed." "Much distressed," indeed! Nonsense, they must have been highly delighted. Of course, they would not so express themselves, and, no doubt, implored their trainer, with tears in their eyes, to let them go on practising for another hour or two. "Distressed!" Not they. Precious glad to get it over and to retire for their evening meal, limited.

And the Cantabs; what of them? Why, they were, so to speak, in the same boat with the Oxonians. They did not "make a particularly good commencement," and "the finish of the stroke was clipped." Quite different this from a "clipping good stroke." Then the men "seemed unable to continue their good form." Wretched galley slaves! And "they didn't keep proper time." One of them, "Number Four," appeared on this occasion to be the ghost of himself, as he "rowed without life"; and not only so, but he "failed to use his slide, and generally spoilt the appearance of the crew." How pleased "Number Four" must have been when he read this! What wonder if he had chucked the whole thing up, and disappeared, only to be remembered as a "Four gone conclusion!"

By the time this "appreciation" sees the light of publication, no doubt both crews will have vastly improved, and even "Number Four," reconciled to his lot, will have become a shining ornament



H.O. NEIL

THOUGHT THEY WERE LIGHT BLUE!

Mrs. Newlywed (who has heard that her husband has a sneaking regard for Cambridge Sausages, and means to delight him with some for breakfast). "AFTER ALL, THEY APPEAR VERY MUCH OF THE COLOUR OF ORDINARY ONES, DO THEY NOT?"

to the boat's crew. May the better crew win! Hard lines, to work and toil, be bullied and badgered, be severely handled in the press, and then to lose! Would not a "dead heat" produce a lively glow of satisfaction in the eighteen university hearts? "So," as Mr. Mantalini observed, "both," if there were a dead heat, would be "right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul, O demmit!"

BEER AND FOR BEER.

(A Sketch of the future.)

SCENE.—The bar of the "Cat and Cucumber." Enter a girl of uncertain age.

G. O. U. A. A pot of four 'arf.

Barman (licensed by the L.C.C.) Where's your birth certificate?

G. O. U. A. I am seventeen and four months old. Let's 'ave the beer.

Barman. Daren't do it without the birth certificate.

G. O. U. A. Birth certificate be blowed!

'Ere's my marriage lines—I've been married more than a year.

Barman. Married! Then you'll have to get an order from a magistrate. Very sorry.

G. O. U. A. (going). I do call this 'ard! When I gets 'ome my old man'll most likely whop me.

Barman. Then apply for a Separation Order, as is your undoubted right. Then I'll serve you with pleasure under the Married Woman's Property Act. Good night.

A NICE COMPLIMENT.—A grand night for "a Complimentary Concert" is "the night before Larry was stretched," or, rather, on the Eve of the University Boat-Race, which is not very remotely connected with "stretchers." There is a strong Committee at work, and "if music hath charms," the names of the sweet singers and versatile vocalists put down for Mr. BEAUCHAMP's concert are sufficient guarantee that the entertainment will produce notes of considerable value to the complimented one. *Soit.*

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

III.—THE ELIZABETH SECTION.

[With acknowledgments to the respective Authors of those popular works, "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and "The Visits of Elizabeth." It will be seen that extracts from the former's Diary and from the latter's Letters are given alternately, the younger Elizabeth being supposed to arrive on a visit to the elder Elizabeth about the 7th of the month.]

MARCH 1ST.—I am writing this in my dear garden with the thermometer at fifteen below zero Centigrade. A tumultuous North-wind, with a kiss of East in it, is blowing straight off the Baltic, bringing up faint delicious odours of sea-icicles and frozen Finn. I like these better than the smell of hyacinths, which seems to me too assertive. I often ask myself what order of mind it is that prefers new spring dresses and a town-flat to precious solitude and communion with a botanical dictionary. I open my treasure at random and read: *Galanthus*, *Gale*, *Galeobdolon*, *Galeopsis*, *Galingale*, *Gardenia*, *Garlic*, *Gastridium*. I shall send for whole trucks of these and have them planted in masses all over the carriage-drive. I wish I were less ignorant about their symptoms, but I cannot trust to the gardener, whose imagination does not rise above artichokes, which he talks of training up the sun-dial.

What a lovely solitary February it has been, with the virgin snow up to the bedroom windows and the crocuses waiting their time, all snug and warm under their eider-down quilt. As I look back to the day when I married the Man of War, with a cheerful carelessness of consequences, and no guarantee of a garden at all, and the prospect of his constant company, I wonder at my temerity. But it has worked out admirably; and surely there are few women who can enjoy their husband's absence with such pure delight, and yet tolerate his presence with such equanimity.

And now ELEANOR FORBES must needs ask for her girl ELIZABETH to pay me a visit for the sake of her German. I do hope she will not be too exacting and want society and tea-parties. The only rule of hospitality which I really understand is the one about speeding the parting guest. However, I hear she is very innocent and *ingénue*, and so she ought to be fond of flowers. She may even have a soul, and be able to talk about the easier poets.

5TH.—*Château Chasse-Bébé*. Dearest Mamma,—I leave here to-morrow. I wish I hadn't got to stay with Gräfin ELIZABETH. I know they won't any of them have waists, except the men, and they eat their food even worse than the French, and can't say nice things to make up for it. Still, it's time I left here anyway. Some of the men are so absent-minded, and keep on proposing to me in the billiard-room (not the English kind, you know), and whole heaps of the 99th *Chasseurs* have pinched me in corridors and places, and I don't think this is quite respectful, do you, Mamma? And it is so awkward, because CÉLESTINE notices the marks on my arms when she is drying me after my tub, and this makes her very patronising and hinty, and the stuffing I put into my bedroom key-hole because of the draught keeps falling out, I can't think why. Two duels have been fought for some reason or other, I don't know what, in the deer-park and one in the middle of a *Ralli de Papier*. Nobody was hurt, of course, but it makes people look awfully sheepish, and I'm sure it's time I left. I am picking up some new gowns from ROSALIE's to astonish the Fatherland, though I don't know what the nearest garrison town is or whether they have fleets and things on the sea there, and goodnight, dear Mamma,

Your affectionate daughter, ELIZABETH.

8TH.—I have hardly had time to discover whether ELIZABETH has a soul, but her dinner-gown and general attitude do not encourage this hope. I am a little afraid that she expected a

house-party, or at least an officer or two to take her in. I may be obliged to send for the Man of War to amuse her. It sounds improbable, but in his heavy negative way he likes a young girl without ideas or yearning intelligence.

One thing that struck me as a deplorable revelation of her character was a remark that she made about some women who bored her ("stuffy people," she called them) on one of her visits; "nothing," she said, "rustled nicely when they walked, and they had no scent on." Unfortunately she allows no such defect in her own toilette, and the scent she "has on" quite overpowers the pure fragrance of my snowdrops, besides being a detestable thing in itself. I even sigh for the Man of War's tobacco, and look forward to an afternoon with my artificial manures as a corrective.

I asked her the usual question at night—"You are not afraid of sleeping alone?" "Oh, no," she said, "I'm used to ghosts; there were whole stacks of them at Norman Tower in the passages, and a funny old thing asked me to join them and he would take care of me, but I thought it would be such shivery work in the middle of the night." I am afraid ELIZABETH's mother is not careful enough in her choice of houses for this young person to stay in. Girls with such beautifully childlike minds are often too unsuspecting of evil.

11TH.—*Schloss Blumendam*. Dearest Mamma,—I can't imagine why you sent me here. It's been the stuffiest week I ever had. I'm the whole house-party in myself, and not a man of any kind in the place except the coachman who's married and the gardener who's engaged to the cook. It's so depressing, and I think CÉLESTINE means to go out of her mind. The Gräfin only has two dresses, and talks all day of nothing but flowers and manures, and have I read any good books lately, and of course I haven't, and I can't even think of any names to pretend with.

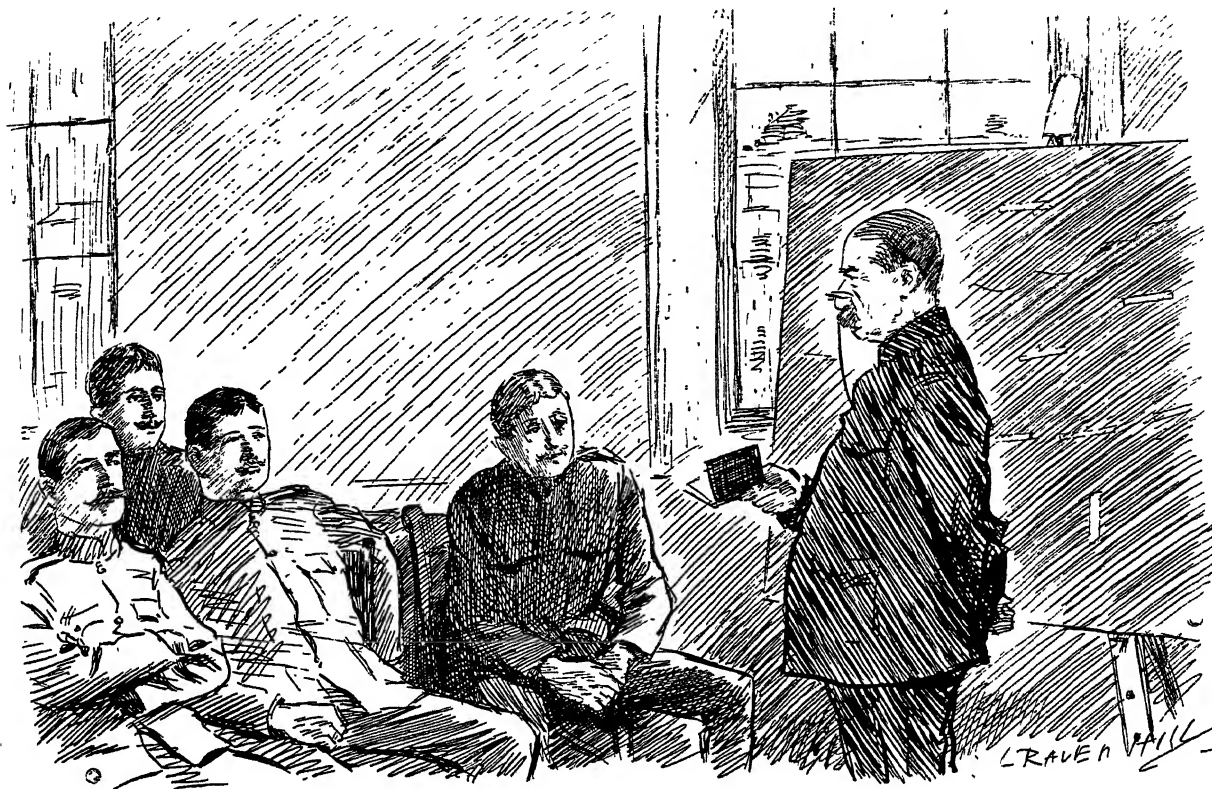
Once I thought something was really going to happen, when the Gräfin said that she was looking forward excitedly to a whole heap of teas. I should have chosen dances myself, but teas are better than nothing, and sometimes you get a stray man to look in; and then it turned out that it was short for *tea-roses*. Such dull things to look forward to!

And then, again, I never get really shocked here. Oh, yes, once I was when the Gräfin said that she hoped that a lot of Rubenses wouldn't get into Madame JOSEPH SCHWARZ'S bed by mistake again as they did last year. Of course I guessed that "Rubenses" were only pictures, but it *did* seem rather muddily for Madame SCHWARZ having them actually in her bed, and so many of them too, besides being very valuable, I should think, and easily damaged, especially if she is stout like most German women are. And I wondered if Madame SCHWARZ was a visitor or just the housekeeper; and when I asked if they weren't taken out at once, the Gräfin said that no, it was too late and they had to keep them there all the summer as it wasn't safe to move them. And then I asked wasn't it very uncomfortable for her having to sleep on a crowd of old oils, or were they only very little ones, and was there room for her in the other half of the bed; and it turned out that it wasn't pictures, or a visitor, or a housekeeper at all, but just the names of different dwarf-roses!

Always roses and things! I thought I liked flowers till I came here, though I was never good at their names and used to mix up verbenas with scarlet-runners; but after this I know it will take away my appetite just seeing them on a dinner-table, and when I die, which I shall do pretty soon if things go on like this, I hope they'll have a notice put in the paper, saying, "No flowers, please."

I don't wonder the Graf himself keeps away from his wife. I suppose her parents made him marry her like the poor Marquis at Chasse-Bébé, I really miss him and the Vicomte, and if Lord VALKOP was here now I don't believe I should smack him so hard again, however he behaved, though they were rather forward, all of them, weren't they, Mamma?

Later.—Great news! The Gräfin says vaguely that the Man-



TACTICS.

Instructor. "WELL, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE ENDEAVOURED TO EXPLAIN TO YOU THE THEORETICAL PRINCIPLES GOVERNING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE VARIOUS PORTIONS OF A COMBINED FORCE; BUT I MUST WARN YOU, THAT, IN PRACTICE, ON AN ORDINARY FIELD-DAY YOU WILL PROBABLY FIND IT RESULT IN HOPELESS CONFUSION; WHILE ON ACTIVE SERVICE IT WILL BE TEN TIMES WORSE!"

of-War is coming before the month is out. So perhaps there will be a dance on board, and anyway we ought to see something of the officers. CELESTINE is quite perking up at the thought of bosuns or whatever they call them here. The Gräfin speaks of the Man-of-War, so I suppose there isn't more than one in the German Navy. I do hope there's no mistake this time, and that it won't turn out to be a new bulb, or something of that sort.

Your affectionate daughter, ELIZABETH.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

THE BUREAU OF COMMON-SENSE.

["Judge EMDEN, of Lambeth County Court, is convinced that nothing is more required than a bureau to give common-sense advice to the humbler classes. His Honour had before him a labourer, who earned from 25s. to 30s. a week, and supported a wife and family. He was induced to take a 25-guinea piano on the hire-purchase system, but could not keep up his monthly payments."—*Daily Paper.*]

It is suggested that, if such a Bureau were established, the daily report of proceedings might read something after this fashion:—WILLIAM JENKINSON, bricklayer, applied for advice under the following circumstances. His wife had been kept awake by neuralgia for two nights in succession. Should he call in Sir DOUGLAS POWELL, or would a change of air be likely to relieve her sufferings? In the latter case, he was uncertain whether to take her to the South of France or for a long sea-voyage. Perhaps the authorities would kindly give him the names of some first-class hotels in the Riviera. He was earning regular wages of 18s. a week.

ROBERT JONES, dustman, was anxious to know whether he would be considered extravagant if he indulged his taste for

Art by attending at CHRISTIE'S in his spare time and bidding for Old Masters. He already possessed at his private residence, in Clare Market, a fine specimen of VELASQUEZ and an undisputed TITIAN. There was a little thing by TINTORETTO that he was particularly anxious to secure. He was in receipt of 15s. a week from the Vestry, but a good many of the householders were in the habit of giving him twopence for himself when he cleared their dust-bins.

JIM HOPKINS, railway porter, wanted to be told what was the largest amount, consistent with true economy, that a person in his position might spend annually on opera tickets. He made 16s. a week and tips extra. Also, which was the best place to take a lady to for supper. He had heard that the cooking was good both at the Carlton and the Savoy.

THOMAS SIMPSON was earning 14s. weekly as a 'bus conductor. His working hours being rather long, he had little time to himself, but his great hobby was book collecting. He possessed the first four folios of SHAKESPEARE complete, and most of the quartos. There was, however, room in his library in the Mile End Road for some more volumes. Did the Bureau authorities think him justified in buying a beautiful edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, bound in vellum, or would he be acting more wisely in subscribing for the *Times* issue of the *First Fifty Years of Punch*.

JOSEPH TIMMS, office-boy, was quite aware that you cannot judge cigars by the picture on the box. He was unable to make up his mind whether "La Rosa De Santiago" Celestiales, at 102s. the hundred, were preferable to "H. De Cabanas Y Carbajal" Imperiales at 84s. Of course, if the Bureau advised him to go in for a cheaper cigar, "HENRY CLAYS" at 51s. were not bad. His salary was 7s. 6d. a week, but he expected to have a rise soon.

A DRAMATIC PROLOGUE.

THE UNFORTUNATE MR. EBBSMITH.

THOSE persons who have seen Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S magnificent performance at the Royalty in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* will have probably gone away with a quite false impression of the gentleman with whom AGNES EBBSMITH spent her eight years of married life. "For the first twelve months," she declares bitterly in the first act, "he treated me like a woman in a harem, for the rest of the time like a beast of burden." This is not quite just to poor EBBSMITH, who was a good sort of fellow in his commonplace way, and it is manifestly unfair that the audience should have no opportunity of hearing his side of the question. An attempt is made to remedy this injustice in the following Prologue, which all fair-minded persons are entreated to read before seeing Mr. PINERO'S very clever play.

SCENE—*The dining-room of the EBBSMITHS' house in West Kensington. AGNES and her husband are at breakfast. They have been married seven years. She looks much as we see her in the early acts of the play, gaunt, pale, badly dressed. He is a careworn man with hair slightly grey at the temples, an anxious forehead and sad eyes. He is glancing through the Standard in the intervals of eating his bacon. She is absorbed in the Morning Screamer, one of the more violent Socialist-Radical organs of that day. Presently, EBBSMITH looks up.*

Ebbsmith. You won't forget, AGNES, that we are expecting people to dinner to-night?

Agnes (putting down her paper with an air of patient endurance). Eh?

Ebbsmith (mildly). I was saying, dear, if you will give me your attention for a moment, that I hoped you would not forget that Sir MYLES JAWKINS and his wife and the SPENCERS and the THORNTONS were dining here to-night.

Agnes (contemptuously). You seem very anxious that I should remember that Lady JAWKINS is honouring us with her company!

Ebbsmith. I only meant that I hoped you had told JANE about dinner. Last time the JAWKINES came you may recollect that you had omitted to order anything for them to eat, and when they arrived there was nothing in the house but some soup, a little cold mutton and a rice pudding.

Agnes. Very well (*returns to her paper*).

Ebbsmith. Thank you. And, AGNES, if you could manage to be dressed in time to receive them I should be very much obliged.

Agnes. I?

Ebbsmith. Of course. I suppose you will be here to entertain our guests.

Agnes. Your guests, you mean.

Ebbsmith. My dear AGNES, surely my guests are your guests also!

Agnes (breaking out). As long as the present unjust and oppressive marriage laws remain in force—

Ebbsmith (interrupting). I don't think we need go into the question of the alteration of the marriage laws.

Agnes. Ah, yes. You always refuse to listen to my arguments on that subject. You know they are unanswerable.

Ebbsmith (patiently). I only meant that there would hardly be time to argue the matter at breakfast.

Agnes (vehemently). A paltry evasion!

Ebbsmith. Still, I assume that you will be here to receive our guests—my guests if you prefer it—to-night.

Agnes. Do you make a point of always being at home to receive my guests?

Ebbsmith. Those Anarchist people whom you are constantly asking to tea? Certainly not.

Agnes (with triumphant logic). Then, may I ask, why I should be at home to receive the JAWKINES?

Ebbsmith. My dear, you surely realise that the cases are hardly parallel. The only time I was present at one of your Revolutionary tea-parties the guests consisted of a Hyde Park orator who dropped his h's, a cobbler who had turned Socialist by way of increasing his importance in the eyes of the community, three ladies who were either living apart from their husbands or living with the husbands of other ladies, and a Polish refugee who had been convicted, quite justly, of murder. You cannot pretend to compare the JAWKINES with such people.

Agnes. Indeed, I can. (*Rhetorically*) In a properly organized Society—

Ebbsmith (testily). I really can't stop to re-organize Society now. I am due at my chambers in half-an-hour.

Agnes (sullenly). As you decline to listen to what I have to say, I may as well tell you at once that I shall not be at home to dinner to-night.

Ebbsmith (controlling his temper with an effort). May I ask your reason?

Agnes. Because I have to be at the meeting of the Anti-marriage Association.

Ebbsmith. Can't you send an excuse?

Agnes. Send an excuse! Throw up a meeting called to discuss an important Public question because you have asked a few barristers and their wives to dine! You must be mad.

Ebbsmith. Well, I must put them off, I suppose. What night next week will suit you to meet them? Thursday?

Agnes. On Thursday I am addressing a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Divorce.

Ebbsmith. Friday?

Agnes (coldly). Friday, as you know, is the weekly meeting of the Agamists' League.

Ebbsmith. Saturday?

Agnes. On Saturday I am speaking on Free Union for the People at Battersea.

Ebbsmith. Can you suggest an evening?

Agnes (firmly). No. I think the time has come to make a stand against the convention which demands that a wife should preside at her husband's dinner-parties. It is an absurdity. Away with it!

Ebbsmith (alarmed). But, AGNES! Think what you are doing. You don't want to offend these people. SPENCER and THORNTON are useful men to know, and JAWKINS puts a lot of work in my way.

Agnes (with magnificent scorn). How like a man! And so I am to be civil to this JAWKINS person because he "puts a lot of work in your way!"

Ebbsmith (meekly). Well, you know, my dear, I have to make an income somehow.

Agnes. I would sooner starve than resort to such truckling!

Ebbsmith (gloomily). We are likely to do that, sooner or later, in any case.

Agnes. What do you mean?

Ebbsmith (diffidently). Your—ahem!—somewhat subversive tenets, my love, are not precisely calculated to improve my professional prospects.

Agnes. What have I to do with your prospects?

Ebbsmith. The accounts of your meetings which appear in the newspapers are not likely to encourage respectable solicitors to send me briefs.

Agnes (indifferently). Indeed!

Ebbsmith. Here is a report in to-day's *Standard* of a meeting addressed by you last night which would certainly not have that effect. Shall I read it to you?

Agnes. If you wish it.

Ebbsmith (reads). "The meeting which was held in St. Luke's parish last night under the auspices of the Polyandrous Club proved to be of an unusually exciting description. The lecturer was Mrs. JOHN EBBSMITH, wife of the well-known barrister of that name." Really, AGNES, I think my name need not have been dragged into the business.

Agnes. Go on.

Ebbsmith. "As soon as the doors were opened the place of meeting—the Iron Hall, Carter Street—was filled with a compact body of roughs assembled from the neighbouring streets, and there seemed every prospect of disorderly scenes. The appearance of Mrs. EBBSMITH on the platform was greeted with cries of 'Mad AGNES!'" Surely, my dear, you must recognise that my professional reputation is endangered when my wife is reported in the newspapers to be addressing meetings in discreditable parts of London, where her appearance is greeted with shouts of 'Mad AGNES!'"



"PAWS OFF!"

Agnes. Nonsense! Who is likely to read an obscure paragraph like that?

Ebbsmith. Obscure paragraph! My dear AGNES, the *Standard* has a leading article on it. Listen to this:—"Mrs. EBBSMITH'S crusade against the institution of marriage is again attracting unfavourable attention. Last night in St. Luke's she once more attempted to ventilate her preposterous schemes . . . crack-brained crusade . . . bellowing revolutionary nonsense on obscure platforms . . . This absurd visionary, whom her audiences not inappropriately nickname 'Mad AGNES' . . . Ultimately the meeting had to be broken up by the police . . . We cannot understand how a man in Mr. EBBSMITH'S position can allow himself to be made ridiculous." (*Almost weeping*) I do think they might leave my name out of it. In a leading article too!

Agnes. Is there any more of the stuff?

Ebbsmith. Another half column. Do, my dear, to oblige me, find some less ostentatious method of making known your views on the subject of marriage.

Agnes (*anticipating a remark subsequently made by the Duke of ST. OLPHERTS*). Unostentatious immodesty is not part of my programme.

Ebbsmith (*humbly*). Could you not, for my sake, consent to take a less prominent part in the movement?

Agnes (*enthusiastically*). But I want to be among the Leaders—the Leaders! That will be my hour.

Ebbsmith (*puzzled*). Your hour? I don't think I quite understand you.

Agnes. There's only one hour in a woman's life—when she's defying her husband, wrecking his happiness and blasting his prospects. That is her hour! Let her make the most of every second of it!

Ebbsmith (*wearily*). Well, my dear, when it's over, you'll have the satisfaction of counting the departing footsteps of a ruined man.

Agnes. Departing?

Ebbsmith. Certainly. You and your crusade between them will have killed me. But I must go now. I ought to be at my chambers in ten minutes, and I must go round and make my excuses to JAWKINS some time this morning. Tell JANE not to bother about dinner to-night. I shall dine at the Club.

(*Curtain.*) ST. J. H.

VENEZIA LA BELLA.

[According to a correspondent of the *Times*, it is proposed to erect bridges connecting Venice with the mainland.]

ONE afternoon in the autumn of 1930, when the express from Milan arrived at Venice an Englishman stepped out, handed his luggage ticket to a porter, and said, "*Hotel Tiziano.*"

"*Adesso Hotel Moderno, signore,*" remarked the porter.

"They've changed the name, I suppose. All right. *Hotel Moderno, gondola.*"

"*Che cosa, signore?*" asked the porter, apparently confused, "*gon—, gondo—, non capisco. Hotel Moderno, non è vero?*" And he led the way to the outside, where the Englishman perceived a wide, asphalted street. "*Ecco là, signore, la stazione sotterranea del Tubo dei Quattro Soldi; ecco qui la tramvia elettrica, e l'omnibus dell' hotel.*"

"*Gondola,*" repeated the Englishman. The porter stared at him again. Then he shook his head and answered, "*Non capisco, signore, non parlo inglese.*" So the Englishman entered the motor omnibus, started at once, for there were no other travellers, and in a few minutes arrived at the hotel, designed by an American architect and fifteen stories in height. The gorgeous marble and alabaster entrance-hall was entirely deserted.

Having engaged a room, the Englishman asked for a guide. The hall porter, who spoke ten languages fluently and simultaneously, murmured some words into a telephone, and almost immediately a dapper little man presented himself with an obsequious bow.

"I want to go round the principal buildings," said the Englishman. "You speak English, of course."

"Secure, Sir," answered the guide, with another bow; "all the ciceronians speak her fine language, but her speak I as one English. Lets us go to visit the Grand Central Station of the Tube."

"Oh, no," said the Englishman, "not that sort of thing! I'm not an engineer. I should like to see the Doge's Palace."

"Lo, Sir! The Palace is now the *Stazione Centrale Elettrica.*"

"Then it's no good going to see that. I will go to St. Marks."

"San Marco is shutted, Sir. The *vibrazione* of the electrical mechanism has done fall the mosaics. The to visit is become too periculous."

"Oh, indeed! Well, we can go up the Grand Canal."

"The *Canal Grande*, Sir, is now the *Via Marconi*. Is all changed, and covered, as all the olds canals of Venezia, with arches of steel and a street of *asfalto*. Is fine, fine, è bella, bella, una via maravigliosa!"

"You don't mean to say there isn't a canal left? Where are the gondolas then?"

"Ah, una gondola! The sir is archeologo. Ebbene! We shall go to the Museo. There she shall see one gondola, much curious, and old, ah, so old!"

"Not a canal, not a gondola—except in the museum! What is there to see?"

"There is much, Sir. There is the Tube of the Four Halfpennies, *tutto all' inglese*, as at London. He is on the arches of steel below the news streets. There is the bridge from the city to

Murano, one span of steel all covered of stone much thin, as the *Ponte della Torre*, the Bridge of the Tower, at London. Is marvellous, the our bridge! Is one bridge, and not of less not appear to be one bridge, but one castle of the middle age in the middle air. *È bellissimo, e anche tutto all' inglese.* And then—"

"Stop," cried the Englishman. "Does anybody ever come to your city now? Any artists, for instance?"

"Ah, no, Sir! *Pittori, scultori, perchè?* But there are voyagers some time. The month past all the Society of the Engineers of Japan are comed, and the hotels were fulls, and all those sirs were much contenteds and sayed the city was marvellous. She shall go now, Sir, to visit the bridge?"

"No," said the Englishman, emphatically, "not I! Let me pay my bill here and your fee, whatever it is, and take me back to the railway station as fast as you can. There are plenty of bridges in London. I am going back there."

H. D. B.

"IN OTHER DAYS LET OTHER LIPS."

NOT mine to tell in splendid verse
My Lady's beauty, nor to greet her
With joyous music, nor rehearse
Her virtue in melodious metre.

Not mine to liken her dear eyes
To something shy and unexpected
In metaphor that would surprise
The poets who are most respected.

Not mine to weave her fancy prose
With all a laureate's graceful notion,
Nor glad her sight with rows on rows
Of printed, edited emotion.

Not mine—an undiscovered KEATS,
My genius has escaped detection,
And everything I proffer meets
With editorial rejection.

DARBY JONES ON THE GRAND NATIONAL.

HONoured SIR,—Reading in the *Daily Telegraph* that spring had arrived (though, sooth to say, I would humbly suggest that the *Discovery* need not seek the South Pole if the Promoters of the Expedition desire Antarctic sensations), I plucked up courage to run through the candidates about to compete for the Timber and Ditch Derby. My prognostications are brief but, I trust, to the point—point-to-point, in fact.

There are many, who back the *Go to meet Hack*,
But I prefer *Glory of might-debt*;
Bit of Gossip may win, but I like for the spin
The *Lotion of Slough* if well set.

Trusting, honoured Sir, that You and Yours will be well to the fore as usual,
I am, as heretofore,

Your devoted Henchman,

DARBY JONES.



THE LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.

"PALMISTRY."

'PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT,' I.E., "LET THOSE WHO DESERVE A TIP GET IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Princes and Poisoners (DUCKWORTH) is the attractive title given to a translation of Monsieur FUNCK-BRENTANO'S studies of the Court of LOUIS XIV. These studies are, perhaps, a little monotonously confined to the occupation of secret murder. As the industrious author is able to give chapter and verse from official documents for his weird stories we must accept them as matters of fact. They reveal a state of things in the daily life of Paris during the reign of the Grand Monarque, contemplation of which lends a new reading to the cherished phrase about the good old times. If a woman in any rank of life, from a washer-woman to a marchioness, grew a-weary of her husband, she just poisoned him and borrowed another, who, in all probability, eventually shared the same fate. It is noteworthy that the chief movers in this domestic drama, from the sorceress LA VOÏSIN to the great practitioner the Countess de BRINVILLIERS, were women. The story of the latter has often been told, never in fuller or more authentic detail than in this narrative. For perfectly harmless people like my Baronite it has a horrible fascination. Beer-drinkers in the neighbourhood of Manchester will be interested to learn that the poison habitually used by Madame de BRINVILLIERS was arsenic. The French work is skilfully translated by Mr. GEORGE MAIDMENT.

Messrs. GAY and BIRD have added *Leaves from Pepys' Diary* to their charming Babelots. The selection is admirably made by the Editor, Mr. POTTER BRISCOE, who contributes an introduction which in brief space tells a good deal about the peerless Diarist and his times. In less degree than SHAKESPEARE, PEPYS was not for an age but for all time. Turning over the

Leaves, my Baronite comes upon a graphic account of the Coronation, in Westminster Abbey, of CHARLES II. In anticipation of the crowning of King EDWARD VII. that will grace next year, this narrative has peculiar interest.

Excellent number is that of the *Pall Mall* for April, containing most interesting article on J. F. MILLET, the inspired artist of "*The Angelus*," and a charming short story by Mr. PICKERING, entitled *Monsignor*, in which the principal character is strongly reminiscent of the Abbé LISZT. The illustrations, however, in no way recall the personal appearance of that eminent musician and composer who, in the later years of his life, became an ecclesiastic in "minor" orders, for he never attained to the "major" in his adopted profession.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

NEWS FROM THE LEVANTINES.

SIR,—Levantine morals and manners have been in past times a bye-word among nations, though, latterly, the verb "to levant" has been declined, or, rather, has not been much declined, as shady lots are not spoken of nowadays as "levanting." Yet this inclosed extract from the *Journal de Salonique* is rather startling:—

"L'assemblée générale annuelle qui devait avoir lieu samedi dernier au Tennis and Croquet Club, a été remise à jeudi prochain, le nombre d'assistants n'ayant pas atteint le décorum."

Does it not prove that even now these gay islanders are considerably ahead of even what we Westerners imagined them to be? Nice name that, "The Croquet Club." Is Madame MAL-APROPOS also among the Levantines? It looks like it.—Yours,
A. REKLA IOPENA.

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

XI.

TIME was when the High to the feminine eye
Was a shrine of mysterious rites,
Where studious youth sat worshipping Truth
Through long and laborious nights;
And woman still trod each garden and quad.
With a fearful delight as she ran,
While a halo of gold she was apt to behold
Round the cap of the 'Varsity man.

At the letters B.A. she was filled with dismay,
Such learning they seemed to imply—
Which fact followed from the principle *omne ignotum pro terribili*.

A Master of Arts was a master of hearts,
Who worshipping crowds never lacked,
For the graduate dunce was a magnate at once
And as such he was bound to attract.

But the lustre that fell, like a magical spell,
O'er our halls we can only deplore,
And the glory once shed round the graduate's head
Now shines on our faces no more.
For the girls swarming by, down the Corn and the High,
Have invaded each college and shrine,
With the tragic result they've abandoned our cult,
And think us no longer divine.

To boast a B.A. is now a poor way
To give weight to our masculine words,
For these maidens of course know precisely the force
Of our Firsts and our Seconds and Thirds.
A don in their eyes is not bound to be wise,
Nor a graduate always a god:
'Neath the pelt leonine a poor ass they divine—
Our glory is gone. Ichabod!

THE CARTOONS OF SIR JACKIDES THE INIMITABLE.

(Selected from Mr. Punch's Pages and published at the
"Punch" Office.)

OLD friends, indeed, and to not a few of us somewhere in the sere and yellow, old familiar faces too! What memories does not this carefully compiled collection of Sir JOHN'S famous cartoons, from 1851 to 1901, awaken! The Russian Bear and the Bees! the British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger! What pages of history are here summed up in such a manner that the busiest or the most careless among the younger ones may learn them in a few moments, and the least impressionable will carry away with them the lasting remembrance of the powerful pictures that at the time recorded these events and emphasized their moral. What real lions! what fierce tigers! what wonderful bears, dancing, piping, or hugging.

There is one very striking scene representing Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL when, in 1886, as the Grand Young Man he took the House by storm. Behind him stands the watchful shade of DISRAELI, saying, "Dear me! Quite reminds me of old times!" And now, in this year of grace, 1901, has not Mr. Punch's Parliamentary artist quite recently reminded the public of this very cartoon by showing, in a small sketch, WINSTON CHURCHILL in his father's attitude, repeating his father's *tour de force*, while behind him is the shade of Lord RANDOLPH, in the attitude of DISRAELI's ghost, repeating these identical words? Of course, the allusion to Sir JOHN'S "DISRAELI picture" was taken at once and thoroughly appreciated.

What humour in "The Panic among the Pigs," when a Papal

Rescript condemned "The Plan of Campaign" and scattered the Irish Nationalists! What pathos in that wonderful "Dropping the Pilot," of which the original is in Lord ROSEBURY'S possession. What genuine fun and humour in the two old maids, H-RO-RT and M-RI-Y, under the mistletoe, December, 1898!

One of Sir JOHN'S most remarkable triumphs—he is always immense when humanizing animals—is in his conception of the Chinese Dragon (1900) about to receive its death-blow from the spear of civilisation. It is only when calling to mind the comic pantomimic effects of the droll fairy legends, with which the figure of the Dragon has always been pictorially associated, that the thoughtful critic will realise the great difficulty that had to be encountered by any artist determined to deal seriously with a dragon, and to give us such a monster as would cause rather a thrill of terror than raise even the slightest smile. WAGNER and his property men signally failed with their dragon on the operatic stage: *c'était pour rire*. But TENNIEL'S Dragon is fearfully and wonderfully made. Sir JOHN has compelled the grotesque to become very real and living. Yes, it is Sir JOHN himself who is the knight that has conquered the Dragon.

In his cartoon of "Gladiators preparing for the Arena"—a veritable triumph of wit and humour displayed in perfect artistic design and consummate draughtsmanship, unsurpassed, I may venture to affirm, by any cartoon of a similar character that Sir JOHN has ever done—the names of the political celebrities therein portrayed are clearly set forth below, so that future generations, to whom the living presentments of "Lord JOHN," ROEBUCK, HORSMAN, T. HUGHES, MILL, LOWE, GLADSTONE, Lord DERBY, B. DISRAELI and JOHN BRIGHT would be unfamiliar or absolutely unknown, are thus enabled to identify each celebrity. It would have added considerably to the historic value of this admirable collection had this plan been adopted throughout. A mere detail. *Vivat Sir Jackides!*

FIXED FOR THE FIRST.

RUSSIA and Japan will inaugurate a joint international exhibition, to which England, Germany, America and China will forward contributions.

An actor-manager will produce a play full of good parts, but with his own name excluded from the programme.

The London County Council will elect Aldermen exclusively Moderate in their politics.

None of the London streets will be "up" for a fortnight, and the traffic in the busiest thoroughfares will proceed without interruption.

The most magnificent service of river steamboats will commence running on the Thames at fares within reach of the poorest pockets, and with luxurious appointments satisfying the most exacting.

All the principal Paris papers will devote leaders to a declaration of their love, admiration, and sincere well-wishes for Great Britain and her dependencies.

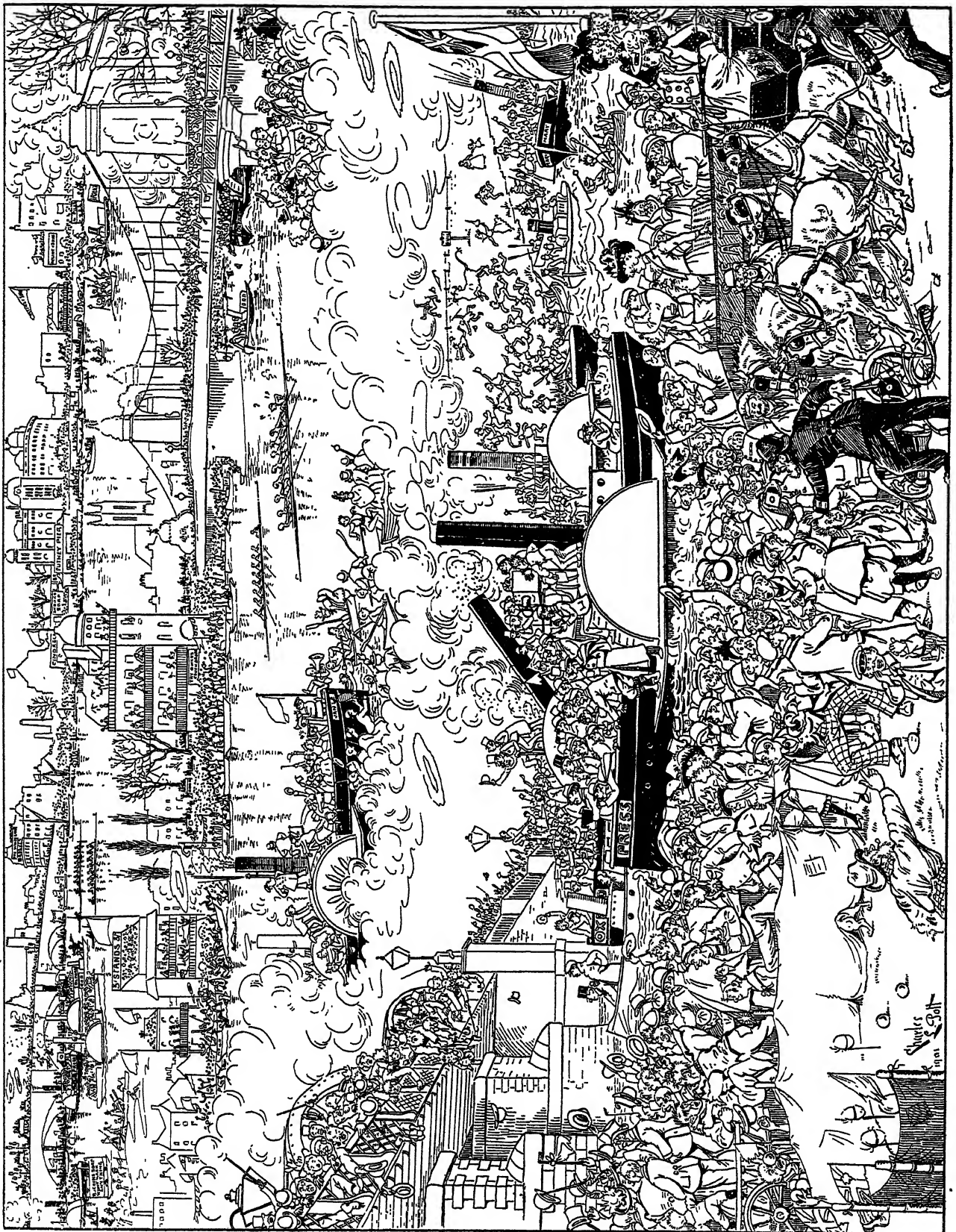
The dates of the coming Court functions will be foretold accurately in several journals on the highest authority.

The War Office will be accepted as a model of organization by the Military Intelligence departments in every civilized state throughout the universe.

Every would-be contributor to the periodical press will receive back with every appearance of genuine satisfaction the article that has been rejected.

Lastly, all the above events will occur on Monday next, the first—of April! and before mid-day!

"HORATIO, I KNEW HIM WELL."—By the death of M. GOT the Drama has lost a great actor. Latterly, he was nearly as popular in London among actors and theatre-goers as he had long been in Paris. He was a "fellow of infinite jest." Got Gone!



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE, 1901. (A VIEW IN PROSPECTIVE BY OUR ANTICIPATORY ARTIST.)



Lady (to invalid). "I HOPE WE SHALL SEE A LITTLE MORE OF ONE ANOTHER AS THE WEATHER GROWS WARMER."

A PESSIMIST'S SPRING SONG.

THOUGH with gentleness
All the bards invest you,
Frankly I confess,
Spring, that I detest you.

Your dim sunshine lures
From snug bed some flower,
At that nip of yours
Soon to shrink and cower.

"Spoofed" by you, dank birds
In their chill nests cuddle;
Under trees in herds
Shivering cattle huddle.

Homeward when I fare,
Your sharp tooth escaping.
Lo! I find you there,
Sweeping, scrubbing, scraping.

Me with pails of slush
Sloppy workmen frighten,

Who with swishing brush
Wash, and stop, and whiten.

On my shelves maids lay
Doctor WATTS by SHELLEY,
And in disarray
SHAKESPEARE next C.—I.

Ah! your claims at last,
Spring you must abate now,
For your day is past
You are out of date now.

Lambs (New Zealand ones)
Long we've had without you,
Primroses by tons
Christmas yields, to flout you.

Yes! though poets sing
Your mere praise unmeaning,
I dislike you, Spring,
But I loathe your "cleaning."

THE CENSUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is announced that the Registrar-General has issued orders including "elaborate precautions to ensure that, as far as possible, not a single house or a single individual shall be overlooked." I protest, Sir, against the overlooking. I am already overlooked by countless tax-gatherers, why, then, should the Registrar-General put his detectives on my track? Of what interest can it be to him to know my age, or my social position, or the number of the house in which I reside? If the Registrar-General would put on a staff of officials to note the late arrivals of the trains at Metropolitan stations, he would confer a possible blessing on travelling humanity. As it is, he is driving sensible beings to foreign dog-kennels and Continental rabbit-hutches.

Yours, about to cross the Channel,
(Address withheld.) MATILDA MEAGRIM.



A VAIN APPEAL.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—Somebody, I forget who, once "poured contumely and scorn" on somebody else whose name at the moment I forget. DON JOSÉ nicely discriminates. To-night he poured scorn on Mr. LOUGH; heaped contumely on SYDNEY BUXTON. All about Ashanti. A new quarter of the African continent for M.P.'s to take their pleasure in. Identical in one respect with South Africa. In West Africa as in the South, a baleful influence predominates. The Ashantis, as DON JOSÉ pictured them, sarcastically drawing on the fancy of Mr. LOUGH, were enjoying condition of Elysian happiness; the day too short for natives engaged in peaceful pursuits.

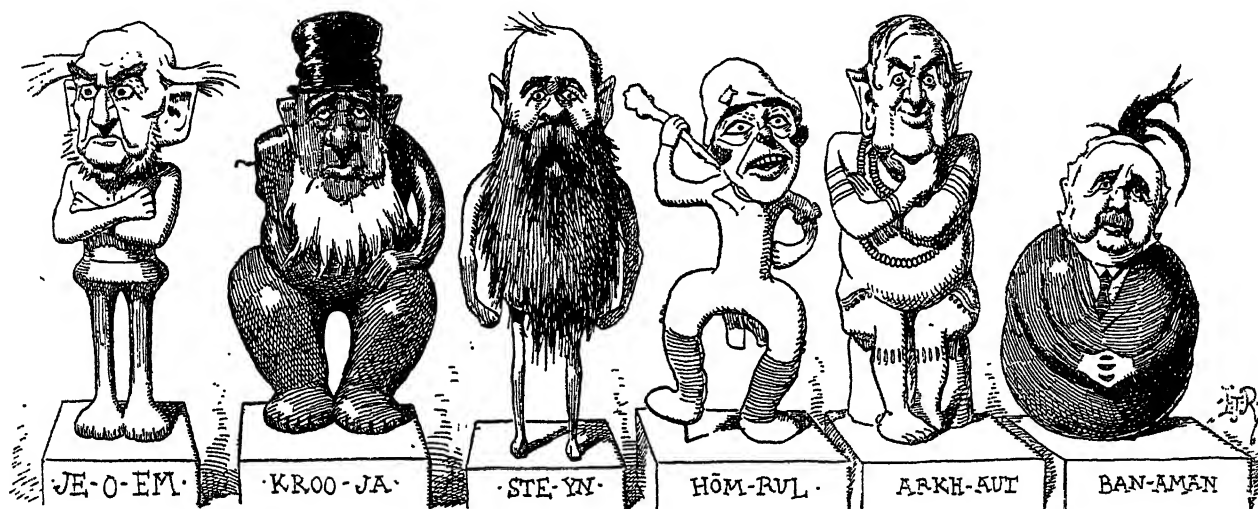
fellow countrymen are cruel, treacherous, thieves and murderers; all at expense of blameless natives.

DON JOSÉ almost sorry for Mr. LOUGH. With SYDNEY BUXTON the case different. He had been at the Colonial Office; must know something of the real state of things in Ashanti, of the difficulties and dangers with which the Colonial Office had to wrestle. These, in augmented measure, were inherited by the present Colonial Minister from his predecessors. Here followed withering denunciation of a Government which, whilst the scramble for Africa went on, did nothing, the result being that British Colonies were encroached upon, their value destroyed by the advance of other nations.

Drawing towards midnight when DON JOSÉ rose. A weary sitting; wrangling

Tuesday night.—"Tuppence more and up goes the donkey!" Thus REDMOND aîné, in correspondence with convenient persons in the United States and in speeches at St. Patrick Day's banquets. Of course doesn't use the classic phrase. What he says, *ore rotondo*, is that he and his more or less merry men, facing tyrannical Government with majority of 150, have in course of four short weeks reduced House of Commons to absurdity, overwhelmed Government with difficulty and embarrassment. Tuppence more in the hat, and patriotic Irishmen shall see what they shall see.

Speech and letters characteristically bombastic; substratum of truth underlies assertion. House to-night, as it was last night, in pitiable condition regarded from business point of view; progress



SOME "FETISHES" NOT WORSHIPPED BY KING JO-JO OF ASHANTI (AND ELSEWHERE).

On this pleasing picture falls the baneful shadow of the COLONIAL SECRETARY. All is changed; war succeeds peace; discord follows harmony; the sword of the executioner is looted, and eke the Golden Stool is withdrawn from beneath the sacred person of the KING.

"These things follow," said DON JOSÉ, looking round with penitential glance, "on the advent of the Bogey Man from the Colonial Office."

This pretty overture prelude to something resembling an Ashanti foray. Distinction between his two assailants cleverly, effectively marked. For the ignorance of Mr. LOUGH he had no feeling but one of infinite pity. Member for Islington knew nothing about Ashanti, or of the relations of the Colonial Office with it. Suffering from flux of talk, he must needs pour it forth whenever opportunity presented itself; the vote for Ashanti coming up for discussion, it served him as well as any other topic offering means of relief; also he had cherished opportunity of showing that on the West Coast of Africa, as in its Southern parts, his

about procedure up to eight o'clock, when business was commenced with a statement extending through the dinner hour explanatory of Naval Estimates; then Mr. LOUGH; next SYDNEY BUXTON, trying to walk on both sides of the road at the same time; then DON JOSÉ, in ominously smiling mood to begin with. Hasn't enjoyed himself so much for a long time; delight of defence of policy in South Africa pallied by repetition; Ashanti new ground; Opposition been nibbling at it for some time; questions suggesting existence of state of things Mr. LOUGH's fancy feigned have appeared on Paper. This the first full opportunity presented.

DON JOSÉ seized it by the hair, as they say in France. Metaphorically, as far as circumstances permit, he also took by the hair the Member for Islington and the Member for Tower Hamlets, banging their heads together by way of cadence to his fiery speech, much as in other climes the dancer beats time with cymbals held in either hand.

Business done.—Naval Estimates introduced.

with Votes slow and spasmodic. When one is submitted, reduction moved; long speech made; Minister in charge replies. If, as chances just now, the Minister be DON JOSÉ, Members on other side rise up and call him wicked. PRINCE ARTHUR after given interval glides in, moves the closure; two divisions, between them occupying half an hour, are taken. Another Vote submitted; performance repeated.

To-night new Member varied procedure by denouncing eminent City firm as a common gang of thieves and swindlers.

"Let me at them," he exclaimed. "Don't hold me back! Nothing I desire more than that they should bring against me charge of libel. But they won't. Police! Thieves! Swindlers!"

DON JOSÉ obligingly pointed out that new Member could readily obtain his heart's desire. Let him place in writing what he has just said, publish it out of doors, and he would swiftly find himself defendant in action for criminal libel. New Member glared at Colonial Secretary. "The right hon. gentleman," he said, "makes black white and white black."

Why," he cried, going off on a fresh tack, "he once slandered the soldiers of the Empire, the attack being based on anonymous correspondence."

What is to be done with new Member of this kind? J. W. LOWTHER regarded him curiously from the chair; called him to order several times; with difficulty induced to resume his seat whilst Chairman on his feet. Got up again; broke out in fresh place.

"I have," he said, slowly waving a pamphlet, "a document in my hand that would send these directors, if they were in this country, into penal servitude for many years."

That, as Mr. KIPLING occasionally observes, was another story. If allowed to go on unchecked, the new Member evidently the kind of man who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator. With difficulty closed and another attempt made to get to business.

Business done.—Very little.

Thursday night.—Great day for WILLIAM ALLAN, marine engine builder, poet, and ex-blockade runner. Ever since he came to Westminster has taken up his parable against the Belleville boiler. Boiler now bust; millions having been spent on it by successive administrations, committee of experts declare money wasted. Boiler not to be used any more in British Navy. But it *has* been used; all big battleships built in recent years have the Belleville boiler. What's to be done about them? is anxiously asked.

"Why, then," answers DOGBERRY (who sat on the Commission), "take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of great peril."

WILLIAM ALLAN, not satisfied with this shiftless proceeding, ruffles his hair, tangles his beard, draws himself up an inch or two above his superfluous six feet, and hails the Treasury Bench as if it were moored on the other side of the Thames. They must root out these boilers from every ship, beginning with the Royal Yacht.

"Come down like a man," he thundered at ARNOLD FORSTER, pale and trembling on the deserted Bench. "Frankly admit that the Department have made a colossal and costly mistake. Don't allow your *amour propre* to stand in the way."

"*Armour propre*," he called it, suggesting a new type of water-tube boiler.

Business done.—Talked away on divers subjects till midnight, when, settling down to work, took a few Votes and several divisions in report of Supply.

Friday night.—In Lords the other night F.-M. WOLSELEY lifted veil from inner sanctum of War Office, and disclosed SECRETARY OF STATE and Commander-in-Chief fighting each other instead of the Boer. RAGLAN interposed with testimony that so far from the two noble

Lords avoiding each other's society, they were in the habit of seeking it with a persistence embarrassing to the Under Secretary. His room lying between those of the two chiefs, he was constantly interrupted by them flying through in search of each other's counsel.

SARK tells me that whilst this story is true it is not complete. When the SECRETARY OF STATE rushed across to call upon his esteemed friend and colleague, he found the Commander-in-Chief had just rushed out to call on him; and *Vice Versa*, as Mr. ANSTAY says. Thus, like parallel lines, they never met.

LANSDOWNE, since gone to Foreign Office, seems to be pursued by similar malignant fate when he desires to observe ordinary condition of co-operation with his



"GRIEVANCES."

Mister O'Dowd. (A sketch in the House.)

colleague. Much angry talk about yesterday's performance in the Lords. FOREIGN SECRETARY, in pursuance of friendly arrangement with EARL SPENCER, made full communication about crisis at Tientsin. An hour later FIRST LORD OF TREASURY invited to make statement on subject to anxious Commons.

"Story! God bless you," cried PRINCE ARTHUR, in his astonishment looking curiously like a needy knife-grinder, "I have none to tell."

Members persisted. FOREIGN SECRETARY had been unreservedly communicative in other House, why should the Commons be kept in the dark on question of momentous importance?

"What communication?" PRINCE ARTHUR asked, in evident bewilderment. "I have heard nothing about it."

"Nor I," said Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

There matter left. House had time to ponder on strange ways of a Government that conducts its business in this fashion.

To-night C.-B. moves adjournment and Ministers get a brisk wiggling.

Business done.—At last in Committee on Navy Estimates.

A FLEET IN SEEMING.

(Showing the folly of wasting money on projectiles.)

THE gentlemen were elderly,
The gentlemen were wise,
And yet they stared in wonder at
The sights that met their eyes.
The Board of Admiralty they
Had planned a little trip
To ascertain the value of
A modern battle ship.

The ship lay snugly in the dock,
And so with one accord
The elderly wise gentlemen
Came presently on board.
They gazed in rapture at her bulk,
Her armour-plated sides,
Admitting that shipbuilding had
Made certainly great strides.

They peered into her turrets grim,
Her horrid guns they eyed,
And each the foremost Naval Power
In playful jest defied.
They clambered up, they tumbled
down,

They tramped from bow to stern,
The finest new equipment they
Beheld at every turn.

They worked a gun, the search-light
proved,
The signalling inspected,
And joyed to think what credit it
Upon themselves reflected.
But as they were about to leave
The warship for the shore,
They recollected they had missed
The ammunition store.

They called the officer in charge,
Their wish to him expressed,
And asked, in bygone phrase, to see
The ammunition chest.
The officer by shoulder-shrug
Its absence indicated,
And said, "Our ammunition, Sirs,
Is not yet fabricated."

The elderly wise gentlemen
Looked each the other at
In ill-concealed astonishment,
And murmured, "Fancy that!"
"But if," said one, "in action you
Were sent against the foe,
It surely would be safer to—
Load up a gun or so?"

The officer replied: "If we
Were into action sent, Sirs,
All moneys on projectiles would
Be very idly spent, Sirs,
For Naval experts all agree
We should not need a shot there,
For all our boilers would explode
Long, long before we got there.



SHEREDITY.

Lady. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THIS LITTLE GIRL IS FIT TO WAIT AT TABLE!"

Mother (proudly). "WELL 'M, SHE OUGHT TO BE, SEEN' AS 'OW 'ER FATHER 'AS BEEN A PLATE LAYER FOR FIVE AND TWENTY YEAR!"

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

HENCEFORTH, until the time of production, rehearsals will be the order of the day—and night. It is, perhaps, difficult to make the reader realize the quantity of hard work that will be gone through in these final weeks. The burden of this falls most heavily on that important individual, the stage-manager, unless one of the authors is a person of sufficient experience to take the production of the piece into his own hands.

Nor must we forget the assistant stage-manager, who in no small degree shares the responsibility of his superior officer.

Let us then just take a glance at the general surroundings amid which these operations are conducted.

The stage is wrapt in mystic gloom, save where a "T" of gas or electric light sheds its rays. Down by the footlights, which are not lit, is a diminutive table and a few chairs. Round these are grouped the stage-manager, authors, composers, etc. When the final rehearsals are on, however, as a rule, a temporary platform is erected over the centre of the orchestra for these individuals, so as to give more space on the stage.

The members of the chorus, when their services are not wanted, may be discerned sitting or wandering round the outskirts of the stage, while the principals go through their scenes in the centre.

So line by line the piece is plodded through,
With many a halt for "business" here and there;
And, oh! the feelings of the authors, who
Must frequently be driven to despair,
At seeing that on which they set great store
Ruthlessly "cut," to vanish evermore.

The arranger
of dances.

Anon the services will be required
Of him who guides the light fantastic toes;
With knowledge by Terpsichore inspired,
He will arrange full many a graceful pose.
And every kind of dance is in his line,
The double shuffle or the serpentine.

Thus hour by hour they work, and day by day,
No trifling point attention will escape;
Till gradually chaos will give way
To something that approaches form and shape.
And the stage-manager, deserving chap,
Has got another feather in his cap.

This is the sort of thing that goes on. We will presume that the Light Comedian and the Principal Girl are going through a scene in the centre of the stage.

Light Comedian (addressing Principal Girl). But do you mean to say, my dear VIOLET, that your father is very strict?

Principal Girl. Oh, he's simply dreadful!

Stage Manager (suddenly shouting to some of the chorus, who are conversing in audible whispers). Silence, if you please, ladies!

Light Comedian. Dear me, I shouldn't have thought it from his photos!

Principal Girl. I know, he *does* look benevolent; but it's all his whiskers.

Stage Manager (making notes on the "script"). Don't forget to cross at "whiskers," Miss BLANK.

Light Comedian. So he's a bit of a bear, eh? Well, perhaps that comes of being connected with the Stock Exchange.

One of the Authors (nervously interrupting). I don't think you put quite enough emphasis on the word "bear." There's meant to be a little point in that. Sort of play on words!

Light Comedian. I see!

[Repeats the line as required.]

Principal Girl. Oh, JACK, I don't understand anything about the Stock Exchange.

[*The Light Comedian delivers a rather lengthy but epigrammatic speech, comparing the Stock Exchange to a barometer.*]

Stage Manager. Yes, I think we'll cut that speech, if you don't mind. (*Murmur of mild expostulation from one of the authors.*) Really, my dear chap, it's much too clever for the audience here. We must have it out?

[*The Author retires crushed. The Light Comedian and Principal Girl continue their scene, which is at last brought to a satisfactory conclusion.*]

Stage Manager. Shan't want you any more to-day, Miss BLANK. (*Shouting*) Now then, ladies, please take your places for the Concerted Number!

Fair Damsel (approaching him). Please, Mr. JONES, may I have that line to speak after the opening chorus?

Stage Manager. Oh, don't worry, my dear girl; I can't settle that just now.

Some more Fair Damsels. Where are we to go for our second-act dresses, Mr. JONES?

Stage Manager. RUSSELL & TEWSON'S, any time to-morrow. Now then, ladies, if you please!

Low Comedian (suddenly making his appearance from the surrounding gloom, where he has been pacing up and down, wrapt in thought). One moment, Mr. JONES. I've just been thinking out a bit of business in my scene with Miss ASTERISK. You know where I say "No, it is in vain; you cannot move me. I am Irish!" Well, I want half-a-dozen of the chorus men, dressed as policemen, to come on and carry me off.

Stage Manager (dubiously). Seems a lot of trouble just for that one exit.

Low Comedian. Well, it will get me a big laugh.

Stage Manager. I'll see about it. Now then, ladies, if you please.

[*The rehearsal is continued.*]

Final Touches. And when at last the *première* draws nigh,
There's still more work, as you may understand;
The musical director, by-the-bye,
Will have to take the orchestra in hand.
Costumiers are "fitting on" with care,
And carpenters are busy ev'rywhere.

The Dress
Rehearsals.

Then come the dress rehearsals, two or more,
Which friendly critics watch with interest;
Turning the merits of each artiste o'er,
Discussing, too, which numbers are the best,
And will the piece give pleasure or offence
To the exacting first-night audience.

But if, at the eleventh hour, the play
Seems to be in an uncompleted state,
The new production very likely may
Be yet postponed until another date;
So as to run no risks of condemnation
Merely through insufficient preparation.

Still, even if the first-night verdict be
A most decidedly unpleasant one,
It does not follow, as a certainty,
The piece is not to have a longish run.
For it may be improved, and, more or less,
Worked up into a regular success.

We are now, gentle reader, approaching the last scene of all in this strange, eventful history. All true lovers of the drama are aware of the atmosphere of excitement and expectation which prevails at such a time. There is nothing else quite like it. Indeed, a visit to the *théâtre* on a first-night is as different from a visit on any ordinary occasion as champagne is from barley-water.

(To be concluded.)

P. G.

BUSINESS EXPERIENCES OF THE HON. THOMAS CASH.

By E. T. H.

I DETERMINED that MACDONALD should be conscious of a master eye upon him, and for the ensuing month I can truthfully say that there were few days of which I did not pass some part in the brewery or its immediate vicinity; but it was a mistake.

I have never pretended that I had any special acquaintance with the merely technical side of brewing. It is not yet included in the curriculum of the older Universities, whatever Birmingham may do, and as I have already indicated that I had dropped mathematics at about the point where we learn x to be an unknown quantity, xxx appeared trebly mysterious. But it was no part of my plan to admit this to

to me at once. I think he must have suspected some evasion, for on Thursday he sent up a note by the office-boy to ask me to send him word "what percentage of protenoids I considered normal." This was an awkward fix, and I did not quite see my way. I had not the least notion what protenoids might be. My dictionary, which I hastily consulted under cover of my blotter, did not mention the ridiculous things, but judging from the uncouthness of the name they must be something undesirable, and everything undesirable is always present in large quantities. However, even with this to guide me I dare not risk a number, so I ultimately wrote, "It is a matter much disputed, but I think PASTEUR'S estimate was correct"—as indeed I have no doubt it was, if he ever made one on the subject. The office-boy took the note, and as he opened the door into the brewery, I opened the one into the street.



THE UNIVERSITY (SUB-RIVER) BOAT-RACE. A.D. 1950.

MACDONALD, and I was unfortunately able on one occasion to set him right on a point of chemistry. His detestable self-love was instantly up in arms, and that was my last day of peace.

Very early in the following morning (Tuesday) I found him waiting for me, to ask "whether all ordinary soluble albumenoids were capable of peptonic modification." Fortunately this question was couched in a form to which a single affirmative seemed a sufficient answer, and I gave it unhesitatingly. I could not gather much from his face, and I did not wait to see as I had a train to catch, but I hoped the success of the day's brew would not turn on its correctness.

On Wednesday morning he wanted to know "if I believed in NÄGELI'S molecular-physical theory of fermentation!" I felt safer here: nothing could turn upon a mere matter of opinion, and with a firmness born of conscious veracity—for I certainly never believed in anything so preposterously named—I replied in the negative, asking him to kindly tell the cashier to come

It was with considerable misgivings that I entered the brewery on Monday, but my mind was already made up, and when MACDONALD button-holed me in the course of the morning, and peering at me over his boulders of cheek-bones desired me to explain to him the old theory that "fermentation was due to oxidising azotised matter acting by catalytic influence on the tertiary sugar," I put him firmly on one side, went home, caught the three o'clock train to Harwich, and was in Rotterdam next morning. It is well to keep a finger on the throbbing pulse of trade, but a clinical thermometer under MACDONALD'S tongue, thrust well home, would at the moment have seemed to me even better.

But when one's heart is in any occupation even distance and change of scene build up feeble barriers, and as it happened I was able to go on with my work through making the acquaintance of a Rotterdam brewer. He was no sort of business man, for he would sometimes spend from ten o'clock in the morning to

five at night in his office, and even then have to go again next day, but during such leisure as I had in a month's residence, he instructed me in the Continental decoction or cooking method of brewing, and I took occasion to write to MACDONALD and ask if he did not think this system would lead to larger extracts.

I had no reply and was congratulating myself that this display of technical knowledge had impressed him, when suddenly received a wire from PELOW, "Come at once, something wrong." Anyone less able than PELOW to cope with an emergency I never knew. He met me at the station with the news that MACDONALD had not been seen for several days, and that a letter for me from him had just arrived. It briefly thanked me for my hint about the cooking methods, and said it did enable one to increase the extract. I was a little puzzled about this until GUNTER, at my request, came down to look into the accounts and cash, and then I understood: the cooking was admirably thorough, and the extracts had been enormous.

If I had known GUNTER did not want to come, I would not have invited him; but he should either have refused altogether or come in a better temper. He seemed to think I was in some way to blame, and although this was obviously unreasonable, his jaundiced view of the matter had perhaps some influence in determining a step which I had been meditating for some time, nothing else, in fact, than to do without a manager entirely and do all the work myself.

PELOW endeavoured to dissuade me, saying he did not think I could do it; but I was not to be shaken, and to his further remonstrances replied that at least nobody would suffer but myself. He did not assent to this self-evident proposition, merely making some irrelevant remark to the effect that "he supposed then he could go to the sea-side," but I checked this talk by asking if he meant to leave me in the lurch just when I was undertaking a task which he had himself hinted might prove beyond my strength. I have never denied that PELOW is good-natured, although he lacks enthusiasm and initiative, and I think this touched him. He and GUNTER dined with me that evening, and after dinner I laid before them my plan.

It was this. I would convert my business into a private limited company. GUNTER and PELOW should be the two other Directors, with a merely nominal holding, and receiving the sum of one guinea per board meeting for their services. This was more than GUNTER was worth, but I did not wish to make any invidious distinctions. I would be Chairman, and would give my services gratuitously until the shareholders had received ten per cent. I would myself hold all the shares. Seeing that he was salaried and I was not, PELOW would act as Secretary. Board meetings would be held once a week, the Secretary and one other Director to form a quorum.

I still think that this scheme ought to have worked, for it seemed to me well thought out, but I admit that in practice it did not. In the first place GUNTER's attendance was most irregular. He was only present at ten meetings in the first year, with the result that at only that number was a quorum obtainable. Then PELOW took an exceedingly narrow view of the duties of a Secretary, and was often absent from the brewery for whole days, so that I never really had any trustworthy accounts of what was taking place there. In the next place, I began to receive complaints of the quality of the ale. Several customers complained that it was "hard," and although I gave instructions that softer water should be used this did not seem to produce the desired effect. Another wrote asking with superficial politeness that his next delivery might be first hung on a clothes-line to let the surplus water drip out. The beer began to be returned on our hands to such an alarming extent that I looked into the matter myself, and called in a brewery specialist.

After exhaustive examination, this gentleman gave it as his opinion that if I would give over using my present hops, buy some different malt, change the yeast, and sink a new well for purer water, I should at once feel the benefit, and that then it

would only be necessary to adopt a different principle of brewing and alter my system of fermentation. I paid a heavy fee for this encouragement, and neither PELOW nor GUNTER—although as salaried officials they were more responsible than I was—would contribute a single sixpence towards it.

GUNTER, however, did undertake to make up the year's accounts, and the result was most disheartening, disclosing as it did that the profits were not sufficient to enable the directors' fees to be paid. It is a selfish world, and I could not under the circumstances blame my co-directors for wishing to withdraw; but I might surely have expected that they would do so without levity. A fishing engagement prevented my attending the next Board meeting, but PELOW supplied me with a copy of the resolutions passed at it, which were as follows:—

1. That it has been proved to the satisfaction of the directors that this company, by reason of its liability to the errors of the Chairman, cannot continue its business.
2. That an Extraordinary General Meeting—that is to say a meeting at which the Chairman shall be present—be called to consider the question of liquidation.
3. That the liquid assets, if no better than the sample supplied this day in the Board-room, be drunk by the Chairman.

There was only one way of treating the matter with dignity, and I did that at once. I purchased the one or two shares possessed by the other nominal shareholders, and the business once more became my sole property. A little more, and PELOW would have ruined it.

I had now pretty well exhausted the resources of civilisation in dealing with this matter. It is true I had not tried the co-operative principle, but a brief consideration convinced me that inasmuch as all previous schemes had split upon the rock of my failure to find loyal coadjutors, there would be little hope in that direction. I should doubtless have conquered the difficulty, as I have always done all others, but it happened that just at this time I met MENZIES. MENZIES had been at school with me, but had left comparatively early to take up a position in his father's distillery, and he had spent seven years in that occupation before a crisis in the whiskey trade involved him in ruin. He was now a temperance lecturer.

I came across him through the accident of his delivering in my neighbourhood an address, at which curiosity and the attraction of his name led me to be present. It was a very powerful lecture entitled "Alcohol and Commonsense," and the reasoning by which he demonstrated that if all the money at present spent in drink was expended in the purchase of motor cars (the chief industry of the district) there would be such a demand for those articles as would ruin the trade in horses, was very well received by everyone except the local veterinary surgeon, who left the room. I recalled myself to MENZIES' memory at the conclusion of the proceedings, and he stayed with me for two days: during this time the temperance question was frequently discussed in all its bearings, with the singular result that whilst he convinced me that I ought not to go on profiting by the sale of beer, I convinced him that it was a trade which in the hands of an advocate of teetotalism would be powerful for good.

Under these circumstances a business arrangement seemed possible, and with the help of Messrs. PINTÉ & PUETA, who negotiated a considerable loan, one was ultimately carried out. MENZIES took over my business, paying me (by means of the loan) half the purchase-money in cash, and the balance I left in his hands at 7 per cent., a satisfactory rate of interest. I was very restless while the negotiations and formalities were being carried through, but at length everything was completed, I attached my signature to a number of formidable documents, and walked away from my solicitor's office with the proud consciousness that, if I had sacrificed my prospects, I was no longer profiting by any man's weaknesses.

I think MENZIES must be doing well. He has never objected to the rate of interest, and pays it regularly.

STEAMBOAT AHOY!

WHETHER the L. C. C., the preamble of whose Bill was last Thursday declared not proven by the Committee, will ultimately gain command over a fleet of River Steamers or not, the one question that concerns Londoners is—cannot some Company, no matter what, as long as it is a thoroughly business-like and sensible one, give us Londoners a real good all-the-year-round service of well-appointed, cleanly-kept steamboats, built on lines similar to those on the Seine, with dapper and civil officials on board, with covered in piers and landing stages along the river route from Putney to Gravesend, and another service from Putney to Richmond, up to Oxford? And why not first and second class as on the steamers between Folkestone and Boulogne, Calais and Dover?

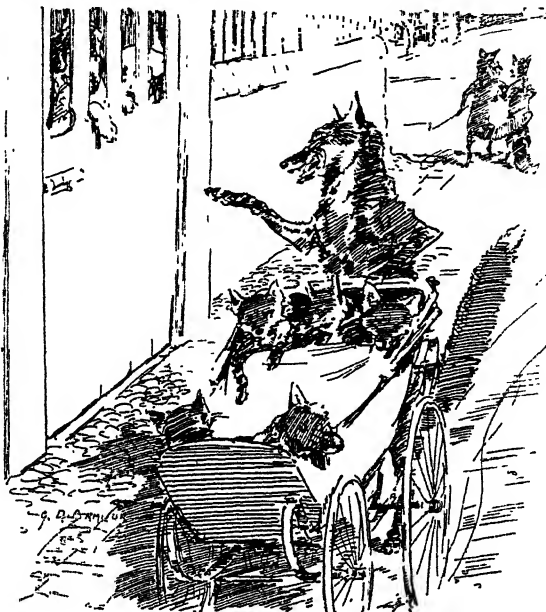
Such as the steamers have been "they were better than nothing at all," as the refrain of the old comic song had it; but they were absolutely impossible, that is, as a rule, and at certain hours, for ladies. The rough-and-tumble element (not by any means the river itself, seldom restless and tossing) predominated, and the rowdiness of the 'ARRY when his work was over and his life was worth living for him, made, temporarily, life for quiet, respectable citizens on board these crowded steamboats not worth living by any manner of means.

Father Thames, mudd-brained as he is, must see to it, and good energetic citizens must wake up Father Thames & Co. to a sense of their responsibility as by-water-carriers, for the benefit of all classes.

ON DIT.—If it be true that Mr. ABBEY has received a Royal command to paint the Coronation, it is quite in the fitness of things that, dropping all other *pré-noms*, he should be henceforth distinguished "Westminster Abbey, Junior."

A PAGE OF SCHOLASTIC RECORDS.—A Footman has been recently appointed Headmaster of S. David's College School. May he be as successful as was a Butler at Harrow.

END OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



"SO-LONG! SEE YOU ALL IN AUTUMN!"



"THIS CONFOUNDED TRANSFORMATION IS GOING TO BE MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT LOOKS."

[It is proposed to change the quarry of the Royal Hunt from Stag to Fox.]

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD FRIEND.

DEAR old HAROLD POWER! "Old!" Never a day older than when—it seems but a few years ago—he played *Cox* to the *Box* of GEORGE DU MAURIER and to the *Sergeant Bouncer* of "JOHNNIE" FORSTER in the triumphetta of *Cox and Box*, for which ARTHUR SULLIVAN wrote such humorous, melodious, and dramatic music, as in his best days he himself rarely, if ever, surpassed. HAROLD POWER, the kindest of men, and, in his best health, one of the very brightest as he was one of the most amusing, was the last of those who belonged to what may be called "the ALBERT SMITH group," representing a kind of practical fun and boisterous humour that died out entirely with the author of *Mr. Ledbury*, *The Pottleton Legacy*, and with the extinction of the *Cider Cellars*, *Evans's*, and the *Fast-After-Midnight Life* in London.

HAROLD POWER, though good as an actor and entertainer, was best as an amateur, acting on the spur of the moment, saying and doing the absurdest things with the greatest possible gravity. He was associated with "Mr. Punch's young men" when they played for the BENNETT benefit in Manchester, where, with his acting and singing in *Les Deux Aveugles*, with his after-supper speeches, and with his imperturbable good humour, he was the life and soul of the party generally, and of the house-party at "JOHN HENRY'S" in particular. The greatest sympathy will be felt for his family in their bereavement, and we hasten to pay this tribute of affectionate esteem to the memory of one who was reckoned as within the private circle of Mr. Punch's intimate friends.

PLEASANT COMPANIONS.—Socialistic and Revolutionary "Demonstrators." Suggestive descriptive title is the foregoing, as being a composite word made up of "Demons" and "Traitors." Cheerful association!

CITY NOTE.—As a rule, going in for "specs" is a very short-sighted policy.

ART IN THE DOLLS' HOUSE.

BY LITTLE QUEENIE.

§ 1.—*About the Need for Improvement.*

DEAR readers, when I laid down my pen after telling you all about the two highly important subjects of Nursery Cookery and Ettiket, I fondly immagined that it was for ever—but it has turned out otherwise!

I have been so suxessful in doing up my doll'shouse in a thurally artistic fashion, and I recieve such lots of apeals from cusins and similiar quarters to advise them about fernishing theirs that I have reluctantly consented to do so in these pages.

Now, perhaps some children (like MARIA STODGELEY) will say what *does* it matter how hijeous doll's fernicher etcettera is so long as the dolls are *comfortible*; but this is what grown-ups would call a falasy that begs to be questioned. It *does* matter, tremenjously.

Is it not a shame that Dolls should be so behind the time, and that, while us children have the advantiges of easthetic wallpapers and freezes and overmantles and Art roking-horses and chintses and things, and our Mamas sit in rooms abounding with Maurice curtains and Chipindale sofas and LIBATY cosy corners and potery on brakets and commie china pussies and every other luxry, our dolls should still be compelled to reside in houses which are too Erly Victorian for words?

All grown-up and thoughtfull persons will tell you how esenshil it is if we are to mold the charicters of the young and instill them with noble and lofty asperations that they should be surrounded from infansy with butiful objects. Then they grow up to be faultless judges and have such exqisite taste that they never aprove of anything, like my Uncle FILIBERT who writes the sweetest sonets and colects china and says all effort is useless because Art and Literature are both quite dead.

But if we go on alowing our dolls to dwell in Filistine surroundings, how *can* we be surprized if they do not look more inteligent or if they are deficient in jeneril culcher?

§ 2.—*The Tippicle Dolls' House.*

Let us exsamine for a moment the apearence, both outside and in, of the convenshunil Dolls' House.

The front is painted the inevitible stairing red, with white round the windows, the door and balkny being a krude peagrene; the knoker gilt and of some cheap and inartistic patern which will not knock. The droin-room windows are curtined with mashine-made lace or else *crochy*.

We enter, having first previously unhooked the front (for the door is a paultry shamb!) and what do we find? An interior divided into four compartments, like a rabbit hutch. [FLORRIE BUCKMASTER *did* keep rabbits in her dolls' house for a time—but it was not a suxess.] There is no trace of any hall, or even passidge. There are no doors, so if a droin-room doll *should* find herself in the kitchen or nursery by any chance, there she has got to remane till some cumpationat hand releases her to her propper sfer!

And the wall-papers! Gordy yuge paterns which most house-maids would shuder at on their bedrooms walls. As for the carpsits, they will either be painted seppilkers or else peices of oilclothes. Are there any windows at the sides or back? No, there are not. Well, at *least* there are stares? No, the clever grownups who bild these atosities have left out the stares. They do not seem aware that dolls (mostly) posess legs!

Then the fernicher. Think of the droin-room, with its mene little mantlepeice which never *will* go close up to the wall and has red tinsle fire in it! The round table—in the center, if you please!—and a sofa of a similiar patern to the one at our last seaside lodjins, which made mummy so ill she had to buy an Itallian rug to cover it up with and it was all Father's

fault for taking the first rooms he saw to save himself trubble and because they were cheap!

Regard the six chares, all exactly alike, red or green sattin and white wood; the pianno that won't even open (though I wouldn't mind if *we* had one of that sort in our scoolroom!) and the pictuers on the walls, hung crookid and jenerilly oliografts by artists of no repputation!

Let my readers who think this discripshun exajerated give an imparshil glance at their own dolls' houses, and then see if it is not corect—and this is the best room out of four!

Yet it is in such squoller as this that the majority of our dolls pass their lives in! Sometimes I hear Father talking about the necessity of rehousing the Poorer Classes, but I think Dolls require it much more because they are less able to make their voices heard.

§ 3.—*About Eforts at Better Things.*

I don't mene of course that *all* dollshouses are as badly bilt as this. Within my own reccollection there have sprung up in our midst edifshes with more claim to be called arkitecshur. FILLIS CLOVER has one she is awfully proud of and it really is *rather* nice. It has a blue sloping roof with real windows and chimnies in it, a portico with steps up to it and a dear little ellectric bell which really rings, and there is a passidge and stares and doors to open and shut in every room.

But as I told FILLIS (and it did make her so crosso) the passidge is too dredfully pokey and there are no bannisters to the stares and a visitor would have to rech the droinroom through a hole in the floor—which peple do not do in Society.

Now my own Papa is an Arkitect and very clever. He is always doing plans for Goverment bildings only there is so mnch favoritism that only the Old Gang and Rank Outsiders get chosen.

So I said to him one day, "Dear Papa, if nobody *else* will give you a job, I will. Suppose you sit down and do me a design for a really convenient dollshouse?"

Papa laufed, but did it and it really was *too* sweet, with a Queen Ann porteh and the most facinating ho-windows and little curved balknies and a lovely wide starecase and curly bannisters and a conservitry and well—everything.

I was perficly delited with it, only when I took the desine to a toyshop man and asked what it would cost to make up he said it would work out at about fifty pound.

So I was obliged to tell Papa that as I had only seven and sixpence (counting the half-crown Aunt Mary gives me on my next birthday) I was *afraide* his desine was beyond my menes at present, and Papa laufed and said I reminded him of his other cliants.

I shall have to save up for severil years before I shall have enough to bild Papa's desinc for a dollshouse, but in the mone-time I resolved to make the best of my old one. So I called in a particler friend of mine, REGGY SAWYER, who is very clever with his fingers and has just had a new toolbox, and I told REGGY what impruvments I wanted done and he did it.

First he threw out two wings with wood made out of Father's sigar boxes (after carefully putting all the sigars back in the cubbard again) and REGGY got the glass for the windows out of fotoframes in the droinroom. After cuting through the partishun on the ground floor, he constructed a splendid hall and starecase. The bannisters were rather a bother at first, till I reccollected that there were gilded ralings round some Louey Cans tables and things in the droin-room, and these, with a little twisting, made a highly efective ballastrade. We found a cabbinet of soft white wood contaning trays of meddles and things which were no use, and the wood was just enough to make a top story.

When Papa found out, he said it would have been almost cheaper to have carrid out his orijinil plans but I fansy he was secretly plesed with our injinuity—though not Mother.

So now I was the posessor of a really roomy and convenient



HAUNTED.

dollshouse, and the next stage was the dekoration of which I shall trete in a subsequent paper. I will only add that if any of my readers are dissatisfied with their dolls' present surroundings and would like to give them the opportunity to lede higher lives and things, will they plesse write, inclosing a stamp (unused and not a forrin one) which will not be returned under any circumstances to Little QUEENIE, care of Mr. Punch, Esq., 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, and I will endeavor to anser them in these collums.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
SECOND SERIES.

III.—THE ELIZABETH SECTION.

[Continued from March—with further acknowledgments to the respective Authors of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," and "The Visits of Elizabeth." Extracts from the former's Diary and the latter's Letters are given alternately, the younger Elizabeth being on a visit to the elder Elizabeth.]

MARCH 17TH.—I remember reading in a wise book that a fresh acquaintance coming among close friends is always a bore. Well, ELIZABETH is the fresh acquaintance, and the close friends are myself and I, which includes my garden and my books. I really believe the babies dimly understand, and are doing their best to act as buffers. The Michaelmas Goose baby, whose equilibrium is still unstable, drags ELIZABETH about by her skirts, singing lustily her favourite Sunday hymn—"Some day my earthly house will fall!" Yesterday, the March Hare baby tried to distract our visitor by an invitation to a game of Adam and Eve in the garden. "And you shall pwetend to be EVA, if you like, Fräulein ELSE," she said, encouragingly.

"But wouldn't it be rather cold?" protested ELIZABETH.

The March Hare baby, who is much less ingenuous than ELIZABETH, grew red in the cheeks and said, "You keeps your fings on, natürlich. It looks properlier."

"And how will you do for a serpent?" asked ELIZABETH, whose nature is sadly reliant on the concrete, and cannot realise the unseen world.

"We've got a weal live snake," said the May Meeting baby, "but it's gestuft, so you won't be bited."

"And I will be the Apfel," added the March Hare baby, "and when you eats me I will unagreeo wiv you insides."

"But there isn't anybody to be ADAM," said ELIZABETH, thinking to raise an insurmountable difficulty.

The March Hare baby dealt with it promptly and conclusively, not without some show of pity for ELIZABETH's limited intelligence. "The Gartner, he will be ADAM," she said: "ADAM, in Mummy's story was a Gartner, auch."

The principal rôles being thus distributed, with the other babies as mute supers representing the Lion pensive beside the Lamb, symbols of the peace of Eden about to be so rudely disturbed, I was able to retire to what the play-bill would call "Another glade in Paradise," and talk in solitude with my larches. But that remark of ELIZABETH's kept preying on my mind—"There isn't anybody to be Adam!" Such a want of imagination; and such a confession of a woman's standard of desire as popularly accepted! I shall certainly have to telegraph for the Man of War. For either he would consent to be amused by a kind of humour that differs essentially from mine, or else, if she failed to win him from his iron mood, he would direct her attention, with paralysing frankness, to the limited purpose served by all women in any decently ordered scheme of society.

22ND.—Dearest Mamma,—You can't think what a dismal time I am having. Some stodgy Fraus have called, but nothing in the shape of a man. And even then I didn't count because I

wasn't married; as if one could possibly marry a German, anyhow. What an awful price to pay for being allowed into their cackling old hen yards! One of the frumps was talking of a French girl, in Berlin, whose engagement with a German officer was broken off because he saw her trying to climb on to the top of a tram-car. "Wasn't it real lace," I asked, "or was her ankle too bulgy?" All the three Fraus turned round with a jerk and put up their glasses at me, and then looked at the Gräfin, as much as to say, "What is this thing?" So the Gräfin explained to me that the French girl, being a foreigner like me, didn't know that the law wouldn't let women ride on the top of trams, because it was bad for morals. Aren't they funny, Mamma? I know I should always be in prison or somewhere if I lived here; not that it would make much difference, after being in this house.

I don't so much mind the plain living, and I could easily do without stupid damsons and things with my beef; but it's what she calls the "high thinking" that is so difficult. Of course, I don't often say aloud what I'm thinking about, but I know, by the Gräfin's eye, that she can always tell that it isn't high enough. Don't be surprised, will you, Mamma, if I telegraph some day for you to write and tell me to come home? The only thing that consoles me here is looking forward to the Man-of-War coming. Meantime I'm wearing to a thread, and CÉLESTINE talks of taking in my waists, and I really ought to be as fat as possible to please the Man-of-War, because they must be used to the natives being podgy. So I shall go in for what they call Swine-cutlets and Munich Beer, which are very developing.

Your affectionate daughter,
ELIZABETH.

26TH.—I cannot pretend to be very sorry that ELIZABETH has suddenly announced that she has to leave the day after tomorrow; besides, I can now wire to the Man of War to say that he need not come; and so I shall have the pink silence of the pines all to myself. I really had tried to improve her by simple processes like the sight of a sunset through woods; and when I saw a far-away look in her eyes I thought I was having a certain success, till she said, "I do like that; I simply must have a gown of that shade." Failing here I was not likely to succeed on subtler points, such as the alertness of tulips or the stooping divinity of nasturtiums.

I think myself fortunate to have got rid of ELIZABETH so easily. For a big girl, she is much too aggressively innocent. I always suspect people of that kind; they seem like Persian Yellows, very plausible to the careless eye, but with strange crawling things inside them when you look closer.

And now to go and dance with my daffodils!

28TH.—Dearest Mamma, thank you for answering my telegram so quickly, and telling me I may come home at once, I will explain why. Such a funny thing happened four days ago. It came out as quite the most natural thing in the world that the Gräfin is married to the Man-of-War! You can guess how staggered I was and nearly choked over my Swine-cutlet, because it sounded just like a harem, or something of that sort, only the other way about. I had hardly breath enough to ask if this was the same Man-of-War that she was expecting to-morrow, and the Gräfin looked quite surprised and said how could there be more than one Man-of-War, and I didn't know whether she meant that the German fleet was so small, but anyhow I agreed with her that one Man-of-War was quite enough to be married to at once, though I didn't say so. And then it struck me that if they were all married to her, all the officers, I mean, there would be nobody left over for me, besides it not being quite nice for me to stay in a house with a hostess married to so many people, though CÉLESTINE says it wouldn't include the warrant-officers; but then she is so selfish and only thinks about herself. And that's why I sent you the telegram, and please expect me soon after this arrives. Of course, I always said the Gräfin was a stuffy old bore, but

I never should have thought she was *quite* so wicked. I almost wonder you let me come here at all, don't you, Mamma? And fancy me being afraid that the Man-of-War might turn out to be an innocent bulb, and I remain,

Your affectionate daughter,
O. S. ELIZABETH.

JEERS, IDLE JEERS!

MINE is, alas! a flippant muse,
If she's a heart she does not show it,
So she and I have different views;
I want to be a *real* poet!
I want my verses to be read
With tears by men of lofty station,
I want a statue, when I'm dead,
Erected by a grateful nation!

I'm sick of writing ribald rhymes,
I'm tired of cutting humorous capers,
I want my poems in *The Times*
And all the other daily papers.
Like LEWIS MORRIS I will sing
—At quite unusual length—of Hades.
The critics say that sort of thing
Is very much admired by ladies.

With WILLIAM WATSON I'll declaim
Armenia's woes and make you shudder,
Or rival EDWIN ARNOLD'S fame,
By writing further reams on Buddha.
I feel a playwright's fire in me,
I do not hesitate to say it;
I'll write a blank verse tragedy
And Mr. BEERBOHM TREE shall play it.

I'll turn out patriotic lays,
And make the music-halls recite them;
They'll win me universal praise—
And almost any fool can write them.
My lyrics shall surpass belief,
I'll shine alike in song and sonnet;
And when my country comes to grief
I'll write a threnody upon it.

Till AUSTIN, weary of the way
Those wicked critics daily twit him,
Will lay aside his wreath of bay
—Which really never seems to fit him.
Then all the other bards who try
To seize the crown will be rejected,
For nobody can doubt that I
Shall be the gentleman selected.

The papers will be charmed to hear
That one fine morning I've been
knighted,
And later, when I'm made a peer,
They will be equally delighted.
And when my day of death is come
I shall, I hope, like Master HORNER,
Pluck from life's pie one final plum
Serenely in the Poet's Corner.

St. J. H.

MAXIM BY GERMAN EMPEROR.—“Bring up a boy in the way he should go, and he won't throw things at a reigning monarch.” [N.B. Other Royalties please copy.]



A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Liz (to Emily). “MIND YER, IT'S ALL ROIGHT SO FUR AS IT GOES. ALL I SEZ IS, IT WANTS A FEVVER OR TWO, OR A BIT O' PLUSH SOMEWHARES, TO GIVE IT WHAT I CALL *STOYLE!*”

THE LATEST SENSATION.

[“With a view to assisting the police, a society of amateur detectives has been formed to arrest persons of suspicious appearance.”—*Daily Paper.*]

I HAVE got him at last! I have been following him for the past ten days, hour by hour and step by step. It was a near thing when I tracked him to refreshment department of the Victoria and Albert Museum; it was nearer still when I ran him to earth at Clapham Junction. But he slipped through my fingers on both occasions. Curse him, he is as slippery as DE WET. But my moment of triumph has arrived. In a few minutes I shall have taken him and shown that an amateur is quite as good as one of the brightest lights of the Criminal Investigation Department. Ah, my good Scotland Yard, look to your laurels!

I am watching for him. For the moment he has entered a public-house. This is not his first visit. But I hope it will be his last!

He comes out. I dodge him, ready at

a moment's notice to pounce. We look round cautiously, as if we were expecting someone.

We walk carefully one before the other both keenly on the alert. Suddenly he turns round, and now we are face to face. I rush at him. He rushes at me. There is a terrible struggle, but I have the better of it.

“I arrest you!” I exclaim, with as much dignity as I can muster after a quarter of an hour's fight.

“Nonsense!” cries my capture. “Nonsense!” “Who are you?”

“I am a member of the Amateur Detective Force, and I regard you as a suspicious character.”

“I deny your authority. Moreover, I arrest you.”

“Arrest me?”

“Yes; because I am a *real* detective, and consider you a suspicious character.” I submit quietly.

P.S.—Waiting at a police station for someone to bail me out! Take my name off the Amateur Detective League to-morrow!

THE SPLENDID BANKRUPT.

(Being a Hint to our Legislators and a Reminder to the Official Receiver.)

UNDER its spreading bankruptcy
The village mansion stands ;
Its lord, a mighty man is he,
With large, broad-acred lands ;
And the laws that baulk his creditors
Are strong as iron bands.

His laugh is free and loud and long,
His dress is spick-and-span ;
He pays no debt with honest sweat,
He keeps whate'er he can,
And stares the whole world in the face,
For he fears not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
Prince-like he runs the show ;
And a round of social gaieties
Keeps things from getting slow—
As the agent of his wife, of course,
His credit's never low.

His children, coming back from school,
Bless their progenitor,
Who's ruffling at the yearly rate
Of fifteen thou. or more,
Nor care they how his victims fly
To the workhouse open door.

He goes on Sunday to the church
With all whom he employs,
To hear the parson pray and preach,
Condemning stolen joys ;
It falls like water off his back—
His conscience ne'er annoys.

Scheming, promoting, squandering,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some "deal" begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Some coup attempted, someone "done,"
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus in the busy City life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus does the Splendid Bankrupt thrive
While honest fools get nought !

A. A. S.

CONCERNING THE CENSUS.

SCENE.—*The sanctum of Paterfamilias.*
TIME.—*The morning for national statistics.*

Head of the Family (after filling in form).
Now, Cook, I think I have all the details.
Cook. Yes, Sir, same as last time you took it.

Head. And your age?

Cook. Same too, Sir, if you please, Sir.
[Exit cook.]

Head (turning to guest). And now, my dear Miss LUCY, I am afraid I must be very inquisitive. You have most kindly filled in the blanks—all but the age.

Miss Lucy. There's my difficulty, I am not quite sure of the year. My birthday was on the 27th.

Head. Yes, but that is scarcely a guide.

Can you remember any event to fix it in your mind? For instance, there was the Paris Exhibition of last year.

Miss Lucy. Oh, I didn't see it; but I remember the one before it.

Head. That will help us—eleven years ago.

Miss Lucy. And I thought it so different from our own one. I remember, as quite a wee wee child, the Crystal Palace.

Head. No doubt at Sydenham?

Miss Lucy. Wasn't it in Hyde Park?

Head. Yes, that was in 1851. Oh, if you remember that, you must be —

Miss Lucy (interrupting). Oh, pray don't worry about dates. (Smiling) I see I must tell you the truth, so please put me down at five and twenty.

(Curtain.)

A LIFE TAX.

["At a meeting of the Colchester Town Council it was announced that owing to the remarkably healthy state of the borough the cemetery was no longer self-supporting and had to be maintained out of the rates."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

O FAVOURED town, such health to know
As crowns Hygeia's rose-white brow,
Thy secret to the world avow.

Thou hast no traffic's crowd to cross,
Which means so often certain loss
Of life beneath the hoof of hoss.

Nor flats built half-way to the skies,
To toil up which the strongest tries ;
Such flats are death-traps in disguise.

Perchance no motors chase the wind
And leave (besides the smell) behind
A track of over-run mankind.

And is thy beer from arsenic free?
Thy water germless? And is the
Milk pure and wholesome as can be?

Or is it that thy people must
Not in thy town return to dust
To baulk An Undertaker's Trust?

NATURE'S ALLY.

["It is proposed to illuminate the Yosemite Falls, California, by twenty are electric lights arranged for colour effects. The falls are 2600 feet high."—*The Globe.*]

OH, who shall dare in after days
To pipe a song in Nature's praise?
Nature, who really seems afraid
To push her little stock-in-trade.
Old are her hills, her valleys, too,
In all her works there's nothing new.
But what is sadder to relate
She will not bring them up to date.
She forms a mountain and then fails
To furnish it with train and rails.
She takes decades to mould a crater
And then forgets the elevator.
Such carelessness, pray, who could
pardon?

She wonderfully plans a garden,
A natural haven of delight
And overshadows it by night,

Leaving the Yankee, most Twen-centy,
To fit it up with arc lights twenty.
So now the works you can compare
Of Nature with the millionaire.
How faint the glories of the skies
Compared with Yankee enterprise!
We wait to see Niagara's Falls,
Supplied with countless music halls.
For where exhausted Nature ends
America assistance lends.

WHAT IT MUST NEVER COME TO.

A purely imaginary Sketch.

LECTURER.—Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, as you have seen a crater in action and other interesting matters of a purely public character, I will show you what I may call the private side of life. Here we have Mr. BROWN proposing to Miss SMITH. (Illustration.) You will notice that the bridegroom-elect—for so he will be by-and-bye—is a little nervous. He has knocked over a chair—(laughter)—and has some difficulty in falling upon his knees. (Laughter.) He takes her hand, presses it to his heart and—well, we can imagine the rest. (Applause.) And now, while we are preparing our next illustration, I can let you into the secret of how these things are done. Like all great discoveries, the matter is simplicity itself. All we have had to do has been to arrange an automatic apparatus, which records what is going on in the apartment in which it is fixed. Quite simple, and yet wonderful. Now we shall be able to proceed. Our next illustration is the execution of the Rottenborough Murderer. (Loud applause.)

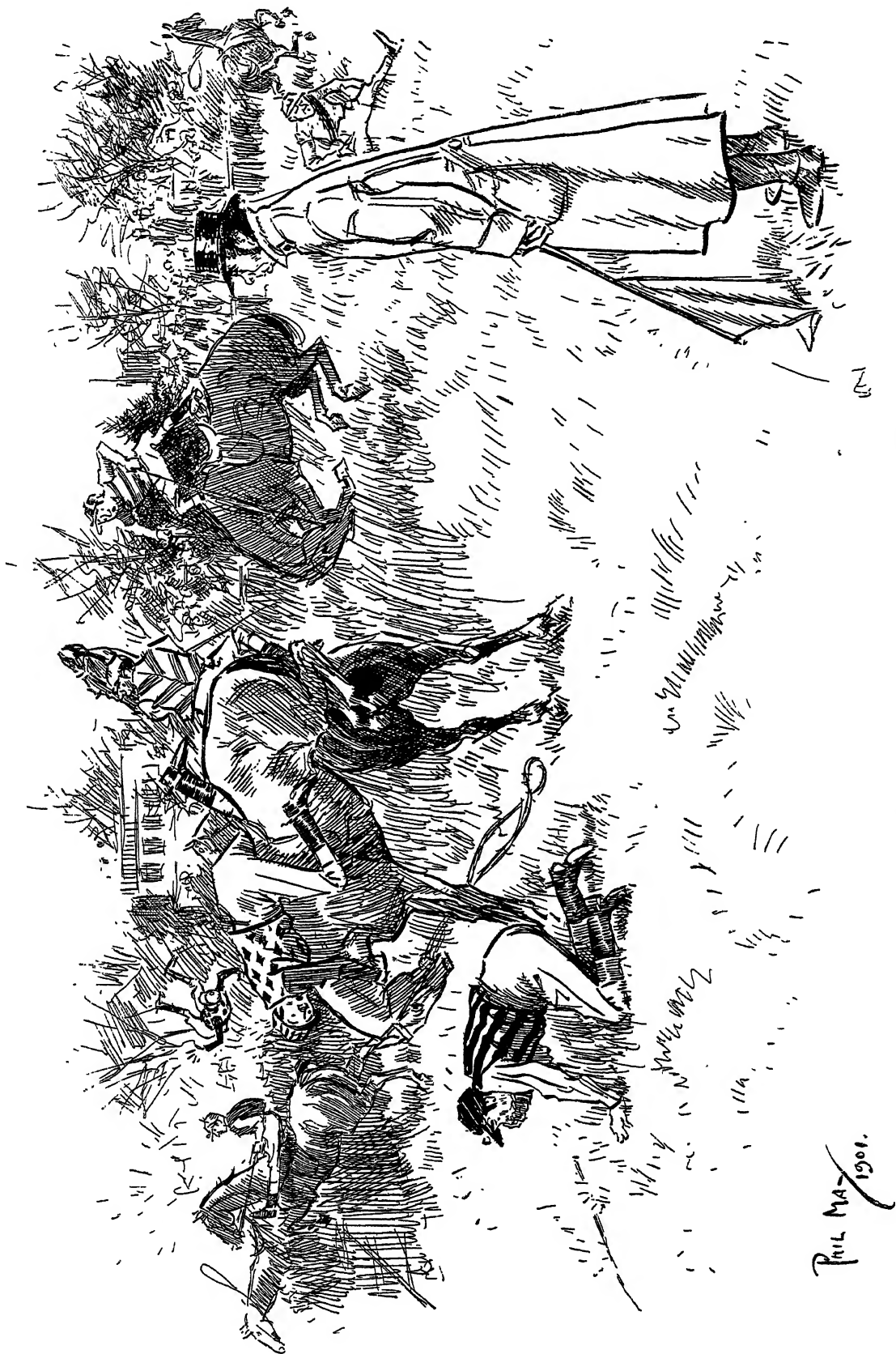
[The Entertainment proceeds.]

AN OPTIMIST'S SPRING SONG.

SPRING, while at you the cynics rail,
Your fickleness arraigning,
Not ours your coldness to assail,
With querulous complaining.
To you glad greetings still we bring,
With vernal transports glowing,
For, though you might be milder, spring,
It is not always snowing.

Though frequent blizzards swirl and shriek,
Our very marrows freezing,
And though the climate hard and bleak
Sets feeble wind-pipes wheezing ;
We at our snug firesides can stay,
In cosy armchairs, knowing
The clouds will pass away some day—
It is not always snowing.

Nay then, sweet spring, we still can smile,
Though by your scourgings smitten,
And though we sneeze and shiver, while
By your keen tooth we're bitten ;
This thought can mitigate our pains,
A soothing balm bestowing—
Sometimes it only hails and rains,
It is not always snowing.



OUR AMATEUR STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

"THEY'RE OFF!"

OPERATIC PROSPECTS.

SOME say the season's going to be a French 'un.
The ground for which assertion, I may mention,
Is, that a name whereon I place my finger,
In the subscribers' list is "Paris Singer."
"Which," as says EUCLID, "is absurd." Dismiss it.
All ask if Madame MELBA will revisit
The stage she brightens with her charming trill?
Her answer's yet to come; perhaps she will.
Well, "if she will, she will, you may depend on 't,"
"And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on 't."
Yet with good names the opera programme teems—
ADAMS, TERNINA, BAUERMEISTER, EAMES,
MAUBOURG and GADSKY, BREMA and SOBRINO,
And of the others many have we seen? No.
But there is one whom all will hail with "Salve!"
That great dramatic singer, Madame CALVÉ.
Now for "the spear side": Would you hear "Otello"?
Then here's TAMAGNO; he's the very fellow!
PLANÇON, SALEZA, BISPHAM, COATES, and BLASS
As Dogberry, singing, "Write me down an ass,"
In opera, by VILLIERS STANFORD, who
Has set to music SHAKSPEARE'S "Much Ado."
Names of VAN DYCK, VAN ROOY, the list has got:
Two Vans for all this Covent Garden lot!
They'll sing their songs as well as e'er they've sung 'em,
Although you'll note they've but one Knot among them!
The orchestra as large and good as ever.
FLON, MANCINELLI, both Conductors clever.
With FORSYTH Manager success is certain;
But, hush! The overture! . . . Ring up the curtain!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A DAINY little book for the pocket is the collection of TENNYSON'S *Love Poems* (JOHN LANE). The Easter holiday-maker, travelling for recreation, will do well to carry this with him, and learn half a poem a day.

"Hullo, here's a church!" said Mr. Wemmick, walking through Walworth, Miss Skiffins on his arm. "Let's go in and get married." "Hullo!" says Mr. BARING-GOULD, "there's much talk just now in Blue Books and Parliament about lead poisoning in the earthenware works. Let's go down to the Potteries and write a novel." This he does, calls it *The Frobershers*, and Mr. METHUEN publishes it. It is a sadly inartistic piece of work. In hardly any scene are the flats joined. The materials are older than the first number of the *London Journal*. There is the rightful heir (*Beaudessart*) re-instated, the superseded family, including a lovely girl, left destitute. This makes an opening for the Potteries, and for Mr. BARING-GOULD to work up information about work there learned in a flying visit. There is the leering, lustful manager of the works; the virtuous girl, who is finally married to the re-instated heir, and lives happy evermore in her old home. "A poor thing," my Baronite says. "But mine own," retorts Mr. BARING-GOULD, capping the quotation.

In *The Wizard's Knot* (FISHER UNWIN) WILLIAM BARRY [toul court, for is he not the Reverend and "D.D." to boot?] has written a romance of Irish life which, in many respects, other writers in the same field of literature would find hard to beat. His gift of poetic description, his thorough knowledge and genuine appreciation of certain phases of the Celtic character, coupled with his power of life-like portraiture (for they are more than sketches of those who have unconsciously served him as models) give to his work a charm which, as a mere tale, it does not possess. The story is thin, and it is not long before whatever interest has been awakened at the commencement is obscured by clouds of far-fetched epithets or

lost in a labyrinth of puzzling paragraphs. Sometimes the Baron has paused in his pleasurable toil to wonder if BARRY could possibly be the Irish spelling of MEREDITH. Nevertheless, the character of O'Dwyer, scholar, peasant, poet, hedge-school-master, medicine-man and wizard, is a masterpiece.

In *Two Sides of a Question* MAY SINCLAIR (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.) gives us two stories, of which, my Baronite says, the second, "Superseded," is the better. Both stories are somewhat pessimistic, and should therefore be read when you are in the best of health on a sunshiny day. The second story is notable for its quaint touches of character in the narrow life of a middle-aged teacher of arithmetic.

"Finding on my table," quoth the studious and indefatigable Baron, "a book entitled *Veronica Vernon*, the first chapter of which was headed 'I vegetate,' it occurred to me that MINA SANDEMAN'S *Veronica Vernon Vegetarian* (JOHN LONG) offered a prospect no less of entertainment than, judging from its dedication 'to the Blessed Angels on spheres of light,' and to 'all champions of the helpless,' of instruction." So the Baron bravely went to work; and in the course of perusal took a considerable amount of exercise in the way of skipping, by which means he sped along with agility to Chapter XV., headed "I receive a shock," and the story being sufficiently interesting (somewhat after the manner of that very original "My dear Diary," of years ago) to warrant the Baron's seeing it through to the bitter (or sweet) end, the undaunted Baron bent to his work with stern determination. He passed to Chapter XVI. Story going well, interest improving; nearing the dénouement. Now for Chapter XVII. . . . Hallo! No Chapter XVII.!!! But instead, Chapter XV. over again, with same heading "I receive a shock." The Baron *did*, indeed, "receive a shock!" Rarely has he ever been so "shock'd." The numbers, too, of the pages had got mixed. Here is 296 next to 265, and at 280 the book finishes with this broken line,

"'You look very pensive, Miss VERDANT,' remarked"

That's all. "Here break we off"—with a vengeance. Who "remarked"? What did he remark? There's no intimation that the story is to be "continued in our next." No; nothing. As, on a memorable occasion, Miss SQUEERS exclaimed, "Is this the hend?" so, aspirate included, hasks the disappointed and

PUZZLED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE DRINK OF PEERS.

["Ginger ale" is advertised "as drunk in the House of Lords."]

COME, fill the cup! The peers look wan and pale,
And 'neath their legislative labours fail;

Half round the hours the minute hand hath stole;
Enough! come fill the cup with ginger ale!

Fill high the foaming nectar! Do not fear
To quaff the sparkling cup, for every peer,

Though drinking, shall be sober: it alone
Is drunk within the gilded chamber here.

Far other drinks our fathers used to swill
From sunny vineyard or from Highland still;

But since a gouty habit they bequeathed
To us, we needs must be teetotal still.

Although for smallest mercies we would fain
Express due gratitude, mere doles are vain

To make our shrunken rent-rolls what they were,
And ginger ale is cheaper than champagne.

If by some strange mischance (and here's the rub!)
The Children's Bill, despite the CECIL's snub,

Should pass this session, whom have we to send
To fetch our modest pewter from the pub.?

Then let the baffled brewers wrathful rail,
And curse the Lords for their decreasing sale;

Health, purse, necessity together cry,

"Come, fill the cup, ye Peers, with ginger ale!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER XI.

Hunting-types—The Veteran, "Old Ribs."

THERE is in every hunt at least one veteran who has followed those particular hounds since he was a boy, who swears by them as the very best pack in the world, who comes out with them still on every hunting day, and whose words are regarded with an almost superstitious reverence by all the rest. His dress conveys an idea of immemorial antiquity, suggesting the sporting pictures of a day long since gone by. His hat is low-crowned and broad-brimmed, his chin is sunk into the folds of an ample hunting-stock with a plain gold pin to keep it together. His coat is of a sub-fusc hue, his breeches are of serviceable brown cord, and his legs are cased in an old pair of butcher boots made of limp leather and heavily crinkled and wrinkled from top to bottom. His spurs make no pretence to ape the fashion; they are short and curved, rather than long and straight. His queer old crop with its brown thong adds a final touch of character to his make-up. His nag, like his breeches, is meant for service rather than for show—a bony, angular grey, short-coupled and as hard as nails, emphatically not a horse,

Swift as the Arab steed that leads the rush
Of turbaned warriors.

nor one on which you would choose to make an effort

To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
but, nevertheless, a horse that invariably manages, with the cheery, grey-whiskered veteran on his back, to be well up with the hounds when the run ends, no matter what the country may be over which the fox has led them in his race for life. Wonderful stories are told of this horse, his patriarchal age, his capacity for endurance, his marvellous wisdom. "Old Ribs" he is called by the younger and light-minded members of the hunt, who yet, one and all, profess and feel an unbounded admiration for his prowess and that of his rider. It was "Old Ribs" who, when his master once fell off into a thick and muddy ditch (we are all human, even the oldest of us; and we all fall now and then), sat by him—"Yes, Sir, I give you my word of honour, sat by him like a dog"—the old gentleman having wrenched his leg and being unable to struggle out, and eventually summoned assistance by plucking a farm-labourer by his smock until he induced the astounded rustic to follow him to the scene of the disaster. And it was "Old Ribs" who, on the following hunting day, his master being still laid up, managed to escape from his loose-box and appeared at the front door at the usual time bearing his master's hunting crop in his mouth. There are a hundred other stories, all equally veracious, and all bearing testimony to the virtues of this unparalleled animal, who has never within the memory of other veterans been young, and will never grow old. Some day, years and years hence, a flight of shining winged horses will descend upon the stable where "Old Ribs" has his home and will bear him away to another happy ground where there is no wire fencing, and where ghostly hounds chase shadowy foxes for ever through the asphodel country without a check. But in the meantime this type of perennial equine middle-age remains to delight our hunt and to carry his gallant old master. He is a horse of character and has opinions of his own. Certain fences there are that he simply won't jump, and when he comes to one of them he just stops and turns his wise old head round. His rider knows him too well to try to flog him or spur him over. He dismounts in the most amiable and accommodating way, and while the youngsters are charging and blundering and scrambling to right and to left of him he takes the reins in his hand, gets over the ditch, climbs the bank, brings "Old Ribs" cheerfully after him, and so down on the other side without any silly fuss or ceremony. It is a convention between horse and rider, and each does his part perfectly.



UNANSWERABLE.

Young Impecunious Swell (rather proud of his figure, and anxious to produce a great effect at a forthcoming County Ball—to Tailor). "I SAY, MY FRIEND, DO ME A GREAT FAVOUR; LET ME HAVE THIS NEW SUIT BY THE END OF THE WEEK, AND I SHALL BE FOR EVER AND EVER INDEBTED TO YOU."

Tailor. "THANK YOU MUCH, SIR; BUT I THINK, ON CONSIDERATION, I SHOULD PREFER A CHEQUE DOWN, E'EN UNDER A SLIGHT DISCOUNT."

"Why don't you put the saddle on and let the horse mount you?" said an irreverent novice when he saw this performance being gone through. The old man made no reply, but he had his quiet revenge. At the next fence the scoffer parted company with his fiery Bucephalus, and the veteran as he passed tossed him a ginger biscuit, saying, "It's all I can spare," and left him gazing disconsolately at the vanishing flight of hounds and horsemen.

RATHER "OUT OF IT"

OH, my dear Sir, my very dear Sir, I've had such a shock! Having mislaid my glasses—meaning spectacles; no other glasses, being an almost total abstainer—my nephew was reading aloud to me from *The Times* of Tuesday, March 26. We only get it fifth hand, being rather out of the way and economical, and so it was not until yesterday that I heard the news. It was:—

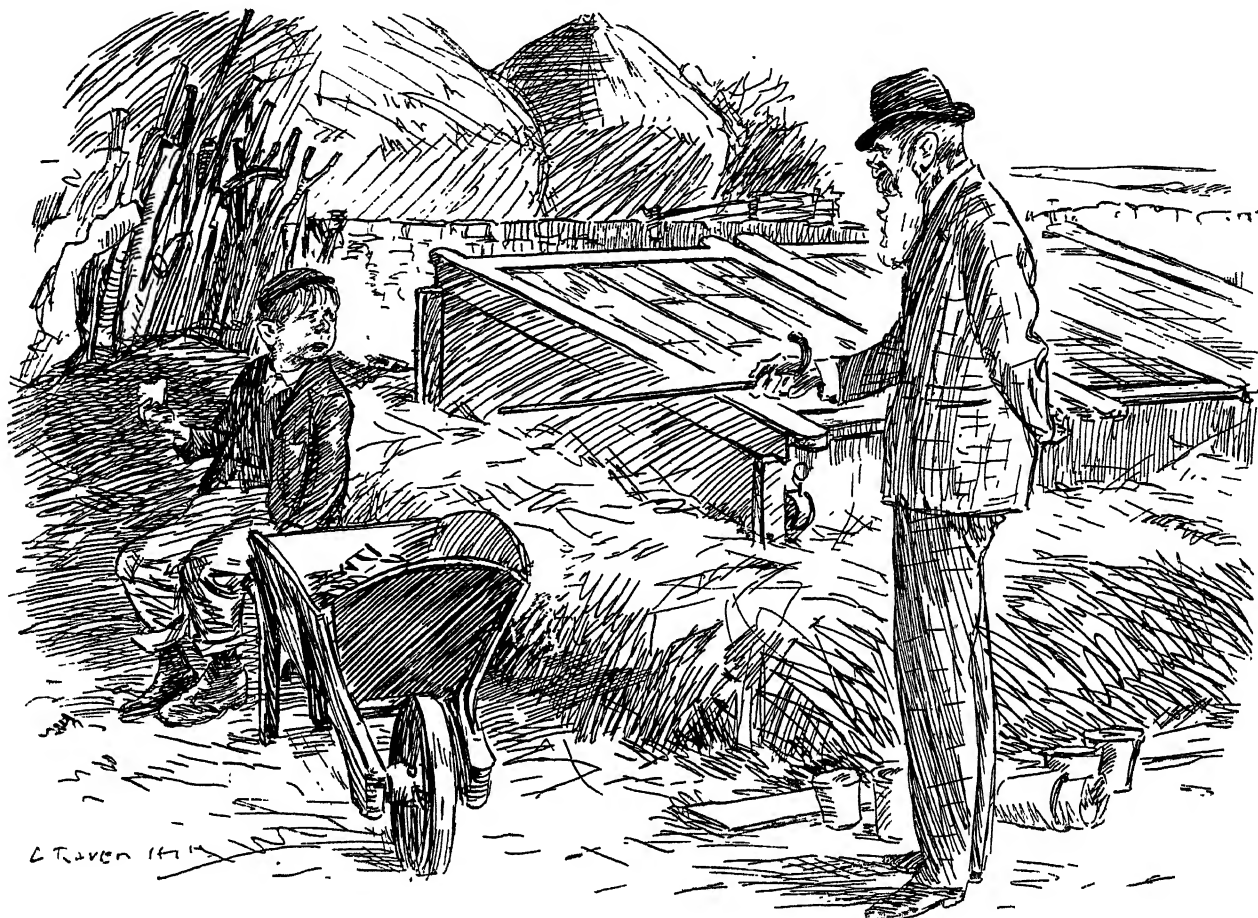
"King CHRISTIAN toasted King EDWARD."

I was horrified. I could not help gasping out the question, "And ate him?"

Ah! Then came my nephew's explanation. But can I trust him? He's a bit of a wag, and when he says that to "toast a person" only means to drink his health, I have my doubts. I certainly have heard someone "propose a toast," but that's quite another affair. However, if I don't hear from you to the contrary, I shall with pleasure accept my nephew JIM's explanation.—Yours,

DORCAS DULLASLED.

Ditchwater Dyke Dell, Dumpshire.



THE LABOUR MARKET.

Employer. "I SHAN'T SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN ABOUT GETTING ON WITH YOUR WORK, YOUNG MAN. THE NEXT TIME I CATCH YOU IDLING ABOUT, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO."

Boy (confidentially). "CHAPS IS SCARCE!"

A SHAKSPEARIAN SOUVENIR.

FIRST-RATE idea of Mr. TREE'S (whose impersonation of *Malvolio* is a masterpiece of comicality), especially when carried out to something nearly approaching perfection, is that of presenting your audience with a "souvenir" of the fiftieth or hundredth night of the run of a Shakspearian or, for the matter of that, of any other play. Now this artistic "souvenir," very cleverly drawn by CHAS. BUCHEL and reproduced in colour by HENTSCHEL LTD., is of itself an attraction to re-visit Her Majesty's. The likenesses are excellent, invaluable to a theatrical collector; but, as they are likenesses only of the "characters," would it not add considerably to the value of another "souvenir" were the portraits of actresses or actors in everyday attire placed in juxtaposition to that of themselves "in character"? Would it not be an invaluable lesson in the art of "making-up"? Would it not be an additional tribute to the artistic talent of the actor, for every actor must have in him, more or less, the germs of the historical artist's peculiar power? Sometimes the actor has to reproduce historical portraiture: at other times he has to consult the author, and draw the portrait of the character he is assuming from the latter's conception of it.

But in a play of Shakspearian fancy he has to determine for himself, or to blend his own idea with that of whoever is charged with the production of the piece. However, this is not an essay on "the art of making-up," and Mr. Punch's Representative has only to record the vast improvement of Miss MAUD JEFFRIES' *Olivia* (since the first night) and the continued success of *Twelfth Night*, which, filling Her Majesty's nightly, bids fair, judging from the present undoubted popularity, to achieve an exceptionally long run.

USEFUL PRESENTS FOR EASTER.

Russia.—A scheme for suppressing anarchy and establishing liberty without license. *France.*—A plan to wipe out the deficit of the Paris Exhibition and to give rest to the unrestful. *Spain.*—A project for reconciling the irreconcilables. *Italy.*—An idea for retrenchment without effacement. *Turkey.*—A composition without bankruptcy. *China.*—A government without examination. *Japan.*—A mode of securing amiable neighbours without recourse to the sword or Oriental diplomacy. *United States.*—Protection without defiance. Knowledge that the money of the millionaire would sometimes be more useful in the pockets of the millions. *Great Britain.*—A contented mind under the coming burden of increased taxation.



THE HOUSE AND THE CENSUS.

MR. PUNCH (the ENUMERATOR). "WHO IS MASTER HERE?"

IRISH PARTY. "SURE IT'S MYSELF? I'M THE MASTER HERE."

THE ENUMERATOR. "WHO SLEPT HERE LAST NIGHT?"

IRISH PARTY. "DIVIL A ONE! I KEPT THE WHOLE HOUSE AWAKE WITH MY SHINDY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 25.—“When C.B. is away the SQUIRE doth play,” said SARK, dropping into poetry, and, unlike Mr. Silas Wegg, scorning to make extra charge.

Leader of Opposition at home nursing a cold, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, returning to old work, took his place and, to a certain extent, made things hum. That very hard task after an hour's experience with dull-witted Irishmen of the type of O'DOHERTY trying their hand at the game of baiting Ministers with questions. Nevertheless, SQUIRE in good form. Recalled old times when gentlemen on Front Bench lived up to axiom that the duty of an Opposition is to oppose. Harking back to controversy last week when PRINCE ARTHUR, designing to dish obstructionists, submitted Civil Service Estimates in lump sum, the SQUIRE extracted from SPEAKER a ruling that will prevent its repetition. Also he made clear inconvenient fact that when BRODRICK, disclosing new Army plan, announced that the Navy would hereafter look after the coaling stations he counted without the Admiralty.

PRINCE ARTHUR a great admirer of the SQUIRE'S.

“HARCOURT,” he once said to the MEMBER FOR SARK, “is the last survivor of the old type of the highest form of the House of Commons man.”

That an abstract opinion, dropped in flush of generous talk about an ancient foeman. In the concrete, aggravating to the sweetest temper to have the SQUIRE unexpectedly waking up and showing how an Opposition ought to be led. He submitted his point of order to the SPEAKER



The Concrete (Sir Wm. H-re-rt) pitches into the Abstract (Mr. B-lf-r).



OFF FOR A (NORTH-) EASTER HOLIDAY!

(AS IT PROMISES TO BE—UGH!!)

at prodigious length. Question reached proportions of ordinary speech.

“I understand,” said PRINCE ARTHUR, with wicked emphasis on the numeral, “the right hon. gentleman submitted *one* question on *one* point of order.”

Then in snappish tone he proceeded, as briefly as possible, to defend the action taken.

Bad enough to have Irish Members yelping at his heels night after night through the week, coarsely belittling his gifts as Leader. To have the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD suddenly resuming reins of leadership a visitation equivalent to the last straw. The Leader of the House of Commons is, after all, almost human.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Tuesday night.—House adjourned at quarter to five this morning; SPEAKER took chair again at three this afternoon. Shifts in a coal mine easy going compared with this. The sturdy miner shares the labour of a day with another, and would raise the roof off the mine if he were called upon to extend one of his working shifts for an uninterrupted space of fourteen hours.

In point of time, matters growing critical with Appropriation Bill. In order to conform to statutory regulations governing close of financial year must get it through all stages before Saturday. Natural to suppose House meeting again this afternoon would straightway proceed to Second Reading of the Bill. That would be all very well for gathering of private commercial company, of

Board of Guardians, or of a Vestry. The Mother of Parliaments knows better. The first and freshest four hours of the sitting were given up to a Private Bill. Then came cloud of Questions darkening the dinner hour. At length, in almost empty House, a few tired-out Members proceeded to Debate Second Reading of Appropriation Bill.

Proceedings deadily dull. House in comatose state. Shortly after midnight Members on Ministerial side, waking out of troubled doze, found SPEAKER on his legs putting question; groped their way into Division Lobby, and so home to bed.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

Thursday night.—Like the burglar's, the life of the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs is not wholly a happy one. Since he came into the family heritage, SON AND HEIR has been singularly unfortunate. To begin with, there was his delightfully frank, but disastrous, remark about COUSIN ARTHUR forbidding him when replying to Questions to say anything in supplement of what is written out for him. Then there was the row about his Chief's confidences to the Lords on the Tientsin business, his light and airy ignoring of the House that includes amongst its members his colleague at the Foreign Office. SON AND HEIR not responsible for either of these misfortunes. PRINCE ARTHUR imposed on him the first; LANSDOWNE everything to do with second.

To-night promised reparation. Task committed to him of explaining to Commons position of affairs in China. Had

ordinary course been followed, and this question of Imperial interest come on immediately after Questions, all would have been well. SON AND HEIR would have had population of the Vineyard in attitude of strained attention; fresh himself, would have talked to unwearied ears. What happened was that, South Africa winning the toss, went to the wickets. Some sharp play, with DON JOSÉ in best sloggish form. Debate trailed on through dinner hour; that in itself bit of good luck; seemed to promise SON AND HEIR's opportunity about ten o'clock, the best hour for speaking after 7.30. Members come in from dinner with minds and bodies refreshed, in genial mood to welcome promising effort.

Alack! BASHMEAD-ARTLETT was to the fore. Since Question time he had pervaded premises. What with LANSDOWNNE up in the Lords discoursing on China, with SON AND HEIR in Commons liable to be turned on same topic any moment, BASHMEAD had rather exciting evening. Lines of strangers waiting in outer Lobby from time to time startled by meteoric flight; were conscious of the swift passing of tall figure with flushed face, lank locks, a glass gleaming in one eye like a perturbed beacon, a mass of drab-coloured pocket-handkerchief protruding from coat-tail pocket. Some said it was the new star, Nova Persei, astray from its unaccustomed orbit. Police explained it was "only ASHMEAD-BARTLETT."

Needn't have been in such hurry. Foreign Secretary finished his statement, and had comfortably dined, before China Question reached in Commons, and the Sheffield Knight, rising, poured out by the hour what SARK describes as "a washy flood of turbulent trash." Half-past eleven before SON AND HEIR got a look in; did very well, considering how sorely he was handicapped.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a third time.

Friday night.—Reading CHILDERS' *Life and Correspondence*, just issued by JOHN MURRAY. An interesting record of long labour in public service. Throws flood of light on inner chambers of English politics during last quarter of a century. Lips of CHILDERS not touched with that celestial fire which flamed about his contemporaries DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, BRIGHT and LOWE. Like STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who in some points he much resembled, he was in the first flight of statesmen of the second rank. Like his great chief, his industry was colossal. But he had not behind it the iron constitution of Mr. G. More than once laid aside by break down of health. Wherever he went he succeeded in working his way to the front. Going out to Australia in 1850, his ambition was bounded by "some little hope" of getting an appointment of £250 a year as Inspector of Schools. He obtained that,

and within four years had worked his way to high ministerial office with a salary of £2,000 a year and a retiring pension of £366, enjoyed till the close of his life.

Letters addressed to him by Mr. G. are embargoed pending conclusion of JOHN MORLEY's *Life of the Master Statesman*. CHILDERS in his own correspondence succeeds in throwing side-lights on that multiplex character. We who lived with him in the House of Commons remember his gift of convincing people that whatever was (at the moment expedient) was right. I can see him now as, nineteen years ago, the British Fleet having bombarded Alexandria and a British Army having landed in Egypt under GARNET



A Valuable "Ure" discovered at Linlithgow.
(Mr. Ure, K.C.—a sketch in the House.)

WOLSELEY, he stood at the table beating the open palm of his left hand with his right, and insisting we were not at war. On the 15th July, 1882, he wrote to CHILDERS, then Minister for War, suggesting that the troops should be placed under command of the Naval authorities avowedly for police purposes, "so as to avoid even the semblance of invasion, and the consequent suspicion and serious difficulties that would arise if we landed a regular army under military commanders."

Isn't that delicious? Does more to reveal the inner man than a tome of biography. Much of equal value in the two volumes. The veil is withdrawn from the perplexities of the divided Cabinet struggling through the historic epoch, 1882—85. In the latter year came the Penjdeh Incident, happening at a moment when England was at grips with the MAHDI in the sad Soudan. For the first time we learn how serious was the crisis which led to the vote of credit for

eleven millions. CHILDERS notes that in his speech announcing the demand, Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded in establishing this necessity without once mentioning Russia!

Colonel SPENCER CHILDERS has performed a difficult task with modesty and ability, making valuable contribution to political history of the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill receives Royal Assent.

PAINFUL POEMS.—No. III.

THE LOST TEMPER.

COME with me and I will show you
Such a pitiable case,
Of a man of whom I know you
Would detest to fill the place.

Years ago he lost his temper,
AND HE NEVER GOT IT BACK!
He is truly *idem semper*
With this lamentable lack.

Most unalterably placid,
He is never known to frown,
And it doesn't make him acid
If you kick him when he's down.

Does he wish to be insipid?
No, it grieves him to the soul.
He would rather be equipped
With a temper on the whole.

All the children love to pelt him
With potatoes in the street;
And to take a belt and belt him
Is the loafer's special treat.

Yet, you'll ever find him lenient
To the hooligan and rough;
Though it's highly inconvenient
To be never in a huff.

For his hat is badly battered,
And the head that's underneath
Often has its senses scattered
With the loss of sundry teeth.

In this most unhealthy fashion
He is treated, for they know
That he hasn't any passion
Or vindictiveness to show.

And he longs with such a longing
For the temper he has lost!
For the righting of the wronging
Which his carelessness has cost.

But his temper's gone for ever,
All his longing is in vain
(He who found it thought it clever
Not to part with it again).

Ne'er again this hapless victim
Will be angry with a bore,
Nor with anyone who kicked him
Yet impatient any more!

Do you see the striking moral
I'm reserving for the end?
If you really wish to quarrel,
NEVER LOSE YOUR TEMPER, friend.

F. E.



G. L. STAMPS - 1901

' WILFUL WASTE MAKES WOEFUL WANT.'

"IT IS VERY DELIGHTFUL TO SEE YOUNG LADIES SO FOND OF EACH OTHER," THINKS YOUNG JONES; "BUT I DO DISLIKE HAVING TO WATCH SUCH PITIFUL WASTE!"

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

The First-Night.

'Tis come at last! the most eventful night
Which press and public have awaited long;
The Thespian temple, all ablaze with light,
Welcomes a large and fashionable throng,
Which through the vestibule serenely flocks
To stalls, dress-circle, or a private box.

Characteristics
of the
Audience.

The cheaper portions of the house will be
Filled with those persons who are none the less
Critics of recognized ability
Although they may not put on evening dress,
And pit and gallery have borne the brunt
Of waiting hours to get a seat in front.

Notice the hum and chatter that pervade
The auditorium in ev'ry part;
While by the "gods" sweet melody is made
Until the tuneful overture shall start.
And now and then will rise a storm of cheers,
As some distinguished personage appears.

Now from the orchestra there comes the sound
Of tuning up, with many a scrape and squeak;
And restless eyes, that have been roving round,
A certain spot beneath the footlights seek,
Whence will emerge, with *bâton* in his hand,
The chief composer, to conduct the band.

The Conductor
takes his Seat.

See, there he is! and volleys of applause
From ev'ry quarter his appearance greet;
Repeatedly he bows—then comes a pause,
As in the orchestra he takes his seat.
A glance at his musicians, ev'ryone;
He waves his hand—the overture's begun.

What follows need not be described at great length. The reader has probably been present at many such first-nights. He knows the applause which greets every popular artiste, as he or she appears during the progress of the First Act. The musical numbers will be listened to attentively, and those which particularly take the fancy of the audience will call forth a demand for encores, which the conductor, if he is wise, will turn a deaf ear to as much as possible. To take every encore means prolonging the performance to a late hour, and when the fate of a piece is doubtful, a conclusion in good time may often turn the balance of public opinion in a favourable direction.

The Interval
between the
Acts.

After the First Act there will be a wait
Longer than usual, because, you know,
Changes of scenery necessitate
A lot of practice for a week or so
(Upon the programme, as a rule, you'll find
Indulgence asked in matters of this kind).

But, after all, it is the Second Act
On which the fortune of the play depends;
Unless with tuneful numbers it is packed,
The audience will weary ere it ends.
And though the low comedian may gag,
There comes a time when things begin to drag.

The Call before
the Curtain.

Still, let us hope that matters will progress
Smoothly until the final curtain fall;
Then ev'ryone concerned in the success
Will have to come in front and take a call.
The audience applauds, though one or two
May have recourse to the discordant "Boo!"

And when the members of the lengthy cast
Have come on, one by one, or two by two;
And when before the curtain there have passed
The authors, lyrists, and composers too,
Then, once again, the house is set astir
By the appearance of the Manager.

The Manager
occasionally
maketh a
Speech.

There, with a cheerful smile upon his face,
See in his glory how he stands alone,
His countenance revealing not a trace
Of all the past anxiety he's known.
Sometimes the noisy audience beseech
That he will just vouchsafe to them a speech.

Exit the
Audience.

But by-and-bye they turn the footlights out,
And rapidly the crowd of people throngs
Into the street, with lots to talk about,
Some even humming snatches of the songs.
The critics hurry off at once to write
Any impressions they have formed that night.

So, all is over, saving the critiques
Which in to-morrow's papers will appear;
If they are fairly good, for many weeks
The box-office one hardly can get near,
And ev'ry other person that one meets
Explains that he's been trying to book seats.

The Provincial
Companies.

Then soon the touring companies go forth
Upon their travels all throughout the land;
And people, east and west, and south and north,
Will pay their money down with willing hand.
While striking posters, flaunted near and far,
All help to make the piece more popular.

* * * * *

Perchance it happens that you do not pay
Another visit to this merry show,
Till it has been before the public, say
For just about three hundred nights or so.
Then we'll excuse you if you rub your eyes,
And gaze around you in a blank surprise.

The title of the piece remains, no doubt,
The characters are pretty much the same;
But if there's little else you know about
I do not think that you are much to blame.
No wonder that it all should seem so strange,
For ev'rything has undergone a change.

The Second
Edition.

New numbers have been added here and there,
New business, very probably new scenes;
New dresses, gorgeous beyond compare;
But, really, it is only by these means
That such a piece draws crowded houses for
Five hundred nights or, maybe, even more.

L'ENVOI.

The Poet
prepareth to
dismount
Pegasus.

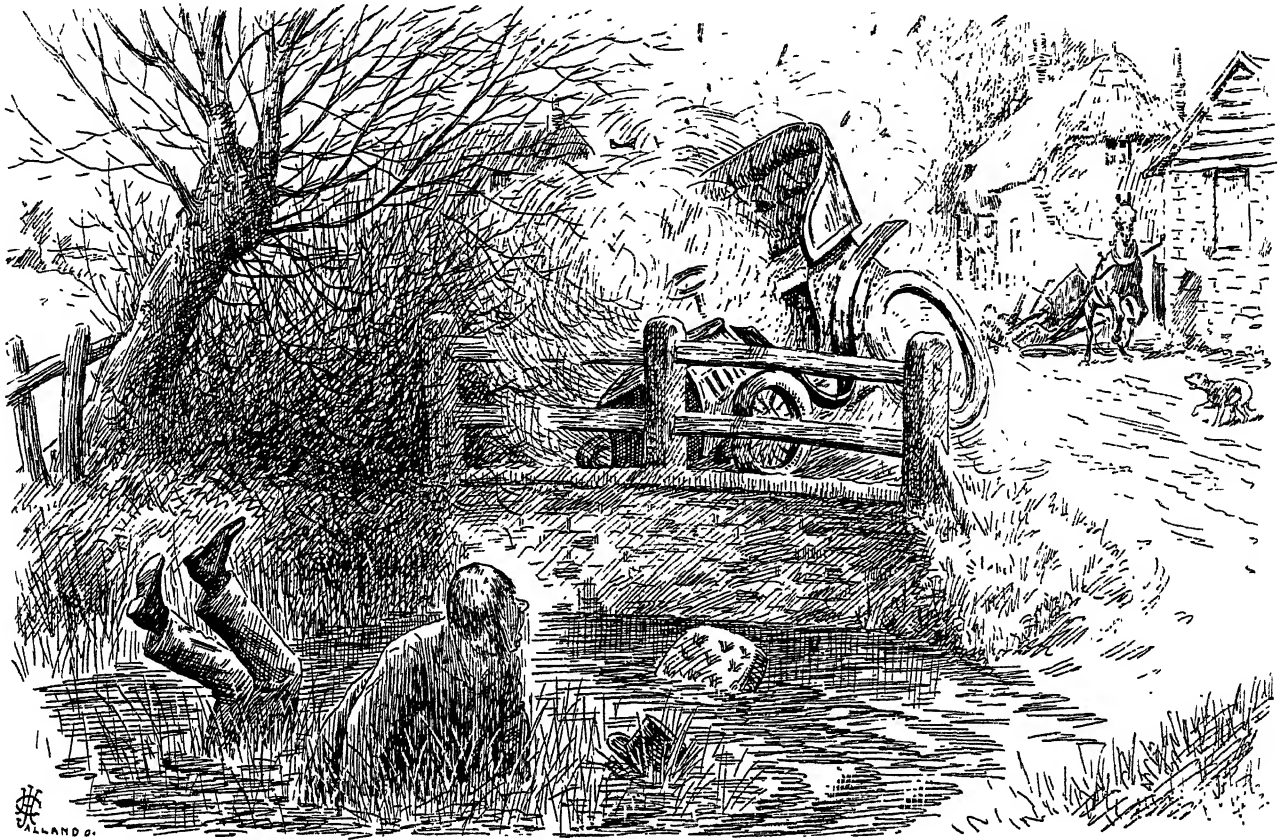
Enough, O gentle reader! you and I
Have probed beneath the surface more or
less,
Seeking to find the wherefore and the why
Of things that are conducive to success.
Now let us bid adieu to all concerned,
Trusting that no ill-feeling we have earned.

The Moral
(if any).

And if there is a moral to be traced
From any of the incidents I've shown,
'Tis surely this; "Study the public taste,
Even although it may not be your own."
Thus fortune you may speedily amass,
And, "*Vincit omnia Varietas!*"

THE END.

P. G.



MOTORIST (A NOVICE) HAS BEEN GIVING CHAIRMAN OF LOCAL URBAN COUNCIL A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE EASE WITH WHICH A MOTOR-CAR CAN BE CONTROLLED WHEN TRAVELLING AT A HIGH SPEED.

A SPORTSMAN'S NIGHTMARE.

["This is one of the most crowded weeks in the Sportsman's Year."—*Daily Paper*.]

WITH his usual determination to keep abreast of every movement, and guide the opinions of the public, Mr. Punch directed his Sporting Representative to keep an eye on everything of interest to the sportsman during the week that has elapsed since our last issue. The effort to be in so many places at once has perhaps befogged the usually clear intellect of his S. R.; or, possibly, the occurrence of the First of April has had an especially lamentable effect this year; it is, at any rate, very difficult to make out whether the Report which has reached this office refers to the Boatrace or the 'Varsity Sports, or the Liverpool Grand National, or the International Football Match or the Amateur Boxing Championship. A determination to attend them all, without forgetting golf or billiards, is no doubt responsible for a catholicity of descriptive verbiage which does more credit to our representative's all-round sportsmanship than to his lucidity.

"Old Sol," writes our impassioned friend, "was beaming in the zenith after a fashion which at once proved the truth

of the old adage that March comes in like a goose and goes out like a gander. The Liverpudlians and the Metropolitan contingent were in great force. Few ticks of the chronometer were cut to waste as the row of equine candidates faced the starter, and it was noted that the crack was carrying even more bloom than when last he was seen out, and despite a somewhat plain frontispiece looked all over a gentleman of blood-like quality. But all comments were hushed as the flag fell, and *Cushendun* was seen to be the first to break the line. The welkin rang with the shouts of "They're off!" as the first division topped the earlier obstacles, and the second-raters began to show their pretensions to belonging to the semi-dark fraternity.

A smart piece of pedipulation soon resulted in the clever Scotch forward eluding the Southern custodian, and deftly depositing the pilule between the uprights. But hardly had the sphere begun to roll once more, than a magnificent dribble on the left wing took it right across the carpet, and the champions of the Thistle were soon embarrassed by the numerous efforts made to enter their reticulated stronghold. Not to be denied, however, the hardy sons of the North soon gave the beholders a taste of their quality, and

after tapping the Aston Villa representative smartly on the knowledge-box, the "Heart of Midlothian" lad followed up his advantage with a rasper in the commissariat department that fairly doubled up the Saxon, and the bout finished with a considerable quantity of Badminton in full evidence from the damaged proboscis.

All this time the boys in the Dark Blue had been far from idle. Urging their canvas craft forward with alacrity, they proved themselves as slippery as their best backers could desire. But Mr. MUTTELBURY'S darlings were far from done with. In the dingdong exchanges which ensued each in turn paid a hurried but involuntary visit to the boards, and there was very little fiddling about for an opening as the champions of the Isis faced their opponents in the rough water of Corney Reach. The dexter optic of the Cambridge representative was by this time assuming a decidedly swarthy hue, but encouraged by the parboiled aspect of his enemy's sinistral peeper, he soon gave evidence of making the effort of his life, and appeared to be so full of running that he must be classed among the dangerous contingent for the rest of his career.

Just at this moment Number Five began

to show signs of serious trouble in a bunker on the Surrey side, but extricating himself by the ingenious use of a niblick, he began tearing through the liquid element in a truly astonishing manner. But all hope had not been abandoned as they passed the Soapworks, for it was known that the leader had a tube in his throat, and in the certainty of its soon becoming a question of "bellows to mend" in all directions, the Light Blues made a terrific bid for victory before Barnes Bridge had been attained. Passing beneath that structure the timepieces showed 32 immersions to the minute, and many thought a double baulk must be the only issue. Caution then marked the further progress of the game, and after carefully nursing the ivories at the business end of the Green Board of Cloth, the Oxonian gently dropped the strawberry globe into the right-hand pouch, disappeared himself into a similar receptacle, and left the pallid one in capital position for continuing his break. When they neared the Pavilion for the second circuit of the cinders a hot exchange ensued, and several organs in each competitor were severely rattled up, but as they swung into the straight with only two more timbers to negotiate before severing the judicial worsted, it was seen that *Barsac* and *Levanter* had both shot their bolt, and as soon as Mr. NUGENT asked the question *Drumcree* responded gamely, and hugging the rails all the way, managed to get hold of a very accelerated pass from the outside, which was soon converted into a smasher on the 'tater trap that did the business, for his game opponent was evidently dead to the world soon afterwards, and all was over bar the shouting. We hear the pencillers did badly; but the Oxonian Mentor was far from dissatisfied with the showing of his meritorious and well-trained octette. T. A. C.

ON DIT AT THE BAR STEEPLE-CHASES.

THAT one of the Lords Justices, wearing a plaid coat and broad sombrero, was standing by the winning-post, laying 6 to 4 on the field, to the manifest annoyance of a deeply respected Puisne Judge, who wanted the pitch for himself.

That a certain Chancery Judge, seeing that his horse must be beaten by that of an eminent K.C. practising in his own court, threatened to deprive the latter of his costs in a big action pending unless he allowed him, the learned Judge, to win.

That it is not the fact that any of the Puisne Judges were reported by the Starter for disobedience at the post.

That the "disgraceful episode" given publicity below is utterly devoid of foundation, i.e. that two of the Lords

Justices, jumping the last fence side by side, "arranged" who should win, in the following terms:—

First L. J. Will you stand in a tenner with me, Lord Justice?

Second L. J. Can't do it, Cockie, under three times that amount.

First L. J. Is a pony any good to you?

Second L. J. Right, sonny. Go on and win, or I shall have to pull this beggar's head off in order to stop him!

That the Lord Chief Justice was very anxious to run a motor car in the first race, but had to scratch it as he could not find a jockey.

That two of the riders—who were also stewards—called each other before themselves to explain their riding, and that each was severely reprimanded by the other.

And, finally, that the arrangements reflected the greatest credit upon the committee of the Pegasus Club.

'VARSIITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

XII.

ACROSS the quad so grey and hoar,

Among the summer flowers,
I see us sauntering once more
With linked arms; I hear you pour
Your brimming floods of classic lore
Amid the scented bowers.

The realm of truth was our demesne;
Impatiently we waited
To criticise the worthy Dean
On ARISTOTLE's golden mean,
While PLATO, HEGEL, T. H. GREEN
We eagerly debated.

Of all things human and divine,
Life, death and the hereafter,
Art, poetry, or how to dine,
The pleasures of the rod and line,
Old friends, old books, old prints, old wine,
We talked with tears and laughter.

Ah, wasted hours! What's truth? Who cares

What Plato thought about her?
You, bent upon your stocks and shares,
Who dream by night of bulls and bears,
Contrive to manage your affairs,
Old friend, quite well without her;

Whilst I—what briefs would come to me,
My poverty to season,
With much desiderated fee
Did I not hold myself quite free
To make the worse appear to be
By far the better reason?

What use to us, since we came down,
The lore we learnt at college?—
Yet, ah! once more to see the crown
Of spires above the cloistered town!
Once more to be in cap and gown,
Acquiring useless knowledge!

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE!

[M. ROCHEFORT asserts that the British troops in S. Africa are ready to mutiny, in consequence of "the overbearing and insolent tone of the officers in giving their orders."]

SCENE—A battlefield of the future. British Staff discovered, attempting at once to repulse an attack and to act up to M. Rochefort's ideals.

General in Command (addressing Aide-de-camp). Sir, it is with the most profound humility that I venture—aware of my presumption in so doing—to direct your attention to the fact—if, without undue arrogance, a fact I may term it—that no inconsiderable force of the enemy appears to be menacing our left flank. Would it be trespassing quite too much upon your kindness were I to ask you to request the Major of the 250th Battery to discharge projectiles in the direction which, according to the best of my poor ability, I have endeavoured to indicate?

A.-de-C. Sir, the highest happiness attainable in this world is to translate your slightest wish into action. How much more willingly then, in such an emergency as the present—for I perceive that even within the moments occupied by this delightful conversation a few hundreds of our men have fallen—how much more.

* * * * *

Company Officer (to Firing-line). You will pardon me, my heroes, if I occupy your time with a few remarks which the exigencies of the moment seem to make inevitable. Already you have deigned to notice, and even to carry out, those poor suggestions which I have presumed to submit for your thoughtful consideration. Dare I then venture to ask you to lower the extremities of your rifles in such a degree as will render the chance of your bullets striking the foe a shade less remote than it is at present? (A pause—then, the old-fashioned "insolent tone" getting the better of the French polish—"Fire low, you dash-blank dashes, can't you?")

* * * * *

Officer (working Heliograph to distant Outpost. To himself). Seems to me those beggars mean to rush our men. I'd better warn them to retreat. (Signals.) "Loth as I necessarily am to criticise any operation which your unquestionable sagacity approves, the purely geographical superiority of my position enables me to realise more clearly than yourselves the possible proximity of danger." (Fine sentence that!) "Indeed, I may almost advise you to execute such a strategic movement as will ensure—" Why, hullo! Bless, me if the enemy hasn't captured the whole detachment before I had time to finish my message! Against all the usages of civilised warfare, I call it!

A SPORTING DEPUTY.

My friend THRUSTER, who acts as hunting correspondent to a leading sporting journal, wrote, imploring me to run down and "do" a lawn meet of the Haughty-shire Foxhounds, on his behalf, as he had been called away on urgent business. "Make my house and stables your own, dear boy. I know you have no literary experience, but reporting a hunting run is so simple that you can't go wrong," he wrote. Of course I accepted, and Monday saw me arrived chez THRUSTER, ready and eager for the morrow's gallop.

Did not feel so confident, on Tuesday. Rather doubted my capacity for writing account of day's proceedings—was not rendered any happier when, glancing up from my coffee and roll, I saw spiteful-looking chestnut horse led round to front door—evidently my mount for the day. Bolted coffee and hurried out, tripping over spur and tearing right boot badly with rowel.

Groom touches hat and looks dubiously at my heels. "Beg pardon, Sir, this 'ere 'oss won't 'ave none o' them spurs about 'im. 'E's a bit nappy always, but when you touches 'im with spurs—" Hastily divest myself of them, climb up into saddle and start. Reach meet without further mishap than chestnut seizing my toe with his teeth, and twice trying to buck me off. Friendly second-horseman regards my mount with critical eye. "You know this horse?" I enquired in indifferent tone. "Know 'im? Yes, I know 'im. 'E downed 'is owner twice larst week, and nearly kicked 'is brains out as he lay on the ground. You'll 'ave a lively ride, Gov'nor, anyway, if 'ounds run to-day!" Thanked him and moved off. Felt strongly disposed not to hunt after this—was trifle dashed, as it were.

After the usual "coffee-housing"

inseparable from "lawn meets," we moved off to draw some small woods. Chestnut kicked at, but mercifully missed, a hound. M.F.H. swore at me, and huntsman looked murderous. Entered wood, where my horse immediately "took charge," grazing my leg up against sundry tree trunks, crushing hat over my eyes under the branches, and generally enjoying himself in his own weird way. Away went a fox at far side of covert. Hounds came

gates served us well. Checked. Then hunted slowly on for an hour, and lost. Started for home again immediately, thanking my stars I had not been killed by brute I was on. Horse interesting, but too nearly allied to sudden death to afford one any real satisfaction. Arrived back at THRUSTER'S, groom seemed rather disappointed—certainly much surprised—that I had returned without accident. Enter house; now for the account.

Bite quill pen; wonder where I ought to begin? Ha! an idea.

"MAGNIFICENT RUN WITH THE HAUGHTYSHIRE HOUNDS.—This famous pack met at Harker Hall on Tuesday, and found a fox in the spinney hard by"—(Hang it, that won't do; it's a quotation from John Peel. Never mind, it's quite true; so let it go.)—"and ran to"—(By Jove, I never thought of asking the name of the beastly place.)—"ran on until they checked. Then they ran on again, and then they checked again, and ran to"—(Dash it! I can not give the name of a single place. Very awkward this.)—"ran on, until they stopped. Several people—I regret that I am unable to give their names—went

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"SPRING'S VOLUPTUOUS PANTINGS WHEN SHE BREATHEES HER FIRST SWEET KISSES."—Shelley.

streaming out with a dash and a "drive" which sent my brute half frantic. Away we tore over a big grass field, bounded by "useful" stake-and-bound fence. Horse promptly refused. Tried again, and found myself in collision with hard riding subaltern from cavalry barracks. Subaltern swore. I swore. Then, after another refusal, galloped round to gate. Gate locked. More language recklessly thrown about. Got half over, half through, weak-looking place in hedge, and on again after hounds. Next obstacle brush-fence with ditch beyond. Chestnut cleared fence and fell into ditch, then out on to road, along which we kept for a mile, across grass fields without end, and (mercifully) no necessity for jumping, as line of open

very well throughout the run."

In due course, I sent in the above lucid account of our gallop. I regret to say that it did not appear in print, and that THRUSTER has never asked me to act as his deputy again.

SHOW SUNDAY.

Fair Non-Purchasing Patroness (examining portrait of a friend exhibited in his studio by rising young artist). How lovely! Quite too charming! (As if much astonished) And so like her too!! (With conviction) Honestly (to rising young artist) I've never seen anything so marvellous, even in a good picture!

ART IN THE DOLLS' HOUSE.

BY LITTLE QUEENIE.

§ 4.—About Dekoration.

DEKORATION, I should explane for the bennefit of my younger readers, menes painting and papering. The first may entale some expence unless, like me, you are so forchunate as to have a Papa who is an Artist or Arkitekt. Then it needn't cost you so much, as you have only to wate till he is out of his studeyo. I got a pan of Crimson Lake and another of Ultrymorene that way which was sufishent to dekorate the front door of my dolls' house and all the hannisters.

Papa said I had picked out the two most expencive paints in his box, which shows I have an eye for cullour.

For the Nursery or Bedroom I can reccomend either a nice cool gambooge, or else a pale srimp pink. (You make srimp pink by squedging a tube of Chinease white on to a pan of carmine) Srimp pink always looks reffined, besides being restful to the eye of a tired doll.

Some dekorators invariably do all the woodwork of the droin-room sky-blue, but this is comonplace and even hedge-sparovegg blue is not such a culcherd cullour as it used to be and is very trying to most dolls' compleeshuns.

I did mine Nile Grene, but I forget how I made it, except that there was Emerild Green in it and when Father asked what had become of his emerild grene it was unforchunately found to be mislade.

For the Dining-room you must have some warm ritch cullour like Vandike Brown or Injian Red, which is exacly the shade of Anchovey Paste but tastes quite diferent.

For the Atticks you should imploy Vermillion or Royal Male Red which are quiet and yet chearfal to live with.

Should none of your dear parents or relatives posess a paint-box (which is scaresly creddible) you will have to use your own paints or else buy some. I have seen dolls' houses dekorated with those enamil paints they sell in tins (my Cousin JOSEFINE did hers with them and made a most awfull mess of it) On the hole I do not advise ennamils unless you are waring a pinnifore that dosen't matter.

It is nedeless to say that Dekoration is an Art that cannot be performed without the ade of brushes. These should be of the very best qolity, and it is false ekonomy to use any but the finest Camil's hair. If as I before remarked you have an artistic parent it ought to be esy to provide yourself with sutable brushes. If not you must do the best you can with penny ones.

§ 5.—About Papering.

This is a far more difcult problim than painting. It will hardly be beleved, but there is not a single toyshop in London where you can procure a cheap and really artistic wallpaper, or any of any kind! Where they get the papers they put up in dolls' houses I don't know, but the yare abominations, and no doll can hope to have a truly butiful home with them on her walls.

Now when I was redekorating my dollshouse, I ditermined I wouldn't have any paper on my walls that hadn't got some pritensions to artistic merrit.

Acordingly one day I went with SARA (my made) into an upolsterer's shop in Oxford Street, where Mummy always goes to, and I said, "Will you please show me some of your latest desines for papers?"

So a gentleman who seemed rather tired and contemptuous invited me to sit upon an Art sofa and weeled out a large frame full of spesimens of wall-papers, the size of scoolroom maps, and turned them over for me to see, thinking all the time of something else.

I think he didn't like them himself or expect me to, and I

didn't. I said they were all a little too large for my perposes, which they were—a lot.

He said lankwidly. "Of course, that would depend very much on what your perposes were."

And I said my perposes were doing up my dolls' house in an easthetic stile. So he advised me to try some other establish-mint, and I did try severil, but all their paterns were much too big and I allmost comenced to despare.

However, one day—and this will show you, my dear young friends, that we should allways persivere in whatever we have made our minds up to acomplish—one day, by a peice of extrordnry good luck I came upon the very thing I wanted.

You will lauf when you hear how ecstremly simple it was, and how esily I might have thought of it at first.

When my dear Mamma was married (which was before I was born or even cristened) she received a quantity of weding presents, some of which are still lingring on the upstares mantlepeices. But amongst them was a set of most butifully bound books with her monnigram outside.

Now I happened to pepe inside one day, not in the least expecteing to find anything usefull, when—what do you think?—I found to my intense delite that the inside was lined with a dellicat pale pink and blue marbel patern which was just ideel for a doll's best bedroom, and there were flyleves at both ends just the same with no printing on them so they couldn't be wanted realy. The vollumes were ten in number, which furnished just enough (and a little over) for my requirements and nothing could have looked pretier or in more perfect taste when pasted up.

I was so pleased I ran down to ask Mummy to come up and look, but she hapened to be too busy that afternoon.

Encuraged by this suxess I thurally serched all the books on the shelves and found an abundence of papers to sellect from. One which I can strongly reccomend had a charming design of little ships and swans in pale sammon, and another, nearly as good, was all over little Injian ladies neeling down and shooting with bows and arows.

I think it is very nice and thoughtfull of the gentlemen who write these luvly books to have them lined so prettily, and they will come off quite esily by inserting a pennife and slitting jently. I feel most gratefull.

Still I was not content, as I had set my heart on having a Jappinese boodwoor for my best doll, and mere wall paper was too convenshonil for my perposes. So I hunted about, and fancy what I found? Why, a great big bloting-book covered with the most exqisite Chinease embroidered silk! Another of dear Mummy's weding presents, and such a nice usefull one! The silk striped off esier than paper, and there was just enough of it, after cutting it to shape, to go all round the droin-room.

So now, my dear children, you see what may be done with a little—

* * * * *

P.S.—Since writing the above terible events have ocured! Mummy hapened, for the first time since her maridge, to open one of her weding present books in order to show a vissitor how butifully they were bound.

After the vissitor had diparted Mother sent for me and we had rather a paneful interview together, and even dear Father said severil very disagribble and unkind things to me. Next they came upon the bloting-book—but I preffer to draw a veil over this unplesant topic and will only say that I have allmost lived on bread and water ever since!

So, my beluvud young readers, unless you are happilly-endowed with parints who posess more understanding and sim-pathy with their children's nedes than I alas can bost of, I'm afrade I must advise you to be sattisfide with the hieeous wall-papers your dolls' house is sure to be provided with,

Your heartbroken and misunderstood little Friend,

QUEENIE.

P. P. S.—They didn't make me take the papers down, though!



Bernard Partridge.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Art (to London). "EXCUSE THE INTERFERENCE OF A COMPARATIVE STRANGER, BUT I DO HOPE YOU MAY SUCCEED IN GETTING SOMETHING WORTHY OF A GREAT CITY AND A GREAT QUEEN."

THE TOILER'S HOLIDAY.

[The strain of nearly seven weeks' continuous work in Parliament has necessitated an Easter vacation just one-third of that period in length.]

THERE is a point at which the nervous tissue
Even of Statesmen will incline to rot ;
Work it too hard and, in the awful issue,
The man becomes a drivelling idiot.

Nature, that cannot overlook abuses
Of her divinely regulated laws,
From time to time arrests our mental juices,
And utters her inexorable "Pause!"

This is the reason why our Legislature,
After an almost unexampled strain,
Bowing to these unwritten rules of Nature,
Goes forth reluctantly to ease its brain.

And who will doubt that Britain's Great Elected,
Outworn by sacred Duty's daily stress,
By midnight travail visibly affected,
Have more than earned their Eastertide recess?

Oh, let no niggling criticism grudge them
This sole reward for services received ;
Let not a crude examination judge them
Upon the actual results achieved !

Theirs is the maintenance of high tradition,
Of manners and of Parliamentary tact,
Labours that lack the joy of full fruition.
Attendant on a mere accomplished fact.

They know the need of pertinent enigmas,
Not to be gauged by what replies they yield ;
They have the care of casting quiet stigmas
On soldiers, out of hearing, in the field.

Work such as this has left them scanty leisure
For executing more constructive feats ;
Yet have they nearly passed one useful measure
Permitting Ministers to keep their seats.

The Housing of the Poor had been suggested
As urgent business calling for debate ;
Perhaps when Parliament is nicely rested—
Meanwhile the Poor are with us ; they can wait.

Some people hold a view of legislation
Which calmer thought refuses to admit ;
They think the House exists to please the Nation !
The Nation, as a fact, exists for IT.

Happy the land that has the chance to cherish
Such stalwart champions of the common weal ;
I trow she would not gladly see them perish
A sacrifice to pure excess of zeal.

Two little weeks' repose ! How paltry after
Some six of steady pressure on the brain !
A snatch of sleep, a trill of boyish laughter,
And then the stern relentless task again !

O. S.

THE TRAMGIRT ISLAND.

THE Isle of Thanet has been given over to the Electric Road Car Company. The excursion vans will, in course of time, probably vanish, as 'Arries and 'Arriets will in fine weather patronise the "trams," preferring life in the open air, on the upper deck of the "tram," to being temporarily, but swiftly, carried in a covered-in carriage to their destination at Margate or Birchington. The head-quarters of the new tram are, we believe, at Ramsgate, which may henceforth be known as "Trams-gate." The line to be called "The Tramsgate, Car-

gate, and Switchington Line." Why not carry it on to Herne Bay on the one side (and so, as 'Arry says, "Herne a hextry sixpence"), and to Sandwich (for refreshment) on the other, and complete the circle by running through the meadows to Canterbury, and so "joining the flats" !

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

First on the Antarctic Continent (NEWNES), is Captain BORCHGREVINK's narrative of the Antarctic expedition which, at the charges of Sir GEORGE NEWNES, set forth in 1898. The enterprise of visiting the Antarctic seas and continent is not new. Captain COOK sailed so far southward as to sight the great ice barrier that forms the seaward boundary of the weird continent. Other expeditions have steered due south with varying degree of fresh discovery. It was left to Captain BORCHGREVINK and his gallant crew of the *Southern Cross* to hoist the first flag that ever waved over the ice-fields of the Antarctic continent. It was, of course, the Union Jack. The object of the expedition was to locate the magnetic Pole. This was achieved after nearly two years of arduous, sometimes perilous, adventure, lived through with sublime patience and dauntless courage. The explorers, travelling the final stage by sledge, reached the furthest point south yet trodden by foot of man. After reading the Captain's vivid account of daily life and its surroundings in and about latitude 78°, my Baronite cannot honestly recommend the newly discovered land to the average emigrant. But Science has greatly profited by the munificence of Sir GEORGE NEWNES, the skill and courage of officers and crew of the *Southern Cross*.

The Tragedy of a Pedigree, by HUGO AMES (GREENING & Co., LTD.), though a very readable novel, is a little disappointing. Both title and the gruesome picture on the cover suggest a story of weird surroundings ; "instead of which," one is plunged into Society's vortex. Trouble to find plot. There is a *mésalliance* of the heir of an ancient family with a young woman of vague lineage. Naturally, his indiscretion becomes an uncomfortable fact when he falls in love with a lady of high degree. The characters, however, are well sketched. That of the hero's sister *Elizabeth* (yet another ELIZABETH !) stands out with clear distinction. Ames at a success, of course : but Ames without hitting "the gold."

The discontinuance of *Annals of our Time* was a serious loss to those concerned with the study and chronicling of current events. One or two inadequate attempts have been made to fill up the gap. The most successful that has come my Baronite's way is MORISON'S *Chronicle of the Year's News* compiled by Mr. GEORGE EYRE-TODD. It is not so minute in detail as the original work ; by way of compensation it is very much cheaper. It will serve for all ordinary purposes, and those who require fuller information on particular subjects will find in it the preliminary information of dates and places.

The Politician's Handbook (VACHER) is described by its compiler, Mr. WHATES, as designed to furnish the governing, literary, and commercial classes with the essential information given in diplomatic correspondence, Parliamentary papers, new treaties, reports of Royal Commissions and other documents issued by the Government. It is an undertaking which involves grinding hard work guided by skill and experience. These conditions are fulfilled in the handy well-printed volume. It preserves in convenient, accessible form the gist of the political and commercial history of the year. Lest we forget, here will be found the very text of documents marking the progress of events in the Far East, in South Africa and elsewhere, during the first year of the new century. A full index makes easy the hunt for items.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"THE GREAT DRINK QUESTION."—What 'll you take?



THEIR FIRST VISIT TO THE ZOO.

Tommy. "THEM AIN'T DONKEYS, BILLY!"

Billy. "YUS, THEY IS! THEY'RE DONKEYS WITH THEIR FOOTBALL JERSEYS ON!"

PERSUASIVE (S)PEKIN.

["A telegram from Pekin contains what are said to be the terms of the Chinese Emperor's reply to the Russian demand for the signature of the Manchuria Convention. KWANG-HSU argues that if Chinese supremacy over the province is lost, the other Powers will be encouraged to follow the Muscovite example, and he therefore beseeches the TSAR to 'restore' the territory, and to 'act with benevolence and righteousness.'"—*Daily Press*.]

MOST MAJESTIC EARTHQUAKE RUSSIAN CZAR MAN,—Not liking demand for signature of Manchuria Convention, no can do—Beseeching His Most Imperial Equal-to-new-ness to expand his benevolence and righteousness and restore that which he has not yet taken, but about to be. If otherwise and Topside Earthquake Russian Czar man takee plovince, pletty plenty row in Europe. Chinese Emperor, who even more Topside man than Majestic Earthquake, beseech to takee troops away most immediately at once, or sooner. Loving to please Majestic Earthquake but to give up Manchuria—no bet. If must fight, can do—plentee men—you killee 20,000, plentee more aftilwards. English pidgin fightee too. Chop chop. If Russian

men fightee against China men and English men, then Russian men plentee dam foolee, so Chin Chin.

JUST BEFORE THE BUDGET, MOTHER.

(The latest of many equally valuable suggestions.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When I was reading my paper this morning in my customary attitude, standing on my head, it occurred to me that even at the last moment I might be of some slight service to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I have not had an opportunity—from circumstances not entirely under my control—of consulting my good friends, the Emperor of China, the Man in the Moon, the Director-in-Chief of the Aërial Transit Company from Mars to the Sun, Limited, and other persons of undoubted antiquity; so I am not armed with their opinions.

But this is a matter of detail, and unworthy the attention of one who would not strike to the ground with a marling spike a British sailor without serious provocation.

From what I have gathered from a hurried perusal of the leading articles of the daily papers, read backwards, in such a manner that extremes meet, I fear there is a good deal of objection to the payment of taxes by so-called sane people. Then why tax the so-called sane? Surely this is injudicious treatment, and not to be spoken of in the same day with a shower bath or what is technically known as a strait waistcoat.

I do not know that I make myself clearly understood, as I am not accustomed to public speaking, especially when the Great Panjandrum, with the little button on top, is jogging my elbow with a complete edition of Dr. JOHNSON'S Dictionary.

But, there, let that pass, for you cannot always settle your opponent with the stroke of a patent umbrella stand—even when no one is looking. All I would suggest is that, if the sane object, why not tax the insane? They at least would pay up with every appearance of cheerfulness and unpremeditated satisfaction.

Yours, as king-in-chief of the universe,
AN APRIL RABBIT né A MARCH HARE.
Wisdom's Retreat, near Hanwell.

THE LADY WITHOUT MERCY.

O WOMAN without mercy! Thou
 Employest still each subtle art.
 Nor wilt accept my proffered vow,
 Nor wilt permit me to depart.

Around me thou hast cast thy spell.
 Before curst Fate our footsteps drew
 Together, oh, I knew thee well,
 A woman whom to meet was rue.

Long since the love that fired my breast
 Is dead. To shun thee I have tried,
 But oh, my weakness stands confest,
 For still I linger at thy side.

Thou art not beautiful, but, oh,
 Thou hast a thousand ways mysterious
 And when from thee I fain would go,
 Thou wav'st me back with beck imperious.

Thou by another art possessest;
 Not for each other we, I know.
 Then calm the anguish in my breast
 And let me go, oh, let me go!

Oh, say what power my will defies
 Against which I so oft have striven?
 'Tis not the witchery of sighs,
 Or dulcet glances, softly given.

No dowered beauty of the land,
 With blush roses on damask cheeks
 Art thou. But my landlady, and
 I owe thee rent—for several weeks.

ON BANK HOLIDAYS.

THE following paper will be read by Professor SNOOKS before the Society of Antiquaries towards the end of the twenty-first century:—

The institution of "Bank" holidays, which seem to have become increasingly frequent during the last years of the nineteenth century of our era, has long been a puzzle to the historian. Considerable doubt prevails among antiquaries as to the origin of the name by which they were known. The general view is that, they were called "Bank" holidays because on those days, to add to the general inconvenience of holiday makers, no one could go to the bank. My friend Professor BUGGINS, however, derives the name somewhat differently. He is of opinion that they were styled "Bank" holidays because the less reputable members of the community spent them lying on banks at Hampstead and elsewhere in various stages of intoxication. That this was a prominent feature in the keeping of these holidays is unhappily beyond question, and Professor BUGGINS's view, therefore, deserves serious consideration.

The learned Dr. JINKS, on the other hand, believes that the word "Bank" is a corruption of "Blank," and that these days were called "Blank" holidays because, owing to over-crowding and other difficulties, it was not possible for any sane human being to find anything to do on them. Contemporary descriptions which have come down to us seem to bear out this view, and it is easy to perceive that, if a whole community endeavours to keep holiday on the same day, every train, place of amusement and seaside resort will be crowded with a perspiring mob of hapless citizens, and the effort to obtain enjoyment and relaxation will be necessarily futile. Professor BUGGINS, on the other hand, has laboured to show that this difficulty is more apparent than real. He imagines a smiling and contented population wandering in leisurely fashion through the streets

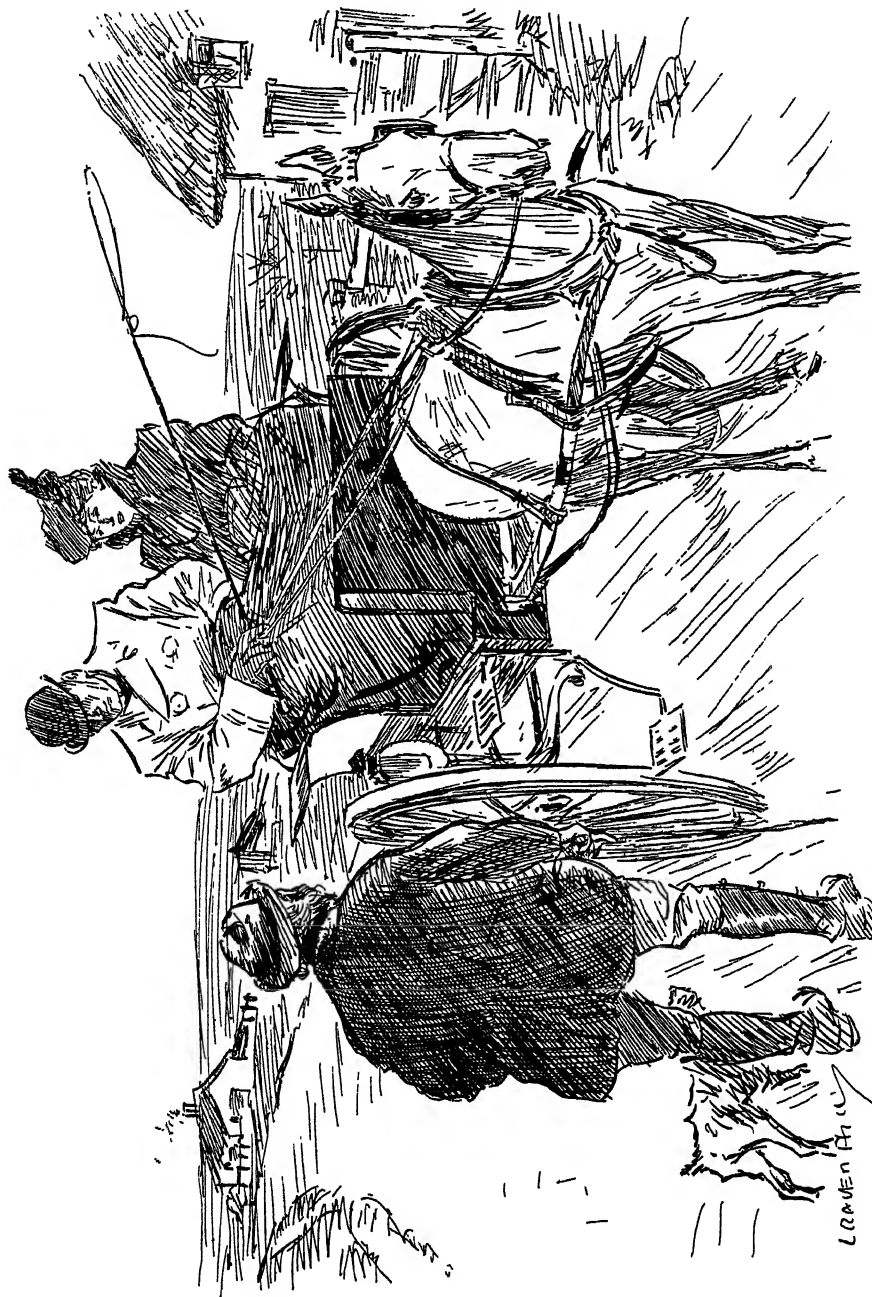
of great cities looking into shop windows, admiring the beautiful objects displayed in them, and returning home in the evening laden with ribbons and cheap jewellery. Dr. JINKS, however, has proved that this view is not tenable. He has shown that on these days no shops containing anything which any rational person could wish to buy were allowed to remain open, and that the streets presented the depressing spectacle of long lines of shuttered windows, flanking pavements strewn with orange peel and torn paper. If this picture be a correct one it only makes the institution of these holidays more inexplicable.

Dr. SMITHSON has ingeniously argued that the true name of these days was "Dank" holidays, and that they were so called because it always rained on them. This he declares to be the true explanation of the fact, if fact it be, that a considerable section of the community usually spent them in an uncomfortably crowded public house.

Professor DOBBS maintains that the whole idea of "Bank" or "Blank" or "Dank" holidays, as commonly accepted, is a myth. He points out, with a considerable show of reason, that no country with a large population could ever have dreamed of compelling all its citizens to keep holiday on the same day. On the contrary, its great aim would have been to induce people to take their holidays on different days. He refuses to believe that any nation with a reputation for sanity to keep up would select four or five Mondays in each year on which to travel in over-crowded trains, visit over-crowded museums and theatres, trample on one another's heels on Hampstead Heath, and jostle one another in a frantic effort to get inside the Crystal Palace. He declares that the whole conception of general holidays of this kind had become impossible at the end of the nineteenth century, and belongs rather to the scantier populations of the seventeenth and eighteenth. He further points out, with a fair show of reason, that holidays which are universal lack the real charm of holidays. There is no luxury in leaving off work if everybody else leaves off at the same time. The essence of a holiday is that other people should be working while you are idling.

Nor is it credible, according to Professor DOBBS, that the English nation should ever have been content to put up with the gross discomfort which is said to have marked the celebration of these days. The pictures which have come down to us of the loafer and the respectable tradesman, the clerk and the chimney sweep, pigging together in third-class carriages, elbowing one another on Margate beach, and singing convivial choruses at Epping, are clearly inaccurate and even absurd. Among the humbler sections of the community, even more than among the higher, class distinctions are strictly maintained, and the respectable clerk or artisan who was only allowed to keep holiday among a crowd of 'Arries would certainly prefer to stop at home and read the newspaper. It has been objected to this view that nations are not rational and that legislators are stupid. That short-sighted philanthropists may easily have imagined that they were conferring a boon on the community by giving everyone certain holidays during the year, without troubling to ascertain how on earth they were going to enjoy them. But Professor DOBBS refuses to accept this view, and he points out that as we in this twenty-first century have found no difficulty in ordaining that every employer shall allow his *employés* a certain number of holidays a year, leaving it to the parties themselves to settle on the dates most convenient for taking them, our forefathers of the twentieth century must have had the sense to demand and obtain similar freedom.

QUESTION TIME. — "One unaccustomed to Parliamentary Practice" wants to know if the kitchen and restaurant business of the House of Commons is always referred to as a "Joint Committee," and, if so, is it a "Hot or Cold Joint" Committee, or a "Soup-Fish-and-Joint" Committee?



QUITE CLEAR.

Stranger. "IS THIS THE WAY TO CHIPPENHAM?"
 Villager. "YOU GO STRAIGHT ON THROUGH THE VILLAGE, AN' TAKE THE FIRST TURN BUT ONE TO THE LEFT AFTER YOU PASS OUR 'OUSE!"

EASY CIRCUMSTANCES.

HAPPY the poor man's lot to-day !

For he with riches' cares unhampered
May now, without a cent to pay,
With every luxury be pampered.

While rival dealers struggle still,
And each upon the other tramples,
With patent foods his mouth they fill,
And deluge him with cocoa samples.

A halfpenny paper if he buys
A free insurance it provides him,
And on a sick-bed if he lies
With generous advice it guides him.

If he through stress of poverty
No picture shows can be affording,
The choicest art in posters he
Can gaze upon on every hoarding.

Yes, these are happy days indeed !
When traders, keen and enterprising
The public cure, amuse, and feed
Gratis by way of advertising.

LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

Short Stories with Sad Endings.

NO. VI.—THE OTHER WOMAN.

IF it had been the subject of a modern play it would have been called a triangular affair. At the base were EUSTACE CHARD and the woman he had wooed and almost won, the woman who would have been Mrs. CHARD but for the presence of the other woman who frowned at the apex. Poor CHARD, and he thought everything was going so satisfactorily and smoothly for him; and to be thus confronted, nay, defied by this creature who threatened to overturn all his plans for future happiness with the one woman he really did cherish a sincere affection for was a poignant grief that threatened to shatter his very reason. The outlook was about as gloomy a one as EUSTACE had ever faced. He was not naturally a coward, but scenes with women unnerved him and to see his MARJORIE in a state of semi-collapse, brought on by this woman's insolence and unwarranted behaviour, was a spectacle that entirely robbed him of his self-control.

He had been lolling limply against the piano. His mind was confused, his limbs inadequately fitted to support him under distress, threatened momentarily to give way. He lurched into the centre of the room, and asked blankly: "Where is she?"

"In the next room," answered the woman.

The man played nervously with his watch chain. Already her faith in his strength and manhood had evaporated. She avoided his glance. Yet he knew he dare not trust himself to go into the next room. She saw his irresolution, and offered to go herself.

The man wavered. It was his only chance. Yet he had some compunction against allowing MARJORIE to go to this woman, and he made a feeble show of resistance. But this was quickly beaten down, and the man weakly acquiesced to an interview between the two women. Poor little MARJORIE, she had not anticipated episodes of this sort being introduced into her married life. Perhaps her view of matrimony was taken too much from modern works of fiction, where experience seldom inspires the description. Such a contingency would have been met by less impressionable women in quite an airy, matter-of-fact manner, but with MARJORIE this was not the case. She was disappointed, her illusions, when revealing themselves as such, seemed to be lurking in the near future, and only bearing their ghosts into the present as samples of what was to come. Very naturally the man was not torn by any conflicting emotions as to future developments. He hated to think, that the woman in the adjoining room should have the slightest power to alter the course he and MARJORIE had marked out for themselves. But he knew too well she had. He knew that by a few words she could dispel his dream and separate him and MARJORIE—perhaps for ever. And it was this fact that galled him; that an ill-educated, unprepossessing woman, could ever be in a position to play fast and loose with practically half of his life. If ever there was an outward and visible sign of the degeneracy of modern times this was one. Moreover, he knew that this case was a replica of thousands of others, happening daily, and that such women, as the one who engrossed his thoughts had the power, and used it to devastate the realms of a home life, such as he and MARJORIE had proposed to enter on.

The man groaned. "After all," he said in a broken voice, "yours is the best way." MARJORIE's face was touched with a deep pity. She saw how genuinely ashamed he was of his weakness.

"Go to her," he continued. "Tell her of our plans for the future—as much of our life as you think fit and necessary. Tell her how much of our happiness, our hopes of peace and comfort depend on her—good sense, her reasonable attitude, her kind forbearance. Make her understand."

The door opened and closed. The man waited anxiously. He could hear the buzz of their voices. How harsh, almost raucous, the woman's voice sounded to MARJORIE's richly modulated tones. The sounds ceased. MARJORIE was returning. The door was flung open and the woman who was to have been EUSTACE CHARD's wife, sank dejectedly into a chair.

"Speak, speak!" cried CHARD. "All my hopes of future happiness depend on your word. What did she say?"

"She said," sobbed out the distressed MARJORIE, "She's-bl-blown if she'll be anybody's cook in a fifty-pound-a-year flat—oh, EUSTACE, don't hope. It's impossible. There can be no love where there is no cook!"

THE CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

OF course everyone knows it. The simplest thing in the world. All you have to do is to fancy that you are counting a flock of sheep crossing a stile.

You try it. There's the stile, close to a tree, and near a cottage. Girl looking out of window. Boy comes over stile and makes an ugly face at girl. Girl takes an umbrella and chivies boy. Stop! stop!—this is getting interesting. Besides, has nothing to do with the flock of sheep. Going back. Leave cottage, boy, and girl, and scrimmage, and return to stile.

Stile in foreground. Sheep approaching. One sheep with a bell gets half over and sticks. Dog barks, but does not do any good. Wedding-party come up. Rustic bride much distressed at not being able to pass the stile. Bad omen. Rustic bridegroom indignant with shepherd. Row. Wedding guests take different sides. Some of them personal friends of the shepherd. Rural constable approaches. Row subsides. But heated argument. Most interesting. But this is not helping me to go to sleep. Never more wide awake in my life!

Try back to the stile. Fresh flock of sheep. Here they come. One gets over, then another, then a third. But, hallo! What's this? Here comes a bull. How the sheep scamper! And now the dog is fighting the bull! And here comes a lot of Volunteers. Why, they are lining the hedges! It's a sham fight. Lord ROBERTS, as I live, and Sir EVELYN WOOD. But I didn't want to think of these eminent warriors. I am more awake than ever. Must get back to my stile, *pur et simple*.

Same old stile. New flock of sheep. They are in single file. Four of them get over and I am expecting a fifth, when, what is this? Why, the cottage is on fire! Here come the engines! They pass rapidly, getting up steam *en route*. And here are the fire-escapes! What a mob! The water is beginning to take effect! The sheep are scrambling away in the distance! The boy is trying to save the girl! He clambers up the ladder of the fire-escape! Saved! Saved! Here come more fire-engines! The stile is broken down to allow them to pass! Dear me! I am more awake than ever! And my sheep and stile both gone!

Try another remedy. Open presentation copy of a book by a valued friend. Read a couple of pages. Rather dull. Not quite sure—gork! gawk! gork—awk! (Left snoring.)



CITY AND SUBURBAN."

Miss Tooting Beck (Suburban). "OH, MR. DASH, WHAT HORSE IS THAT THEY ARE ALL LOOKING AT!"

Mr. Dash (City). "THAT'S THE FAVOURITE, MISS BECK."

Miss Tooting Beck. "REALLY! WHAT A WONDERFUL CREATURE! IT SEEMS TO HAVE RUN IN EVERY RACE I'VE HEARD OF!"



Instructor (to newly-enlisted Imperial Yeoman). "I THINK YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE ACCUSTOMED TO RIDE. WHERE DID YOU RIDE?"
Imperial Yeoman. "'AMPSTEAD 'EATH!"

TO ALL THE OTHER GIRLS.

YOU know, I like you awfully, JESS,
 PHYLLIS, the same applies to you,
 TO EDITH and to MARY no less,
 Also to others, not a few.
 Yet some of you are rather "mad,"
 You choose to feel, I understand, a
 Slight sense of injury, since I've had
 The glorious luck to win AMANDA.
 I wish, sincerely, it were not
 Impossible for me to fall
 In love with some of you—a lot—
 In fact I'd gladly love you all!
 But, when you come to think it out,
 I'm sure my reasoning will strike you,
 You'll find it, I can have no doubt,
 More flattering that I should like
 you.
 Fate sends their wives to poor and rich,
 Fate does not send them thus their
 friends;
 Then let my final couplet (which
 I rather fancy) make amends.
 This fundamental truth, I trust,
 My seeming fickleness excuses—
 One simply loves because one must,
 Whereas one likes because one chooses!

JOURNALISM NOWADAYS.

(The Office of "The Crocophant.")

Proprietor (to Managing Editor). Is there
 nothing you can suggest, Mr. TIPCAT, to
 increase our advertisements and reduce
 our circulation?

Mr. Tipcat. I am really at my wits' end.
 I have cut down all the contributors to
 half-a-crown a column, given away one
 hundred pounds' worth of jewellery every
 week, and also, as you know, two motor
 cars, fifty bicycles, and five-and-twenty
 thousand copies of *Pinnock's History of
 Greece*. We might make a splash with
 some free luncheon tickets and a few
 cases of champagne and whiskey, or buy
 the favourite for the Derby and give him
 to the person who spots the most con-
 sonants in a certain number of the paper.

Proprietor (drily). I know who that
 person will be. But can't you think of a
 more novel idea?

*Mr. Tipcat (suddenly struck by a brilliant
 idea).* Novel idea! "Novel" idea! That's
 it! You've just hit it! We'll offer £500
 to the man or woman who will name the
 worst hundred novels in the world.

Proprietor (overjoyed). Excellent!

(After a pause) But mightn't it be
 libellous?

Mr. Tipcat. Libellous! Nonsense, we'll
 only admit the works of dead authors.

[And the circulation goes up by "leaps
 and bounds."]

AN INVITATION.

FAIR butterflies, that in the Park
 Hither and thither flit and flutter,
 The while your gorgeous hues I mark
 In ecstasy the wish I utter:
 "Would you would come in myriads here,
 Our eyes to gladden and to cheer."

Come, hover round each lovely flower,
 Its pollen browse, sip from its petals,
 And we will make for you a bower
 All overgrown with toothsome nettles,
 Where you may spend your glad spring
 days,
 While we in admiration gaze.

Oh, foolish wish of ours! for now
 Your children come, a loathly lot,
 And swarm and creep on every bough,
 For, butterfly, I quite forgot,
 That, ere to beauty forth you burst,
 You were a caterpillar first.



SOMETHING TO GO ON WITH!

SIR M-CH-L H-CK-S-B-CH (jubilant, after foraging). "AHA! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT FOR YOU!"

AFTER BANK HOLIDAY.

(A Few Confessions.)

Lightning Tourist. Got over 5,000 miles or was it 50,000? I am quite sure we visited Paris. Forget whether we saw the Rhine or Switzerland, or both. Anyway, we carried out the programme and didn't waste a penny. It was certainly cheap, and if my impressions are slightly mixed — well, I can find out where we *did* go and read the guide-book.

Enthusiastic Volunteer. Splendid time! Up at five, on parade at six. Hard at work until six in the evening. Then mess. Slept most of the time. Turned in at seven; out again at five, and repeated the movement. Not a moment to myself. Delightful holiday, and after my work in the office a splendid rest!

Typical 'Arry. Oh, dear! Never see such fun. Fifty of us in a compartment built for ten. Such songs, such games, and came back without being copped by the police. First rate, and no error!

Leisurely Lounger. Never think of going away when other fellows go. Prefer the club empty. Get my own corner in the coffee-room without opposition. If I go to an hotel on Bank Holiday, always full. Like to be looked after. Hate to be a number. Bank Holiday first-rate institution — when you stay at home.

Amusement Caterer. Splendid houses; cram full on Monday. Up all night looking after things. Rushed up the balance at the Bank. Not much rest for me; but, then, I always have the hardest work on a holiday.

Cabinet Minister. Left in town to look after everything! Half a mind to serve my colleagues out by causing foreign and colonial complications. Whole mind not to do it. What's the good of being a Right Honourable if you don't behave as such?

The Public in General. Very good thing a Bank Holiday. Fortunate there are not more of them!

The Police in London. Glad the provincials have to look after some of our friends from the little village.

The Police in the Country. Glad to send the rough lot back to the force at the Yard.

Mr. Punch. All's well that ends well, and Bank Holiday is over.

PAINFUL POEMS.—No. IV.

THE SACRIFICE.

THE orator had swayed the throng
With wingéd words and true.
Who would not right a grievous wrong
By giving what was due?

And men were giving, giving fast,
Their gifts were good and great—



A GIRLISH IGNORANCE.

Lady Hildegardie, who is studying the habits of the democracy, determines to travel by Omnibus.

Lady H. "CONDUCTOR, TELL THE DRIVER TO GO TO No. 104, BERKELEY SQUARE, AND THEN HOME!"

But ANDREW MOTTLEBURY cast
His eyes upon the plate!

Alas! poor man, 'twas all he had,
His purse was lean and bare
(To say that he was pale and sad
Is neither here nor there).

And, yet, perchance the man was wise—
While others gave their gold,
He gave a glance, and cast his eyes,
As I've already told.

Oh, yes, the sacrifice was grand!
And my advice to all
Is give your eyes, or, give a hand
In helping those who fall.

FOR LOVE OF SCIATICA.

(An Hydropathic Romance.)

SCIATICA was not beautiful, nor was she young, and yet, no sooner had Mr. ROOMER TISM exchanged a dozen words with her than he fell desperately in love.

They met in the Pump Room, whither a gouty destiny had impelled them. ROOMER waxed eloquent on sulphates;

SCIATICA flashed out with apothegms on carbonates. A secret affinity of the problem on diuretics drew these two middle-aged souls together, and they walked back to the hydro thrilling with the thought that Nature had given each a similar diathesis. Later on, as they stirred weak tea sweetened by saxon, they compared with feverish interest their diet charts, and tears of exquisite sympathy fell from SCIATICA'S eyes when she found that Mr. ROOMER TISM also was told to avoid pork chops and bottled beer.

We were designed for each other, murmured ROOMER, bending as much as tendency to lumbago would permit.

SCIATICA blushed and bashfully turned the subject on to the clinical significance of gastric toxins.

That evening she confided to her cousin ARTHRITIS the news of the mutual attachment, while ROOMER, as he drank his glass of hot water before retiring to rest, silently pledged his love.

Of course, a few shadows chequered from time to time the sunshine of the romance. The course of true love never, etc., as the poet says, and when the course is a "water" course, the sentiment has additional application. But then the tiffs were no ordinary lovers' tiffs. O dear no! nothing so foolish and trivial. SCIATICA had a weakness for

carbo-hydrates which ROOMER TISM did not share, and she resented his mild reproaches on this score. But he made a peace offering of takadiastase (in 5-grain doses) tied up with blue ribbon, and all was right again. The wedding will shortly take place: a peptonised wedding-cake is being prepared by a first-class chemical firm, and the health of bride and bridegroom will be drunk in fine old Viehy water. It is understood that the bridegroom has presented the bride with a necklace and pendants composed of varalettes. The honeymoon will be divided between the various English spas.

THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

Shade of Milton speaks :

No sandwich-men along the Strand
To all the world explained
The beauties of my *Comus* and
My *Paradise Regained* ;
Else haply had my verses raised
Almost as great a noise
As this unread but much self-praised
Ad Astra now enjoys.

Paradise Lost no better fared :

No advertising page
This masterpiece of mine declared
The marvel of the age.

SAM SIMMONS was not of the stuff
Of these who now possess
The courage and the face to puff
Peccavi in the press.

I wrote of Satan, but no "ad."

My genius proclaimed—

If BEELZEBUB I only had

The Master Sinner named !—

No bold announcement bade men look
For *Lycidas*, but then

No royal life was my poor book
Writ by a ducal pen.

My foolish thoughts, all out of joint,
On art alone were bent,
And quite ignored the vital point
Of self-advertisement.

I wrote an Epic, and it stocked

My purse with guineas five—

These wiser moderns just concoct
Advertisements, and thrive.

FOR FOREIGNERS IN LONDON AT EASTER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that several excellent schemes have been arranged for English strangers visiting the Continent at Easter, to enable them to see the chief objects of interest in foreign parts. For instance, in Paris an itinerary allows tourists to inspect the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevards, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Morgue. Now, could not something be done of the same kind for Frenchmen visiting London at this season of the year for the first time? I think so. I jot down a programme for three days.

First Day. Visit to Charing Cross. Inspection of the statue of CHARLES I. Visit to Charing Cross railway station. Inspection of the exterior of the Royal United Service Institution. Walk in St. James's Park. Lunch. A substantial one can be obtained at the A.B.C. shops. Promenade down the Victoria Embankment, with visits to the bridges of Westminster, Charing Cross (foot-path), Waterloo, and Blackfriars. Home.

Second Day. Visit to the Tottenham Court Road. Inspection of huge shops. Journeys by the Twopenny Tube to the extent of 8d. Lunch at the A.B.C. Visit

to Battersea Park. Inspection of the British Museum. Walks to and fro of the most interesting character. Journey to King's Cross. Inspection of railway platform. Home.

Third Day.—Visit to the Docks. After they have been inspected, journey to Kew Gardens. Charming walk by Knightsbridge, Kensington, and Hammersmith. Lunch at the A.B.C. The rest of the time might be usefully employed in resting on the benches on the Thames Embankment, and packing up. Train leaves for the Continent at a time that carefully avoids clashing with the dinner hour.

There, my dear Mr. Punch, if that is not an excellent programme I am a Dutchman. I have found no exact balance to the Morgue. Some suggest, however, that the School of Mines, in Jermyn Street, is sufficiently gloomy to be accepted by the more cheerful of our visitors as a satisfactory substitute.

Yours very truly,
ORGANISER.



A DANCE DIALOGUE.

"A SMARTISH affair this," I said to the little man with the pale-blue eyes, who leant disconsolately against the wall.

He laughed nervously. I felt drawn to him, somehow. He appeared to know no one, and I knew very few intimately, and hadn't succeeded yet in discovering the host and hostess.

"But I should say," I went on, drawing inspiration from my new acquaintance's sympathetic attention, "I should say it cost our host Sir TUMNAL TINTZ a pretty penny. The champagne is actually up to par, and no stint."

"Really, I'm glad to hear you say so."

"Reassuring, isn't it?"

From our point of vantage we could command a full view of the ball-room. The melody of the waltz, the perfume, and the frou-frou of Parisian and Viennese confections had lulled the little man into a delicious reverie.

"There," I said, "you see that old chap who looks as if he had stolen the Eastern Hemisphere and put it under his waistcoat—that explains the fizz!"

My friend looked exceedingly puzzled.

"That's GOOTZEGOG—the chap who supplied the wine. Oh, everybody knows Sir TUMNAL runs things a bit above his income. Lady TINTZ has social ambitions. What's the consequence? Bills are paid by invitations to meet all the exclusive

and celebrated, instead of by coin of the realm. GOOTZEGOG accepted with pleasure—on the back of a receipted bill for six dozen 'bottles of the boy.'"

"Really, this is exceedingly unplea—"

"Social sins," I said. "You'll know them all by heart by and bye. It's only a question of time. Now, you see that woman hop-waltzing. There, just passed us, high-pitched voice, pearls—"

"Yes, yes, but—"

"That is Mrs. GRINBURGER, known in Chatham Street as JULIETTE & CO., swagger dressmakers, where Lady TINTZ can make up her betting-book, and hedge—by patronising the GRINBURGER."

"Upon my word!" in astonishment.

"Scandalous having to meet these people. And that thin woman bare-ly clothed—ha! ha! excuse my little quip."

"I know—"

"Mlle. SEMBRACH—bonnets; supplies the TINTZ girls with headgear, and is allowed to pass as a friend of the family because she forgets to send in the bill. Convenient, isn't it? She looks like making a match—or a breach of promise—"

"It is incredible," almost vociferated my little friend, whose eyes I was evidently opening as to the ways and means of a certain, or rather uncertain, class of society. "It is incredible," he said, "that you should tell me all these scandalous tales in the house where you are privileged—"

"Quite so, quite so," I said, fearing I may have wounded his sensibilities. "One only does this sort of thing when the function is a fizzle. But you appeared to know no one."

"You appear to know everyone—"

"A good many. Come, let us have a stroll round and try and find the host."

The little man blinked nervously.

"Have you any idea what the Johnny's like?" I enquired.

"Exactly like me," said the little man.

"I am Sir TUMNAL TINTZ!"

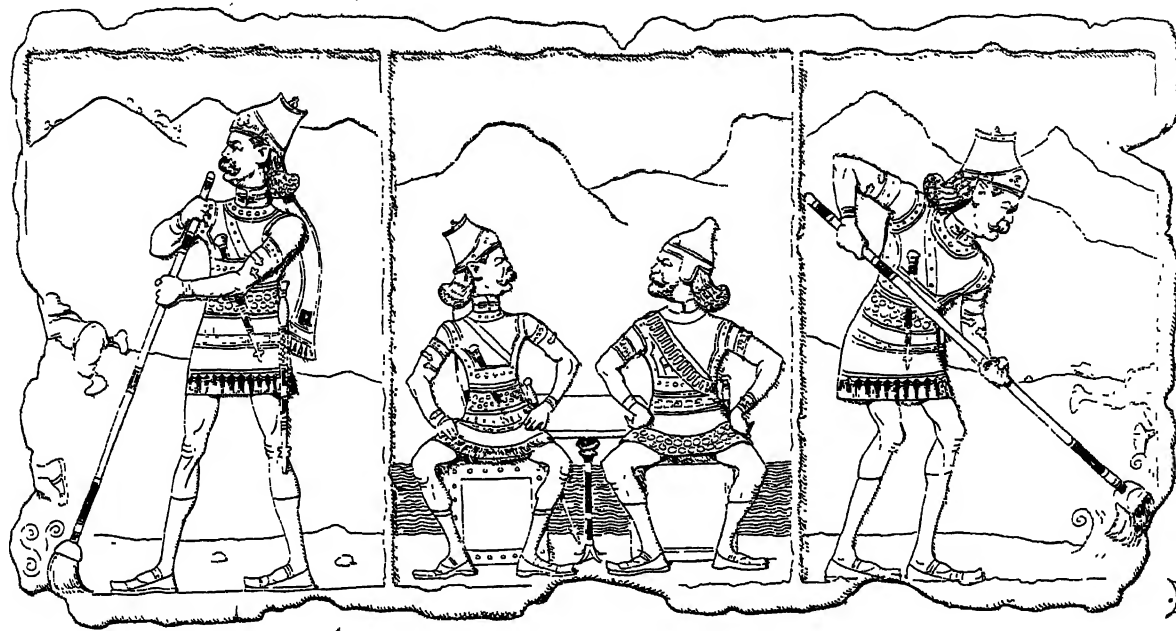
CHART OF THE COMING WEATHER.

(Accuracy Guaranteed—More or Less.)

SUNSHINE mingled with snow and sleet. Wind veering round from north to east, and then by south to west. Thunder in places, with showers and light breezes. Change at Paris, Folkestone, Reading, and the North of Scotland. Blizzard moving from America across the Atlantic. Smooth to half a gale on the Channel. Squalls on the North Sea, and a hurricane at Putney. Fog at Blackheath. Unreliable weather in the Bay of Biscay.

Suitable costume for the month, flannel suit lined with fur, and pith helmet swathed in flannel. Sunshine two hours to the forty-eight, and seven inches of rain to the square foot in places.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



1. Now Kitj-en-Ur the sunburnt,
2. the Lord of Khärtūn, the master of legions,
3. the giant in stature, the job did take over.
4. Whose eye was of agate
5. (the blue of the ocean) which froze all the marrow (—a modern Mhédusa—)
6. of *Jonniz* on *phérloh*, who felt
7. a bit-chippi and ran down to Kéhp-taūn
8. (to see the *dhār krīchaz*
9. who sat on the wounded, in
10. *pahriz-yantih-ghaūns* and chattered
11. like *maglupahis* and chipped like *krikhets*)
12. Of these lovers of *muphti*, these *lofaz* in *pádakhs*
13. at Áskhat and Sánh-dhaun;
14. the *Gélitē-hauntaz* who made it a practice
15. to miss the beginning looking in a "bit-léhtar"
16. (when the show was half over!) . . . in a box near the band (I didn't say band-box!)
17. Just in time *dōnchernōh* to hear Lottih
18. and Tottih and possibly Mhordi
19. recite a short sentence, in their best
20. *bhord-skhul* manner,
21. with their hands clasped behind them
22. . . . then relapse into silence—relieved by a *simpah*—
23. for the rest of the evening
24. *Their hash* did he settle, did the Lord of Omdūrman, in
25. *nehkst-dūrtu-nótahim* saw them off at the station
26. to unpronounceable places

27. where they all fought like tigers, and suffered like heroes.
28. In every direction the enemy's forces
29. the Tommis did harry
30. . . . Like the flowing of *lávah* from out
31. a *whol-kénoh*, the khaki-clad squadrons spread
32. over the landscape.
33. All they that had horses
34. and such of the Omanri as could safely be set
35. without fear of disaster on the backs of the horses,
36. even the Bit-Jiggi, the Bit-Rokkhi, the Bit-Shéki,
37. the gropers for stirrups, holders on by the
38. mane, or other *ekhs-krésenz* (how they wished it would canter!)
39. Yet did Níppidewet, the champion of *sprintahs*,
40. the wielder of *sjámboks*, the *lootar* of *lughidj*,
41. keep setting to partners and defied
42. all their efforts dispersing his forces.
43. Many times into their hands was he about to be delivered bound
44. but only in cables!
45. Then reluctantly leaving his tail in their *klatchiz*
46. like a bird did he fly, into space did he vanish.
47. and even the
48. troopers, as a rule so proficient
49. in tersely condensing a prevalent feeling, could [sion,
50. think of no adequate form of expression,
51. so they said "Well! of all the

52—53. ,
—remarkable cases of *icapu-réshan!*"

(This is slightly amended—for obvious reasons.)

54. . . . After much warfare did the chief Luhibōtah
55. unto Kitj-en-Ur, the Lord of Omdūrman, by the hand
56. of his wife, who from the land of Pádi did come—57. Greeting did send
58. and they did meet together to make an end of the fighting
59. but in the mind of Luhibōtah was a *mishapr-ehénshan*
60. for even as the victorious *rabbit*, on the point of digestion, seeketh
61. to impose terms of humiliation
62. on the trembling *patihon*:
63. and like as the toothsome and succulent missionary
64. . . . when being prepared by the *chef* of the district for the banquet
65. of natives [basting
66. interrupteth the tedious process of
67. to express his unconquered reluctance harshly to deal
68. with the company present
69. but will accept even now
70. in a dignified manner
71. their wholesale submission
72. so did this beaten and fugitive chieftain
73—74. and Alphr-ád-Milnah, the Governor,
75. Shuv-menébar the Secretary, and Bhródrikh the War-Lord,
76. did harden their hearts and said they'd jolly well
77. first.

E. T. R.

A CURIOUS COURTSHIP.

PERSONÆ.

Blanche Alder (21). Enid Forsyth (30).
 Freddy Alder (16). Cecil Carington (28).

SCENE—A bright little Drawing-room in Mayfair. BLANCHE ALDER, who is the only daughter of a fascinating widower, is surrounded by floral tributes and other presents in honour of her twenty-first birthday. She is slim and fair, with an appearance of wilful airiness. On a table near her is a large framed photograph of a young man, looking pale but determined, on a background of vague landscape. She is reading to herself a telegram that runs as follows:—

"It is better I should never see you again. Better so perfect an ideal should remain a vision. Only, should we see more of each other, it might lead to anguish and despair for me. Do not even answer this; it is better so. Good-bye. Reply paid. CECIL CARINGTON, Victoria Street."

Footman (announcing). Mrs. FORSYTH.

Enter BLANCHE'S greatest friend. She is tall, dark and handsome, and tries, unsuccessfully, to conceal under the grace of a perfect hostess and the cordiality of a charming guest the well-known fact that she is still in love with her own husband.

Blanche (hiding the telegram). Oh, how are you, darling?

Enid (taking off her furs, with a quick glance round). What is the matter, BLANCHE? Is anything wrong?

Blanche. I am rather worried, dear. Can I trust you?

Enid (reproachfully). Oh, BLANCHE!

Blanche (apologetically). It's such a great secret, dear!—About my brother—poor little FREDDY—you know. He's spending the holidays with Uncle SAVILE. He wants to marry. He wants to marry CARRIE FLOYD—and has asked me to lend him fifteen shillings.

Enid. Is that enough to marry on?

Blanche. Oh, of course not! But he says that doesn't matter. She has such a splendid salary at the Tiv—where she sings, you know—Classical concerts. Besides, dear, think! She is married already, and has six children. And, then, the disparity of age! She is forty-six, and he is sixteen. He says he knows all that—he isn't blind to the facts—but it's real love, the sort of thing you read of in books—

Enid. Or newspapers.

Blanche. Yes—and he can't live without her. Oh, think how Papa will—! And such a difference in age!"

Enid. I think nothing of that. It is often done nowadays. But if she is married already there seems no danger of its coming off, so I can't sympathise very much.

Blanche. Darling ENID! How sensible and soothing you always are!

Enid. And is that all?

Blanche. Very nearly. It was Papa who gave me this bracelet for my birthday.

Enid. And, of course, you didn't appreciate it. How little you care for diamonds!

Blanche. They last so long!

Enid. You would give all your jewels for a mass of gardenias. And who sent the gardenias and orchids?

Blanche. Young REEVES. He thinks I am a heartless, sophisticated woman of the world, and disapproves of me; but says I have a morbid attraction for him. The rosebuds are from old Mr. COULSTON. He says I'm so refreshingly simple and innocent, it's quite a treat to meet that sort of girl nowadays. And he begins a long letter—a sort of patronising proposal—with "My dear Young Lady,—May an old friend of the family venture," and so on—you know the kind of thing. Isn't it funny, to be so different with different people? And how can one help it? I suppose it's the point of view.

Enid. And the attitude. Is that a new photograph of ARTHUR? It's rather flattered.

Blanche. Ah, you see, he took it himself. And he photographs so well—too well! He does everything so well. I think that's what I don't like about him.

Enid. I can't imagine, BLANCHE, why you don't marry him and—and get it over! He has everything in the world. You'll never meet anyone nicer. You've been followed about for the most absurd length of time by these three admirers—old Mr. COULSTON, BOBBY REEVES and ARTHUR—and it's time you decided. It would be such a relief to my mind! I'm always afraid you'll do something idiotic—I meant original, but it's the same thing. Do marry ARTHUR—please!

Blanche. Oh, I can't! He's too suitable!

Enid. Rubbish! Besides, if that's an objection, he probably won't remain suitable. No, I won't argue on those grounds, and I won't listen to such nonsense. He's handsome, enormously rich, will have a pretty name someday—he'll be Lord LYNNSEDE, won't he?—and is the best fellow in the world. Also, so well-balanced and the right age. Just what you need! The very person!

Blanche. Please don't be irritating, ENID; and it's no use saying more, because I can't—I mean, I couldn't—if I wanted to. First, I said I wouldn't marry him, and now he's turned round, rather rudely, and said, "All right then, I won't marry you. So there!"

Enid. Really, BLANCHE?

Blanche. Yes, dear. Here's his letter. (Reads.) "After what passed last evening, I beg to relinquish for ever the honour to which I have been aspiring so long. You know that I went to that dinner on purpose for a word with you, and you ignored me and spent the entire evening with a perfect stranger. I most sincerely hope you may be happy, though I own that, with your surroundings and disposition, I have grave fears to the contrary. And as I leave England tomorrow, you will be no longer troubled by my importunities." And so on—you know the sort of thing. Horribly rude and cross!

Enid. What have you been doing—and where's the poor boy going to hide his bruised heart?

Blanche. At Monte Carlo. He was going, anyhow.

Enid. And when did this happen?

Blanche (beaming wistfully). I met him for the first time last night. He was a perfect stranger! A curious, interesting man, very different from—. Oh, don't look so regretful, ENID! ARTHUR'S high principles, violent temper and fondness for playing halma would have led to trouble between us—I know it. Now CECIL CARINGTON—I'm not sure I like him, though.

Enid. I am quite sure you do—to-day. What did he say to you?

Blanche. Oh, let me see. He said he would like to burn me, like spice, on the altar of a devoted friendship!

Enid. A strong statement. What did he mean?

Blanche. I've no idea. He thinks we met in a previous existence—he remembers it. He has a wonderful memory. Well, it's only about two or three thousand years ago, I suppose. It's a pity I shan't see him again.

Enid. Shan't you? (She seems gratified, but sceptical.)

Blanche. Well!—not after this afternoon. Now, ENID, don't look like that. I did not ask him to call. I thought, perhaps, he might ask to, but he didn't. He said he preferred our meeting should be like a dream to look back on, an isolated, golden spot in his memory, or something, and of course I agreed with him. Oh, here's his telegram. (Reads telegram.) "It is better I should never see you again; better—so perfect," and so on—you know the kind of thing. "Do not even answer this; it is better so. Reply paid.—CECIL CARINGTON, Victoria Street."

Enid. And what did you answer?



THE "EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN" QUESTION.

District Visitor. "JUST THINK OF THE LANGUAGE CHILDREN HEAR IN PUBLIC-HOUSES!"

Navy. "JUST THINK OF THE LANGUAGE THEY'LL 'EAR AT 'OME WHEN I 'AVE TO TURN OUT AND FETCH IT!"

Blanche. Four o'clock.

[ENID looks at her watch. A ring is heard.

Blanche. Ah, it's three; very likely there he is. He would, perhaps, be a little early. Don't go, ENID, for ten minutes!

Enid. And so that is why you're wearing your new mauve dress.

Blanche. I always wear mauve when I am going to refuse people.

Enid. You wear it very seldom, darling.

Blanche. Do you mean I am always accepting people, ENID dear?

Enid (hastily). No, dear; no. I know you very seldom accept anybody.

Footman (announcing). Master FREDERICK.

Enter FREDDY, a dear boy of about sixteen.

Blanche (disappointed). Oh, it's only you, FREDDY.

Freddy (rather gruffly, with a nod to ENID). I just came in, you know; I wanted to tell you—you know my letters—?

Blanche. Yes.

Freddy. Well, it's off. See? It's all off.

Enid (with humorously exaggerated delicacy). Shall I leave you?

Freddy. Oh, no; I suppose she knows? (To BLANCHE.)

Blanche. Well, I did just mention—

Freddy. You would. Well, I don't mind ENID. She's all right. Yes, it's off. She treated me in the most beastly— Please never mention her name again.

Blanche. Of course I won't, dear. Besides, I never have. I'm so sorry for you; and, yet, perhaps it's all for the best. Isn't it, FREDDY?

Freddy. Yes; rather! Oh, I don't care! Of course, it's the sort of thing that rather ruins a chap's life. Of course, I'm awfully cut up, and all that. But she behaved—. Never mind, GERALDINE sent me her photo from school; like to see it? She's done her hair up. It looks awfully rum.

Enid. And are you thinking of marrying again—I mean—

again thinking of marrying? Your cousin, GERALDINE, for instance?

Freddy. Me! Marry! No; thanks very much. I've had enough of that. No more marrying for me! I say, you don't expect anybody particularly this afternoon, do you?

Blanche. Well, it's my birthday; and one or two people might—

Freddy. Oh, all right; I'm off. And, I say, many happy returns. And, I say, are you coming to the beano—Uncle SAVILE's dinner-party?

Blanche. Oh, yes; we're coming.

Freddy. It'll be appalling, my dear. Just don't come. I give you the straight tip. It's going to be one of those literary beanos—celebrities, and all that. You're going to be taken to dinner by that singing Johnnie—the penny-ice-man, or else, perhaps, the clever writing chap, F. J. RIVERS, you know who I mean. He wrote a book about someone falling in love with the Albert Memorial. A ripping book, I think. Though of course it's rather rot, too . . . He wouldn't be so bad. But, still, I don't advise you to come.

Blanche. Thanks, darling. But I love Uncle SAVILE's dinners—They're so exciting. You never know whom you may meet—the most unexpected people. Anyone, between the King and Little Tich, might take me in. (To ENID) Everybody goes there, and clever people on Sundays.

Enid. Then I should prefer the other days. I hate being the only stupid person in a crowd of clever people. They make such a fuss about one.

Teddy. I don't know. I never tried it. I didn't have a bad time there. I keep out of the drawing-room. I go to the Alhambra a good deal. Uncle SAVILE isn't bad.

Footman (announcing). Mr. CARINGTON.

Enter good-looking, sprightly young man.

Cecil Carington (fluently). How are you, and what have

you been doing with yourself all this time? I can't think how long it is since I've seen you. It must be years and years.

ENID, aware they met last night for the first time, is somewhat impressed. BLANCHE introduces them. FREDDY glares shyly with disapproval.

Blanche (equal to the occasion). Yes, isn't it ages? And where have you been burying yourself all these centuries?

C. C. (putting down his hat and gloves). I've been in the country.

Enid. What have you been doing there?

Cecil. I've been looking for three-leaved clovers.

Blanche (with soft earnestness.) And did you find any?

C. C. Far too many. I think three-leaved clovers are getting most horribly common now. I hardly think they're worth bothering about. Do you, Mrs. FORSYTH?

Freddy (getting up, with a look combined of intense envy of CECIL's clothes with a deep disgust of his conversation). I'm off. Can I see you home, ENID? *[They take leave.]*

* * * * *

Cecil Carington (on the sofa by BLANCHE). Yes. . . . I think life is too short to waste such a frightful lot of time. . . . Some people can live more in an hour than others in a year. Yes, of

course I'm in love with you. I have only one question to ask. Will you answer it frankly? Will you marry me?

Blanche (carried away). Yes.

[And she did, and lived happily ever after.]
A. L.

THE CENSUS AND AFTER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am reluctant to trouble you with the story of my grievance, but with a view to making the period between census to census longer than at present fixed I venture to address you. I must confess that my experience of taking the necessary particulars of my household is anything rather than a pleasant one. I jot down a few facts in support of my proposal that in future the census should be taken every fifty years instead of the customary shorter interval. I do not wish to attack that much-abused relative, the mother-in-law—who, by-the-way, is a far more formidable personage on the Continent than in England—but what can we do when the lady in question, who has been staying with us for years, insists that she is six months younger than her own daughter?

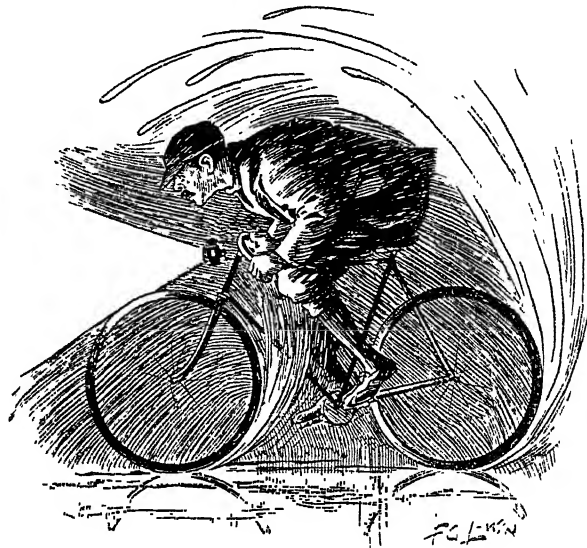
Then, it is really highly inconvenient when one's cook grows frightened at the sight of the official paper and takes to excessive drinking to nerve herself to answer your questions. This excessive drinking renders her replies of no value as evidence, and, moreover, sadly interferes with the comfort of one's dinner. Pickles should not be put in *bisque d'homard*, and turbot should not be covered with apple sauce. Then the boys should not call the census "rot," and insist upon with drawing to Paris to avoid the nuisance of answering your queries. Of course it is only an excuse to get what they term "a tenner a-piece out of the pater," but still in these hard times the demand is inconvenient.

Then there is another matter that may cause annoyance. Say that a room supposed to be reserved for "lumber" has been occupied by the dressmaker, to whom you object, and her presence is discovered on the day fixed for the taking of the census. How is she to be entered on your list when she asserts she has never slept a wink, and has been working all night?

Lastly, when you have taken infinite pains to do your duty as a patriotic citizen, it is not only annoying but embarrassing to find—when the official calls for your paper—that your census statement has been torn up by your wife and the pieces used as fuel for the fire in the dining-room.

All these accidents have happened to me recently, and such being the case, I consider that I may lay myself open to a charge of sarcasm, when I sign myself (using the official designation),
Yours truly, THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

HAMLET THE CORRECT CARD!—The now favourite game at cards yclept "Bridge" has obtruded itself on SHAKESPEARE. Mr. BENSON advertises his *Hamlet* as "a-bridge'd version." Is *Hamlet* the Knave of Clubs? Shall the fascinating King of Hearts, or the frowning Sovereign of Spades be the false *Uncle Claudius*? "Under which King, Bensonian? Speak, or die!"



APRIL SHOWERS!

OR, A SPURT HOME.

LAW COSTS.

["Earl PERCY in his book, *The Highlands of Asiatic Turkey*, describes how Judges of the Turkish Empire have their impartiality and incorruptibility assured by a salary of £2 10s. a month."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

THRICE happy Turk! the gentle sway
Of kindly Caliphs you obey,
Who golden tribute reap;
While righteous laws their realm adorn
That trickle from the Golden Horn,
And justice is so cheap.

We Englishmen, albeit free,
Brief barristers with heavy fee,
And lordly stipends pay
To judge and magistrate, while still
Your benches you contrive to fill
At half-a-crown a day.

Yet what if rumours may be true
That whisper how there falls to you
Stray perquisites beside;
That when the suitors' bones are bare
Judge WOLF contents him as his share
With carcass, wool, and hide?

Ah! then, if even at the rate
Of half-a-crown a day, your State
Of Judges finds no dearth,
'Tis possible that, after all,
The stipend, though extremely small,
Is fully what they're worth.

"PATRIE!"

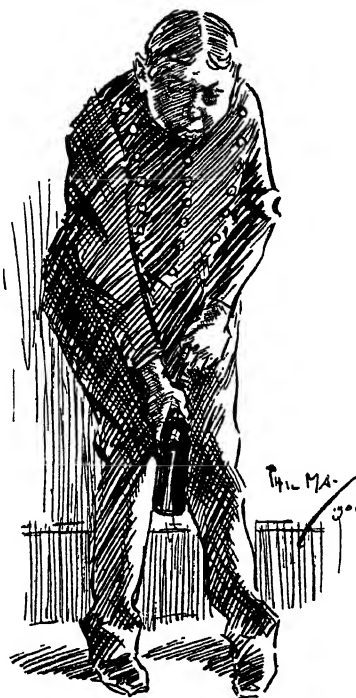
If you are fond of a good old tragic melodrama, and if you are in Paris, go and see SARDOU'S *Patrie*! revived at the Théâtre Français. It is a cheerful drama. M. MOUNET-SULLY, as the *Comte de Rysoor*, a dignified gentleman a little past middle age, with a neatly-trimmed grey beard and large eyes—somewhat resembling the KING OF ENGLAND—is chiefly occupied in ejaculating "*Patrie!*" This becomes, naturally enough, so monotonous to the southern temperament of his Spanish wife that she fixes her affections on another Flemish gentleman, who says less and does more. For he not only conspires against the lives of his Spanish enemies, but also against the happiness of his Flemish friend, and by degrees he gets in such a muddle with his varied schemes that, as the only way out of the difficulty, he begs the *Comte de Rysoor* to kill him. But the *Comte*—remarking, as usual, "*Patrie!*"—refuses.

Then the conspirators are caught by the *Duke of Alva* in the Town Hall of Brussels, and the fun begins. The Spaniards shoot a patriotic and self-sacrificing bell-ringer. They burn some patriotic conspirators. They are about to torture the *Comte de Rysoor*, but he escapes by committing suicide, his last word being, of course, "*Patrie!*" The *Duke of Alva's* daughter, who, one would suppose, must have been accustomed to massacres, is scared to death by the anticipation of one, and the

Comtesse de Rysoor is stabbed by her lover, who throws himself from the window on to the paving below. The paving of the Grand' Place at Brussels is to this day hard and unyielding.

So the play has to come to an end, for there is no one left alive but the *Duke of Alva* and the supers, and one concludes that the former has been busy slaughtering as many of the latter as possible behind the scenes during the last act. It is an exhilarating drama.

It is put upon the stage in the most sumptuous manner. The scenery, the furniture, the dresses and the processions



"A PAGE DRAWING."

are superb. And you can see them all from any part of the stalls, for the Comédie Française has made a rule—an admirable innovation in a French theatre—that ladies are not admitted in hats or bonnets. As almost all the men are now in evening dress, the audience in the stalls is quite elegant.

The theatre has been well restored since the fire, but, curiously enough, the precautions against this very calamity seem incomplete. The gangways are still lined with *strapontins*, fitted with springs so strong that in closing they would infallibly catch the dresses of ladies in a panic-stricken audience, and hold them immovable. But even if the women escaped the *strapontins*, they could never pass the two pairs of very narrow doors at each exit. The springs closing these are so strong that it is almost impossible to hold the doors open.

However, whatever might happen, there would be one consolation. The statue of VOLTAIRE in the foyer, being now provided with wheels concealed in the pedestal, would in any case be saved. H. D. B.

ONE-SIDED CONVERSATIONS.

[This is a new game. It may be played at Five o'clock Tea, and, in more advanced houses, it may take the place of Bridge after dinner. The hostess is instructed to give a valuable prize, such as an impossible tie-pin (male) or a copy of "*The Visits of Elizabeth*" (female) to the guest who most successfully fills in the blanks. N.B.—Several copies of this paper are necessary.—Ed.]

"WHY, it's three months since we met. You were staying with the CHESNEYS, and I was at the MARCHINGTONS'."

"——."

"Yes, and I remember the dress you were wearing. White lace, with some black stuff creeping through it."

"——."

"I don't remember that. It must have been someone else. You and I didn't get so far."

"——."

"Shine upon me and forgive. Your frown chills the ichor in my veins. Let me get you some tea?"

"——."

"And we can be quiet here. Now, tell me. Have you found peace of mind, or is life still the tangle it was three months ago?"

"——."

"No. I don't think it matters if you keep within the limits. That sort of thing is only perilous when the players lose their heads. You are not so—what, shall we say?—inexperienced."

"——."

"Oh, but nobody ever loses his heart now-a-days. It is all a matter of the head. Keep that, and you are safe."

"——."

"My dear Lady BEATRICE, you are wrong, really you are."

"——."

"But only as a friend."

"——."

"She is sympathetic, and clever. She is fond of music, and she never—loses her head."

"——."

"Please talk of something else. Let us forget Mrs. WORTH, and talk philosophically of your own delectable soul."

"——."

"Ah! but you must. Let me get you some tea."

"——."

"No, I promise you. I didn't see she was there. For Heaven's sake don't think that. Dash it, she's coming here!"

"——."

"Quick, quick!"

"——."

"For ever, I swear. Ah! how do do? May I introduce Mrs. WORTH? Lady BEATRICE ORTHUNDERTON."

ART IN THE DOLLS' HOUSE.

BY LITTLE QUEENIE.

§ 6.—About Fernishing.

In fernishing the most important thing to mind is that it must be thrallly artistic. It dosen't mater nerely so much if it is not quite comfitable to sit on. Grownups who have got culcher would far rather sit on a chare or sofa which is all right and a jenuine Sherriton than lunge on a couch which is only immitation saddlebags. And dolls are less 'particular about comfit than grownups are, because they hardly ever sit down *really*.

So do be carefull to chuse only things that are *butiful* in themselves, rejecting enny peice of fernicher that is not a good desine—for had and ugly objects are more demorillising than you would suppose. FILLIS ANDERSON'S dolls' house is full of such, and her gentleman doll wares a check suit with gilt butons and an emerild grene tie, and you can't tell which are the ladies from the servants!

I am afrade it is allmost impossible to proccure any jenuine old Chipindale or Sherriton the exact size for a dolls' house, because I cannot ascertain that any were ever made. In those benited days it was considered that anything was good enough for dolls.

But Mr. BRANSAWDER (at the Spotid Roking Horse, Number 999, Oxford Street) has the most luvly fernicher, all copied by his own desiners from the Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

Mr. BRANSAWDER is a very nice and clever gentleman, who took to selling toys because he could not get on as a barister, and I can assure my young readers that, if they go to him and menshun that they were recommended by LITTLE QUEENIE, they will recieve his best atenshun. He told me to say that his own self.

We will comence with the droin-room: Let no one persuade you to buy one of those horid "sets" with detestible fringes round the chares and sofa, like the ends of crakers. You are sure not to like them, and they are the sine of a medioker mind.

Far better buy each artikle sepparate, and with some indijuality in it. This may cost more, but, as Mr. BRANSAWDER says, it is far cheaper in the long run.

He has some really luvly Umpire sofas upolstered in Utreck velvet for only seven and sixpence. With one of these and two esy chares at five shillings covered in Art Chints and an ocasional table or two, you will have the newclius of a charmingly fernished room.

A Queen Ann fireplace and overmantle (which you will also find at Mr. BRANSAWDER'S) are *de rigure*. For the curtains I always advise *real* lace and it *cannot* be too good. Mine came off one of Auntie WINNIE'S poket-hankerchifs which she dropped and is old Valansians, but those of my readers who have not got an Auntie WINNIE or whose Auntie WINNIE has not got a lace poket-hanky must look elsewhere. I have often thought that some of the triming round Mummy's dressing-table would not come in badly for the droin-room curtains of my doll's house—but I have not sugestied it to her.

Perhaps some day a dear old lady may come to dinner with your Papa and Mama with lappits of real Brusels or Hunnyton over her head, and *then* if you *should* hapen to be provided with scissors and choose a time when nobody is' nottising . . . but I have said enough to show you that it is your own fault if you are content to put up with immitashuns.

§ 7.—About Orniments and Niknaks.

Without these no droin-room is complete. Mr. BRANSAWDER has a very fine sellection. I quite fell in love with two little gilt-bronse stattuets of cavileers which were abserdly cheap at only five shillings the pare. Mr. BRANSAWDER very kindly begged me to axcept them. He is a particlerly plesant person.

You ought to have plenty of flowers about the room. They don't smell but give an air of refinement, and Mr. BRANSAWDER has some elligant little tables with a pot of jeraniums on them

which were made in Germany, which accounts for their being only half-a-crown.

The week point of the ordinery doll's house is the pictuers which are mostly cromos, but I found some quite wee water-cullours in one of dear Papa's allbums which REGGIE framed for me and they are a constant joy. Papa has a very old book, too, with funny writing and gorjious ilustrashuns on gold. One of them would do splendidly over the droin-room sofa of my doll's-house for an Old Master, or else a Burnjones, but they are all so pretty I can't make up my mind which to cut out though I know my dear Papa wouldn't mind my taking just one for so good an object.

I will now procede to anser my young corispondents:—

DORA B.—I am truly sorry for you with a coalskutle in your dining-room which, from what you say of it, must be a *purfect eyesoar*. You might go and look at Mr. BRANSAWDER'S Art coalskutles, 999, Oxford Street. They are too sweet. I forget the exact price—but Mr. BRANSAWDER could tell you.

PROBORA.—(1) If your Brother TOMMY will insist on billyting Lord ROBERTS and ten Black Watch Highlanders in your dolls' house nursery and comandearing the shourbath for a look-out, I should put all the highlanders carefully back in their box when he wasn't looking—but not Lord ROBERTS, because he is a great hero and should be regarded (even on horseback) in the light of an *honored gest*.

(2) Yes, it is tyranny of TOMMY to declare that the nursery is under marshal law.

PURPLEXT.—You ask me how you can best butify the interior of your dollhouse with the five shillings given you by your Uncle GEORGE. Why not pay a visit to The Spoted Roking-horse, 999, Oxford Street, and inspect some of the novelties Mr. BRANSAWDER has just recieved from Nurimbarg?

PUT UPON.—No, your Brother BOBBY is quite wrong. His long tom gun may be the most purfect moddle—but it is out of a place in a dolls droin-room, and I should tell Nurse.

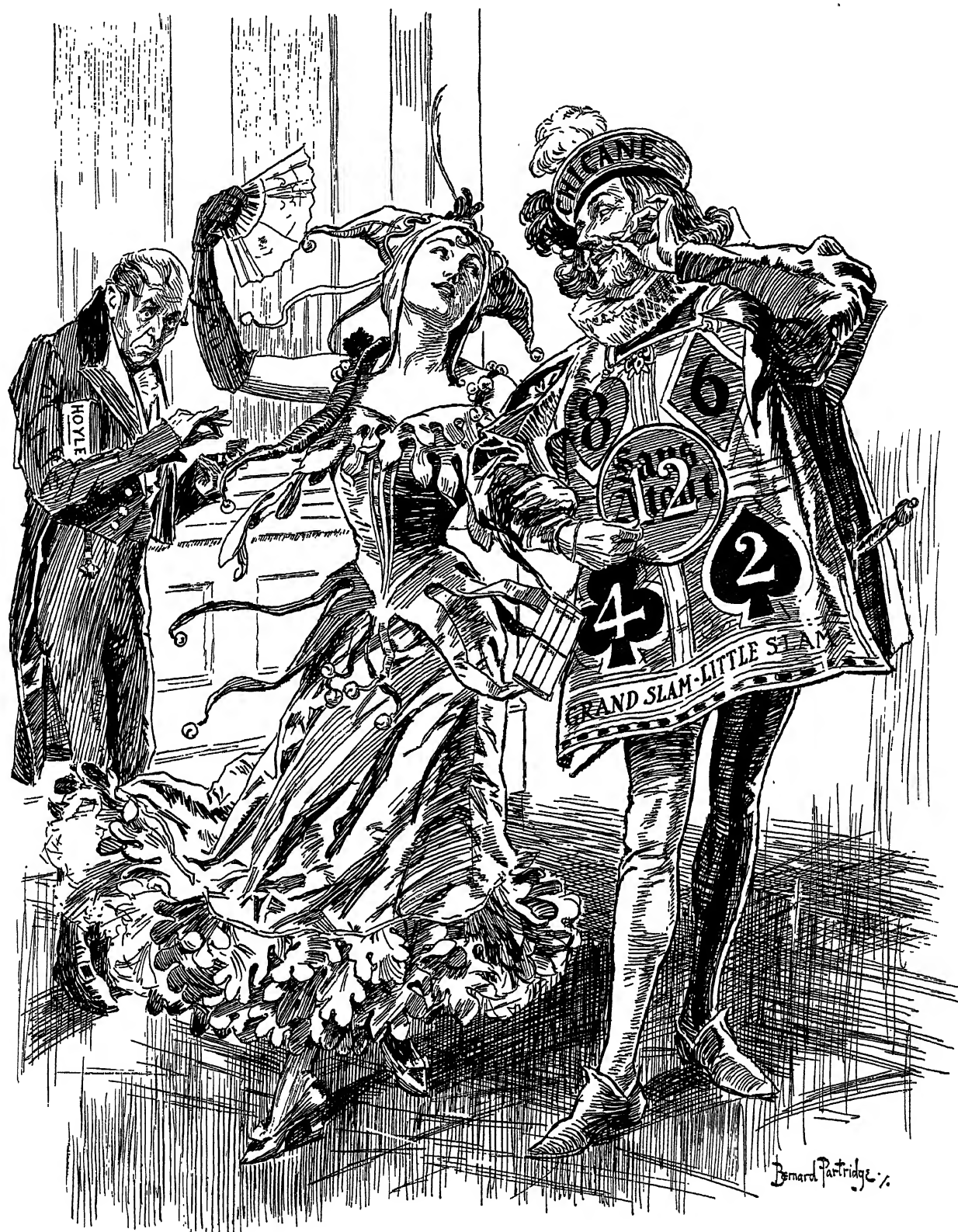
JOSEFINE.—Yes, I should certainly have a mirror over the mantlepeice. I wonder if you have seen the old Vinetian ones Mr. BRANSAWDER sells at 4s. 6d.? Or he has a convecks one with a dear little gilt egle on top that would go nicely with your Umpire fernicher.

SELF HELP.—No trouble at all, dear. I like *all* the sampils you send me. Perhaps the brokade with the teeny rosebuds that you took out of your Mama's Court trane is the prettiest and would make charming curtains for the bedroom. But the pale grene silk from the inside of the worktable is allmost as good, and as you took out the whole of the lining you could have your chares, etc., recovered to match. Mr. BRANSAWDER (for adress see ansers to other corispondence) would do this for you at a merely nominle charge. I hope you got your dear Mama's leve *before* taking the stuff. Mamas are so funny about things sometimes.

CONNIE CULCHERD.—No, Mr. BRANSAWDER has some exquiset nik-naks, but they are all *moddern*. If you have really set your heart on having *anteeks*, couldn't you find some in your Mama's droin-room? I got two luvly little old Dressden immiges out of a cabbinet for my doll's droin-room mantlepiece and a carved ivory chestman which looks most handsome on a sidetable. Perhaps your dear Papa colects Japinese nitchkies or tiny brons stattuets like mine does. If you borow one or two of these and paint them with gold or silver paint they look quite magnifiscent. But ask first—unless you're quite *sure* they wouldn't mind.

A VICTIM.—(1) When I discribed how I papered my doll's-house I told you how sevearly I was made to sufer for it, and it serves you right for doing the same. Perhaps your dear Mama is a *little* narrow-minded, but as you seem to have damiged some valluble bindings without getting any papers that looked satsisfactry when up, I'm *afrade* I must agree with her that it was wantunly mischevious. Anyhow, you can't put the blame on me. (2) Yes. 999 Oxford Street.

QUEENIE.



DISCARDED.

Fashion (to "Mr. Bridge"). "COME ALONG, PARTNER! THAT DEAR OLD MISTER WHIST IS SUCH A BORE!
HE IS SO VIEUX JEU!"

THE ACTOR-MANAGER DISCOURSES.

[The following homily is addressed to an author of established reputation who has applied his gifts to the production of an original literary drama not unworthy of SHAKESPEARE, but betraying ignorance of the modern requirements of the British stage.]

WE have perused your meritorious play
With that impartial condescension which
Our sense of justice leads us to bestow
On budding talent: but it will not do.
Yet if your ignorance be well advised
To draw instruction out of present failure
Our words will not be wasted on the wind.
And, first, to rectify a false conceit
Frequent enough in literary men
Who look on drama as a branch of letters,
Whereas, in point of fact, their lower art
Is but the menial handmaid of the stage—
Were SHAKESPEARE (who is fortunately dead)
Among the living candidates for fame
His plays would not command a button's purchase.
We patronise him with the deference due
To the immortal Dead who take no fees;
While on the credulous audience he lays
The spell of antique unction like a church
Whereof the priestly management supplies
A splendid ritual, careless of the cost.
Hence the success he still achieves despite
His damned gift of literary style;
Also despite his pestilential habit
Of holding mirrors up to human life,
A daring enterprise, as you have proved
Whose work betrays this woful want of tact.

For, please to mark the plays whose facile run
Is as the going of a god on wheels.
Do their inventors draw from actual life?
Sir, they are men of business; they adopt
The safe conventions of the story-books,
The only certain shaft to perforate
A British bosom.

Take our soldier-author,
Our *Second in Demand*, if we allow
The leading place to SHAKESPEARE—does he let
His military knowledge mar his play,
And give us soldiers such as they are found
Extant in visible barracks? No, not he;
He knows his theatre too well for that.
He has his finger on the pulsing heart
Of myriad clients clamorous for the type
Long-hallowed by the shilling novelette,
Crystallized in the monthly magazines
By woman's fancy soaring past the facts!

If we detect in your submitted work
A fault more obviously patent than
Your fatal gift of reproducing Nature,
'Tis the incorrigible craving for
Originality. Let us inform you
That there are movements in the tastes of men
Which, caught upon the hop, conduct to fortune.
Only an innate sense of unseen things
May sniff the presage of them on the breeze,
Tracing a tendency toward Musketeers,
A hankering for good old Drury Nells,
An urgent boom in left-off mistresses
Rudely resurgent on the wedding-eve.
These things are in the universal air

Subtle as patchouli, appealing to
A lot of sentient playwrights all at once.
So, too, the law that regulates the plot,
Confining it to well-established themes,
Applies with equal force to dialogue;
The public likes to recognise a friend,
Not to be made to think. That was the rock
On which the argosy of BERNARD SHAW,
Packed with unminted specie, went and split.

Once more, beware of letting poetry,
Especially the blanker sort of verse,
Disturb the claims of those interpreters
On whom your hopes depend. Their primal task
Is to arrest attention on themselves,
And not divert it to the author's work.
Though exquisitely conscious how a line
Should be enounced, a noble jealousy
Might paralyse them with the fear that you,
Rather than they, should earn the pit's applause.
We here allude, of course, to poetry
Designed to penetrate the average brain,
Not to the loftier kind which tends to leave
The public nervous, like a little child
Vaguely aware of tricks imposed upon it.

Further—a common error with the scribe—
Your play reveals a crude intelligence
Stultified by a total disregard
Of the peculiar faculties of those
On whom the duty of "creation" falls.
Thus, we have failed to find a leading part
Composed to illustrate our special gifts.
Your only character that strikes the eye
Is, we observe, a withered patriarch!
Must we assume this dotard's senile years,
And waste our youth beneath a hoary beard,
And have no scope for that high power of passion
By which it is our undisputed pride
To hold the women's throbbing hearts in thrall?
To merit our regard a man must write
A drama *round ourself*, as Greekish art
Upreared a suitably receptive shrine
About the sacred Image dropped from heaven.

In fine, you lean too much to Nature's ways,
Who lets no mortal dominate her stage
But loves to deal her entrances and exits,
And much between, without respect of persons.
Art, on the contrary, discriminates,
Lifting the Actor-Manager aloof
From those inferior persons in his pay
Who have no just occasion to exist
Save as the negligible satellites
On whom his scintillating talents play
(Since even genius demands a foil);
Who herald his approach, and in his presence
Veil their identities, and stand aside
For culminating curtains all his own.
Thus are the facts of life improved upon,
Art's noblest function being to correct
An oversight of Nature. Try again.

O. S.

SUGGESTION FOR AN ARTIST (in plenty of time for next year's Academy).—We've had several varieties on the subject of *Finding the body of Harold*, and not a few on *The Finding of the Infant Moses in the Bulrushes*. Henceforward let these subjects be tabooed, and let another be started which offers fine scope for imaginative composition, grand colour, and strong dramatic effect. It is—*The Finding of The Jury in a Cause Célèbre*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BETA FRANCIS and ELIZA KEARY have between them spoiled what might have been an attractive work. Had they compressed *The Francis Letters* (HUTCHINSON) into a single volume, it would have been well. They have filled two, and the result is deplorable. There is no excuse for the fatuity. The character of the mass of the materials at their disposal is described with charming frankness and perfect accuracy by BETA FRANCIS, great granddaughter of Sir PHILIP, who began making the collection. "It is impossible," she writes, "to imagine why some of these letters were kept. Many of them are very dull and bald. Some contain nothing but minute accounts of illness, with distressing particulars of the rough medical treatment of a century ago. Scarcely any would have been worth preserving." Miss FRANCIS nevertheless preserved them, and, the task ending fatally, Miss KEARY has dumped them down on a long-suffering public. My Baronite, a conscientious reviewer, nearly shared the fate of Miss FRANCIS before he reached the end of the first volume. But it's a poor heart that never rejoices. Stubbornly plodding on into the second volume he came, near the end withal, upon a batch of eight letters written by ELIZA JOHNSON, who later became Sir PHILIP's daughter-in-law. These are simply delightful, giving sprightly accounts of life in an English country house at the beginning of the century. Inspired by this touch of native genius, the letters of Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, hitherto dull like the rest, begin to sparkle. Up to this period they have supplied the weightiest evidence yet put in the scales against his being the writer of the Junius Letters. About this time, notably in his correspondence with Lady THANET, there flash occasional sparkles of the pointed pen of the famous Letter-Writer. The Diary of Sir PHILIP's spendthrift-daughter MARY, with its prophetic touches of Mr. *Micawber*, and the story of little EM'LY, sister to MARY JOHNSON, told by that incomparable writer herself, are full reward for wicked waste of time on the first volume. But these gems of purest ray serene lie hidden fathoms deep in pointless verbiage.

The English Turf (METHUEN) is a record of horses and courses, made by Mr. CHARLES RICHARDSON and edited by Mr. E. T. SACHS. My Baronite is not an authority on racing, except, to some extent, in the matter of the Parliamentary Stakes. It seems to him, however, that in this handsome volume, with its plans and illustrations of all the great racecourses snapped at the right moment, the last word is said in respect of English racing. After a preliminary chapter on the position of the Turf, others are devoted to Newmarket, Ascot and Goodwood, Epsom, and the Yorkshire Meetings. Breeding, Lines of Blood, Trainers and Jockeys are each carefully dealt with. Mr. RICHARDSON traces TOD SLOAN's startling seat on the horse to study of the Indian on horseback. Its practical advantage is found in the fact that by lying along the neck of the horse with his hands close to the animal's ears, the jockey lightens the horse's burden by 5 lbs., a serious consideration. This calculation is based on the supposition that the horse is travelling at thirty-five miles an hour, a pace which fixes atmospheric resistance at the rate of 5 lbs. per square foot.

THE Baron recommends GEORGE PASTON's *Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century* (GRANT RICHARDS). One "little memoir" can be taken at intervals by way of refreshment during any reading of quite another sort, and the dose will have a refreshing effect. Let the Baron warn his followers against the deception of so sensational a title to one of the memoirs as *The Romance of John Tweddell*, which looks attractive, but the "memoir" is not by any means up to its title. The story of Lady CRAVEN, fascinating and flighty, shows her to have been, in her superior line of life, a specimen of the genus whereof *Becky Sharpe* was so memorable a type. The "little memoir" of GEORGE CUMBERLAND, playwright and dramatist,

novelist, poet, essayist, editor, civil servant, amateur diplomatist, and controversial theologian is an entertaining study. Pitifully jealous was CUMBERLAND of SHERIDAN who satirised him in the character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary*. By the way, Mr. PASTON misquotes the well-known line in the picture-dealing scene in the *School for Scandal*, and speaks of *Uncle Oliver's* portrait as a "villainous disinheriting countenance." How weak is this instead of the "damned disinheriting" with which we are all familiar. How came Mr. PASTON to "bowdlerise" this line? However, for the sake of the merits of his book, for this mis-quotation shall Mr. PASTON be pardoned by the generous, forgiving

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE RETURNED GAINSBOROUGH;

OR, OUR DEAR OLD DUTCH.

(New version of Mr. Chevalier's popular song, "*My Old Dutch*," as adapted to the occasion and sung at the Agn-w G-ll-ry, N-w B-nd Str-t.)

WE bought a gem, a reg'lar out and outer,
A splendid old gal,—we'll tell you all about her,—

It's many years since first we met
At Christie's; high the price then set
Upon her head, when we did get

This dear old gal!

She's been missing five and twenty year
(Which it do seem a bit too much!)

But (meditatively and pathetically) there ain't a
pictur, by the same old hand

As we'd swop for our dear old Dutch!

(Emphatically) No! (triumphantly) there ain't a
pictur' painted in the land

As we'd swop for our dear "old Dutch"!!

We calls her "Dutch," which her title's rightly
"Dutchiss,"

Lor! she fetch'd "ten thou.," which for her we don't
think much is.

She is an angel! that's her worth!

Too good a'most for any berth

That could be found on this dull earth,

Style, so du-cal!

She's been missing, &c. (refrain as before).

Long lost but found! scent faint and then much fainter,

A Gainsbro' you are! How marvellous a painter!

How could you steal away, depart

At night, and give us such a start!

But what a Gainsbro'—bless his art!

Is this old gal!

She's been missing, &c., &c.

Sweet fine old gal! for worlds we wouldn't lose her!

Dear she was, dear old gal! but that's what made us
choose her.

Here's *Mister Punch* among the fust.

To call upon Her Grace, and just

Congratulate us, as all must,

Who see our *salle*!

Whence—She's been missin' five an' twenty year,

(Which it do seem a bit too much!)

But there ain't a picture by the same old hand

As we'd swop for our dear Old "Dutch"!

(Chorus, "All together, gentlemen!")

No! (triumphantly) There ain't a pictur' painted in the
land,

As { we'd } swop for { their } dear old Dutch!
 { they'd } { our }

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER XII.

Soldiers from the Garrison Town.

MEN may say what they like; Army reformers of the various sorts may write indignant letters to the daily papers; leader-

writers may comment till they are black in the face on the total lack of training and military instinct shown by our officers, and may ascribe these serious defects entirely to the enormous amount of time spent by those officers upon field-sports and other frivolous amusements. All this may, as I say, continue to be written until the crack of doom, but, if appearances may be taken as a guide, our officers seem likely to continue field-sporting in spite of everything and everybody. It is not my part here to say whether they are right or wrong, but I may be permitted to point out that the officers themselves are but little to blame. Tradition is the wrong-doer, tradition (otherwise known as the tone, or *esprit de corps*) which lays it down that the man who doesn't ride to hounds when he can, play polo or cricket, or help in the regimental race meeting, is a muff. Soldiers are certainly not the men who are likely to set themselves against tradition, and behold, therefore, every soldier who can buy, or hire, or borrow a hunter patronises all the meets of hounds that he can conveniently attend. Very welcome they are, too, as a rule. Not every soldier, to be sure, is a good rider. Indeed, you may see some quaint sights on horseback issuing from the precincts of garrison towns, and may learn on inquiry that, they bear military titles. But whether they ride well or ill (and most of them ride well), they all ride with immense dash and pluck.

"Hold hard there, Sir, hold hard," you may hear the Master saying well above his breath; "give the hounds a chance," and you will observe Captain THRUSTER, of the 90th Lancers (Queen ADELAIDE'S OWN), obviously endeavouring to pick out the line for himself and acting the part of the leading hound, the pride of the pack. Then, if you know the gallant Captain—and who doesn't know that light-hearted, terse and healthy soldier?—you can make an opportunity of riding up alongside of him and saying to him in your most conciliatory style, "They're going pretty slow to-day," to which he will reply, "Slow? I should think they were slow. I'd back myself to kick my hat faster than these hounds can go. And, by Jove, even if they do want to go these fellows never give 'em a chance; they're always taking 'em off the line and casting back, and trying to show how doosid clever they are. 'Pon my word, if this kind of thing goes on I shall take to drag-hunting and chuck the fox-hounds."

"But they've managed to kill a good many so far."

"Any fool of a pack can kill foxes by chopping 'em in covert. That's all they do. They never get away. I tell you what, my boy, you come out with the East Blankleys next Friday; they're the pack for showing sport. No pottering about them, but good tearing runs, eh, what!"



THE HANDY MAN.

WHAT HE WILL HAVE TO BECOME, IF RECRUITING FOR THE NAVY CONTINUES TO FALL OFF, AND MANY MORE NEW BATTLESHIPS ARE CONSTRUCTED.

So the Captain, justly offended in his tenderest feelings, will fulminate. But the next moment there's a scattering of horses and a "Yoick!" from the huntsman and a "Gone away!" from someone else, and off sets the Captain, *ventre à terre*, as straight as a line, over a stiff country. "By the Lord Harry," he says at the end of the run, when the hounds have killed their fox, "that was a pretty hot thing, and no mistake. There isn't another lot of hounds could show you sport as good. Anyhow, I don't want better," and he'll offer you a pull from his flask and a sandwich from his case, and at the end of the day he'll jog his fifteen miles home happy in the knowledge that he jumped the most amazing fences in the worst places, pounded half the field, left the Master, the huntsman and the whips far behind, took the hounds along for the last three miles by himself, and altogether enjoyed himself as only a hard-riding soldier, untroubled by heavy intellectual cares or thoughts of the why and wherefore in human affairs, can enjoy himself. And at the next meet he'll be there again, and, if he is checked by the Master, as he is sure to be, he will again fulminate, and in the end he will enjoy himself again. For, after all, you may say what you will about an officer's military capacity, but you can't deny that he's generally

an A1 sportsman, wherever you meet him.

IN WAITING.

(Animation amongst the inanimates.)

THE bicycle sighed deeply and scoffed at auto-cars. They were both in the lowest of low spirits.

"Cheer up. We have escaped so far, and it is not likely that we shall be seized this year," said a placard hoarding.

"Don't you be so sure," replied a loaf of sugar. "I am in a terror of apprehension."

"You may escape, as the tradition exists of a free breakfast table," murmured a poor umbrella.

"Dogs are licensed, and so I suppose they will attempt something of the same sort with their natural enemies," put in Tabby.

"And, of course, we are threatened as usual!" indignantly declared a photograph.

"Why are you so agitated?" asked Mr. Punch.

"Because we are waiting for the Chancellor of the Exchequer," was the unanimous answer.

HERE'S TO THE POLICY DRIFTY.

["To attack the School Boards is both futile and unreasonable. The blame really rests upon the shoulders of the successive Administrations which have put off from year to year their plain duty of facing the problems of Secondary Education and reorganising it upon a proper basis. They have admitted the need for thirty years, but they have folded their hands and drifted."—*Telegraph*.]

How charming the indefinite!

To vaguely contemplate
With folded hands and half-closed eyes,
Oh! what a happy state!

To graze with an untethered mind
In fields of mild endeavour,
To slake the thirst at Fancy's rills
And cogitate for ever.

To wander with untutored step
And only Fate the guide,
To drift out with the flowing stream,
Returning with the tide.

How misapplied the energy
Which London's desert scours
To teach—perhaps—a shoeblack to
Improve his *shining* hours.

Do not forget when to his mind
Small wisdom you would bring
That even a *little* knowledge is
A very dangerous thing.

But why upon the School Boards do
The folks make such a clatter?
The subject, after all, is but
A secondary matter.

RUS IN SUBURBE.

["Kilburn 'Grange,' which once adjoined a hunting seat of CHARLES II., is threatened with destruction."—*Daily Paper*.]

Extract from Mr. Pepys's Diary.

October 29, 1670.—Up betimes. Hearing that the King will hunt to-day, mighty earnest to go, I to Kilburn by the Cricklewood coach; a great, roomy vehicle, and painted red and white, with cushions of crimson velvet, mighty fine, but very slow and cumbrous and sore upon the bones. Cost me 3d., and so up Maida Vale and into the High Road. Called by a glover's and there bought my first winter pair. Cost me 1s. 3½d., the cheapest I ever saw, I think, in all my life. Out again, and into the High Road, where many barrows. Being wearied, bought a banana which did give me the colic; and so, to comfort myself, to the "Queen's Arms" and did drink a dram of brandy. Seeing a great many very fine women, I did labour to pull on my new gloves which did split; and so into my pocket, vexed, and resolve to buy in Pall Mall and make my wife do the like. To the hunt, where, all being ready, the buck was turned out from the cart and ran up to the huntsman, expecting bread, till a whip did make the Royal Hounds to bark, when he away. Then the pack was

laid upon his scent and did run well to the High Road where many smells, and in particular the odour from the fried-fish shop did overpower them, and could by no means discover the scent.

Home by coach, where a pretty, modest maid whom I did eye mightily. To my wife, and so betimes to bed.

NIHIL NIMIS.

I CAN'T conceive why fools and wise
Are eager to discover
The hidden name that signifies
This literary lover.
For be she brilliant as the sun—
A genius—I own it,
That very fondly I for one
Could wish I hadn't known it.

I'm sick of hearing people ask
Why was it that we parted;
Of critics taking me to task
For my amour half-hearted;
Of hearing everyone discuss
Our tragic separation;
And so, to end this foolish fuss,
Accept my explanation.

No need for all the guesses wide
That cause so much exertion:
No need to think my promised bride
Was mother's pet aversion;
Nor would we—such the thought within
Some asses' addle-headed—
Have been a little more than kin
Suppose we had been wedded.

Conceive a common mortal bored
To death by her propensity
To introspection, and adored
With terrible intensity—
Conceive the fate of one that has
Been doomed to close proximity,
With such a gifted creature as
This cultured anonymity!

PROPHETIC.

(Scrap from a History yet to be written.)

THE year was 1921, and the venerable grandfather was seated amongst his kindred. He had not been placed in the lethal chamber (usually reserved for gentlemen who had turned eighty) on account of his fund of anecdote.

"I can remember twenty years ago," he began in his feeble, quavering voice, "there were absolutely no steamboats on the Upper Thames."

"You don't say!" cried his youngest grandson. "Why, what should we do without our two-minutes' service of Chelsea steam launches? And yet you declare that twenty years ago the great silent highway was absolutely valueless. Anything further to say about poor unfortunate London?"

"Only that she was years behind the provinces. Liverpool had its electric

trams ages before London had trams at all," was the prompt reply.

"Well, matters are very different now."

"Quite so, and we owe all our good fortune to one individual."

"One individual! How coldly you speak of him. Why, he is a hero, a reformer, a benefactor, the greatest man London has ever known."

"You are right. If we had not followed his advice, where should we have been. But we *did* keep our eyes upon Mr. Punch, and he has pulled us through into prosperity!"

ONE TOO MANY.

A MISTAKE has arisen,
An awful misprision.
Who is to blame?
I was not engaged then
To HARRY—not when
The census man came.

So our names were inscribed
(And when I was bribed),
Our ages so true.
And so, you see, my
Dear HARRY and I
Were counted as two!

But now dearest HARRY
I've promised to marry,
What's to be done?
What *are* we to do?
They've got us as two
When we are *one*!

STATISTICS GONE CRAZY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — You may have noticed that recently a number of papers have been publishing what may be called "pictorial statistics." For example, one of your contemporaries showed the comparative size of the police force in the various countries of Europe. England's constable was larger than France's guardian of the peace, and so on.

The popularity of the series to which I have referred encourages me to send you a few sketches, but without the pictures.

Who would believe that it would take twenty-seven million billion postage stamps to extend from the centre of Piccadilly to the frontiers of the moon?

Who would fancy for a moment that a ray of light travels through space at twenty-four million times the velocity of a nine-inch shell?

Is it not wonderful to consider that if every boy, girl, man and woman joined hands they would make a circle wide enough to include Saturn, taking the Earth as a centre.

And here I pause for a moment, that those of your readers who have followed me so far may work the problem out for themselves.

I humbly confess that what I have suggested above is merely an unconsidered estimate. I leave it to your readers to verify my facts (?).

Yours cordially,
THERE OR THEREABOUTS.

LAMENTS OF LONDON.

[The Committee of the House of Commons has thrown out the preamble of the Bill promoted by the L. C. C. for promoting a service of steam-boats on the Thames.]

Father Thames speaks:—

TIME was when my silvery waters
Were gay with the barges I bore,
And the laughter of London's fair daughters
Was heard on my echoing shore;
And gallant young watermen courted
Sweet maids at that magical hour
When Love in his cockle-shell sported
From Westminster Bridge to the Tower.

Queen BESS loved the plash of my billows
That lapped on the bow of her bark,
As, sunk in the down of her pillows,
She glided to fair Greenwich Park;
The merry young monarch found leisure
On my glittering waves to disport,
And fair were the daughters of pleasure
I wafted to sweet Hampton Court.

Mr. PEPYS, in sartorial glory
The envy and wonder of all,
Delighted to crack a good story
As he blithely took ship to Whitehall.
Gay ladies and courtiers tender
On my bosom delighted to row,
And all was life, beauty and splendour
On my sunshiny waves long ago.

But now scarce a lingering wherry
Is seen on my desolate shore,
And the laughter that once rang so merry
O'er my waters is heard there no more.
Of all the gay craft that were dotting
My roystering tide, what are here
But the crazy old hulks that lie rotting,
Neglected, off Battersea Pier?

The Seine has her nimble flotillas
Whereon her tired toilers may fly
At eve to their rose-covered villas
And gardens. Then why have not I?
Why are my pale citizens driven
To the bowels of earth, and denied
The air and the freshness of heaven
That ripple my fast-flowing tide?

"OUT OF NOTHING, SOMETHING
COMES."

(A purely imaginary conversation.)

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum. PRESENT—
Chief and Sub.

Chief. Anything for the Contents Bill.

Sub. (referring to list). Well, Sir, we are not too well off in fires just now. But there was a decent blaze in a blind alley at Brompton, when a cat lost its life.

Chief. Might put that down. "Fatal



SCENE—A Registry Office.

Young Housekeeper (interviewing cook). "I MUST TELL YOU I AM VERY PARTICULAR AS TO THE QUALITY OF COOKERY. I HAVE ONLY JUST RECENTLY PARTED WITH A FRENCH CHEF—QUITE A CORDON BLEU."

Cook. "A WHAT, MA'AM?"

Young Housekeeper. "CORDON BLEU! IT'S FRENCH, AND MEANS BLUE RIBBON, YOU KNOW."

Cook. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'VE BELONGED TO THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY MYSELF FOR YEARS!"

Fire at the West End." Anything new about the struggle?

Sub. A few pars that can be worked up into something to give the lines "In Hot Pursuit," "Within Sight of the End," and "Another Capture."

Chief. I see, "common form." But haven't we got a "detective" item anywhere?

Sub. Well, that discovery of an old bonnet in the waiting-room at Mudborough Junction looks promising. It appears it had "Edgware Road," stamped on the crown of the shape, so I have ventured to set up "The Mudborough Mystery, Latest Particulars."

Chief. In the present dearth that will do excellently well. Anything in the shape of accidents?

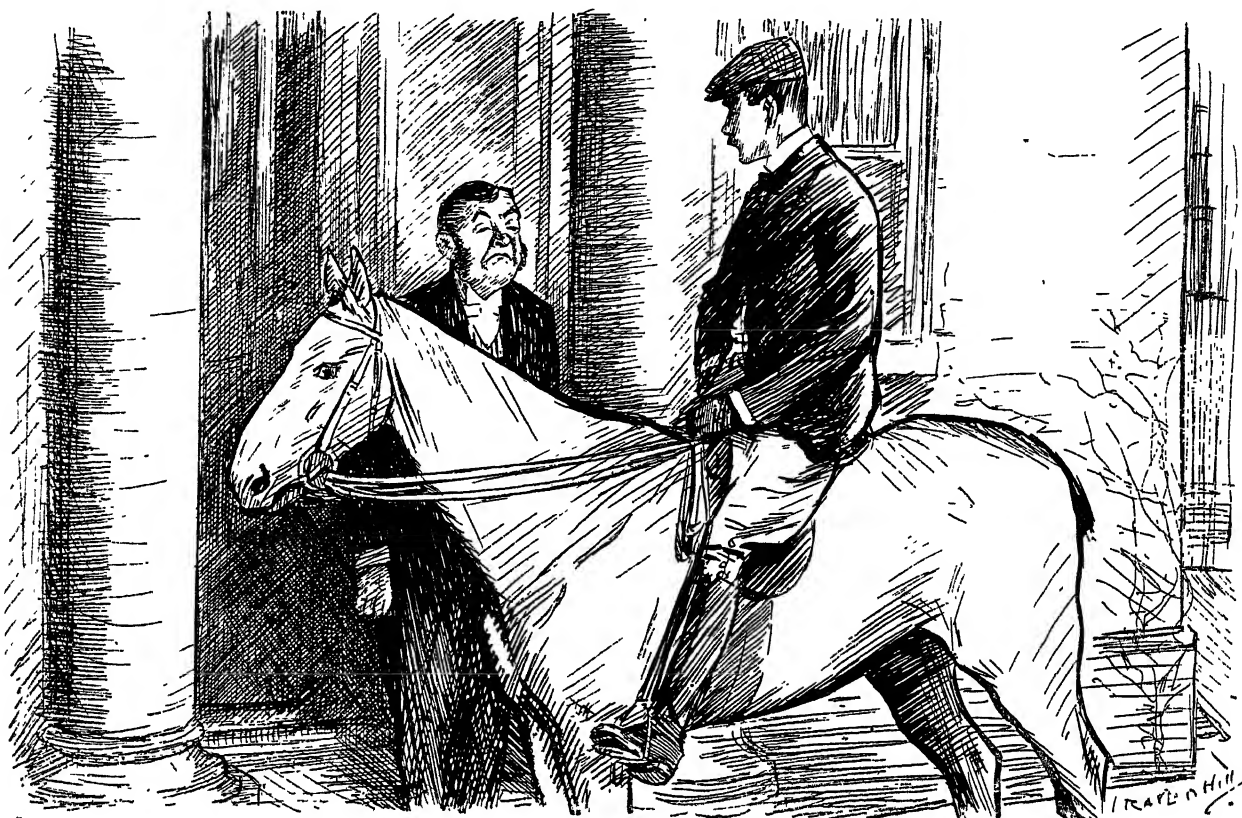
Sub. Only one. A train just outside London came in to time—to the minute. So I have labelled: "Curious Accident on a Suburban Line."

Chief. Well, I think that will do for our earlier edition. It exhausts our news.

Sub. Yes, Sir, and our news is not likely to exhaust our readers.

Chief. No levity, if you please. Remember our responsibility is heavy to the public.

Sub. Yes, Sir, and heavier still to the proprietors. [Exeunt smiling.]



Servant. "HER LEDDYSHIP'S ENGAGED JUST NOW, MR. CHAWLES. 'OLDING OF A MEETING"—(*prolonged sniff*)—"MOTHERS!"

L'HOMME INCOMPRIS.

[MR. PINERO recently confessed that he could not write a play about the middle-classes. In his search for dramatic complications suitable for representation on the stage he found himself compelled to place his characters higher in the social scale.]

I AM a hard-worked city clerk, my salary is small,
My social status hardly worth considering at all. [bleed
I've a wife and several children and the hardest heart might
If it saw my weekly income and the mouths it has to feed.

For years I've borne my poverty in uncomplaining fashion
Feeling confident my woes excited general compassion.
I knew my life was bitter, I imagined it was tragic,
And the thought sufficed to lighten grief and charmed my cares
like magic!

When calamity oppressed me I endured it like a stoic,
And took comfort in the thought that my behaviour was heroic;
But now I find that dramatists won't have me for a hero
And the dismal news has come from Mr. ARTHUR WING PINERO.

It seems he cannot weave a plot round men in humble stations,
He looks in vain among them for dramatic complications,
He can people comedies with dukes and other titled asses
But he cannot write a play about the lower middle classes.

I own I'm disappointed, for I always hoped one day
I should see myself presented as the hero of a play;

I pictured crowded audiences echoing my groans
Through several moving scenes by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

In vain! My hopes of figuring in drama were a dream,
No self-respecting dramatist will take me as his theme,
He cannot write a play about a pauper in an attic
For though it's sad that people starve it's very undramatic!

His subjects are the common ones, of love and death and
marriage,
But his heroine's mamma will keep two footmen and a car-
riage,

For, if a playwright knows his work, he's very well aware
That heroines of comedies must live in Grosvenor Square.

He stimulates your sympathies for this attractive girl
By making her the daughter of a very wealthy earl,
While her lover's an *attaché*, winning diplomatic laurels,
A youth of most exalted birth but rather dubious morals.

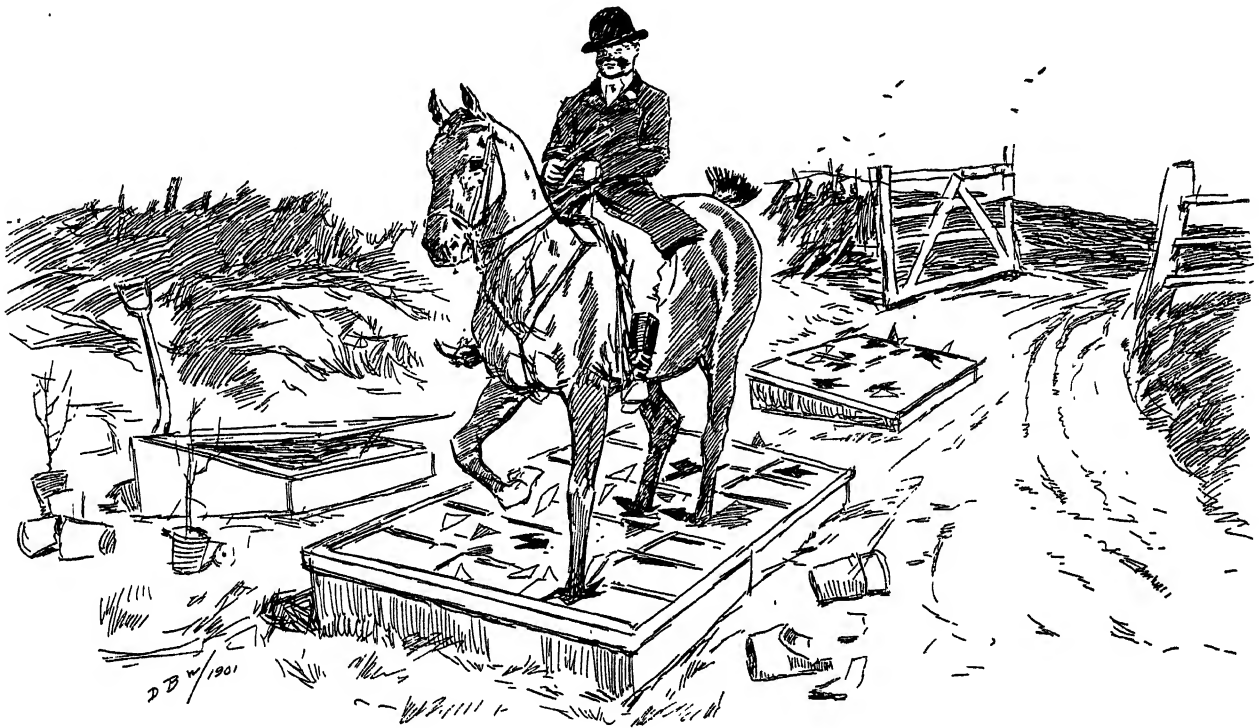
Both pit and stalls are tortured by the fear he'll be rejected,
For though he is a shocking scamp he's very well connected,
So no one's really happy till these doubts are set at rest
And the too forgiving heroine has clasped him to her breast!

My readers will have gathered from this harrowing recital
That you cannot figure in a play unless you have a title,
There's therefore very little chance, as far as I can see,
That anyone will ever write a drama about ME.

ST. J. H.



“A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE BIRD” (?)



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Bibulous Binks. "GAD, IT'S FREEZING AGAIN!"

A MARVELLOUS RECOVERY! THE LOSS-AND-GAIN-SBOROUGH PICTURE!!

WONDERS will never cease! But wanders, that is the Duchess's wanderings, have ceased at last! And once more, bless Her Grace's handsome countenance, the Duchess is with her old friends The Messrs. AGNEW, in her former temporary lodgings in Bond Street, where, no doubt, Her Grace will hold levées during the season, and receive the heartiest congratulations from all her old and young friends, who will enthusiastically seize such an opportunity of once a gain-sborough (and once a Gainsborough always a Gainsborough) regarding those exquisite features, and professing themselves her very humblest servants "*pour ses beaux yeux*"! Delectable Duchess! What a romantic history! "Stolen by Gipsies" and "The Return of the Lost Heir" is nothing to this! You were not dead but suffering, suffering severely, too, from the painful operation of having your limbs amputated, and your dress cut off with them, somewhere about the knees, and this your recovery is little short of miraculous! "Painted ladies" by the score have ere now been stabbed with a pin, peppered, powdered and caged in boxes, gradually to fade! But you, you beautifully painted lady, was there ever one of your age so wonderfully preserved!! Never! And, talk of pictures "being restored," was there ever any old picture so marvellously restored as has been this GAINSBOROUGH'S portrait of a Duchess

or some other Belle? Why there never has been a Restoration equal to it! No, not even that of His Majesty CHARLES THE SECOND. *Vive la Grande Duchesse!*

A CRAMBULATOR.

"An order is being given by the West Ham Board of Guardians for a perambulator that will hold twelve children, for the use of the inmates in the nursery. It is hoped by this means that all the babies will be out in the grounds every day, instead of being imprisoned because sufficient people cannot be found to wheel the small perambulators which are at present in use."—*Daily Paper.*

THERE was an old woman who lived in West Ham,
Who'd so many children, she ordered a "pram"
Of a novel construction a dozen to hold—

And a cram it would be, if no "cram" we are told!

SPRING CLEANING.

SCENE—*Spring Gardens.* Enter ALGY, L.H., meeting FRANKIE as he strolls in, R.H.

Algy. Hallo! Old boy! (*Greeting*) I've just had my house papered and painted inside and out.

Frankie. Indeed! And—er—(*struck by the novelty*) what sort of paper did you have put outside?

[*Exit ALGY, R.H., and FRANKIE, L.H. Scene closes.*]

BRUMMAGEM AT OXFORD.

["Compared with the new University of Birmingham, with its Chairs of Dyeing, Brewing, etc., an institution like Oxford must seem hopelessly out-of-date."—*Daily Paper*.]

SCENE—Oxford. A College Barge.

Chorus of Oxonians.

TWENTY Oxford men are we,
Skilled to use both oar and pen,
And we thank the gods we be
Twenty Oxford men.

Where so sweet the hours of man?
Where does Time so swiftly fly?
Life flows on more smoothly than
Isis gliding by.

Mirth, good-fellowship and sport,
Banishing black care and grief,
Make the fleeting days too short,
The nights too brief.

Where doth friendship bloom so free,
Hearts so loving? Let us then
Thank the blessed gods we be
Twenty Oxford men.

First Oxonian. Friends, as is usual when the chorus ceases,
Here comes a messenger, so hold your peaces.

Messenger. O men of Balliol and B. N. C.,
I—in the graceful style of *Kelly's Key*—
Indeed, do panting hurry on my way—

First Ox. You come announcing what (as BOHN would say)?

Mess. Most strange and startling tidings. In the High
A crew of motley creatures met my eye,
Strange things in billycocks, with checks as loud
As was their noisy laughter—such a crowd
As make excursions on Bank Holiday
To this our sacred town, and force their way
Into the piles built by our pious founders,
In short—no other word suffices—bounders!

First Ox. Bounders?

Mess. None other.

First Ox. Woe is me! *οἴμοι!*

Chorus. To which the chorus adds *ὁρρότροι*.

First Ox. But say, whence come they? Wherefore?

Mess. As to that,
From their own lips the answer cometh pat;
Close at my heels they followed. Hark! mine ear
Hath caught the sound of voices. Hush! you hear?

Chorus. O'er the Meadows, in the distance,
We can certainly remark
Voices somewhere in existence—
Let us listen! Hark!

Enter chorus of Brummagem students.

We come, we come from the city of Brum on an altruistic mission,
To wake up the soul of this sleepy old hole to a sense of its lost condition;
To demonstrate that it's out of date, and calling aloud for subversion,
And that's why we've come from the city of Brum on a cheap week-end excursion.

We think it is perfectly plain
That the object and aim of a college
Is to see that its students may gain
Some useful and practical knowledge;

And as science springs on with a leap
And a bound through its ever new stages,
It is time you awake from the sleep
And the dreams of the dark Middle Ages.

The empire of Commerce is come—
Then where is your Greek and your Latin?
We study in up-to-date Brum
Manufacture of silk and of satin;
The churning of butter and cheese
Are the objects that we are pursuing,
And we take our commercial degrees
In dyeing and malting and brewing.

Such studies as these—are they not?—
Are useful and not uninviting;
Then shut up your LIDDLE and SCOTT
And take to short-hand and type-writing.
Leave PLATO and Co. to their fates
With all of such out-of-date gentry,
And make the chief subject of Greats
That key-stone of trade—Double Entry!

Ox. Chorus. Double Entry!

First Brum. Yes!

First Ox. Pray pardon our emotion;
It's such a revolutionary notion.

First Brum. Exactly. We in Brum are all agreed
A revolution's just the thing you need.
Too long in Sleepy Hollow have you slumbered;
Unless you wake at once, your days are numbered.
What do you know? What calling do you learn
Whereby an honest living you may earn?

First Ox. What do we learn? Why, some of us write prose
Which might resemble vaguely CICERO'S;
Some know their Aristotle, whilst a few
Can conjugate the verbs in—*μῦ*.

First Brum. Pooh, pooh!
Scholastic pedantry! No one employs
Such ignoramuses as errand boys.

Ox. Chorus. We're lost, I fear. What can we do?
There's no one here can dye or brew.
We can't make tarts or build or plumb—
In all these arts we bow to Brum.

Still, I seem to have heard—haven't you?—of a few individuals who

Although they had come to Oxford, not Brum, contrived to be somebody too.

Brum. Chorus. There possibly may have been some,
But think what they might have become
If, instead of their stewing for Greats they'd been brewing
Pure beer in the college of Brum.

Ox. Chorus. Twenty Oxford men are we,
Wasting money, time and brain
Reading for a vain degree
Studies that are vain.

From the lips of babes we hear
Words of wisdom, do we not?
PLATO is but rubbish queer,
ARISTOTLE rot.

HOMER, HORACE—what are they?
Dead as a forgotten dream.
Science rules the roost to-day,
Trade is all supreme.

Out-of-date and useless we,
Commerce is beyond our ken—
Let us thank the gods we be
Twenty Oxford men!



FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Mamma (to Bobby, who has never seen young lambs). "WELL, BOBBY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THEM?"
Bobby. "I LIKE THE FUNNY WAY THEY BARK!"

THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

BY ARTHUR CONDER.

I.

THE whole concern sprang from MOBERLEY's fit of the blues. We were sitting in the smoking-room—MOBERLEY, myself, and some half-dozen other members of the Disappointed Authors' Club—a silent and very gloomy company. Now and then a gleam of light came into some eye as its owner culled an inspiration from the newspaper, or the ceiling, or the bowl of his pipe; but it flickered out again quickly enough as he remembered the permanent and unalterable regret of all editors that they were unable, etc. We were, every man of us, sufferers from *cacoëthes scribendi*, engendered, no doubt, by the deadly bite of what SMALLEY used to call the "*fang de siècle*." MOBERLEY was, perhaps, the greatest sufferer of us all. Dear, painstaking fellow! How regularly every day he used to send forth at least one MS., like the dove from the Ark, to see whether the waters had abated! And how unfailingly the dove used to return, having found no rest for the sole of her foot; bearing, none the less, in her beak that polite little olive-branch from the regretful editor! Younger than the rest of us was MOBERLEY, and had not yet reached the silent stage of despair. He burst out now, with, "I'm sick of it!"

"Of what in particular?" asked MEDLICOTT wearily.

"Of this senile, doddering, semi-defunct old century; so semi-defunct that no one seems quite to know whether it's actually dead or not."

"Stop! stop!" cried BRODIE encouragingly. "Material for a set of light verses there."

"Do you think I don't know that?" said MOBERLEY with a savage laugh. "I've made light verses on it—seven light verses—and they've been rejected fourteen times. Don't talk to me about light verses. Why the deuce can't the century die, and have done with it?"

"Certainly," said SMALLEY, in his piping voice; "it will be delightful to kneel by its grave with the cool, morning breezes of a new age fanning one's fevered brow."

"And to feel the full, fresh life of a young and unsophisticated century throbbing around one," said MORIARTY, who had just entered with MCCASKILL. "Yes, it will be very refreshing. There will be new ideas, new sensations, the first nascent tremblings of great new movements. I myself shall buy a new fountain pen."

"Psh! Absurd! Ridiculous nonsense!" growled STARK, from his armchair. "There won't be any change at all—at least, not in us. Decadents we are, and decadents we shall remain."

"But, my dear fellow," said MORIARTY, "you can't be decadent at the beginning of a century. Just you try."

Then spoke that great man, MCCASKILL. "MORIARTY is perfectly right. The decadence cannot continue. What then? Don't you see the alternative? There must be a Great Twentieth Century Renaissance! And we must conduct it!"

We hailed MCCASKILL's stupendous idea with enthusiasm, and it was decided to call a meeting of the Club at once. MOBERLEY alone looked doubtful. "What," he said, "if the world refuses to take any notice of us?"

"My good boy," said MORIARTY, "they're bound to take notice of you if you're a renaissance. Sooner or later, I mean. At first we may be scoffed at, even ignored. But we shall be a quiet, working force, gradually permeating the whole of society. Do you see?"

"Thank you, yes; it's beautiful!" said MOBERLEY.

So a meeting was called, a Committee chosen, and MCCASKILL appointed Chairman. We were considering the further appointment of sub-Committees for the special management of the various branches of our work—the literary branch, the

musical branch, the sculpture and painting branch, the dining branch, &c., when BRODIE interrupted the proceedings to say that it was impossible to go on without considering the question of funds. We all had a great respect for BRODIE; he was that wonderful thing known as "a good man of business," the only one in the Club. He hailed from Glasgow. So we listened attentively to his suggestions. He pointed out that the great work on which we were embarking must necessarily involve large expenditure (particularly in the dining branch); and he ventured to recommend a subscription of £30 per annum, payable in advance to an Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.

We all approved the sound sense of this; but could not help laughing a little at BRODIE for having run his head into a noose. Of course, he was the only possible man for Treasurer. BRODIE joined in the laugh, and accepted the post with great good humour. We had always known BRODIE as a nice, unselfish fellow.

II.

SMALLEY was for putting off the renaissance till 1901, but, as the Chairman ably pointed out, in an age when Christmas numbers appeared in October, and besieged towns were relieved in anticipation by the telegraph, it was only fitting that the Great Renaissance of the Twentieth Century should have its beginning in the last year of the Nineteenth. The observation was greeted with applause, and we were about to set to work in good earnest when STARK, who really ought never to have got on the Committee at all, blurted out that we knew perfectly well we were a pack of blooming decadents, and, as such, quite incapable of starting a decently-conducted renaissance. This vulgar and wholly unexpected outburst created a considerable sensation, and some unpleasantness might have ensued had not our Chairman called the house to order, and then with his unerring tact demonstrated the rightness and pregnancy of the phrase "blooming decadents." It was out of decay alone, he said, that new life could be expected to spring: and if only we were sufficiently far advanced in our decay we might hope, indeed, to bloom. Very happy, this, and quite silenced the opposition. BRODIE, the Secretary, and our boldest spirit, then rose to make a few introductory remarks. Ever since the Disappointed Authors had been turned into the New Renaissance Club, he said, it had been felt that the most pressing question for consideration was: How shall we regulate and improve the output of fiction? At present the public was inundated by a sea of literature in which the few, the very few, works of real merit were hopelessly swamped. Our first care, therefore, should be to formulate some restrictive measure which should give a fair chance to quality by reducing quantity. Much more from BRODIE to the same effect; all very excellent. Then occurred the really painful scene of the evening. It was pretty clear from the first that STARK had no real sympathy with the movement, still, we none of us expected him to break out as he did. Perhaps it was the persistent rejection of "Seared Souls" by the publishers which had embittered him. He said that if the new renaissance was to be any good at all it must abolish fiction altogether; fiction was unnecessary, demoralising. The reading world, and, still more, the writing world, would be far happier without it. It was responsible for all the evils of the time—pauperism, for example. The amount of pauperism in a country was in direct proportion to the amount of rags; the supply of rags was regulated by the demands of the paper-mills; and the paper-mills owed half their work to the publishers of fiction; hence, no novels, fewer paper-mills; fewer paper-mills, fewer rags; fewer rags, less pauperism. And as for the leisured classes, we knew how fiction demoralised them; how they worked off all their human feelings of sympathy, love and pity upon imaginary characters, until they had none left for the living world around them. It was in a terrible silence that STARK sat down. There was a short, tense pause before the Chairman rose and intimated that if those were really the

honourable member's sentiments, he had better go and have a little renaissance by himself outside. STARK refusing to take the hint, MORIARTY, the strong man of the Club, was appointed official chucker-out, and forcibly removed him. Very painful indeed. But necessary. The meeting was adjourned till that day week.

III.

PUNCTUALLY at nine o'clock the Chairman rose to his feet. He said that we had before us a most interesting problem. Though we might not, and did not, agree with a late member of the Club in considering that total abstinence from fiction was necessary or desirable, yet we might (and did) hold that some regulative measure was advisable alike for the sake of public and of authors. He invited suggestions. SMALLEY, rising, said that, of course, State intervention would be necessary. (Cries of "No, no!") Yes, yes. We must use the best means that come to our hand, and the invocation of State authority need not hinder the true inwardness of the movement. He was for beginning with the brewers—he meant the authors. (A little coarse of SMALLEY, this.) He would have a thorough system of Government inspection to prevent the issue of harmful or adulterated stuff. (Cries of "Who's to be the inspector?") Why, who but one of the promoters of the renaissance? (General grunt of satisfaction.) This alone would reduce the fictional output, he calculated, by at least seven-eighths. Thus SMALLEY. WIMPLETT followed with a suggestion that the female sex should be placed under a legal disability. This, he said, would reduce the remaining eighth by one-half. MOBERLEY objected to the clause as unnecessary, since this class of authors was already provided for by SMALLEY'S system of Government inspection. CRIPPS, ever full of statistics, at this point jumped up with the amazing statement that the annual output of works of fiction would still amount to seven thousand five hundred and sixty-three, or, including the bound volumes of the daily papers, to seven thousand five hundred and seventy-two. Hence, he thought, it would be necessary to supplement the measure for Government inspection by a system of local option. He himself had come across the case of a provincial town in which there were as many as six booksellers' shops in one street. Was not this state of things scandalous? (Cries of "How long was the street?") He preferred not to answer frivolous questions. It was obvious that six bookshops was an inordinate allowance for any street whatsoever. Why, a confirmed reader of bad fiction might succeed with heroic fortitude in passing five of those temptations and yet succumb to the sixth. (A young member: "On the other hand, he might succumb to the first, and



AN ALTERNATIVE.

Squire's Wife. "I HEAR YOU ARE GETTING UP A LADIES' BAND FOR THE BAZAAR NEXT MONTH. EXCELLENT IDEA! BY THE BYE, WHAT IS YOUR INSTRUMENT?"

Vicar's Daughter. "WELL, I THOUGHT OF PLAYING THE VIOLIN; BUT IF I FIND IT IS TOO MUCH FOR ME, I SHALL TRY THE TRIANGLE!"

then where are you?") Really, he was not accustomed to having his ideas treated in this flippant way. If anyone had a better proposal to make he should like to hear it. CRIPPS sat down in a huff. There was really no need to take much notice of CRIPPS. It was at this point that I made my own modest contribution to the discussion. I remarked that there was another scheme which had met with considerable favour in a different field. To state it baldly, it came to this; that no bookseller should be allowed to serve a customer with fiction without at the same time selling him some solid food, in the shape, for example, of a history book or a science primer. The idea caught on at once, and the formulation of a measure to

this effect was set down as one of the propaganda of the Club.

"My dear fellow," said BRODIE to me in an undertone, "it is magnificent! It shall be done, by Jove, it shall! And you and I will write history books—and science primers! Lots and lots and lots of science primers!"

The meeting came to a close at 12.30 a.m., after a sub-committee had been appointed to consider the kindred questions of circulating libraries and revolving book-cases.

I must mention, however, a little difference which arose after the meeting between BRODIE, our Treasurer, and MCCASKILL. MCCASKILL (who is a splendid fellow, but no man of business) thought

that BRODIE ought to submit the accounts quarterly to the Club. Of course, this was a terrible insult, and I could see that BRODIE felt it keenly, though quite aware that it resulted from sheer ignorance of business principles. He behaved admirably, not losing his temper in the slightest, but quietly pointing out that a Treasurer's business was to keep the accounts; and that if he let them go out of his keeping, he would be false to his trust. Of course, when he put the matter in that light, McCASKILL saw it at once and apologised handsomely.

(To be continued.)

THE FLAT-EARTHER'S LAMENT.

["A book has just been published, lamenting 'the perversion of the splendid talents of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, who spent a long life in teaching a false system of astronomy, unsupported by any fact in Nature, and in direct contradiction to the plain statements of the Bible.' The author's aim is to prove that the earth is not a planet, and its surface is not curved. . . Books like this relieve the flatness of the earth."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

I DO not know a sadder case

(It is a theme I can't be mute on!)
Of hoodwinking the human race
Than by the late Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Alas! he spent a long career

In teaching errors astronomic,
For instance, that the Earth's a sphere—
A blunder that is really comic!

He tried, of course, to nullify

The truth that has been known for ages,
The science plain to half an eye
In HOMER and the Hebrew sages.

There we are told the Earth is flat,

And has Jerusalem for centre,
Or Delphi—into more than that,
'Twere almost blasphemous to enter!

I personally give my vote

For THALES' simple *ipse dixit*,
Who makes the world on water float.
As *terra firma* thus I fix it.

In this the Hindoos and Chinese

And other learned folk support us,
In resting this abyss of seas
Eventually upon a tortoise.

Still, moderns want some kind of proof—

I'll therefore give them one that new is;
To shew the earth's no dome-like roof,
I bid them take a trip to Suez.

Were the world-surface spherical,

I'd like to hear them solve this riddle—
Why through each end of that canal
No water runs down from its middle?

No answer comes! and so we know

The antipodes have no existence,
And round the world COOK couldn't go—
The Ophir's wasting its persistence!

The moon is made of cheese that's green,
The sun's a disc, its brother planet;

No blatant contradicter's been
Nearer than I, I'm sure, to scan it!

I grieve for CHRISTIE, LOCKYER, BALL,
And so I'll end, as I began, well;
Vainly and flat on deaf ears fall
These counterblasts I send from Han-
well! A. A. S.

UNIFORMITY.

SCENE—*Pull Mall. Enter Officer in full uniform hurriedly. He is stopped by messenger.*

Messenger. Yes, Sir?

Officer. I want to see the Commander-in-Chief at once.

Messenger. Very sorry, Sir, but that gentleman who has just entered the room is likely to be there for the next three hours. He came here two minutes before your arrival.

Officer. But is a civilian allowed to take precedence of an officer in full uniform.

Messenger. Beg your pardon, Sir, but he is not a civilian; but an officer like yourself.

Officer. And yet he is admitted in mufti! Why, here have I had to come up from the country in full rig, being chaffed at the railway station, grinned at by the cabman, and cheered by the crowd!

Messenger. Yes, Sir. Very sorry you should have been inconvenienced, Sir. Especially as it was unnecessary, Sir.

Officer. Unnecessary! Why, doesn't the order come into force to-day that all officers who appear in the War Office for any purpose whatsoever must be attired in the proper uniform of their rank and regiment?

Messenger. No, Sir. To-morrow, Sir, the second of April, is the proper date. To-day, Sir, is the first of April.

Officer. And the first of April is surely the most appropriate date! Quite the most appropriate date!

Messenger. Yes, Sir!

(*Curtain.*)

THE RUIN OF A CRICKET INVENTION (1904).

(*From a contemporary journal.*)

It was the evening of the eighth day of the Great Cricket Match, "All England v. the Boers," when a man of sinister aspect might have been seen examining one of the new Patent Machine Bowlers, authorised by the Committee of the Make-all-you-can Cricket Club. The man, in the most noiseless fashion possible, inserted a key into the forearm of the Mechanical Bowler. It was well-known to the public under the name of "TRUNDLER." The match recommenced on the next day, and the Boers having 14000.5 runs to win (by the Decimal Fraction Teleboard), TRUNDLER was put on to bowl. Directly the figure commenced operations a yell of horror—for British

subjects are always fair-minded if foul-mouthed come from the spectators. In a word, "TRUNDLER" was throwing!!!

The officers of the M.C.C. met together and pronounced against the peccant figure. The Boers were, by common consent and the engrossed authority of the M. C. C. on vellum, awarded the contest amid the illuminations of the Zoological Gardens and St. John's Wood, and the regatta on the Regent's Park Canal was merely a fitting sequel to the great event.

Subsequently the Patent American Jockey, manufactured entirely in British steel, was severely censured by the Stewards of Sandown Park, but as he was not provided with the Triplex Electric Speaking Apparatus, he was unable to pronounce the baptismal name of Mr. HFWA WILLIAMS, and was warned off the course.

But the Patent Bowler died and was replaced by a Registered Underhand Universal Lob-chucker, of British Manufacture which was guaranteed never to "shy."

SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.

(*Study of an article interrupted by the veering round of public opinion.*)

NOTHING could be better than the scheme that was presented to a deeply interested House last night. It was listened to with wrapt attention, and the impression of any reasonable person who heard the statement was of unmixed satisfaction.

(*Pause of forty-eight hours.*)

The scheme that was unfolded to a full House a day or so ago scarcely bears successfully the test of maturer consideration. There are, no doubt, flaws that may be found possible of removal, but at the first blush they seem almost fatal to what, after all, can only be considered in the light of an experiment.

(*Pause for another couple of days.*)

It will cause no astonishment that the scheme, ushered in with so brave a flourish of trumpets, when examined by experts is found to be wanting in all that at first seemed to recommend it to general appreciation. In this age of keen criticism nothing escapes review, and if ever there was need for deliberation, this so-called plan is one emphasising that requirement. It is a matter of conjecture whether the proposals, that seemed at first so plausible, can be accepted with the necessary safeguards protecting the interests of a mighty empire.

(*At the end of the week.*)

Nothing could be worse than the scheme that was presented to a deeply interested House seven days ago. After careful deliberation, the impression that must be left on the mind of any reasonable person who has given it anxious consideration is one of unmixed dissatisfaction.

LAMENTATIONS OF LONDON.

[The L. C. C. Bill for acquiring the undertakings of the Metropolitan Water Companies has been defeated by H. M. Government.]

Whitechapel speaks:

WHEN August with his blazing skies
Beats on the burnt-up town,
When Mayfair packs her trunks and flies
To moor and breezy down;
When, dense as cattle in a pen,
My children in their slums
Lie sick and panting—then, ah! then
The water-famine comes!

Fetid and foul the vapours there
That in my alleys seethe,
And poisonous the evil air
My hapless children breathe;
While down the kennel, through the reek
Of rotting refuse, lo!
Disease, his easy prey to seek,
Stalks grimly to and fro.

Water! they cry; the stifling air
For water, water sighs;
The fainting earth in her despair
For water, water cries;
All nature, sick wellnigh to death
Beneath the savage sun,
For water calls with her last breath—
But water there is none.

Thrice blest my sister of the north
For whom Loch Katrine pours
Her cool, life-giving treasures forth
In never-ending stores,
Fresh from the snow and mountain tops!
While what is granted me?
The niggard intermittent drops
From tainted Thames and Lea.

How long, O Parliament, how long
Shall water-lords endure?
How long shall I behold the strong
Oppress my weak and poor?
How long till I enjoy the right
My youngest sisters share,
To save my children from the blight
Of poisoned earth and air?

THE CURSE OF SPRING.

(A story for Parents and Guardians.)

"WHERE IS JANE?" asked the father for the second time. This time his manner suggested that the east wind had got into the room.

The mother saw no help for it; she had tried to protect her daughter's secret.

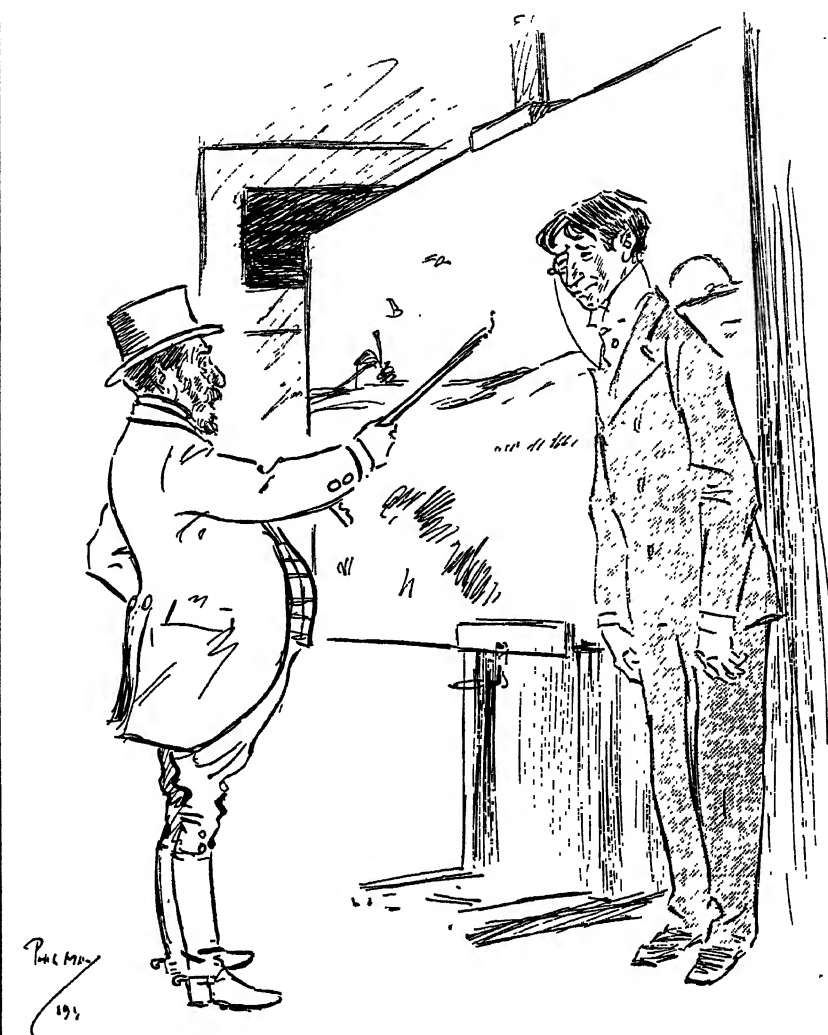
"JANE is writing in her room," said the mother.

The father wheeled round his chair and looked sternly at his wife.

"Symptoms the same as ALFRED?" he queried.

"Yes," said his wife hurriedly; "but I think it's only a mild attack, dear, this time. She didn't buy so much foolscap and envelopes as he did."

"Don't let us deceive ourselves," said



AN ART PATRON.

"I'LL HAVE IT IF YOU SHORTEN THE 'ORIZON, AND MAKE IT QUIDS INSTEAD OF GUINEAS!"

the father resolutely. "Remember, a week ago ALFRED began to sicken. Up to that time he was like an ordinary, healthy young man. Then he got restless; pored over penny magazines, furtively purchased stationery, and finally"—the father's voice broke with emotion—"he asked me if I had a rhyming dictionary. This barely a week ago. And now you tell me that JANE. . . Don't talk of Influenza—this dreadful scribblemania that comes in April is far worse."

"JANE is not so reckless, and she doesn't write poems—only stories."

"Only stories!" shrieked the unhappy father. "Only stories. Wife, do you know I had a sister once who wrote only stories? The horror of those days I shall never forget. Not till the rest of the family compelled her for some weeks to

read nothing but her own fiction did the complaint abate. JANE must be placed by herself at once. . . . She is not safe. . . . And if the servants catch it—ah!"

The suggestion told. The housewife wailed in horror, "Oh, I cannot, cannot lose the fifteenth cook I have had in three weeks!"

"Mother," exclaimed fifteen-year-old SYLVIA, bouncing into the room, "I've got some verses in this week's *Scrappings*."

But the mother had fainted away, "To-morrow," said the father with grim resolution, "I'll have you all vaccinated by an experienced journalist, and as you girls are so crazed on print, you shall have nice strongly-marked print dresses for your summer gowns."

In the evening the girls were rapidly approaching convalescence.

ART IN THE DOLLS' HOUSE.

BY LITTLE QUEENIE.

§ 8.—About Mr. Bransawder's Kindness.

I HAVE been so overwhelmed with letters of gratitude and congratulashuns about this series that it is simpley imposible to reply to them indyvijuly, so I must thank my beluvud readers here insted and tell them how *delited* I feel that these artikles have been such a help to them.

They are a great pleshure to me to do, besides being a sauce of much profit too. Mind, dear readers, that when you are ordering things at Mr. BRANSAWDER'S, 999, Oxford St., with the spotted Rokinghorse over the shop (and realy and truly it is the only *highclass* toyshop in London) *mind* you *mention my name*, because, besides being sure of getting something in ireprochible taste, you will have the sattisfaction of knowing that you are *bennyfitting me*.

It is like this: Mr. BRANSAWDER is so plesed with these artikles that he wants to encourage me to persivere with them, and he is going to send me a spessimen of every novlety he gets for notice in these collums—and I am not to *dreme* of returning them afterwards!

That is not all; he says that in futuer he is going to allow me what he calls a "*comishum*" on every perchase by a Custimer who menshuns these artikles.

A comishun is that, if you perchase a shilling thing on my reccomendashun, I get a halfpenny out of it; if a two shilling, a penny, and so on—which is why I allways advise my readers to buy only the *very best*.

Then MR. PUNCH pays me for what I write, and alltogether a child who desires to be independent and earn her own poket-money without the humilliasun of aplying to her parents every time she wants some cannot do better than do as I am.

§ 9.—A Word of Warning.

But do not imajine for a moment that I am advising any of my readers to folow my examplil. It is not everybody that *could*—perhaps *nobody* but me, though it sounds conseted to say it. Still, it is more difficult than you think. You see, you have got to be thurally well ejucated and acustomed to writing and speling with purfect ese and acurasy. Then you must possess ecsquisit taste and judgemint and simpathy, and not mind *what* trouble you take.

I am *afraide*, if *you* tried, you would only meet with dissipointment and failure, and on the hole I cannot reccomend any of you, dear children, to take to Litteratuer as a carere.

* * * * *

Alas! my beluvud readers, events have once more turned out in a manner which I little antisipated!

My dear Papa is one of those superior pursons that doesn't read "*Punch*" but only glances at the pictuers and says there is nothing in it this week.

However, the fame of his little Queenie's artikles pennytrated his ears at last, and sending for the back numbers, he egerly perused the efusions of his beluvud daughter.

At first he rawed with disrespectful meriment—but bye and bye he arived at my honorable menshuns of Mr. BRANSAWDER'S shop and he nitted his browse and his lauffer dyed away in expressions which I cannot sulley my pen by repeting.

Then he sturnly declared that no child of *his* should receive comishuns from tradesmen, though I pointed out to him that Mr. BRANSAWDER was not a common shopman, but a purfict gentleman who hed gone into bisness.

Poor Papa was utterly unable to see that that made any difference, and it was in vane that I erged that if Mr. BRANSAWDER'S toys were the *best* (which they truly *are*), I was only doing my readers and myself good by reccomending them.

But Papa remaned as obstinit as any pig and said it was a rotten sistem and the next thing to bribery and he wouldn't *have* it, and I wasn't to accept anything out of the shop without

paying cash down for it and he had a good mind to punch poor Mr. BRANSAWDER'S head for his impidence—and things like that!

Well, to avoid unplesantness, I was obliged to give way—but I *can't* see why I mayn't take any little presents when Mr. BRANSAWDER so kindly presses them on my acceptance, only it appears the grownups are not in the habbit of doing so, and I think it just shows how silly they are!

I sometimes think my poor dear Papa is just a little *Erly Victorian* in his way of looking at things, and doesn't reconise that we have entered the *threshold of a New Sentury*.

But, for the present, I have no opshun but to obay, and since I cannot consientsusly reccomend any goods which do not come out of Mr. BRANSAWDER'S shop, and I am not to be allowed to do it *my own way*, I haven't the heart to continnue this series any longer—except, perhaps, to anser a few corispondense who may care to adress a line of comfit and simpathy to

Their well-mening but constantly baffled little friend,
QUEENIE.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

["At an inquest held at Newington on a baby two months old, it transpired that the mother had been feeding him on oats . . . The coroner remarked that he had had cases where children had been fed on whelks, fried fish and pork chops, and had drunk ale and stout."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

A BABE was born in a Newington slum,

As healthy a babe as may be,

With a round little head and a round little tum,

And a white little tooth in a red little gum,

And a voice that would seldom or never be dumb—

In short, a model baby.

The child was remarkably sturdy and stout,

And, for all one could tell of it, clever.

Of that there is no manner of doubt—

No probable, possible shadow of doubt—

No possible doubt whatever.

Now, babes I am given to understand,

Should live on a simple diet;

But this one was fed on the fat of the land,

Pork chops and pickles and lobster—canned—

With rum, of an inexpensive brand,

And gin to keep it quiet.

Pork chops and whelks, washed down with stout,

Small babies thrive on never.

Of that there is no manner of doubt—

No probable, possible shadow of doubt—

No possible doubt whatever.

Weeks sped, and wan and wasted and worn

Became that infant cherished;

His ounces were fewer than when he was born,

His little inside with pain was torn,

And when they came to his cot one morn,

They found that he had perished.

A taste for gin, combined with stout,

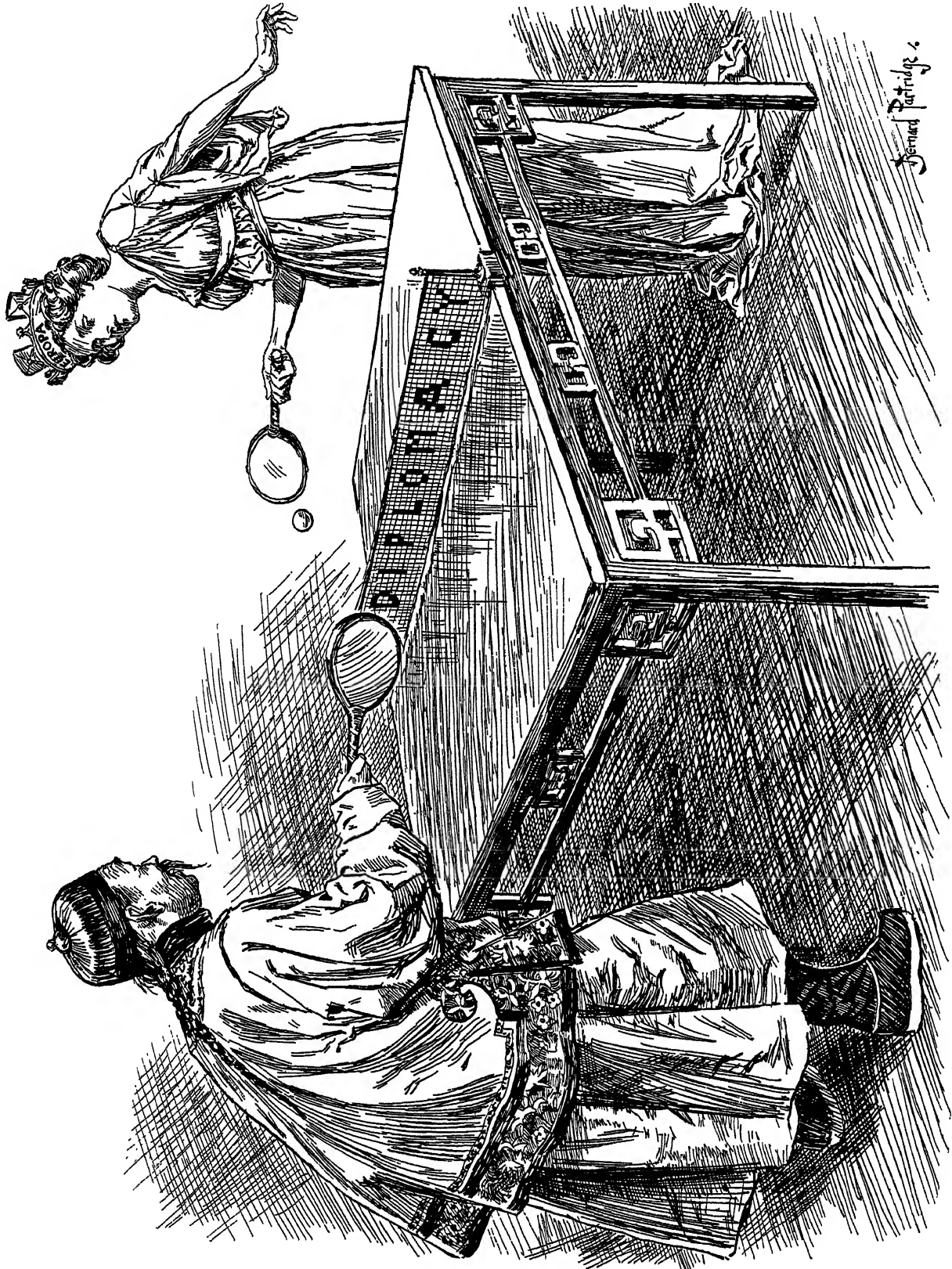
Had doubled him up forever.

Of that there is no manner of doubt—

No probable, possible shadow of doubt—

No possible doubt whatever.

"THE CORPORATION AND THE PORT OF LONDON."—A Correspondent signing himself "VERE TOPER," writes—"What's the difficulty? There oughtn't to be any, as the Corporation of the City ought by this time to have all the best port that the City can obtain. They've got the money, they've got the correct taste, they've got the men to drink, and if they haven't the Port by now, why, they never will have."



"PING PONG";

OR, "A GAME THAT HE DOES UNDERSTAND."



Stout Wife. "I SHALL NEVER GET THROUGH HERE, JAMES. IF YOU WERE HALF A MAN, YOU WOULD LIFT ME OVER!"
Husband. "IF YOU WERE HALF A WOMAN, MY DEAR, IT WOULD BE EASIER!"

THE RAIN OF TERROR;

Or, one more Ingredient.

[According to recent reports, rain of a ruby-red colour has fallen in southern Europe. The reports may have been somewhat highly coloured.]

UPON my walks I met a man,
 A happy man, who laughed with glee,
 High, high indeed, his spirits ran;
 A thing I rather like to see.

I touched him quietly on the sleeve,
 "My dear good friend," I gently said,
 "My curiosity relieve,
 And tell me who you are." Instead

Of answering my small behest
 He looked me curiously o'er,
 Then thumped me soundly on the chest—
 A kind of greeting I abhor;

And then he bawled into my ear
 (I swear his lungs were made of leather),
 "I am the clerk, the overseer,
 Of that most talked of thing—the weather.

"I send the rain, I sprinkle snow,
 I portion out with sparing hand
 The azure sky with sunset glow,
 And when I'm glum befog the land.

"The raw material of weather
 I deal with as it comes to hand.
 I do not send it all together,
 But vary it, you understand.

"I give you, say, a pinch of snow,
 A touch of fog, a heavy dew,
 And over all a gale I blow;
 A kind of atmospheric stew.

"I sometimes add a little frost
 In penetrating mists dissolved,
 Or hail—I never count the cost.
 Variety, I am resolved,

"The spice of life is. Now, old boy,
 To you I will at once explain
 The reason of my boundless joy;
 I'm going to get some ruby rain!

"One more ingredient! Hooray!
 I'll send you April showers of fire.
 Throughout the City every day
 The streets shall flow with crimson mire.

"A carmine snow-storm, think of that!
 A poppy-mist before a blizzard,
 And all the ladies crying, 'Drat
 That ready-witted weather wizard!'"

He laughed aloud and sped away,
 That clerkly demon of the weather.
 I stood there to surprise a prey;
 You might have felled me with a feather.

A MORBID REFLECTION.

[A scientific Journal explains that the peculiar aroma of choice Havana cigars arises from the presence of certain bacteria in the leaf.]

RICH, redolent cigar,
 The peacefulness to mar
 That lulls me to enjoyment, calm and
 Come analysts unkind, [sleepy,
 That in you bid me find
 A horrid swarm of creatures small and
 creepy.

Uneasily I smoke,
 While sadly (or in joke)
 The crop of dismal horrors they're
 describing;
 Though at their proofs I winced,
 I'm only half convinced,
 As your delicious perfumes I'm imbibing.
 But when your stump goes out,
 I overcome my doubt,
 And from my troubled fancy I despatch it
 With this profound reflection—
 That, if it is infection,
 I only wish my Cavendish would catch it.

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD OPERATIO AIR
 (as sung by the Officers mentioned in the
 despatches of the Commander-in-Chief).—
 "ROBERTS, *Toi que j'aime!*"

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

IV.—THE "BRIDGE" SECTION.

APRIL 1ST.—Bridge is a well-known parlour-game that may be played after dinner by ladies and gentlemen indifferently (this is especially true of ladies). It is also played in clubs; thus distinguishing itself from "Ping-pong."

2ND.—Bridge is understood to have originated in Thibet, where it has long been a sacred perquisite of the Grand Slama.

3RD.—The derivation of the word Bridge is explained as follows:—When the game was introduced into Europe by Oriental scholars, the Latin equivalent for Grand Slama was found to be *Pontifex Maximus*. Now, a *pontifex* is etymologically one who performs rites (*facio*) on a bridge (*pons*). Bridge, therefore, may be said to be associated with the idea of sacrificial victims, a view which is daily growing in favour among the less fortunate exponents of the game. It is only fair, however, to say that another theory, connecting it with *pons asinorum*, has received the approval of many experts.

4TH.—The cause of the supplanting of Whist by Bridge is at least twofold. (1) Under a thin resemblance to a game hallowed by traditions of sobriety and respectability, it has insidiously introduced a chartered form of gambling (with its attendant debauchery) into the most rigid haunts of virtue. (2) Unlike Whist (an onomatopoeic word implying the necessity for silence; cf. *hush!*) the game of Bridge encourages polite conversation among the players, in this way affording a much-needed relief to the tension of the mind.

5TH.—It might be imagined that the device of a compulsory dummy would tend to modify the above-mentioned licence; but experience has proved that the dummy talks as loud as any active player during the progress of a hand, and very much louder immediately after.

6TH.—Abuse of the privilege of cursive comment has led in some clubs to the overt classification of Bridge under the head of Games of Hazard (such as Euchre, Pharaoh, and Loo); in some to the revival of the duello; in some (but these cases are as rare as they are deplorable) to the introduction of the police.

7TH.—During a dispute between your adversaries on the subject of the preceding (or even the current) hand, circumstances and knowledge of character must decide for you whether you should take sides in the discussion. If language of actual contumely is hurtling in the air, then it is as well to let confusion do its dreadful work without interruption.

8TH.—If, however, the debate is friendly and on abstract lines, each of your opponents giving expression to a modest belief in the impregnability of his position, then it is a good rule for you and your partner to throw your united weight on one or other side; thus establishing diffidence in the one, and an overweening confidence in the other.

9TH.—It is further an excellent practice to argue stoutly in support of a gross mistake committed by the weaker of your adversaries, that so he may be encouraged to repeat it.

10TH.—You should always give a courteous welcome to an elementary player who proposes to join your table: for it must never be forgotten that your chances of making something out of him are precisely as two to one.

11TH.—Dummy is not supposed to call attention to his partner's revoke (if it escapes remark) till after the cards have been cut for the ensuing deal. Then he is free to offer congratulations and suitable pleasantries. But if attention is called to the revoke at the time by the adversaries, then dummy is at liberty to say at once whatever occurs to him.

12TH.—Choice of seats (apart from superstition) may be of more importance than is commonly supposed. The idea of taking into account the position of mirrors in a room may be

discarded as ungentlemanlike; but the effect of a legitimate draught on the back of an opponent already afflicted with a sorry rheum has been worked out by statisticians as equivalent to fourteen points in every third rubber.

13TH.—Honours in Bridge, as in Whist, have [no connection with merit; a fact to which we may partially attribute the celerity with which politicians have familiarised themselves with this game.

14TH.—The absence of pockets in ladies' evening-gowns is a fruitful source of Bad Debts.

15TH.—It has been nicely computed that the relative values of skill in Bridge and in Whist are as fifteen to four. Consequently, a Government official, devoting to Bridge the same proportion of his limited leisure as he used to devote to Whist, is now enabled to lose £98 10s. 0d. *per annum* of his hard-earned income, where he was accustomed to lose only £26 5s. 4d. This will not, however, prevent him from describing Bridge as a game in which pure chance predominates.

(To be continued.)

O. S.

THAT DREADFUL GAME; OR, THE TORTURE OF TOMKINS.

ABOUT a fortnight ago I went to dine with the ROBINSONS. It was an excellent dinner, as all their dinners are, and not too long, which leaves time for music or cards afterwards. Like many easy-going men who have passed the first bloom of youth, I find that suits me perfectly. To listen to music involves no exertion whatever; to play cards one is at all events seated; even for pool or billiards one has only to stand and stroll about. Some dreadfully energetic men I know always say, "What a lazy beggar TOMKINS is!" But I don't care.

When we had finished dinner at the ROBINSONS' that evening, the men were invited to go and smoke in another room. I thought nothing of that. I imagined that the dining-room had to be cleared, so that early the next morning it might be painted, or whitewashed, or undergo some such decoration not unusual in spring. So I smoked peacefully in the other room with the other fellows, and then we went into the drawing-room. No sooner had we entered the door than the young ladies of the family jumped up and cried joyfully, "Ping Pong!"

"What's that?" said I.

"Not know Ping Pong, Mr. TOMKINS?" they asked, derisively.

"I'm not much good at games," I confessed humbly. "Of course I've heard it spoken of, but how do you play it?"

"Come and see," they replied; "it's as easy as possible. You'll learn directly. It's such a jolly game. We play every evening."

I abandoned all hope of peaceful music. One of the girls sings very nicely, and another plays the piano, but, of course, no girl would do anything so effeminate if there were a chance of jumping about with a racquet and a ball. I felt sure it must be something of the sort, and I was right.

The whole of that deplorable evening was devoted to that "jolly game." They stood me at one end of the dining-table, put a battledore, a beastly baby's battledore into my hand, and made me aim at a beastly little ball that bounded up from what some writers call "the festive board." At first I couldn't hit the thing at all. Then I gave it tremendous whacks, and it flew up to the ceiling, or hit the pictures, or got mixed up with the electric light. But wherever it went it always finished on the floor, and I spent half the time crawling under the table, or hitting my head against the sideboard, or grovelling under the chairs, or lifting up the coal scuttle. However, several times I hit the silly ball in the right direction, and the girls said I was "getting on splendidly," when all I was anxious for was getting off.

At last they let me go, and I sat at the side of the room with various admirers of the ghastly game, and, like them—though in my case from politeness rather than interest—followed the

movements of the ball, our heads wagging solemnly from side to side exactly like the head of the old gentleman at Madame TUSSAUD'S. This gave me such a crick in my neck that I was glad, as an excuse for no longer looking on, to start fielding for the girls. Even after dinner, it is less uncomfortable to crawl about the floor on one's hands and knees than to "sit a while," and wag one's head, and roll one's eyes, and twist one's neck, till they all ache together, listening meanwhile to the horrid, monotonous thuds on the beastly battledores, a sound which the enthusiasts seem positively to enjoy.

Then they made me have another turn with the battledore, and complimented me still more on my vast progress. But I bore it meekly, for after that the party broke up. I have since understood that this was unusual, as many intelligent persons go on till breakfast time.

A few days ago I heard from some mutual friends that the ROBINSON girls had been making fun of me everywhere, and saying, "Why, Mr. TOMKINS couldn't even hit the ball!" Well, I never wanted to hit it. But it was a very unkind criticism, after I had spent a whole evening crawling among the furniture to please them.

Now I think of patenting a new game to be called "Progressive Ping Pong." Instead of playing in one room only, which seems feeble, you put a long table in every possible part of the house, and put all the rest of your furniture in the garden, or the kitchen, or pile it up in the cellars. I may mention, incidentally, that if you live in a flat you can't play my game at all. Besides, if you tried to, you would be murdered by the other tenants, and it would serve you jolly well right. Well, when you've cleared your house, people play my game in every room, and move on, as in Progressive Whist. Those who have reached the ground floor begin again in the attics. So they need never stop. You needn't give them any supper; their enthusiasm is too great for such interruptions; a lemon-squash on the staircase is the most they could want. Of course, the prize for the winner would be a gold-mounted battledore with little gold screws, as on a kettle-drum, to tune the parchment to the exact note of "ping" or "pong" which he or she might prefer. I hope the game will not go out of fashion before I can introduce my improvement.

- CURIOUS CRICKET QUERY.—Has "throwing" been "chucked?"

THE FIRST AUTHOR OF A PROBLEM PLAY.
—EUCLID.



G. L. STAMP

He. "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND PHYLLIS REJECTING ME LAST NIGHT."

She. "NEVER MIND. YOU'LL SOON GET OVER IT."

He. "OH, I'VE GOT OVER IT RIGHT ENOUGH; BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING SO DOOSID SORRY FOR HER. I SHAN'T ASK HER AGAIN!"

A CHANCE FOR SIR MICHAEL.

["A friend of mine once, at an 'At Home,' got into conversation with one of the most successful of West End professors of palmistry. He had lately retired from the business, after making for several years, it was said, something like £5,000 each year."—*Free Lance*, April 20.]

HERE'S a subject for Taxation
Straight out of hand indeed!
Here's the revenue you need
That waits for exploitation.

Many littles make a mickle
(Or MICHAEL) says the saw;
These breakers of the law
Your fancy well might tickle.

Your close attention focus
On thriving West-End seers
Who've made, these latter years,
A boom in hocus-pocus.

Just think—here's one confesses

He's earned (?) this easy way
More than a Bishop's pay,
By chiromantic guesses!

They flout with gay bravado
The gullible police,
And in the fools they fleece
Is found an Eldorado.

They bear the palm for palming
Sham "science" off for true;
Hysteric "clients," too,
Require a little calming!

So tax without compassion
To the tune of cent. per cent.
For every guinea spent
Upon the Quacks of Fashion!

UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

THE BITTER BIT.

GOOD morning, Mr. WHITE. Congratulate you: wonderful success—er—your book. of course. Everyone's talking of it. Mistake? Oh, no: I'm from the *Epoch*, you know. Anyone else been? No one from the *Argus*? Capital! But they're a slow lot. Well, we flatter ourselves—don't do to waste time, does it? The public likes its news served hot—and strong—the stronger the better. Stupid ass, the public, but it likes to know, you know.

Ah, let me see. Your first interview? Better and better. Not the last though, or I'll—I'll eat the *Argus*. But after your success—pretty clock, that. Any story? No? Oh, don't apologise—not your fault. Alarum, I see: *Orthro-phoito*—pardon the Greek tag—besides, the rest doesn't apply, we'll hope—but you do rise early, I presume? Eight, seven, six? That's all right. The earlier the better for the public, as long as they don't have to do it themselves. Er—might I see your bedroom? Oh, I see, yes—camp-bedstead. Cold tub, I suppose. Yes, and then—work before breakfast? Oh, no work before breakfast? That's bad. Ah, BLAKELEY'S Exerciser, I see; that's better. May I feel your arm? Use it myself generally at the beginning of the year. Time for good resolutions, isn't it? Difficult to keep up though. Five days is my record. We'll call it STRONG'S, if you don't mind; it'll fit in better. Something of this sort:—"a biceps which would do credit to SANDOW himself, whose Exerciser occupies a prominent position in"—yes, that runs pretty well.

Thanks, no; no time for smoking. Now then, after the Exerciser,—you don't run round the Park now, for instance? You see, I want to work the Spartan note for all it's worth. No? Or break the ice on the Serpentine? Ah, you row on it, do you? Yes, that's good. Anyone else there at that time of day? I see—wild fowl and peacocks. Yes, I could bring in the peacocks,—and the hum of distant London, yes, and the Liver Brigade in the Row by way of contrast. *Rus in urbe*: that sort of thing: that will be quite effective.

Well, then we come to breakfast. Pity you have it so early, by-the-way. You see my notion was to catch you at it,—get the local colour. My dear fellow, I'm sure you would, if you'd known. Obliging isn't the word—yes, it is though, by Jove! How would this do?—"Nothing could be more obliging than the courtesy with which Mr. WHITE"—Yes, I like that. Well, we must just do the best we can from stock. Let's see—"The rising Author had just finished breakfast when I arrived at the unholy hour of 8.15. I had been warned" (wish I had) "that I must be a very early bird to catch this particular"—m, yes. There, of course, I shall bring in the Spartan simplicity, SANDOW, Serpentine, and so on—"the secret of your success," you know. Yes, I begin to see my way. "The debris of his frugal meal"—you eat porridge? Capital: it ought to be porridge. Couldn't do without porridge—and perhaps an egg. Yes, you might have a couple of eggs, I think—"as he sat there, watching the blue smoke curl upwards from his briar-pipe"—yes, I see it's a meerschau,—"from his battered old briar, looking every inch an Englishman, broad-shouldered, curly-haired, blue-eyed"—Not blue? Ah, that's a pity. Oh, well—not at all, my dear fellow; nature's fault, not yours. We must do the best we can with grey. Let's see—Oh, yes—"with the deep grey eyes of the habitual thinker, betraying a steady, earnest purpose, it was hard to imagine that this was the man at whose humour the whole world is"—it wouldn't be a bad thing, by the way, if you could manage to say something funny—"one of Mr. WHITE's happy remarks" you know, "which we cannot refrain from placing before the readers of the *Epoch*." Won't it come? Oh, well, never mind. I'll see what I can do when I get home.

Now about your work. Done anything before? I don't seem

to remember—oh, anonymous. Well, if you'll take my advice, you won't do any more unsigned work; it don't pay. Must have your name on the bookstalls. Still, I can shove in something about only equalled by your modesty. Yes, that wouldn't be bad. Got anything else on the stocks? Not yet?—H'm—"Mr. WHITE doesn't believe in the modern mercenary method of beginning a new story before the ink"—m!—"while his last book is still smoking hot from the press. He considers that the inevitable result of making haste to get rich is unfinished and unworthy work." You don't mind my saying that, do you? It's true enough, you know. Why, look at—well, look at the railway bookstalls.

Enough! My dear sir, we've hardly begun. Father alive? That's his photograph, I suppose. 'M—ah,—"remarkable face, vividly recalling the rugged features of the Sage of Cheyne Walk." Then about your mother. Rather not? By all means. We always respect these little prejudices, though—well, about yourself, then. No children, I suppose? Or dog—haven't you a fox-terrier? Pity, that. Both useful properties. Nuisance in real life, but excellent copy. However—how would this do? "Mr. White is at present prevented by the incessant nature of his work from indulging his strong passion for children and animals. No fairy footsteps on the stairs, no cheerful barking to enliven his solitary hours. His motto is"—that'll do. Trifle poetical, perhaps. Still it's—no, it's not bad.

Now then for some youthful reminiscences. Oh, but, my dear fellow, you must have. Weren't you at school? Well, then—top of your class? No? Excellent. "Far from being an infant prodigy, our author was looked upon as an incorrigible dunce. Nothing but sheer dogged perseverance"—we mustn't make you too grim, though. Didn't you ever play tricks on the master? Caricatures, now, or verses? No? Well, let's see, I'm not much of a poet, still I think I could—what was his name? Briggs?—m!—figs, wigs, pigs. It'll have to be personal, of course. I have it; capital B. Small man? Ah, can't be helped. Listen to this: "How doth the little busy B. delight to"—he smoked, I suppose? "Delight to smoke and smite! He smites our somethings"—no, can't say that: "He caneth gaily all the day, and smoketh half the night." That'll do—see? You wrote 'em, and then—yes, after he'd—no, before he licked you, he said, "Mark my words, boys, Tommy"—your name is Thomas, I think? "Tommy White will be a famous writer some day. But—" Not at all, make you a handsome present of it. It'll go down to posterity like the versatile-young-dog tale about MILLAIS, and all the rest of 'em. Such is fame—what?

Then we ought to have your views on something. Doesn't much matter what. Got any to speak of? Women's wrongs, now, or—No? Well, it is a bit played out. Still we might suggest—how about this?—"Asked whether he hold decided views on the Woman Question, Mr. WHITE said with a sigh that he didn't know the answer. Pressed for a more definite reply, his eyes lit up with a fire which I had not before observed, and his pipe went out in its—no—his excitement. Tall, strong, blue—no, grey-eyed, he stood with his back"—and so on. Then you might say something. "You remember," said Mr. WHITE, "the familiar quotation, 'common are to either sex *artifex* and *opifex*?' " "Yes," I murmured, "and likewise '*caro, carnis* is the same.'" "Well," continued the brilliant young author—"haven't called you that before, have I?"—"brilliant young author, taking no notice of my irrelevant interruption—"there you have the Woman Question in a nutshell. The poet, of course, meant that all the arts and all the professions were open—must be open—to those of both sexes." "Let 'em all come," I suggested with a nervous chuckle. "Let 'em all come," he replied, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, as he relit his trusty pipe." Well, what d'you think of that for an impromptu? I'm getting into my stride at last.

Hallo, look at the time. I must be off. Well, many thanks for the able way in which you've seconded my poor efforts to

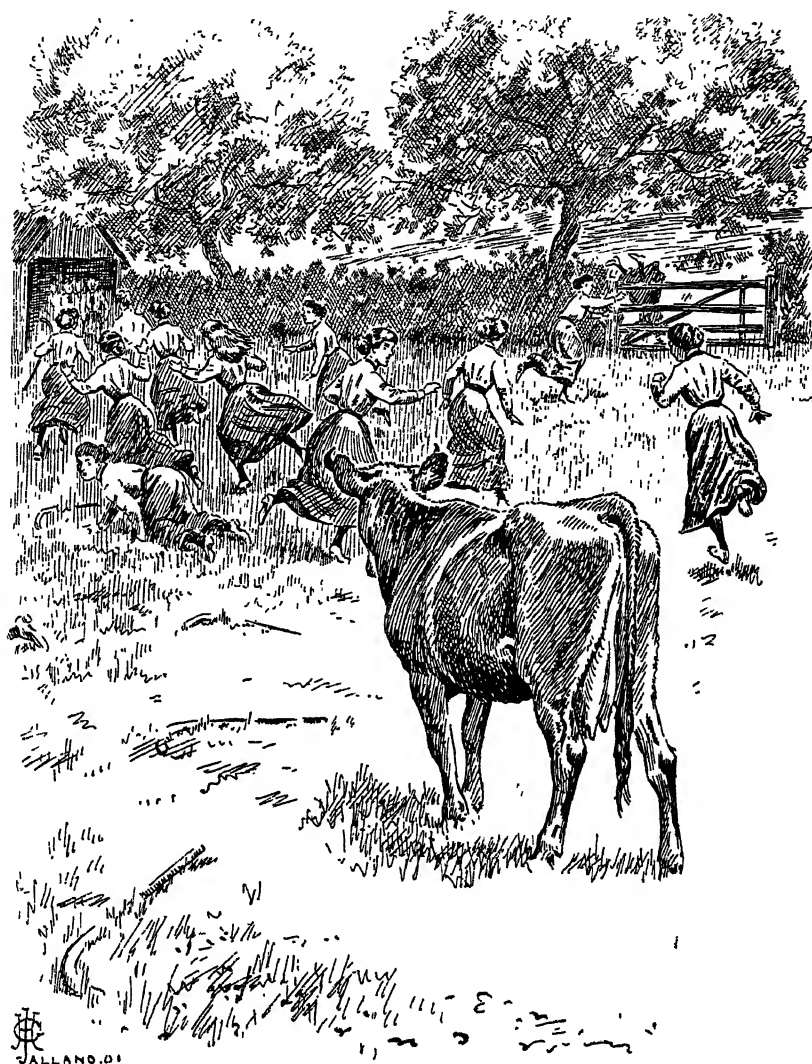
provide the British Lion with his daily garbage—Not at all, my dear fellow. You've done your best. Anyway, you've helped me to score off the *Argus*. Er, what? Oh, yes, as you say, distinctly funny, isn't it? They're a precious slow lot. Er,—you haven't got a photograph of yourself handy? *Would* you mind signing it? The public—pardon me, but isn't there something wrong? THOMAS WRIGHT, I see you've put. We'd better stick to WHITE. *Nom de plume*, no doubt, but people wouldn't—*what*? Do you mean to say you're not WHITE?—not the man I—? Well, really, Mr.—er—WRIGHT, why the—why the dickens couldn't you—why did you say you were? Why did you—well, no, come to think of it, I suppose you didn't. I did the talking. But, still, what the—may I ask what your object was? I don't suppose you—*Copy*? Oh, my beloved Aunt. Copy! He's a journalist! What paper? Not—not—don't say you're an *Argus* man. Oh, Lord, the *Argus*! He interviews for the *Argus*. Well, of all the blamed—Oh, I say, look here, I'm off. You've scooped the pool this time. Would you mind touching the bell? Thanks. I'm going to interview that—*that* slavey of yours on my way down.

G. F. C.

THE NEW ROAD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is very beautiful to witness the making of a brand-new road—I mean in the suburbs, where the red-brick builder is putting up his houses and tenements. When those concerned commence operations they chop down all the old trees, which are older than Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN or Mr. JOHN BURNS, or for that matter Sir WILLIAM THISELTON-DYER, Autocrat of Kew Gardens, who is also a feller of great intent. When the road-makers have assassinated all the trees they throw vast quantities of Aberdeen granite gravel and water over the thoroughfare, which is, indeed, no thoroughfare, because it leads into a combined brickfield and stone-yard. For many, many days, the dwellers in the fresh and watery dwellings crunch their corns over the rubble and bark their shins on casual timber. On dark nights there are no gas-lamps in order, they fall into moist and perilous cavities arranged on the sidewalks like the ambushes of the Boer generals. What are those cavities? They are the holes which the excellent authorities have dug for planting new trees, having cut down, as before mentioned, all the ancient growth. In a century we shall have a miniature boulevard.

The Aberdeen granite, &c., having been converted into a state of slush is then severely sat upon, torn about, and generally ill-used by an instrument known as



"OUR GREAT HOCKEY MATCH WAS IN FULL SWING, WHEN A HORRID COW, FROM THE ADJOINING MEADOW, STROLLED ON THE GROUND. PLAY WAS BY GENERAL CONSENT POSTPONED."

the Steam Roller, bearing, as a rule, the White Horse of Kent on its portly bosom. There is no reason to believe but that, conducted on certain principles, the Steam Roller would be a great advantage to the civilisation of the metropolis and its immediate surroundings. It might, for instance, effectually curb the impetus of the misguided railway vans and carrying trollies, which roam our streets without let or hindrance. It might also wake up some of our police-constables at crossings, and clear the way for the traffic disturbed by telephonic wire layers, but as the main factor in a new street it is disappointing and a demoniac nuisance.

It may be the fault of the Aberdeen granite (N.B., Aberdeen granite must always be distinguished, like Doncaster butter scotch, Everton toffee, Bath chaps,

or Stilton cheeses), or the gravel or the water, but the cruel sound of this modern Car of Juggernaut suggests the annihilation of the broadway over which it lumbers from early morning till dewy eve, like a County Council Elephant of the Pleiocene age. There is only one pleasing personage connected with this Colossus of roads, and he is the veteran armed with a Communist flag of deep red, who walks a few yards in front of a monster whose snorting can be heard for miles. He is such a delightful creature of fiction, that in this age of realism we look upon him with joy. Even the horses give their customary laugh when they see his banner of freedom to the new road. He is so simply lovely because he is so perfectly useless. Yours faithfully,

PHILDORA PHLATMAN.

Novelty Avenue, S.W.



Old Boy (revisiting school). "WELL, JOCK, THERE HAVE BEEN A LOT OF CHANGES IN THE OLD PLACE SINCE MY TIME."

School Porter. "YESSIR, THE HEAD MASTER IS CHANGED, THE ASSISTANT MASTERS IS CHANGED, THE CHAPEL IS CHANGED AN' THE TUCK SHOP IS CHANGED; BUT, BLESS YOU, THE BOYS IS JUST THE SAME AS EVER!"

IN VINO VERITAS.

PLACE—Coffee-room of a fashionable hotel.

TIME—The near future. *Customer and Waiter discovered.*

Customer. Let me see your wine list (*Receives it*) Ah, you have several brands of champagne—but can you swear to them?

Waiter (hesitating). You have full information in the book, Sir.

Customer. Yes, but that is insufficient. According to the newspapers, the brand may be deceptive. (*Regarding him sternly*) Although I don't know you, if you like to get a Commissioner and make a sworn information I might believe you. (*With increased severity*) Of course, if you made

a false statement you would run the chance of prosecution for perjury.

Waiter (trembling). Very sorry, Sir, but the charge is not considered either in my wages or in my tips.

Customer. Well, how about the red wine?
Waiter. We have got Beaune and St. Julien, and if you like a change of colour Niersteiner and Zeltringer.

Customer (kindly, but firmly). My good friend, if you had studied the correspondence in the public press as I have, you would know that the names you have mentioned suggest "liquid generally bad." How about your mineral waters?

Waiter. The names are on the list, Sir.

Customer. So I see. (*After consideration*) And now have you a good filter—a really good filter?

Waiter. Certainly, Sir,
Customer (decisively). Then I will take a glass—of water!
(*Curtain.*)

"PING PONG."

(*A Ditty for the Dining-room.*)

[Most manly sports have, at one time or other, had their praises sung by poetic devotees. Why should not the prevailing pastime of "Ping Pong" be also immortalised in verse, especially as the papers have suggested that the Universities should compete in the game?]

I WILL not laud the football or
The gentlemen who kick it;
Nor ask your kind attention for
Some eulogy on cricket.
Though golf and hockey long ago
Created a sensation,
Old England's sons and daughters know
A finer recreation.

It's oh, for the bounding celluloid!
Oh, for the six-inch net!

No one denies
There is exercise
In a fiercely fought out "set."
Oh, for the rally that's much enjoyed,
Oh, for the tuneful song,
When the racquets sing,
With a pong and a ping,
And a ping, ping, pong!

And who would bike or ride or row,
Since anyone is able
To keep on rushing to and fro
About the dining-table.
The sweat from off your forehead falls
When mighty is the tussle;
And merely picking up the balls
Develops ev'ry muscle.

It's oh, for the serve that's hard and
Oh, for the wily twist! [fast!
Oh, for the scores
From the battledores,
When the strokes are seldom
missed.

Oh, for the balls that crack at last,
Though they are fairly strong;
You'll send them wide
If you never have tried
To play ping, ping, pong!

For those of us whose blood is blue
The time it quickly passes;
It also gives enjoyment to
The humbler middle classes.
We bolt our meals, it must be feared,
So eager is our longing
To get the table quickly cleared
And start once more "ping-ponging."

It's oh, for the polished table-tops,
Losing their pristine bloom;
Players don't care
For the wear and tear
In the average dining-room.
Oh, for a game that seldom stops,
Probably we, ere long
Shall hie with despatch
To the 'Varsity match
Of this ping, ping, pong! P. G.



Stanley Spencer. 1901.

"PAY! PAY! PAY!"

MASTER JOHN BULL. "I'VE PUT A LOT OF PENNIES INTO THIS MACHINE, AND I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING OUT. BUT"—(with determination)—"I'M GOING ON 'TILL I DO!"

[In consequence of the South African War expenditure, Master JOHN BULL has to meet a deficit of fifty-five millions.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, April 18.

—Back to work after Easter Holidays. House thronged in anticipation of big

Wily SQUIRE got J. M. to publicly announce engagement by letter circulated in gaping press. For a while all went well. The two hermits sat side by side in the selected cell, thanking Heaven that they were not even as CAWMELL-BANNERMAN.

EXCHEQUER of the day, reserving to later date critical examination of Budget proposals. To-night the elder partner of the domestic *ménage* at Gangway end of the bench, brushing Leader of Opposition aside, rose and in trenchant speech denounced a Ministerial policy "that finds its natural expression in the most disastrous financial statement that has ever been made by a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

Business done.—Budget brought in by Sir MICHAEL MALVOLIO HICKS-BEACH, Steward to the State. Shows expenditure on war exceeding £150,000,000 sterling; deficit to be faced this year, £53,207,000.

Friday Night.—Dull night at T. R. Westminster. Went over with SON AND HEIR to Her Majesty's to see *Twelfth Night*. A peerless comedy, delightfully played. LIONEL BROUGH'S *Sir Toby Belch*, NORMAN FORBES'S *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* never better done. A boozing couple, the triumph of their art is, they in their cups inspire no feeling of disgust. COURTICE POUNDS a revelation as a clown. SARK remembers him slim and blushing tenor making *début* at Savoy. Behold him to-night a plump comedian, full of rollicking humour, singing charmingly withal.

Quite at home with Antonio. Know him well at our own little theatre by Westminster Bridge. He's JOHN BURNS to a B(attersea). True, never saw JOHN wearing earrings; but, then, I never met him on a Sunday. Otherwise, the very man in height, build, face, gestures, voice and intonation. In Scene III., Act 4, the police are called in to remove Antonio for earlier offence of obstruction (just like our House, you see). When he squared his shoulders and roared "Let me speak a little," I quite expected to hear some reference to the London Water Bill, or a few remarks about the Select Committee that threw out the Bill transferring River Steamers to London County Council.

BEERBOHM TREE crowns the success of his staging, the triumph of his getting together such a company, by his rendering of *Malvolio*. With many subtle touches he presents the living man. One little thing: when the clown is prominently to the front in conversation with *Olivia*, the way the fussy, vain, pompous steward, touches him with his wand of office, in indescribable manner indicating possession and authority over some meaner thing, is a rarely devised bit of bye-play.

SON AND HEIR mostly struck by passage in Scene V., Act 1, where *Viola* comes to *Olivia* as emissary of the Duke Orsino.

Olivia. Whence came you, Sir?

Viola. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part.

"Gad," said SON AND HEIR, "what a fellow this SHAKESPEARE is! Foresaw



Sir Malvolio Hicks Beach. "I SAY THIS HOUSE IS AS DARK AS IGNORANCE; . . . AND I SAY THERE NEVER WAS A MAN THUS ABUSED!"

"BUDGET NIGHT; OR, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!"—*Sh-ksp-re.*

(With apologies to C. Buchel.)

Budget. JOHN MORLEY, in prim seclusion at Gangway end of Front Opposition Bench, from time to time glances with shy nervousness at SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, sitting far down the bench, shoulder to shoulder with CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, facing brass-bound box as if he were again Leader of the Opposition.

How long is it since the SQUIRE approached J. M., warbling "Come, live with me and be my love?" Trustful, thinking no evil, consent was shyly given.

'Tis the old sad story. Soon the lusty SQUIRE found retirement palling upon him; the austere serenity of the joint establishment chilled his marrow; he began to come home late to tea; presently stayed out all night; now has openly abandoned the domestic hearth, returning to earlier courses and old companions.

Customary after Budget Speech for Leader of Opposition to say a few words of general character, his colleague, predecessor of the CHANCELLOR OF THE

everything; has a word for every part. You know, TOBY mine, what I nightly suffer at the House, when, having read out from MS. the answer supplied at the F. O. to particular Question on the paper, BASHMEAD-ARTLETT or TOMMY BOWLES puts Supplementary Question and I decline to answer. As I told one of them in my first week as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, COUSIN ARTHUR forbid me to reply to Supplementary Questions. Regular row; adjournment of House moved; a whole sitting taken up with jawing about the business. And here's SHAKESPEARE writing in the spacious times when our family was well to the front—though, I admit, not so numerously represented as to-day in the Government—writing the very thing. 'I can say very little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part.' Wish I'd thought of that when they first tackled me. Shall learn it off; have it ready next time BASHMEAD or the CAP'EN assail me with Supplementary Questions."

Business done.—The MARKISS, basking in the sun at Beaulieu, little knows how narrowly the KING has escaped necessity of sending for BRYN ROBERTS. Crisis arose in Committee of Ways and Means. BRYN making few observations on Coal Tax observed no one to listen to him on Treasury Bench. Not a single Minister present. BRYN's Welsh blood up. Moved to report progress. Consternation in Ministerial camp. Whips taken by surprise. Could they bring up sufficient men to avoid ignominious defeat of Government? A quarter of an hour's anxiety. Result, pulled through with majority of 44. Evidently the worst do for Ministry whose nominal majority is nearly a hundred more.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER XIII.

The End of the Season.

ANOTHER season has come to an end. It has, so to speak, run to earth, and these notes, like pursuing hounds who reach the quarry's hiding-place after an interval, must be regretfully gathered together and taken home. The hounds will reappear in all their bravery next autumn—but the notes have done their work, and are to be kennelled for good.

It has been a good season, well protracted owing to the backwardness of spring, and horses and hounds have had their full share of honest work. Frost, the enemy of all good hunting men, has troubled us but little. Do you remember, years and years ago, when the first flush of a hardy youth was still yours, when your limbs were springy, and your spirits keen, and your eyes clear, and your hair still grew close and thick about your temples, in those far-off delightful days when nothing seemed to tire you, and when the harder you rode the more warmly you glowed with the ardour of the run—do you remember, I say, how waking in the early morning you blundered across your bedroom to the window, drew the blind, opened the window, felt the frost in your face, and realised with a bitter disappointment that this day, to which you had been looking forward, was doomed to be a wasted day? However, you were not going to be defeated without a struggle: you shaved—ugh! how the razor scrapes when the mercury has fallen below 32—you indued your leather breeches, fought apoplectically with the button-hook, lugged on, even more apoplectically, your top-boots, felt the buttons of your breeches pressed deep into your tender leg, but bore the pain uncomplainingly; tied your beautiful tie neatly and with despatch; and then, shining with health and the exertion of dressing, proceeded to breakfast. Was there any hope of the sun breaking through in strength sufficient to make hunting possible? Was the wind about to veer and bring a spurt of rain? Was it possible that six miles off, at the "Three Tuns," where hounds were to meet, there might have been no frost at all? These mitigations of despair chased one another through your mind as you ate your appointed way through the fried sole, the kidneys and bacon, the poached eggs, and the concluding marmalade.

"Any good, TOM?" you said to the faithful stableman not long afterwards in the stable.

"Well, Sir, it don't look very cheerful, that's certain; but, Lor', you never knows your luck. Of course they mayn't bring hounds out, but then again they may—and if it's anyhow possible they'll have a go. Yes, Sir, I'll have him ready in a minute."

And then, varying between hopes and fears, you rode to the meet—only to find half-a-dozen enthusiasts like yourself, but no hounds, and no prospect of them. It was a cruel blow, but the justice of the decision was undeniable, for no man of sense would have imperilled his horse's legs and his own valuable bones over those iron-bound fields. Yes, frost is the worst foe of the good hunting man, and we may thank our stars that we have so little of it to spoil sport and keep horses in their stalls. Years ago, I remember, I passed some days with a fine old veteran, the keenest man to hounds I ever saw. We had good sport over a good country. On the morning of my departure I was surprised by my host with the request that as soon as I got back to London I should buy for him and send to him a pair of skates. "What kind?" I asked.

"Oh, any kind; I don't care what they're like, so long as they're skates."

"But I didn't know you skated."

"I don't—but the weather looks like turning to frost. I've tried every sort of dodge, and I've found that the only way to keep off frost is to buy a pair of skates. I've got thirty or forty pairs of 'em in the lumber-room at the top of the house."

If my memory serves me, on this occasion the fates were perverse. The old gentleman got his skates in due course, but he also got a very severe frost, which didn't in the least diminish his faith in the efficacy of his dodge when another year came round.

DARBY JONES ON THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

HONOURED SIR,—When this afternoon I saw a Chestnut Tree in all the Glory of Verdant Leaf I warbled to Myself, "The Spring has come, the City and Suburban is at hand." Now what Affinity there was between the Epsom contest and that Harbinger of bud and blossom, I cannot pretend to determine. Perhaps the foliage pointed in some inscrutable Way to the Victory of a Chestnut Quadruped over those Downs which are now as ever free.

I have, honoured Sir, been a constant Patron of this Meeting, but no one Assembly is more impressed on the tablets of my memory than that of 1882, when Lord ROSSMORE'S *Passaic* annexed the Stake at the remunerative price of 40 to 1. This Event was remarkable to me because, on that occasion, I noted his lordship's brother, the Honble. PETER WESTENRA, returning to the Metropolis in a four-wheeled cab, whereof the windows were plastered with Five-pound Notes, in order, as the Hon. P. explained, "Just to show what an Irish gentleman could do." I regret to say that I had no reason for joining in the Hon. Nobleman's enthusiasm.

This year we of the Prophetic Vein have a difficult task before us. You, Sir, sitting in your Damask Arm Chair little know the Tortures which a Yates has to endure. Dig and delve as we may in the Field of Divination, we very likely in the end break our Angular Spado on the Flints of Disappointment. However, as the 'Bus Driver hath it, "Here goes."

The *'Alfred* looks splendid in print,
But I like the *Southern Sid*, better,
Mantalmi is good for a sprint,
And *Charles Wyndham* may be an upsetter,
But the *Gay Nonconformist* should win,
And the *Soundmaid* has got a good chance,
While *Upper Thames* gets a look in,
If only *The Spec* leads the dance.

Such, Honoured Sir, is my Prognostication. Trusting to see you and your Aristocratic Friends as usual on your Well-appointed Coach supplied with the *Esse* and *Posse* of Conviviality, I am

Your Devoted Henchman and Heeler, DARBY JONES.

A STEEPLE-CHASE RIDER'S DIARY.

Tuesday.—Due at Mudbury Steeple-chases. Am riding in two races there.

Wednesday.—In first race of yesterday horse ran against post; hurt knee-cap, lost whip, broke stirrup-leather, but

fence on the course. Four other horses jumped on, or over, me. Nett result, two ribs fractured, silk jacket cut off my back, and little finger smashed. Annoying, this, as am unable to ride in last race of afternoon.

Friday.—Hurrah! found very smart

luck. And his jockey? Oh, still unconscious, eh? Wonder how long it'll be before I can get out, as I *must* be doctored up in time to ride *The Smasher* in the Great Kilham and Krushem. Stakes, next month.



Muriel. "OH, MAJOR HAWDY, WILL YOU ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY GRAND-MOTHER?"

The Major. "OH, CERTAINLY, BY ALL MEANS. BUT—AHM!—I TRUST THE OLD LADY DOESN'T EXPECT ME TO SPEAK TO HER THROUGH THE TELEPHONE—EH, WHAT?"

finally won by a length. Not so lucky in next race. Was leading, when horse blundered, smashed guard-rail and turned tail over head into next field. Sprained wrist, broke bridge of nose, and was rather badly shaken. However, nothing to really hurt. Have to get down into Thrustershire to-night, as I am to ride in three races there to-morrow.

Thursday.—Got second in opening race, after being "cannoned" over last fence, and my mount knocked on to his knees and nose. Bad luck in next race, as riderless horse galloped right across my mount just as he "took off" at biggest

doctor, who has patched me up splendidly and bandaged ribs so well that I can hardly breathe. Shall ride in Grand Annual to-day, and think, with a bit of luck, that I shall win.

A week later.—Where am I? Ah, I see—in bed. How long is it since—? Oh, a week; is it really? And what's happened, what have I—? Oh, concussion of brain, collar-bone, and right arm broken and some ribs dislocated—is that all? Very vexing that, whilst I have been insensible, the Grand National has been run. Where did my horse finish in it? Oh, broke his neck, eh? H'm, that's bad

PAINFUL POEMS.—No. V.

PETER BROWN AND HIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

His brain was slightly overwrought
One warm and sunny day,
He fell into a train of thought
Which carried him away.

It was a fairly heavy fall,
And PETER BROWN was dazed;
He could not recollect at all
The scenes on which he gazed.

For swift as thought the train had sped,
Far over sea and land;
The sun was blazing overhead,
The scenery was grand.

But PETER BROWN received a shock!
Before he could divine
What made his Pullman carriage rock,
The train was off the line.

It crumpled up upon its tracks,
He almost broke his neck,
And then a crowd of ugly blacks
Came clamb'ring o'er the wreck.

They tied poor PETER hand and foot,
And bore him to a spot
Where they, alas, were wont to put
Their captives in a pot.

Yes, put them in a pot to boil
For necessary food
With vinegar and salt and oil
(Their cookery was crude).

Oh, who shall tell his horror when
He faced the nigger chief,
All feathers, like a frightened hen,
And black beyond belief?

The blubber lips revealed a flash
Of teeth as white as snow,
And when the teeth began to gnash
Poor PETER wished to go.

But all in vain! A mighty club
The monster heaved on high,
While PETER looked his last on shrub
And tree and earth and sky.

"Farewell," he cried, "each earthly toy,
To earth itself farewell!"

Then paused, and shouted with a joy
That tongue would fail to tell.

Another train of thought appeared!
Resistless in its course,
The brutal black that PETER feared
It crushed without remorse.

And PETER next it bore away,
Through realms of pure delight,
To where Trafalgar's fountains play
Each morning, noon and night.

So PETER BROWN was saved, although
His brain was overwrought;
And cherished with a grateful glow
That second train of thought. F. E.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Babs the Impossible (HUTCHINSON) is our old friend the girl of *The Heavenly Twins*, with new surroundings and another history. There is not lacking even the faithful, loving brother. But *Montacute Kingconstance*—voilà un nom!—does not play so important a part in the story as did *Babs'* earlier brother. As for *Babs*, she is just the same. frank, boisterous, beautiful, sentimental—in a word, impossible. Men fall suddenly in love with her, and when two propose, at five minutes' notice, she expresses desire to marry them both, one for Sundays, the other for week-days. Marriage, or, to be precise, proposal of marriage, is, indeed, a constant sequence of daily life in the community that people Danehurst. If the men dally, the women hasten to meet them more than half way. Mr. *Jellybond Tinney*, a barman retired with a fortune, literally has all the women at his feet, from the aristocratic Mrs. *Kingconstance* of Dane Court to poor poverty-stricken Miss *Spice*, who falls in love with him at sight. My Baronite found enclosed in his copy of the novel a booklet containing an "interview" with Mrs. SARAH GRAND, explaining her purpose in writing. He did not do the gifted lady the injustice of reading [the conversation, fearing lest it should close the novel to him. A story that needs explaining is not, as a rule, worth following. Glancing over the "interview," he gathered that Mrs. GRAND is of opinion that women are left too much to their own resources, whilst their husbands go gadding about in a gay but wicked world. That is a matter of personal, consequently varied, experience. Certainly the influence of the scarcity of the society of men at Danehurst was not wholesome. Mrs. *Kingconstance* comes as near the mere animal state as is possible to a well-educated well-bred woman. Mr. *Jellybond Tinney* is as impossible as *Babs*, and more amusing. When the book reaches—er—a second edition, Mrs.—er—GRAND will do well—er—to cut out this sort of—er—thing from the conversation. It is bad enough to have one of the characters stuttering in meaningless manner. Mrs. GRAND is so enamoured of the humour of it that she sets two or three of her puppets at it.

Mr. H. B. IRVING has chosen a nice lively subject for publication (by Mr. HEINEMANN) in this sweet spring time, and has given to a merry world his carefully and somewhat cynically written *Studies of French Criminals*. The Baron dipped into some of the stories of these notorious scoundrels, male and female, and sincerely wished that Mr. H. B. IRVING had been satisfied with using these materials for a Harrison-Ainsworth-y Romance such as *Rookwood*, of which that ruffianly highwayman DICK TURPIN was the hero, though on calm consideration it is better to represent crime and criminals just as they are than to paint them in the bright colouring of an utterly false sentiment. The only question is, why not leave ill alone? Why not leave them at rest in the French Newgate Calendar? For one thing, Mr. H. B. IRVING, who essayed the white-washing of Judge JEFFREYS, deserves our gratitude, and that is, he has not attempted to represent black as white, and all his villains are of the very deepest dye.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND NEAR PEKIN.

THE Chancellor of the Chinese Exchequer presents his compliments to the representatives of the European Powers, and begs to acknowledge the claims that they submitted to him on behalf of their respective Governments.

The Chancellor of the Chinese Exchequer is glad to be able to say that his Government will find no greater difficulty in paying sixty millions than a tenth of that amount.

The Chancellor of the Chinese Exchequer sends his hearty greeting, and begs to apologise for the absence of a postage stamp on the envelope to this communication. The omission was inevitable owing to the force majeure of financial consideration.

THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

By A. C.

IV.

It is time that I came to the Central Idea of the renaissance. Personally, I was opposed to the policy of having a Central Idea; it seemed to me a trifle *bourgeois*, but MORIARTY said that all the best renaissances did have them, and the general feeling in the Club seemed to be that we couldn't get on without one. So we drew lots, out of a hat, for the honour of making first suggestion. Number one was drawn by Professor SKILLIBEG (author of *Fungus Growths*) and we knew that an interesting half-hour lay before us. The Professor is so original.

He said that he believed we were all palpitating with the same spirit; the only difficulty was to give it verbal expression. We few, we happy few, were destined to bring in a new era in art, in literature, and in morals. We didn't mind (he believed he expressed the feeling of the majority) what sort of an era it was, provided that it was really and truly new. ("Hear, hear!") Now, most of the epochs in art were marked by a change in the conception of the Beautiful. We should go deeper than that. We should abolish the Beautiful as an artistic ideal altogether. (Slight sensation.) This might seem startling, but he was sure that it expressed our true feeling. Beauty had had its day, was played out; we were gradually awakening to the discovery of the pre-eminent æsthetical value of ugliness. (Murmurs of approbation.) Hitherto even our most advanced spirits had only ventured to name the Ugly as a sub-species of the Beautiful, but surely the view of his German friend Herr von KRAUTZMANN, was the truer—that Beauty was merely a particular and inferior kind of Ugliness. If only we were true to this ideal a vast field lay open to us, almost untouched as yet. In the drama there had been little accomplished. Scandinavia was diffidently, and perhaps unconsciously, pointing the way; but in our own country we had got no farther than the production of plays that were repulsive, and he hoped that none of us were in such blindness as to confound the repulsive with the truly Ugly. In music, again, despite the open-air efforts of certain countrymen of his friend Herr von KRAUTZMANN, little or nothing had been accomplished. For those of us who worked with brush or pencil there might perhaps be a smoother path. There were not lacking indications that the illustrated papers would give us a hand, and any really sound work was sure to find a place in the Royal Academy. But from all quarters we must be prepared to meet with opposition and even derision. We should have the name of paradox-mongers thrown in our teeth; we should even be called decadents by those who failed to distinguish between the prismatic hues of putridity and the brilliant colours of unfolding life. But we must persevere. And, finally, if we would preach Ugliness, let us be ugly. In our characters, he meant. So far as personal appearance went, it was too late for some of us to succeed. He was aware—painfully aware—that he, himself, was not a really ugly man. (Cries of "Question!") No, no, that was sheer flattery. He disliked flattery—particularly on this point—and he begged us, if we wished to remain his friends, not to employ it. Some people had told him that with a little making-up he would do; but it had always seemed to him the worst of affectations for a man to use artificial means to enhance his own ugliness. But inward ugliness of the soul was within the reach of all, and he trusted that no member of this Club, at all events, would find any difficulty in attaining it. The Professor sat down amid a tempest of applause.

His idea had quite carried us away. After the meeting was over and I was about to depart, I heard agonized groans from the cloak-room. Going in, I discovered that they proceeded from WIMPLETT, the best-looking man in the Club. He was standing before a looking-glass, with the marks of despair printed clearly enough on his handsome face. Over and over again, he murmured the words, "Too late, too late!" It was a pathetic

scene—WIMPLETT's life tragedy. I slipped out noiselessly and went home.

V.

THE Chairman had impressed upon us very carefully, that although we were to be a subtle, insidious, permeating influence, entirely devoid of vulgar ostentation, yet we were never to shrink, if the occasion demanded it, from openly asserting our gospel of Ugliness. Silent action was a noble thing, but much might also be done by the spoken word. We were somewhat surprised, when, at the next meeting of the Committee, the Chairman turned up with a bandage over his right eye. "Gentlemen," he began, almost as soon as he entered the room, "I am now in a position to confirm what I said last time about the spoken word. Much may be done by it—much." We pressed sympathetically for details, and after some attempts at evasion, the Chairman gave them. "Gentlemen," he said, "there is a

certain bishop of my acquaintance, whose name I refrain from mentioning although you can probably guess it. I have known him for years, but never until lately have I appreciated sufficiently his æsthetical value. Gentlemen, he is the ugliest man in England, perhaps in Europe." (We knew now of whom he was speaking, and cast meaning glances at one another.) "He is blessed with a wife and six children, all of equal personal attractions, and yet he has never appeared a really happy man. Now, thought I, if only he were to embrace our renaissance doctrines, what a difference it would make to him! Gentlemen, I went to that bishop: I got into pleasant conversation with him: I led the talk towards Art. Gradually I began to unfold to him the elements of the truth. He seemed hardly to comprehend, so I stated at

some length and with much lucidity the doctrine of Ugliness for Ugliness' sake. Finally, gentlemen, carried away by my theme, I burst into a fervent personal appeal. 'Embrace our faith,' I said, 'and life will become a different thing to you. Only realise the æsthetical supremacy of Ugliness, and every time you glance at these noble portraits of your ancestors you will feel a thrill of the purest joy: every time you gaze upon the faces of your little ones you will experience an artistic treat: every time you look in the mirror you will have a feast of æsthetic delight!' Could I have put it more clearly, gentlemen?" Certainly he could not. "And yet the bishop did not understand. 'Young man,' he said, 'there are two ways out of this room: the door and the window. I recommend the door.' I had feared already that the sudden access of light was merely dazzling his mental vision. Now he appeared to be growing unintelligible, so I felt it both kinder and wiser to withdraw." Here the Chairman abruptly sat down. There were various cries of "What about that bandage?" "Did the bishop do it?" "Gentlemen," said the Chairman without rising, "I had wished to draw a veil over the bandage. The incidents which gave rise to it were not to the credit of my friend the bishop. If you must know, however, there was a slight interlude between my determination to leave the bishop and my actual accomplishment of that purpose. As I said before, much may be done by the spoken word. But let me advise you, gentle-

men, to find out, before you speak it, whether the other man is a boxer."

Before the meeting closed, MORIARTY caused some sensation by getting up to propose a vote of thanks to the bishop. On his reasons being demanded, he said that, at all events, the gentleman in question had, according to renaissance principles, infinitely improved the personal appearance of our Chairman. Considering the graceful nature of the compliment, and the fact that it came from MORIARTY, who is in some sense a rival of his, I thought the Chairman might have seemed more pleased.

VI.

"ALL really good renaissances," said MORIARTY—MORIARTY had a way of talking about renaissances as if he had spent his life amongst them: sometimes one could hardly help suspecting that he kept half-a-dozen or so in his back-yard—"all really

good renaissances have a leading spirit. How about ours?" The question was a momentous one, and the Club went into committee about it at once. After some preliminary discussion it was decided to ballot for the leadership. This, in spite of violent protest from SMALLEY, who thought that nothing but time and the public verdict could possibly decide such a question. SMALLEY knew that he wouldn't have a chance in the ballot. We none of us liked SMALLEY. He proved so obstreperous now that at last the Chairman was obliged to ask MORIARTY to sit on him, which MORIARTY did effectually. As soon as the muffled cries had ceased, we proceeded to ballot. The result was unfortunately indecisive. "Gentlemen," said the Chairman, "I find in the hat, twenty-three slips of paper, bearing twenty-three different names—invaluable as a collec-



THE RECOVERED GAINSBOROUGH.

tion of autographs, but as a poll—unsatisfactory. Perhaps, before balloting again, we had better clear the ground by a little discussion on general lines." So we discussed. Professor SKILLIBEG, M.A.Oxon., gave it as his view that the ideal leader should be an experienced, middle-aged man, who combined philosophical with artistic attainments, and could further the movement in one of our great educational centres. WIMPLETT, the playwright, held that for bringing ideas before the public there was nothing like the stage: the Twentieth Century Renaissance would most naturally crystallise round a second SHAKSPEARE. And so on. I, myself, thought that, considering the enormous influence of the daily and weekly press, a writer of short articles would have most chance of reaching the minds of the people. The discussion appeared likely to end as the ballot had done, when MORIARTY, without removing his fourteen-stone avoirdupois from its resting-place above the refractory member, spoke winged words. "It strikes me," he said, "that we are altogether on the wrong tack. We should not choose one of ourselves, or, at all events, not one now living. It would give much more freedom to the public imagination if we were to set up as our idol and leader some rare genius who had departed this world with his life-work unfinished, and had bequeathed to us the carrying out of his great ideas."

"Good!" cried several members.

"Whom do you propose?" cried others.

There was silence for a few moments. Then said WIMPLETT, "How about SMALLEY?"

MORIARTY rose to his feet and disclosed SMALLEY lying very flat and still in the bottom of the arm-chair.

"He died young," said MORIARTY, regarding the body with a pensive shake of the head. We rose involuntarily from our seats, as he went on with a gentle eloquence inspired by the deep emotion of the moment. "He died young; in his prime, or even before it; with the larger part of his unique genius still undeveloped. He left few works, and those few are of value rather as a magnificent promise than as actual achievements. It is in the lives and works of his small but admiring circle of friends that we must look for his life and work. If ever he was ambitious to become the leader of the New Movement, that ambition is richly and abundantly realised. His bodily presence is no longer with us, but his spirit is the spirit of the Twentieth Century."

It was a fine tableau, suggestive of ANTONY and JULIUS CÆSAR. A murmur of intense emotion ran round the room. And then—nobody can quite tell how it happened—we found STARK, the ejected member of the Club, standing in our midst. He had a dangerous, unpleasant look. We were so much disgusted by his intrusion, that nobody stirred or spoke; and a minute later he was driving off with the body of our Leader in a hansom cab.

VII.

At first it seemed as if, for once, SMALLEY had done a really smart thing. His decease provided our movement with an ideal Leading Spirit. It is always an advantage to have your leading spirit (a) young, and (b) dead. Then he will never embarrass you by doing anything; he will never lose romance by growing fat; and he can be venerated at a smaller sacrifice of self-respect, the halo seeming more natural when the top-hat has been finally discarded.

In SMALLEY'S case there were exceptional advantages; for he had left no finished works to speak of, so that we could safely attribute to him any ideas that came into our heads, just as PLATO did with poor old SOCRATES after the hemlock episode. (And one would like to be assured, by the bye, that PLATO himself didn't have a hand in the brewing of that hemlock!)

But, alas! that we should ever have trusted such a man. He and STARK between them broke up the Club. McCASKILL'S memoir of SMALLEY had just been published and had created an enormous sensation, and we were holding a most successful banquet, at which all the men of light and leading in art and literature were present, when the dastardly blow was dealt. MORIARTY was on his feet, holding the well-dined company entranced with an exposition of our Leader's ideas on art.

"We feebly endeavour," he said, "to follow in his footsteps. Would that he himself were here to guide us!" And then the door opened, and in walked STARK and SMALLEY, arm-in-arm! I shall not attempt to describe the sensation. It was horrible. SMALLEY took a horrid big pipe out of his mouth, nodded and grinned diabolically.

"Glad to see you fellers again," he said. "I see by your bright faces how you've been sorrowing for me. Daresay you didn't know that I suffer from trances; have come ever since I was a boy. But I'm all right again, now. Come! this is jolly."

We had always known that SMALLEY was not a gentleman; but no one had ever suspected him of possessing such a shifty, uncertain character. We sat and stared in silence whilst he helped himself to port. Our guests showed their delicacy by dropping quietly out of the room one by one. When they were all gone, STARK, who had been grinning from behind McCASKILL'S chair, turned to SMALLEY.

"Come, old man. We must be going." As they reached the door, he looked over his shoulder. "I knew you'd all be pleasantly surprised. Such a relief to MORIARTY in particular! But I'm sorry the Club's closing."

The next morning I received an urgent call to the United States. On my way to the station, I passed the Club. The shutters were up, and there was a piece of paper fastened by four drawing-pins on the door just below the knocker. I mounted the steps to examine it. Upon it was printed, in bold characters, the announcement:—

"THERE WILL BE NO RENAISSANCE NEXT CENTURY.

By order, J. SMALLEY."

But BRODIE still keeps the accounts. He keeps them so well that nobody knows where they are; nor where he is.

RAMSGATE AND TRAMGATE.

SIR,—Your own Holiday Tour Commissioner has returned from his Kent Coast mission, and in a general way reports "All's well." He wishes to remark on a paragraph that recently appeared in your paper, under date April 10, as to a certain "Tramgirt Island." Sir, that island—if that island be, as your Commissioner takes it to be, the Isle of Thanet, then permit him to inform you that at present it is *not* tram-girt, and very far from being so. But that they are on the Trampage between Margate or Cargate, Ramsgate or Tramgate, and Switchington or Birchington, "there ain't," as our dear old Mrs. GAMP would have said, "no deniging of it, BETSY!"

But in spite of bad tobacco and all the savoury scents and smells that accompany the partially washed to their favourite holiday resorts at certain brief seasons of the year, the splendid air of Thanet, north and south, remains the same salubrious health-giving, refreshing, invigorating tonic that has always been its peculiar characteristic. 'Arries and 'Arriets, *et hoc genus omne*, may patronise these trams, if they find it is advantageous to them so to do, in passing from Cargate to Tramgate, and *vice versa*, and so it may eventuate that the cars, the four-in-hands, the vans, waggonettes, and other vehicles that "kick up a dust" and ply for hire, "wet or shine," may suffer, but not the line, neither the L. C. & D. nor the S. E. R., doing the same distance in about a fourth of the time, and, as your Commissioner believes, charging rather less, or, at all events, not more than the rushing, crawling, curving, slowing, speeding, stopping, ascending, descending tram. "There's air!" is the cry at Ramsgate, even though the place be temporarily converted into "Tramgate," and it is not to be dispelled by this Yellow Monster (for such is the nice restful colour of these tramcars, whose shape is certainly ungainly) that is not yet under perfect control, and not inclined to invariably obey the guidance of the conductor, conduct he never so wisely. There are more St. Georges than one in Thanet, land possessors, who oppose the advance of the Tram Dragon (quite a Snap-dragon in the way of collaring and swallowing up the land left and right), and who, champions of right against might, are regarded by some of the very advanced school much as the civilised westerns were wont to look upon the Celestials who opposed the incursion of the Locomotive into the Lotus-Land of the Yellow Peril and China-Blue Puzzle.

The railways at all events may safely sing "We fear no foe," and those who love the Island of Rest (with exceptions of Bank Holiday unrest), may safely seek their old sea-side resorts *un-tram-melled*, and sing, not only "Begone, dull care," but also, to the same old tune,

"Begone, bright car;
I prithee begone without me!
From Ramsgate to Mar—
gate travel by L.C. & D!"

and so forth, *ad lib.*, each to his own particular fancy, and the same grand Kent Coast Air for all singers, says

YOUR OWN HOLIDAY COMMISSIONER.

EVIDENTLY BY AN OLD WHIST-PLAYER WHO "HATES YOUR NEW FANGLE'D GAMES."—The modern "Pons Asinorum"—*Bridge*.

REGULATIONS FOR A PUBLIC GALLERY.

(Suggested by those of a certain admirable Collection in London.)

Monday.—Open free from 2 p.m. to 5.6 p.m. in March, April, September, and October, from 1.59 p.m. to 6.7 p.m. in May, June, July and August, and from 2.1 p.m. to 4.5 p.m. in the remaining months, except on the fifth Monday in February, and on April 1, if that day is a Monday, when it is open from 5, 6, 7, or 8 a.m. to 9 a.m., according to the phase of the moon at the time.

Tuesday.—Open all the year round at 11.2 a.m., except the first, second, third and fourth Tuesdays of the month, and closed at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 p.m. according to the season, except when the August Bank Holiday falls on a Tuesday.

Wednesday and Thursday.—Open free from 10.2 a.m. to dusk, except when closed, or in foggy weather from dusk to 10.1 a.m. For Ash Wednesday and Maundy Thursday, see special notices published on the previous day in the *Orkneys and Shetlands Gazette* and in the *Scilly News*.

Friday.—Open as on Tuesday, except when as on Wednesday. But if the 1st of April is a Friday then as on the fifth Monday in February. In other cases, closed at noon. For Good Friday, see special notices published during the following month in the *Wagga-wagga Herald*.

Saturday.—Open free from 9.59 a.m. to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 p.m. Except in January, February, March, April, May, July, August, September, October, November and December, and also in June in leap year, unless there is an Eclipse of the Sun

during that month, except those leap-years when there is a Transit of Venus, provided that the gallery is not closed for repairs. At other times, the gallery is open from 10.1 to 11.2 in June. On April 1, if a Saturday, it is open from 1.0 a.m. to 7.0 a.m. If Easter Day

be allowed to pay more than the official charge on the ground of not having the exact sum. No person shall be allowed to pay for any other person or persons besides himself so as to obtain admission without obtaining change. Any person

beside himself, on account of this regulation, will be expelled by the police. H. D. B.

ONE OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see from some of the papers that all the London Schools are falling off, and one of the head-masters declares it's because there is too much Greek and too little country air. I think that's rather rot, myself. Sure enough about the Greek, but then a chap needn't learn it unless he likes. In fact, a chap needn't learn anything unless it pleases him. I never do.

And as to the country air! That's precious rot, too. Surely you get plenty of sunshine at Hammersmith and Catford, and even at Westminster. Vincent Square, now that the slums have been cleared away to make room for the coming Cathedral is open enough for anybody. It's first-rate for footer, and splendid for cricket. Then why write rot about London Schools falling off on account of compul-



Nervous Party. "THE TRAIN SEEMS TO BE TRAVELLING AT A FEARFUL PACE, MA'AM."
Elderly Female. "YUS, AIN'T IT? MY BILL'S A-DRIVIN' OF THE INGIN, AN' 'E CAN MAKE 'ER GO WHEN 'E'S GOT A DROP O' DRINK IN 'IM!"

falls on a Saturday the gallery is closed.

Sunday.—Open free from 2 p.m. to 3.30, 4.40, 5.50 or 6 p.m. according to the season of the year, except during the spring, summer and autumn months. Closed in winter, except on the twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.

Charges for Admission.—On Tuesdays and Fridays, sixpence. No change given for any reason whatever. No person shall

sory Greek and prohibited country air?

Strikes me, if they are falling off, it's on account of the parents not being able to stump up. I know my father has been hit by the extra income tax. So, coming to this conclusion, it strikes me it's the duty of every fellow who thinks he knows enough—and who doesn't?—to take the matter in his own hands and bolt.

Yours filially and patriotically,

JONES MINOR.

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

X.—THE THIRD MRS. TANQUERAY.

SCENE — *The Dining-room of AUBREY TANQUERAY'S country house, Highercombe, in Surrey. A lean butler is standing at the sideboard. AUBREY and CAYLEY DRUMMLE enter and go up to warm themselves at the fire, which burns feebly. The time is an evening in March, five years after the events of Mr. PINERO'S play, and CAYLEY looks quite five years stouter. AUBREY does not.*

Cayley. It's quite shocking, AUBREY, that you should have been married nearly a year, and that I should not yet have had the pleasure of making Mrs. TANQUERAY'S acquaintance. I am dying to know her.

Aubrey. My fault, my dear CAYLEY.

Cayley. Entirely. Your weddings are always so furtive.

[Pokes the fire resolutely, in the hope of producing something approaching a cheerful blaze.]

Aubrey. Well, you'll see her to-night. I hoped she would be able to dine at home, but she had promised to address a Temperance meeting in the village. *(CAYLEY looks dubious.)* However, she'll be back at ten. Meanwhile, you'll have to be contented with a bachelor dinner.

[They go to the table and sit down.]

Cayley (unfolding serviette). Experience has taught me, my dear AUBREY, that bachelor dinners are apt to be particularly well worth eating. No doubt it is to make up for the absence of more charming society.

Aubrey (doubtfully). I hope it will prove so in this case.

Cayley. I feel sure of it. I remember your cook of old.

Aubrey. I'm afraid it won't be that cook.

Cayley (in horror). You haven't parted with him?

Aubrey. Yes. He left soon after my marriage. There was some small error in his accounts, which Mrs. TANQUERAY discovered. So, of course, we had to dismiss him.

Cayley (eagerly). Do you happen to have his address?

Aubrey. I dare say Mrs. TANQUERAY has, if you wish to know it.

[Footman hands soup.]

Cayley. I shall be eternally indebted to her.

Aubrey. Why?

Cayley. I shall engage him at once. *(Begins to eat his soup, frowns, and then puts down his spoon)* But I'm afraid you'll want him back yourself.

Aubrey. No. My wife is most particular about the character of her servants.

Cayley. Ah! I'm more particular about the character of my soup.

[His hand goes out instinctively towards his sherry-glass. As he is about to

raise it he sees that it is empty, and refrains.]

Aubrey. CAYLEY, you ought to marry. Then you'd realise that there are more important things in the world than soup.

Cayley. Of course there are, my dear fellow. There's the fish and the joint.

[Fish of an unattractive kind is handed to him. He takes some.]

Aubrey. Sybarite!

[CAYLEY looks at his fish dubiously.]

Then leaves it untasted.]

Cayley. You are quite wrong. A simple cut of beef or mutton, well-cooked, is quite enough for me.

Butler (to CAYLEY). Lemonade, Sir?

Cayley. Eh, what? No thank you.

Aubrey. Ah, CAYLEY. What will you drink? *(CAYLEY'S face brightens visibly.)* I'm afraid I can't offer you any wine. *(It falls again.)* My wife never allows alcohol at her table. But there are various sorts of mineral waters. You don't mind?

Cayley (grimly). Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all. Which brand of mineral water do you consider most—ah—stimulating?

Aubrey (laughing mirthlessly). I'm afraid, CAYLEY, you're not a convert to Temperance principles yet. That shows you have never heard my wife speak.

Cayley (emphatically). Never! Temperance meetings are not in my line.

[Footman removes his plate.]

Aubrey. Perhaps some of the other movements in which she is interested would appeal to you more. *(With a touch of happy pride)* As you may know, my wife is a vice-president of the Anti-Vaccination Society, and of the Woman's Home Rule Union. Indeed, she is in great request on all public platforms.

Cayley (with simulated enthusiasm). I feel sure of that, my dear AUBREY. *(Footman hands CAYLEY some rice-pudding. CAYLEY puts up his eye-glass, and eyes it curiously.)* What is this?

Footman. Rice-pudding, Sir.

[CAYLEY drops spoon hastily.]

Aubrey (politely). You're eating nothing, CAYLEY.

Cayley (with some concern). AUBREY, have I slept through the joint? I have no recollection of eating it. If, in a moment of abstraction, I refused it, may I change my mind?

Aubrey (sternly). My wife never has meat at her table on Fridays.

Cayley (peevishly). My dear fellow, I wish you'd thought of mentioning it before I came down. Then I might have had a more substantial luncheon. Where's that rice-pudding?

[Helps himself. There is a rather constrained silence.]

Aubrey. It's really very good of you to have come down to see us, CAYLEY.

Cayley (pulling himself together). Very good of you to say so, my dear chap.

[Tackles his rice-pudding manfully.]

Aubrey. My wife and I can so seldom get any man to drop in to dinner nowadays.

Cayley (giving up his struggle with rice-pudding in despair). I suppose so.

Aubrey. In fact, we see very little society now.

Cayley (sententiously). Society only likes people who feed it, my dear AUBREY. You ought to have kept that cook.

Aubrey (meditatively). So my daughter said.

Cayley. ELLEAN? Is she with you now?

Aubrey. No. She is in Ireland. After making that remark she went back to her convent.

Cayley (heartily). Sensible girl! I like ELLEAN.

Aubrey. She and my wife did not get on, somehow. It was very unfortunate, as it was mainly on ELLEAN'S account that I thought it right to marry again.

Cayley (with polite incredulity). Indeed?

Aubrey. Yes. You see, it is so difficult for a girl of ELLEAN'S retiring disposition to meet people and make friends when she has no mother to chaperon her. And if she meets no one, how is she to get married? Dessert, CAYLEY?

Cayley (after surveying a rather unattractive assortment of apples and walnuts). No, thanks. As you were saying —?

Aubrey. So I thought if I could meet with a really suitable person, someone with whom she would be in sympathy, someone she would look upon as a sort of second mother —

Cayley (correcting him). Third, AUBREY.

Aubrey (ignoring the interruption). — it would make home more comfortable for her.

Cayley (laughing). I like your idea of comfort, AUBREY! But I should have thought you could have adopted some less extreme measure for providing ELLEAN with a chaperon? You have neighbours. Mrs. CORTELYON, for instance?

Aubrey (stiffly). Mrs. CORTELYON'S chaperonage was not very successful on the last occasion.

Cayley. No, no; to be sure. Young ARDALE. I was forgetting.

Aubrey. Unhappily the whole scheme was a failure. ELLEAN conceived a violent aversion for Mrs. TANQUERAY almost directly we came home, and a week later — I remember it was directly after dinner — she announced her intention of leaving the house for ever.

Cayley (the thought of his dinner still rankling). Poor girl! No doubt she's happier in her convent.

Butler enters with coffee. CAYLEY takes some.]

Aubrey. I am sorry I can't ask you to smoke, CAYLEY, but my wife has a particular objection to tobacco. She is a member of the Anti-tobacco League, and often speaks at its meetings.



"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGERS!"

(Delight of Father Thames on seeing how "the Samlets arrived, having sustained the trying journey from Uxbridge without showing any signs of fatigue."—"Times," April 24.)

Cayley (annoyed). Really, my dear fellow, if I may neither eat, drink nor smoke, I don't quite see why you asked me down.

Aubrey (penitently). I suppose I ought to have thought of that. The fact is, I have got so used to these little deprivations that now I hardly notice them. Of course, it's different with you.

Cayley (crossly). I should think it was.

Aubrey (relenting). If you very much want to smoke, I dare say it might be managed. If we have this window wide open, and you sit by it, a cigarette might not be noticed.

Cayley (shortly). Thanks.

[Takes out cigarette, and lights it, as soon as AUBREY has made the elaborate arrangements indicated above.

Aubrey (politely). I hope you won't find it cold.

Cayley (grimly). England in March is always cold (*Sneezes violently.*) But, perhaps, if you ring for my overcoat I may manage to survive the evening.

Aubrey. Certainly. What is it like?

Cayley. I've no idea. It's an ordinary sort of coat. Your man will know it if you ring for him.

Aubrey (hesitating). I'd rather fetch it for you myself, if you don't mind. I should not like PARKES to see that you were smoking. It would set such a bad example.

Cayley (throwing his cigarette on to the lawn in a rage, and closing the window with a shiver). Don't trouble. I'll smoke in the train. By-the-way, what time is my train?

Aubrey. Your train?

Cayley. Yes. I must get back to town, my dear fellow.

Aubrey. Nonsense! You said you'd stay a week.

Cayley. Did I? Then I didn't know what I was saying. I must get back to-night.

Aubrey. But you brought a bag.

Cayley. Only to dress, AUBREY. By the way, will you tell your man to pack it?

Aubrey. You can't go to-night. The last train leaves at 9.30. It's 9.15 now.

Cayley (jumping up). Then I must start at once. Send my bag after me.

Aubrey. You've not a chance of catching it.

Cayley (solemnly). My dear old friend, I shall return to town to-night if I have to walk!

Aubrey (detaining him). But my wife? You haven't even made her acquaintance yet. She'll think it so strange.

Cayley. Not half so strange as I have thought her dinner. (*Shaking himself free*) No, AUBREY, this is really good-bye. I like you very much, and it cuts me to the heart to have to drop your acquaintance; but nothing in the world would induce me to face another dinner such as I have had to-night!



Lady (referring to Programme, to Friend). "SCHUMANN, OP. 2 'WHAT'S THE MEANING OF 'OP. 2'?"
'Arry (who thinks he is being addressed, and always ready to oblige with information). "OH, OP. 2. SECOND DANCE; SECOND 'OP, YER KNOW. MAY I 'AVE THE PLEASURE?"

Aubrey. CAYLEY!

Cayley (making for the door). And nothing in the world would induce me to be introduced to the third Mrs. TANQUERAY.
[Exit hurriedly.]

(Curtain.)

SUGGESTIONS TO SHORTEN CRICKET MATCHES.

(By one who admires sport but loves luncheon.)

1. LET the batsmen go in fetters, and extend the distance between the wickets to a quarter of a mile.
2. Have two bowlers at each end, and allow them to bowl simultaneously.
3. Increase the field, of the outs to

twenty-two, and allow only six of the ins to go in, chosen by lot—not by ballot.

4. Have six stumps at each end, double the height of those in present use and four inches from each other, so as to extend the area of the wicket.

5. Let the bat be abolished in favour of the broom-stick.

6. Instruct umpires to treat every application in the most favourable sense to the outs.

7. Let overs become less numerous by permitting their length to be limited by the bowlers.

8. On reaching twenty runs, let the innings of a batsman be closed.

9. Abolish "no balls" and let the match come to an end when declared by a tenth of the spectators as "tedious."

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

IV.—THE "BRIDGE" SECTION.

(Continued from April.)

16TH.—In my treatise on Whist I have devoted a chapter to "The Conversation of the Game," showing that information may be conveyed to your partner (if he happens to be paying attention) and at the same time to your opponents (invariably on the alert), without employment of the living voice, or pressure of feet beneath the table (the latter a device never resorted to except in the family circle or where the game is played for Love and Love only). But it will be obvious that in Bridge, where open conversation is encouraged within certain limits, the opportunities for conveying information will be less restricted. To a recognition of this fact we may trace what are known as the Conventions of Bridge.

17TH.—Success in Bridge, as in morality, depends upon a right appreciation of the Conventions.

18TH.—The Conventions of Bridge (not to be confused with the Council of Trent, and still less with that of *Trente-et-un*) are in the fluid stage which precedes crystallisation. Pending the establishment of a Great Bridge Trust (one of the humane objects of the recent PAUNCEFOTE-HAY negotiations, which aim at a better understanding between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family), it is found convenient, when strangers are present, to make a preliminary comparison of Principles with a view to mutual adjustment. In Bridge, as in morality once more, it is the universal view that a person who differs from you in Principles might as well be without them altogether.

19TH.—It is my desire in this monograph to extend the scope and utility of Conventions. Thus, there is a Convention by which, when your adversaries have declared No Trumps (the lead being with your partner), and you announce your intention of doubling the stakes, your partner is to understand that you desire Hearts to be led to you. Now it may very well happen that you wish to double on the strength of a hand to which Hearts contribute no portion of its vitality. You hold, let us say, a top sequence of ten Clubs, with the four of Spades, the three of Diamonds, and the deuce of Hearts, all single. Let us suppose for the sake of argument that eleven of the remaining Hearts, including all the court cards of that suit, lie between your adversaries. It is natural and right for you to wish to double with ten Club tricks in your hand; it is equally natural and right that you should shrink from having Hearts led to you. Plainly, the accepted Convention would here be misleading, and might in the result go far to impair the harmonious relations, if any, existing between yourself and your partner.

Yet, if Conventions are good, the more you have of them the better; for by a wise enlargement of the field of information you come within measurable distance of the highest ideal, namely, the treble dummy game, where there is no human possibility of concealment or evasion.

21ST.—The following No-Trump Conventions, approved by the Majority report of the Royal Commission on Bridge (not least among the splendid achievements of the present Parliament), are already gaining acceptance in Turf circles:—

"I double"; lead Hearts.

"I propose to double"; lead Diamonds.

"I duplicate"; lead Clubs.

"I propose to duplicate"; lead Spades.

22ND.—Much, again, may be done by modulation of the voice, if you possess an elastic organ. Thus, when your dexter adversary has dealt, and it is incumbent on you either to double or to ask, "May I play?"—if your hand is not quite good enough to justify your doubling, but you would be gratified to see that course adopted by your partner, a tone of enterprise should be

infused into the phrase, implying that you would welcome a divergence from ordinary routine. On the other hand, a merely formal recital of the question, made as if only one answer were possible, implies that the extreme weakness of your own hand compels you to discourage unnecessary speculation.

23RD.—The obvious device of hesitation suggests that you have strength, though not excessive, in your adversary's trumps, and are practically calling for them to be led through to you; while the simple addition of the word *partner*—"May I play, *partner*?" might convey, in the case of a red trump being declared, that you are strong in the other red suit.

24TH.—Again, the bald statement, "I leave it to you," admits of picturesque colouring. If you make this announcement with a rapidity too great to admit of your having sorted your hand, your partner should understand that you hold a *carte blanche* without aces. Unless, therefore, he has six certain tricks and a possible seventh in his own hand he will be well advised to declare Spades, and minimise your losses. If, however, you leave it to him reluctantly after a protracted pause, he should gather that you were within an ace (probably a red ace) of going No Trumps.

25TH.—Variations in the title by which you address your partner may throw further light on the features of your hand. A few rules are here thrown out tentatively, but they may easily be revised and supplemented. Thus:—"I leave it to you, Sir (or Madam)," might imply that you hold four Hearts, with two honours.

"I leave it to you, JONES (or Miss SMITH)," might imply that you hold four Diamonds with two honours.

"I leave it to you" (here adding your partner's Christian name when you are on terms of familiarity) might imply that you hold five small Hearts.

"I leave it to you" (here adding your partner's Christian name without the justification of previous intimacy) might imply that you hold five small Diamonds. And so on.

26TH.—Winking and other facial contortions are rightly viewed with disapprobation among the *élite*; and a man of sensitive honour will even avoid looking directly in his partner's face lest he should unwittingly cause offence. But by an appropriate physical movement you may convey information to your partner, even while his eyes are riveted upon his own cards. Thus, when you hold an overwhelming No-Trump hand, an uncontrollable restlessness and wriggling of the body will suggest to him that you are anxious to have it left to you. On the contrary, when you hold a hand that is mediocre and lacking in character, by the adoption of an attitude of coyness (so becoming in a woman when she wishes to encourage a proposal of marriage) you will imply that it is for your partner and not for you to make a declaration.

27TH.—So far I have spoken of various methods of conventional collusion, as between your partner and yourself. I have now to speak of the use of *finesse* for the purpose of throwing dust in your adversaries' eyes. *Finesse*, which is commonly shown by the playing of a false card (the word *false* is not here used in the same sense as in the phrase "a false nose," and does not suggest the introduction of a card from another pack, which is always a reprehensible, and often a dangerous, feat), may also be employed, as in Poker, through the medium of intonation or physical attitude. Thus, when the selection of trumps is left to you, and you are forced to declare Spades, having three inferior cards of that suit and practically *nil* outside it, do not make your declaration till after a show of mature reflection, and the apparent sacrifice of valour to discretion. Your adversaries will then hesitate to double, in the belief that your decision was dictated by prudence or cowardice.

29TH.—Similarly, when the declaration is left in your hands, and you are 0 up to your opponents' 20, and you hold the ace, queen, 10, 8, 6, 4, of Hearts, with a nice strength in the plain suits, you should glance at the score, shrug your shoulders, and declare Hearts in the manner of one who addresses himself



RULING THE ROAD.

"NOW, MY GOOD WOMAN, IF YOU CAN'T PULL THEM OUT OF THE WAY, YOU MUST LET THEM GO. WE HAVE TO CATCH A TRAIN!"
 "YUS. AND WHO D'YOU 'SPOSE 'UD KETCH MY FIGS?"

to a forlorn hope with the courage born of despair. Then the adversary on your right may be tempted to double with the king, knave, 9, 7, 5 of trumps, and you will be comfortably over him all the time, and have a trump to spare at the end.

30TH.—Finally, not very much can be made of the words "I am content," when your opponents have doubled. But it is still possible to impart to the expression a tone of gratuitously noble resignation. Thus, when your opponents' score is 2 to your 24, and your declaration of Spades from a deplorably feeble hand is doubled, and in the issue they run out with a Grand Slam, the moving recitation of that pathetic phrase (like BEATRICE CENCI'S "We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well," uttered just prior to her execution) should linger in the memory and haply purify your adversaries' hearts with pity. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Eternal Quest* (HUTCHINSON) there is embarrassment of riches in the way of heroes. Doubtless Mr. STEUART designs IVOR MALCOLM for that position, since he, an officer in the Black Watch, performs deeds of valour in the Soudan, eclipses his own fame in South Africa, and marries a charming girl. Failing him ARCHIE BUCHANAN would serve. Brought up as a Divinity student, with reversion of the pulpit in his own parish at his disposal, ARCHIE chums with recruiting sergeants in Edinburgh, takes the Queen's shilling, is drafted to South Africa, and saves the life of IVOR MALCOLM, who is, of course, his successful rival for the hand of the pretty girl aforesaid. My Baronite, however, finds the honours of heroship divided between old General MALCOLM and his sometime comrade the Chaplain who, settling down after many campaigns, administers spiritual comfort to the congregation at Aberfourie. These ancient comrades, the overbearing General accustomed to command,

the Chaplain never losing sight of his former state of subordination, are excellently drawn. The story, it will be perceived, is up to date. One of the episodes providing opportunity for a vivid sketch is the engagement with the Boers in which General WAUCHOPE fell, and the Highland Brigade was nearly wiped out.

Under thinly veiled disguises Mr. MORICE GERARD deals in *The Queen's Mate* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) with a recent royal marriage that attracted friendly interest throughout Europe, and gave deep delight to the Dutch. With practised art he has invested the matter-of-fact with the glamour of romance. His HELENA is the most charming of girl-queens. The man of her heart's choice has a pretty trick of obtaining honourable and useful scars in heroic enterprises. My Baronite does not particularly care for the princely pretender to the Queen's hand, the handsome nominee of the imperious Emperor of GRAMOND. He is a rather melodramatic prince of the price-coloured-twopence type. But he is made a principal actor in an exceedingly dramatic episode, boldly conceived and admirably told. The gentle reader will find it worth looking for in chapter seven.

IN *The Mystery of the Clasp'd Hands* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), a decidedly attractive title, Mr. GUY BOOTHBY gives us a fairly interesting "detective" story, which the author might have made far more sensational had he followed the elaborate method of Gaboriau in the elucidation of the mystery, instead of wasting time over very ordinary love-making, in which occurs an episode, neither absolutely novel nor remarkably original, representing the lovely heroine being thrown off her horse and into the "saving clause" of her lover's arms. The sketches of the sharp criminal lawyer and genial detective are good, and the whole story will serve to pass away an hour or two pleasantly.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE "LIONESSE COMIQUE."



THERE'S a lady to be met with in every
class and set,

Whom Nature has endowed with tongue
and cheek;

All day long and every day she performs
a sort of play—

Let us christen her the Lioness
Comique.

She will take—and keep—the stage, sole
attention will engage,

Leaving no one else a line of "fat" to
speak;

She will mimic, pose, and chaff, while
the rest have but to laugh

And to listen to the Lioness Comique.

There is here and there a caitiff, dull
and unappreciative,

Who will greet her jests with laughter
thin and bleak,

And will say that though she's harmless she's an altogether
charmless

And unnecessary Lioness Comique.

A mere man, you take your oath! He's a fool, or knave, or
both!

Disregard him—his remarks are due to pique;

For all men of taste or sense must of course derive immense
Satisfaction from the Lioness Comique.

You shall seek, when sad or ill, no old-fashioned draught or pill,
Nor vainly, O my brothers, shall you seek

A panacea, if you care to, for all ills that flesh is heir to,
In the sallies of the Lioness Comique.

Any miserable "bloke," with his heart or pocket "broke,"

Should forget his woes by spending, say, a week

'Mid the stimulating quips that are ever on the lips
Of the effervescing Lioness Comique!

HENRICUS IRVINGIUS CORIOLANUS.

HAD DOCTORS LEMPRIERE and SMITH been classical authorities in SHAKESPEARE'S time, that eminent dramatic poet might have had to defend his "quantities" in pronouncing Coriolanus. Genius is above rules, and therefore SHAKESPEARE pronounced Coriolanus, "Cōriōlānus" (for all the world as if the Roman hero were a gentleman of Hibernian extraction, descending from one MR. CORRY O'LANUS) or "Cōriōlānus" or "Cōriōlānus," just as the fit of inspiration took him. No doubt about it, that for dignity "Cōriōlānus of Cōriōlā" sounds a grander title than "Marcus Curtius Cōriōlānus" or "Cōriōlānus." However, be that as it may, MR. BARNES, MR. LUGG, and other talented members of the Lyceum Company to whose lot it may fall to pronounce the name of this hero, give it with true Shakspearian independence. The play is magnificently placed on the stage by the eminent designer SIR ALMA TADEMA, Pictor Classicus, R.A., and the action throughout is descriptively and sympathetically accompanied by that great classical commander ALEXANDER, yeleft the melodious eques SIR A. C. MACKENZIE, Compositor Dulcisonus.

As a play *Coriolanus* is wearisome to read, the hero being what ROBBIE BURNS would have styled a "rantin', roarin' boy," only, of course, not under the influence of any spirits save his own, many degrees above proof. What a splendid football player would Corry (to deal with his name briefly and familiarly) have been in this "so-called" twentieth century! Most decidedly, "rantin' and roarin'" has been the method adopted by those great actors that up to now have grappled with the

part. But not so it is with SIR HENRY, who recognises in him the lucky general whose prestige is a terror to his foes, while as a man he is rough, breezy, short-tempered, warm-hearted, and impulsive; a hot-headed youth, in fact, who has not been so long away from school as to have in the slightest degree acquired the worldly polish of diplomacy. It is for this reason that he is so violently angry with *Tullus Aufidius* for contemptuously styling him "Boy!" It is evidently from rolling-eye'd, sulkily muttering, honied-tongue'd *Tullus Aufidius*, as a type of the ancient melodramatic villains, that MR. LENVILLE, when alluding to the ladies of the Company, who were to a petticoat on the side of *Nicholas Nickleby* on the latter being challenged by the tragedian, addressed him with "But they shall not protect ye—boy!"

Coriolanus, however, does not treat *Tullus* as *Nicholas* treated the leading tragedian of the Crummies' company, on whom he smiled pleasantly, and when MR. LENVILLE approached *Nicholas* with the avowed intention of pulling his nose, *Nicholas*, "without the smallest discomposure, knocked him down."

But this wouldn't have suited MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who makes the term "boy" so opprobrious to our excitable Corry that he utterly loses his temper, just proving that he is a boy; and that *Tullus* knew Corry's weak point, and so it follows that Corry, by advancing threateningly, offers the crafty Volscian the very opportunity he has been seeking, and of which the assassins at once avail themselves. Marvellously effective is this final scene as played by SIR HENRY and the determined murderers led by MR. MARSDEN as Lieutenant to the scowling *Tullus Aufidius Lenville*, as represented by MR. ASHCROFT of the Carker-like gleaming teeth. It is a most effective finish to a severely classic play.

The lights and shades of the character of the impulsive Roman are admirably brought out by SIR HENRY, so that, when the violent tempest of his wrath has suddenly ceased, and he takes to his heart the tenderly clinging *Virgilia* (MISS MABEL HACKNEY), his most sweet and gentle wife, he seems to introduce into the drama that love interest of which, otherwise, it would be so entirely devoid.

Never could the clever, beautiful, and still youthful matron, mother of *Coriolanus* (we can gauge Corry's age by this), have been more perfectly represented than she is now by MISS ELLEN TERRY as *Volumnia*. Whether sewing at home, going out shopping with her charming companion *Valeria* (MISS MAUD MILTON), rousing her son up to the sticking point, on her knees beseeching him, MISS TERRY is admirable.

When care has been taken to render the representation of every part as perfect as possible, as is the case at the Lyceum, then, after the two principals, and after the stage-manager, who is mainly represented by the crowds vigorously and artistically led by four thoroughly Roman citizens, of the Leicesters Squarus type (viz., DODSWORTHUS, BOWNUS, KENNEIUS and REYNOLDSUS), MR. J. H. BARNES, perfectly made up for the part and as perfectly playing *Menenius Agrippa*, with the two *Ædiles* of the people, *Sicinius Velutus* (MR. JAMES HEARN), and *Junius Brutus* (MR. LAURENCE IRVING, most artistic as in his make-up so in his and touch of character), are the most notable for the flashes of true comedy with which they from time to time enlighten this drama, with which the public is unfamiliar, there being so few "quotations" in it. Certainly, rarely has MR. BARNES played more artistically than in his rendering of *Menenius*.

After reading the report of the rather stormy meeting of the Lyceum Company Limited, it is not difficult to imagine *Junius Brutus* and *Sicinius Velutus* as the leaders of the turbulent and dissatisfied shareholders; while, as *Cominius*, the devoted friend of *Coriolanus* and the sensible pacificator of the grumblers, MR. COMINIUS CARR would appear to perfection. The return of SIR HENRY "to his own again" is certain to mean "many happy 'returns.'" So let the shareholders cheer up. *Plaudite et valete!*

"NOW IS THE SEASON —."

Shakspeare.

THAT those amongst us who are not, as yet, millionaires, may very quickly become "rich beyond the dreams of avarice" is perfectly patent on a casual perusal of the advertisement columns of the daily sporting papers. Fortune, if not fame, is assured —indeed, there is an amount of assurance about the whole business which commends itself at once to the—imagination. All that is necessary is to back the selections of tipsters such as Messrs. GULLEM, FLATCATCH, SHARP, FLYFAKER, and others, whose advertisements we call attention to below, and the thing —(and the backer)—is done.

SEND TWENTY-FOUR STAMPS for my **GOLDEN FINALS** for Newmarket, to old JACK GULLEM, Flying-Fox Villa, Camberwell. Terms to end of season, two guineas.

TRY OUR ONE-HORSE WIRES and **PADDOCK SNIPS**. Who gave you *Bootlace* for Lincoln at 33 to 1? Thirty shillings for the season, or two shillings a single wire. —Address, Mr. SHARP, Persimmon Cottage, Epsom.

RELIABLE TURF CORRESPONDENT is willing to communicate with a few gentlemen as will *act handsome* by him. A **CERTAINTY** for Asskit Steaks, will start at a long price. No gas or bounce, but only business meant. {As advertiser is *in the know*, this is a dead pinch. Send half a dollar in stamps to JEM PORTER (brother to the sellerbrated trainer*), 145, New Cut.

JUBILEE STAKES. — **FLATCATCH**, the Old Reliable, knows of one that has been specially kept for this important race, a three-year-old, *will win easy*, a real snip, with two stone in hand. Send 5s. stamps to JAKE FLATCATCH, Newmarket.

JUBILEE STAKES. — **FLYFAKER**, being pals with the owner, can oblige a few gentlemen with the "abso" winner of this race, a four-year-old, with 14 lbs. in hand. *He cannot lose*. Greatest moral ever known. 10s. stamps to Honesty House, Wobbleford.

The two last-quoted advertisements were a trifle perplexing. For the same race, the Jubilee Stakes, a three-year-old

* We may here parenthetically remark that Mr. JOHN PORTER, the "sellerbrated" trainer, has no brother—but this is detail.—ED.

(*vide FLATCATCH*) would "win easy." So far, good. But then came the torturing fear of Mr. FLYFAKER, who, as "pals with the owner," certainly ought to be "in the know," and who roundly declares that a certain four-year-old "cannot lose." Query, if one horse is absolutely certain to win, and his rival "cannot lose" why, what the—where the—how—?

Sighing heavily, we gave up the exhausting feat of trying to solve the

CRÆSUS A LA MODE.

(Page from the Diary of a Next-to-nobody.)

Monday.—Really don't know what to do with my cash. Offer to pay off the National Debt. Private Secretary of the Chancellor of the Exchequer tells me that I couldn't do that, as it would upset the finances of the Kingdom. Seems that Consols are precious to trustees, and shouldn't be abolished. Foiled!

Tuesday.—Bring out ten promising schemes, and ought to get rid of a couple of millions at the very least. Get Charity List, and find that I have been anticipated in all directions. Told by strong-minded lady secretary of one organisation that I am "Pushing." "Why can't I leave Charities alone? I can't buy up everything!"

Wednesday.—Always heard that newspapers and theatres can be made to absorb the largest fortunes. Look up statistics, and find that now-a-days things are altered and both playhouses and journals are considered good speculations. Foiled again!

Thursday.—Wade through my accounts, and find that my castles, houses in town, *pieds à terre* abroad, yachts, houses and shooting boxes, cost a ridiculously small portion of my income. Very disappointing. What shall I do with my money?

Friday.—Try Monte Carlo by agent, and win. Have a shot at the Stock Exchange—make money. Invest hugely in sweet suburban untenanted cottages. Said to be the worst investment on the market. They immediately let! Hopeless.

Saturday.—Tired of everything, inclusive of my cash. One melancholy pleasure left—write to the papers recording "the Miseries of a Millionaire."

MAY DAY, 1901.

PRESIDENT L-B-T may find it perfectly easy to continue in his position for another seven years, or he—

Lord K-TCH-N-R may bring the troubles in Africa to a speedy conclusion, or he—

Sir H-CKS B-CH may get over his Budget difficulties with the greatest possible success, or he—

Mr. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N may move up higher in the Cabinet, or he—

The Earl of H-LSB-RY may come to the conclusion that it is time to relinquish the Woolsack to younger men, or he—

Finally, May Day may be the most perfect day imaginable, or it—mayn't!

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"THE RUDE FOREFATHERS OF THE HAMLET SLEEP."—Gray.

problem. We resolved to make sure of being "on" the winner, in any case, so sent five shillings to FLATCATCH for the "snip" (whatever that may mean), and a further ten shillings to Mr. FLYFAKER for the "moral."

In due course, both gentlemen forwarded their "special private information," and we gleefully put a sovereign on each of the horses named. We awaited the result with cheerful anxiety.



Neither finished in the first six.



RECKLESS!

Nurse. "YOU SILLY CHILD! NOW YOU'VE SPILT HALF YOUR TEA ON YOUR NEW PINAFORE!"

Little Innocent. "IT DOESN'T MATTER! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!"

DOING THINGS BY THREE-QUARTERS.

THE German Reichstag discussed last Wednesday a bill providing for the construction of a railway from Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of German East Africa, to Mrogoro, a distance of 230 kilometres, at a cost of £1,200,000. In opposition to the bill it was stated that there were only twelve Europeans in the region through which the line would pass, the native inhabitants numbering about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per square mile, according to the translation by the correspondent of the *Times*.

So the railway will cost about £100,000 for every one of the future first-class passengers. The expense has been carefully arranged to fit in with the number of them. It seems as costly as our Uganda Railway.

The gauge of the new line is to be

about 3 feet 6 inches. This seems also arranged to suit the population. When one of the twelve Europeans, doubtless all Germans, residing on an average nineteen kilometres from his neighbour, desires a friendly chat and a *Glas Bier*, he will travel over those eleven or twelve miles in a first-class compartment about a yard and a-half wide. If he is an average German he will fill that comfortably. The same space in the third-class will exactly accommodate the $2\frac{1}{2}$ natives who inhabit each square mile. Could anything have been calculated with greater mathematical and military precision, even by a German?

But, alas, even a German may overlook something! If this colony, unlike other German colonies, should become prosperous, the natives themselves might grow fat. Then the population of a

square mile could no longer be squeezed into one seat of a third-class carriage, and all the careful calculations would be upset. The carriage itself might be upset if the $2\frac{1}{2}$ natives were only fat enough.

Then, of course, the three-quarter natives would have to go separately. Would there be compartments labelled "*Für Raucher*," and also "*Für $\frac{1}{2}$* ." The enterprising Herr BAEDEKER is doubtless already hard at work on his guide to Mrogoro. When it is published we shall be fully informed on all these matters, and we shall learn what *Trinkgeld* should be bestowed on three-quarters of a porter—the native population seems at present to consist of porters, so there ought to be plenty at Mrogoro Station—and whether three-quarters of a waiter would be satisfied with three-quarters of a tip. Also, if such persons will travel with three-quarters of a ticket in the carriages of the *Mrogoroische Eisenbahngesellschaft*. But perhaps these three-quarter natives are only the better halves of the men.

H. D. B.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER; or, the Chronic Blush.

[The *Daily Mail*, of April 25, says that the secret of perennial loveliness has been discovered at last, and now upon payment of a fee the rich, ripe bloom of healthy youth can be indelibly fixed upon the cheeks of all who desire it—in other words, an American lady has induced a West-End tattooist to insert the necessary pigment (properly graduated) into her countenance.]

THE flush no longer comes and goes

In fitful, irresponsible fashion,
The tint that emulates the rose
On maiden cheeks, the tinge that glows
With modesty, or joy, or passion.

It makes no difference nowadays

However you address a lady—
A "How-d'-ye-do?" or word of praise,
A Hooligan's familiar gaze,
Or clubman's anecdote that's shady.

The same invariable result

Attends your bold or shy advances
To greet the feminine adult
Who follows Fashion's beauty-cult
And thus her fading charm enhances.

How is it done? Ought one to tell?

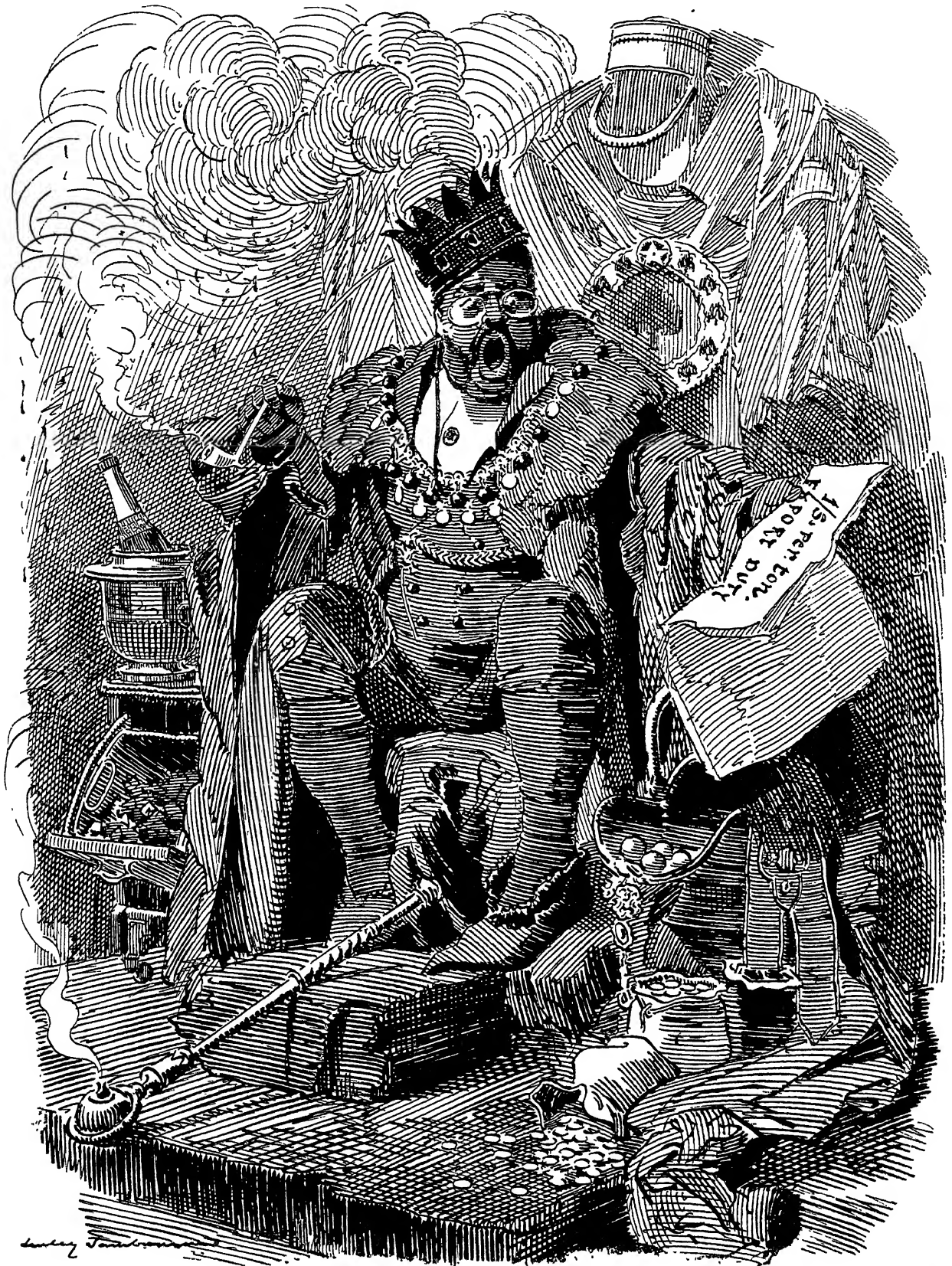
It does seem just a shade ungallant
A pleasing mystery to dispel!
Still, should we let each florid belle
Wrap up her one cosmetic talent?

'Tis thus (at risk of being rude),

The reason of this lasting beauty:
Your pink-and-white complexioned prude
Has gone and had her face tattooed
Sub rosa—cutely, too, *sub cute*!

And so anæmic skins suffuse

With permanently hectic flushes!
Stay, mortal fair ones, would you choose
These tell-tale and persistent hues
To linger in *post-mortem* blushes?



THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

KING COAL. "WHAT! ASK ME TO SUBSCRIBE A SHILLING! WHY, THEY'LL RUIN ME!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 22nd.
—At first sight nothing in common between Lord MORRIS, First Baron KILLANIN, and Ebenezer Scrooge, surviving partner of the firm of Scrooge and Marley. Yet both enjoyed similar strange experience. Mr. Scrooge, it will be remembered, awakened out of his first sleep on Christmas Eve, beheld his former self, dead these thirty years. Lord MORRIS, sitting to-night in Peers' Gallery, looked down on young MORRIS, elected for Galway thirty-six years ago, making his maiden speech. The Peer in the Gallery, with the wisp of white hair encircling his cheerful countenance, has, according to the almanacs, passed his three score years and ten. Nevertheless, he saw himself upstanding by the Bench below the Gangway, in age not far across the thirties, with all his life before him.

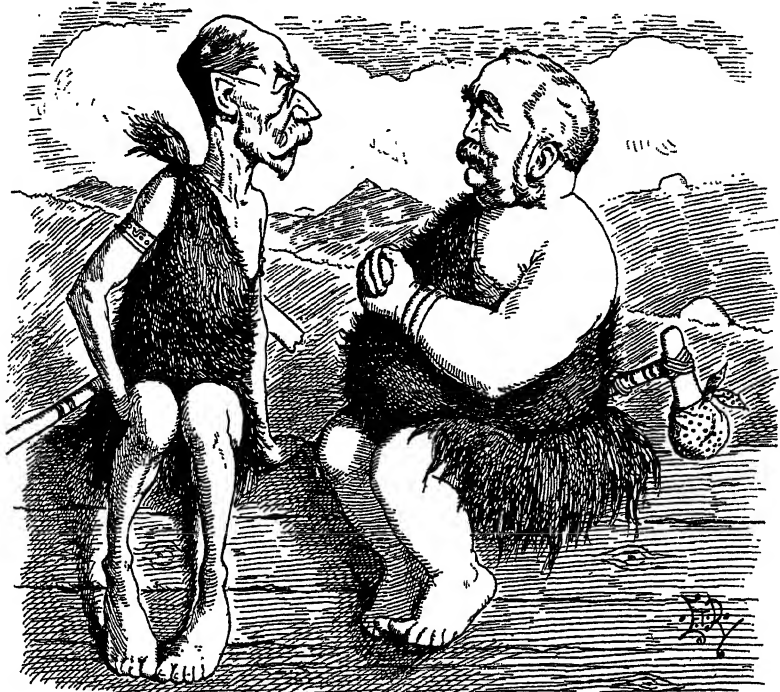
Not many in present House who heard the Boy from Galway make his maiden speech in the Session of 1865. Here he is again, black-haired, youthful in countenance, with flexible voice oiled with touch of the brogue, unfailing fluency, unabashed confidence, taking to life and work in House of Commons as a duck takes to water. MICHAEL MORRIS, Member for Galway, 1865; MARTIN MORRIS, Member for Galway, 1901. And think of all that lies between the dates!

A rare, perhaps unique, experience for the fond father in the Gallery, hearing his own mellifluous voice raised again in the House of Commons across the borders of the century.

"*Nunc Dimittis*, TOBY, dear boy. Which being translated means 'I go off to me dinner.' Glad you like the boy's speech. He is, as you say, hampered with diffidence. I suffered from the complaint meself when I was his age. Haven't quite got over it yet; but I'm always willing to learn, ever striving to improve."

Business done.—Debate on Irish University Education.

Tuesday.—Curious how trouble tells upon some men. Just now it is quite easy to distinguish a coal-owner from a fishmonger or other honest tradesman. If going about the Lobby, seated in the Library, or passing through the dining-room, you see a man whose clothes hang on his shrunken limbs, whose eyes are dulled with weeping in the dead, unhappy night, whose conversation is a wail, whose every breath a sigh, you know he is a colliery proprietor. For months he has been accumulating riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Not a grade of society, not a class of the trading community that has not cast tribute into his coffers. The common, or tenement, house-



SURVIVORS OF THE (GLAD-)STONE AGE!

"I belong to the ancient, prehistoric, pre-Adamite school of my friend Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. . . . I am not the least ashamed of sitting on a fence, nor is he. We adhere to the old original Liberal doctrine."—(See H. Campbell-Bannerman's *Speech at the Hotel Cecil*.)

holder has paid famine prices for one of the necessities of life through the winter months. The working man, the struggling shopkeeper who buys his coal by the hundredweight, has been fain to deal with nubbly bits as if they were nuggets of gold. Then comes the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with the abhorred shears, and proposes to nip off a shilling per ton profit.

Not quite that; exact proposal of Budget is that the foreigner who takes our priceless and irreplaceable coal shall contribute a shilling a ton to the cost of the war mainly responsible for sending up prices to the range reached in the winter, the colliery proprietor being so good as to collect it on account of the State. Hence these tears. It is not so much for self and partners that the colliery proprietor weeps. "My country, still of thee," he is thinking. The foundations of the prosperity of the Empire are deeply dug in coal. Put up the export price by a shilling a ton and, by some magical process, the foundation is shattered and with it slips away the crumbling fabric of the Empire.

"Dear boy," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, lending his arm to one of the afflicted, on his way to his carriage waiting in Palace Yard, "my heart bleeds for you. It is said that, being in rather a large way of business in the coal line,

you, personally, last year cleared an exceptional profit of a million and a half sterling. Why, you know, if you liked, you might, all by yourself, go to war with the Boers for a whole week, paying cash down out of your profits. And now a heartless, unsympathetic Chancellor of the Exchequer wants you to collect a shilling a ton for him on your exports! Yes, yes, I know; but it's no use blubbering. Taking things all round, I wish I had half your complaint."

Business done.—Income Tax resolution carried in Committee of Ways and Means.

Thursday.—Mr. WEIR begins to think life would be endurable only for other people who share it. In the new Parliament he finds its conditions woefully altered. In the last century he had undisputed preeminence at the Question hour. None but he thought of putting down from six to ten Questions at a sitting. Now not only is the thing common; the number is far exceeded. All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed.

Came along to-night with his six Questions, including one about Mark IV. bullets he has put a score of times. Thought that pretty well; and, behold, D. A. THOMAS turned up with twenty Questions!

"Taffy was a Welshman," Mr. WEIR hummed with unwonted asperity, "Taffy was—an abstractor of other people's ideas."

Observed with growing indignation that the Member for Merthyr Tydvil had improved upon another of his copyrights. The original Note of Interrogation, as is well known, prefaces each of his Questions with a bye-play which not even monotony can rob of terror. It is most effectively played off on the LORD ADVOCATE. That personage, affecting indifference to Mr. WEIR's criticisms on divers matters, endeavours to make jaunty replies; sometimes declines to make any. Mr. WEIR not to be trifled with. When to-night he had occasion to ask LORD ADVOCATE Question about a bridge—why the water ran down beneath its arches instead of running up—he solemnly rose, regarded the guilty Minister with chilling glance, slowly fixed his pince-nez, looked at him again, and said in profound bass notes, "Ques-ti-on 117. The LORD ADVOCATE."

That is another of Mr. WEIR's patents. The ordinary Member, having the Question to put, would say, "I beg to ask the LORD ADVOCATE Question Number 117." Mr. WEIR's mood is too tragic for prepositions or personal pronouns. He invests an ordinary Question with the solemnity of sentence of death. If after his ordinary formula he added, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," no one, least of all the LORD ADVOCATE, would be surprised.

Added anguish to-night to observe the intruder's adaptation of his own dramatic pauses. Having received answer to one of his Questions, Mr. THOMAS sank into condition of profound reverie. Wakened by SPEAKER calling on him to put his next, he started, deliberately studied the paper, and having by leisurely process discovered it, slowly recited the number. When you have twenty Questions all in a row, and the Budget waiting to come on in Committee of Ways and Means, this takes time. Mr. WEIR thought it was decidedly low.

Business done.—Of a sitting of nine hours, the fag end of four and a half allotted to business.

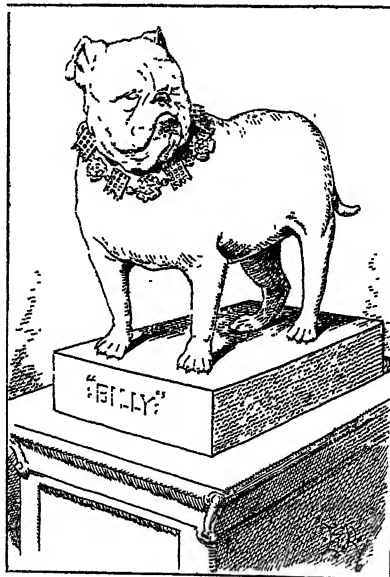
Friday.—There is lamentation in Speaker's Court, wailing by Westminster Bridge. *Billy* is dead! Dead in his prime, and hath not left his peer.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pick your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

When, nearly six years ago, *Billy* first came to Westminster in the suite of the newly-elected SPEAKER, he was a shapely dog, light-hearted, enterprising, always ready to sample a fresh calf. Close acquaintance with Parliamentary life had effect of blunting his spirits, souring his mind, and giving to his nose an upward, scornful, turn unusual even in a bull-dog. Muzzling order began process of deterio-

ration. Compelled to take his walks abroad with his huge head enveloped in something of the size of a herring-net, he grew visibly depressed in manner. Never forgave himself for missing opportunity that presented itself one afternoon in June, 1898. Crossing Palace Yard on his way to take an airing in the park, *Billy* observed President of Board of Agriculture entering by top gate. Their paths crossed; *Billy*'s massive jaws, suddenly expanded, would have broken his muzzle as if it were silken network. He hesitated; WALTER LONG was saved, and the indignities cast on British dogs went un-avenged.

Billy never quite the same dog since. In addition there was the wasting effect upon a highly-strung temperament of daily contemplation of proceedings in Parliament. Give *Billy* the run of the place, and he would have amended manners as well as the Standing Orders.



THE DEPARTED "BILLY."

(The Speaker's Bull-Dog.)

Design for Statue in Speaker's Yard.

Prejudice stood in the way, and it is too late now to consider the subject. But if on the night the Irish Members declined to clear the House for the division the SPEAKER, instead of sending for the police, had called in *Billy*, the benches below the Gangway to the left of the Chair would speedily have emptied.

Soured by experience of Parliamentary life, disheartened by contemplation of waste of time, growing fat and scant o' breath, *Billy* has answered to the old Lobby cry, "Who goes home?"

Business done.—ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S salary considered in Committee of Supply. General impression that it might fairly be cut down by a thousand or two.

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

["What is described as a 'drunk or sober' meeting is announced to be held at a northern town on Saturday night after 11 P.M., under the auspices of the Salvation Army."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

COME, lads and lasses, come awa',
And listen tae oor band sae braw!
Ye're kindly welcome tae our ha';
There's room, ye ken,
For ilka sinner o' ye a'—
Come ben! come ben!

Na! dinna fear! what though there be
A wee bit drappie in your ee?
In ilka dram o' barley-bree

A speerit dwells
Wi' muckle power tae comfort ye—
We ken't oorsels.

Or gin the whisky's freely flowed,
Ye're aiblins ga'en a further road,
An' theological ye've growed,
An' want tae ken

About the deil an' his abode—
Why, still come ben;

An', laddie, ye shall hae your fill
O' arguin', an' show your skill
In metaphysics—what ye will;—
Whate'er's asserted,
We'll aye dispute the point until
Ye're fair converted,

Or gin a drappie mair ye've ta'en,
An' ultra-pessimistic ga'en,
An' doubt that ilka thing is vain,
The war! a' vanity,
Come ben, we'll bring ye roun' again
Tae cheerfu' sanity.

Aye, come ye ben!—nae matter hoo;
Just sprinkled wi' the mountain dew,
Blind drunk or gloriously fou,
Wi' usquebagh,
Come ane, come a', guid frien's an' true,
Ye're welcome a'.

A BLACK LOOK-OUT.

(A paper picked up near the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

PITY the sorrows of a poor collier, who, if a shilling export duty is imposed upon coal, will have (possibly) to see—

1. His wife giving up her music and riding lessons.
2. His children not able to go to the seaside for a month or two.
3. His favourite licensed victualler unable to supply him with that extra quart he enjoys so much after he has drunk the others.
4. His dogs unable to compete for prizes because their upkeep will be too expensive.
5. His tailor sending in his account and respectfully requesting immediate payment.
6. His wine merchant writing to ask him why he has given up ordering champagne.
7. Worst (and, fortunately, most improbable) of all, himself having to work four days a week instead of three.



G. L. SAMPA.

VARNISHING DAY.

Lady Amateur (who paints flowers, to Madder Brown, who painted the picture last year). "GOOD GRACIOUS, MR. BROWN, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!"

UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS.

THANKS, yes. Better, much better. Where am I? Who are—of course, yes, you are Mrs. ALLEYNE. I know now. I suppose I fainted. Please forgive me. I—I'll go now. I'm quite strong again. I—Ah! perhaps I had better sit still for a little. But I shall be quite—quite well directly. Only a minute.

Your maid? Oh, no, she didn't—really. She was quite nice to me. She was only doing what you—her duty. When I said I was connected with the Press, she said you made it a rule never to be interviewed, and just at first it was—it was a little disappointing. It's a long way from—from where I live. But I was just going, and then—and then when I saw you I couldn't help calling to you, and you were so kind, and I was tired, and—and people aren't generally kind. And though I knew you were—oh, from your photographs, and I've seen you act, of course. That was what made me think of coming. I liked your face. Besides, you would have made such splendid copy. And I hadn't thought you would mind—really I hadn't. Most of them don't, you know: they—they rather like it. But I ought to have known you were different. I'd no right to want to pry into your life—oh, but I did.

Now, I really am better. No; no more, thanks. I'm not used to it. Besides I must be—*what*? Tell you about my life? Oh, no—no, I couldn't. It wouldn't interest you: it's not—not so amusing as yours. No, I'm sorry: I oughtn't to have said that, I know, only—it's so different, and sometimes it's terribly hard not to be jealous of other people's happiness, when one struggles and struggles—Do you really want me to? Well, I'll—where shall I begin? Connected with the Press—that's me. I don't know if it's a regular phrase, but it's what I call myself. I wonder—I do wonder why I'm talking to you like this. I haven't talked—not really talked—to a human being for ages. But you—you—oh, I can't help it. I must talk to you, if I bore you to death. Ah, no, Mrs. ALLEYNE, I know. If you were I shouldn't—I couldn't. But you are so different to the rest,—so different.

Yes, I'll go on. I was thinking. When I—I told your maid I came from a paper, that wasn't true. No, I'm not on any paper. There's no room for me. Yes, I've tried—oh, how I've tried—sketches and little bits of verse,—oh, about everything—anything that came into my head, only so few things would come. And then the editor I knew resigned, and the new man had his own people, of course, and my things came back. I'm not good enough; never was, I suppose, or else I've lost the knack.

May you? Of course, anything you like. Oh, that! Is that all? Well, I'll tell you. To-day is the third—no fourth. Three weeks ago to-day—Do you ever read *Truth*?—Well, three weeks ago I won half a *Truth* puzzle—that was a guinea. My rent—oh, a room in Soho—is two shillings a week, and I wash my own things. No, it doesn't leave much, does it? But you mustn't think things are always as bad. I haven't had to buy clothes. I had plenty when I—before I came to Soho. And I get little scraps into some of the papers, and there's a German waiter, who lives under me: I'm teaching him English, and he just pays the rent. Once I taught a strong man from one of the music halls. He paid me well for a fortnight—he was making twenty pounds a week, and then he—he wanted me to go—go and live with him, and so that came to an end.

What a dear face you have. I? Ah, but not like you. And yet even I—it doesn't make life any easier, does it? Have you found that too? No, life isn't easy. The contrasts are too big. Do you ever go into the Park? It's a dreary, dreary place. I go and watch them, carriage after carriage, face after face—relations of mine, some of them. Oh, no. They know I'm connected with the Press, but they're too busy to know me,

now. Squirrels in a gilded cage, somebody called them; and it's true, you know. They can't get out. Sometimes the men do: they get away, to climb or to fight. But the others, never. And wherever they go they take their cage with them, and just go round and round in it. And yet—how I envy her—I mean them. No, I don't, I mean her.

Yes, you're right. I may as well tell you. Oh, my dear, I can't help telling you. There was a man—yes, I see him there sometimes, and once—to-day he saw me. He asked me to marry him—that was in the old days, before I was connected with the Press. And I said Yes. Do you think I was very wrong? Ah, but you don't know. I've been punished. He was—he was *King Cophetua*, and I—my mistress—yes, I was a governess. It's an old-fashioned sort of story, isn't it? When we told her—she was his mother, you know, and a very great lady—she packed me off at once without a character, as if I had stolen the spoons. And after that—Soho.

Going on? But there's nothing to go on about; that was the end. You can't go beyond a German cook-shop in Soho, where the stairs reek of dirty cooking, and the bannisters are all greasy with it, and yet you must catch hold of them to drag yourself upstairs when you come back tired out. I can keep my own room clean, but—oh, *King Cophetua*! No, of course it wasn't quite the end, only the rest—must I tell you?—it isn't quite so old-fashioned. He ought to have defied his people, and stuck to me—they do in the story-books—only, he didn't. And now they—they'll—no, he's not married yet. But to-day—I saw him on my way here, and he stopped and asked me what I was doing, and he—he said he was going to be married. He didn't tell me her name. Perhaps you—I wonder if you know her. He looked so—so strong.

Why do you sit looking into the fire? Thinking? Oh, no, don't think. Life's so full of thinking. When one wakes in the night—oh, I daren't think of it. Talk to me. Tell me about yourself. Are you happy? Are you—is there—shall you ever marry again? I'd like to think of you—oh, how glad I am! And is he—is he—but, of course, he isn't good enough for you. Well—shall I ever see him? To-day? Is he coming to-day? No, don't ask me. Not to-day. Not even for you. And yet—can you understand what seeing you act meant for me? I just felt that I could—well, no, not die for you; that would be nothing—but live for you, light your fires, scrub for you—*what*? Do you really mean it? To come and live with you! Your secretary! Rest me! Would it rest me? Would it! Let me hold your dear hand. Now, now I can tell you. I would do anything—anything to serve you. Only, don't you see, I can't come here? Yes, *can't*. It would be running away. I must go on trying to—oh, I can't explain. If you had asked me only a little ago—but now—now I'm stronger. Don't you see I must fight it out! Look at me, dear. Tell me—oh, no, I'm not brave—tell me it's stronger to say No. No, don't tell me that. Tell me it would be weak and cowardly to say Yes. Be strong for me. You don't know how you've tempted me. But if you will fight it with me—yes, yes. Better to fight it out. No, not perhaps. Dear, how you understand. Yes, oh, yes, I'll come and see you, but now—now I can go back to it all. Oh, how I—Listen! there's someone coming. Will it be him? Are you—What! Is this—Why, it's—I—I—forgive me for staring at you. I'm not very—very well. I took you for—someone else, someone who is dead. Mrs. ALLEYNE has just been telling me about you. I'd like to—Will you shake hands with me, just to show there's no—no ill-will, after my rudeness? I congratulate you with all my—heart. Ah! No, no, it's only my hand. It's not so—it's weaker than it used to be, and you—you're so strong. No, please, please don't think about it. It doesn't hurt so much—now. Good-bye, dear friend; I won't try to thank you. Tell him he's not to think about it, won't you? Oh, thank you; don't bother to open the door; I can—Listen; you're not to tell her. I—I wish you both every—Good-bye.

G. F. C.

TAXES TO PAY AND AXES TO GRIND.

To the Editor of the "Sentinel."

SIR,—I wish to enter an emphatic protest against the proposals of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. At a time when the middle classes of this country are rolling, if I may say so, in penury and when we have more than enough to do to make even one end meet, to say nothing of both or more, the cold and heartless suggestion that twopence should be added to the Income-Tax is enough to make every honest Englishman's blood boil. The Chancellor seems to think we are growing so bloated with wealth that all we have to do is to live in the lap of luxury with millions of pounds in our pockets and to smile, positively to smile, when he asks us for an overwhelming share of the burdens that he and his Government have put on our shoulders. We Income-Tax payers are a patient race, but patient people often have short tempers and long memories, as he will find to his cost if this kind of thing goes on. I may be told that we

children to school. My margin of profit is so small that if any further cost is imposed upon me I shall have to give up all my subscriptions, put down my horses and live in a cottage, while my workmen will receive no wages. Can this be what Sir MICHAEL intended? If so, it is time that we should combine our voices and make ourselves heard amidst the deaf adders of Downing Street. It is useless to sit still. We must be up and doing. Let nobody tell me that I object to all taxation. That is, to put it plainly, a lie. I have not a word to say against the tax on Sugar. Indeed, twice the proposed duty might be levied on that article. Some foolish people have talked about the cost of the war as an excuse for the Coal duty. Can anything be more absurd? Every penny we have spent could be at once recovered from the gold-mines—but the Government are afraid of offending the gold people, though they don't mind treading on the corns of the colliers. At the next election my vote shall go to the Radical Candidate. Yours truly,

A UNIONIST, BUT A PATR OT.



THE PRIVATE VIEW. ROYAL ACADEMY, 1901.

Privately viewed (without permission) from the Academy Skylight.

are at war, and that war costs money. Suppose I admit it—what then? Nobody is more willing to do what is fair than we are. What we protest against is the scandalous injustice of the new impost on incomes. Of course we must fight the Boers to a finish, and it is no doubt right that Coal and Sugar should be taxed, but it is not right to perpetrate the wickedness of putting a premium on idleness—for that is what it comes to. The more money a man makes, the more he will have to pay in income-tax. Every owner of an income will therefore keep it down to its lowest point, in order to pay as small a tax as possible, and the consequence will be not only that the Chancellor's proposal will defeat itself but that England's sun will set, and her commercial supremacy will go to America or Germany. When a Conservative Candidate next asks for my vote I shall say, "Never again."

Yours faithfully,

A LIFELONG CONSERVATIVE.

To the Editor of the "British Bugle."

SIR,—*Qui deos vult perdere nunc dimittis.* The quotation may be applied in all its force to those who, when a period of bad trade was beginning, suggested an export duty on coal. Take my own case. I am a coal-owner, and in ordinary times I just manage to support my home, keep a brougham, and send my

To the Editor of the "Daily Shouter."

SIR,—*Ichabod! Mene mene tekel upharsin! Sic vos non vobis!* Is the Government collectively insane? The idea that Sugar should be taxed is enough to fill the mildest man with gall. Are we living in a free country, or under the despotic sway of a Russian autocrat? I ask these questions not for myself alone, but for millions of others. To tax Coal is the merest justice—but to put a tax on an article used by every British breakfaster, an article that sweetens the cup of the toiler and adds a charm to the champagne glass of the duchess—that, Sir, is an outrage not to be borne. For what did we win our liberties if, on the specious plea of a war in South Africa, we are to be thrust back at once into a sugarless servitude. If Britons are what they once were, there will be a wave of indignation that will strike like a flaming sword to the heart of our craven and incompetent ministers. Let Sir MICHAEL beware before it is too late. If the basis of taxation must be broadened, why not tax cats, bicycles, orchids, eyeglasses, frock-coats, and Gainsborough hats?

Yours, Sir, indignantly, SACCHAROMETER.

ON Sir MICHAEL's successfully squaring Budget matters with his ministerial confrères, the Government will probably be remembered as "The Coal-ition Cabinet."

A PLEA FOR THE GUILTY.

I WAS formerly a great reader of Romance. To this day I can remember the kind of story that delighted my youth. The beautiful heroine, a tender blonde with luxuriant tresses that swept the ground when the author was good enough to allow the French maid to loose the restraining bands; the hero, so brave, so handsome, and misguided withal; the cold, crafty villain (with eyes that glittered), who had a knack of turning up in unexpected places and upsetting everybody's calculations. What wonderful embodiments those scoundrels were! It is for such a guilty soul that this plea is preferred. For one; for whom? I remember the type excellently well. How the stealthy, silent-footed rogue triumphed over his virtuous companions. How he plotted and threatened, bullied and tortured, mocked and insulted all who had the audacity to be in the same story with him. How he laid traps for the heroine's father, practising cruelly on that unsuspecting gentleman's credulity. With what adroitness he bribed the French maid, with what a contempt he viewed the hero, with what admirable charm he ingratiated himself with all who were to become his miserable dupes. But his cunning and suavity availed him nothing in the end. He would meet a scoundrel's doom. He could not survive the story. How joyfully I witnessed his end. How I screamed with delight when this vile little cheat and murderer swigged off the poison intended for his victim; when he swallowed it at a gulp with that orthodox stupidity of which, I am pained to say, I believe this class of villain has the monopoly!

Of such tales I have devoured thousands. With each one I enjoyed again the same delicious sensations at the death of the crafty, beetle-browed wretch who wrought such havoc among his fellow characters. For chapter after chapter I have seen the scoundrel successful. Barriers are surmounted, detectives eluded, suspicions lulled. One—two—three hundred pages cannot narrate the diabolical plots he hatches. For three parts of the book he is drinking raw spirits, incriminating his friends, blackmailing his enemies; grinning, gibing, sneering and triumphing. But I foresee the end. He cannot survive the tale. There are chapters he will find

it impossible to live through. I should like to see him alive at the end of "Nemesis," "The Sleuth Hounds of Justice," "Retribution," "The Sword of Damocles," or any such annihilating portions of the romance. Desperate as he is, quick, clever, artful, full of all kinds of trick, subterfuge and resource as he is shown to be, he cannot survive the story. Justice and the reader will be satisfied.

In course of time this tremendous fact



"LATE AGAIN, JANE! YOU'RE ALWAYS BEHIND TIME. IT'S NO USE TALKING TO YOU. I SHALL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER GIRL."
"I WISH YER WOULD, MUM. THERE'D BE PLENTY OF WORK FOR THE TWO OF US!"

became impressed on my brain. Hitherto I had displayed an unmistakable relish for satisfied justice. Insensibly a change came over me. I found myself reading of the villain's death with calm, unruffled spirit. Then clouds of regret gathered in my mind. Till at last I had to confess to a sneaking sense of sorrow. I began to sympathise with that villain, actually to condone his faults. Why? Was it the certain fate towards which this despicable ruffian was travelling that compelled my pity? Was it the utter hopelessness of his most carefully planned trickery that elicited my sorrow at his downfall? Or the futility of his base and murderous attacks on the hero's person? Or his fruitless endeavours to frustrate the ends of justice? Or to compromise with the winged Nemesis? Or his ineffectual stratagems to traduce, or abduct, or

smother the heroine, as the occasion and plot demanded? I know not. I only know I felt a tender sorrow at his subjugation, a true compassion at his overthrow. A heartfelt regret that he should be so inevitably brought to book. Many a time my expectation played the hypocrite, and made a semblance of believing that it would find a villain who outlived a story. But such deception got no more than it deserved. I have searched the

book-sellers in vain. Once I truly believed I had found my immortal knave. He was carrying all before him. A hundred pages saw him well and hearty and full of devilry. Page two hundred exhibited him a Napoleon of crime. On page three hundred and two he was grinning sardonically in the blanched faces of his enemies. Page three hundred and twenty began a chronicle of his triumphant misdeeds. At page three hundred and forty-one he had perpetrated the most successful murder of modern times, and was in possession of a comfortable sum from an Insurance Company; all without the faintest spark of suspicion being attached to him. Another twenty pages and his life was as assured as before. Good Heavens! How I was trembling. There were only ten more pages. In a fever of excitement I read them through. Five, six, seven, eight, nine, TEN! The villain was still alive!

My brain whirled. What had I discovered? I threw down the book and rushed from the room. The fresh air would revive me. I was faint with an ecstasy. On

the passage I encountered my servant RAYDLE.

"Excuse me, Sir," said he, detaining me. "Here is the other volume!"

I nearly wept on the good fellow's shoulder. What need to add the scoundrel died by his own hand five pages from the end of volume two?

This took all the heart out of me for further research. And I can only prefer this earnest plea for the guilty. Budding novelists, please note.

APROPPOS DE "B.P."—DEAR Mr. PUNCH, —May I suggest that the most appropriate appointment in the List of War Honours is that of my old schoolfellow R. S. S. B.P.—known to us so long as "Bathing Towel"—to be "Companion of the Bath"?

Yours Hand-and-Glovely,
CHARLES CHUCKABUTTON.

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

XI.—THE LADY ON THE SEA.

WHEN IBSEN ended *The Lady from the Sea* by making Mrs. WANGEL give up her idea of eloping with "The Stranger" and decide to remain with her husband and her step-children, many people must have felt that there was a want of finality about the arrangement. Having discussed so exhaustively with Dr. WANGEL the advisability of leaving him, she could hardly be expected to give up the project permanently. The play is therefore one which emphatically calls for a sequel.

SCENE I.—*Beside the pond in the WANGEL'S garden. It is a malarious evening in September. HILDA and BOLETTA, Mrs. WANGEL'S step-daughters, are, as usual, failing to catch the carp which are said to haunt the pond.*

Boletta. Do you think she (nodding towards Mrs. WANGEL, who prowls to and fro on the damp lawn with a shawl over her head) is any better?

Hilda. No, worse.

Boletta (cheerfully). Oh, she can't be worse.

Hilda. That's all very well for you. You're going to be married. It doesn't matter to you how mad she is! You'll be out of it before long.

Boletta (jubilantly). Yes, I shall be out of it.

Hilda. But I shan't. (Darkly) However, perhaps she'll go away soon.

Boletta. Papa still thinks of moving to the sea-side then?

Hilda (crossly). Oh, Papa—Papa never thinks!

Boletta. Hush, HILDA. What dreadful things you say!

Hilda (grimly). Not half so dreadful as the things I should like to do.

Boletta. HILDA!

Hilda. Oh, yes, I should. And I will when I grow up. I'll make Master-builder SOLNESS tumble off one of his own steeples. Think of that now!

Boletta. What a horrid child you are. And just when I thought you were beginning to get on better with her too! (nodding towards Mrs. WANGEL). It's most provoking.

Hilda. I call it perfectly thrilling, myself. But here she comes. (Mrs. WANGEL approaches.) Go away. I want to talk to her. (Exit BOLETTA doubtfully). How are you to-day, Mother?

Mrs. Wangel (absently). Eh?

Hilda (controlling her impatience). I asked how you were.

Mrs. Wangel. But you called me mother. I'm not your mother. I'm only your step-mother.

Hilda. But I can't address you as step-mother. "People don't do those things," as dear HEDDA GABLER always says.



Stout Party. "NOW THEN, WAITER, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?"

Waiter. "CALVES' BRAINS, DEVILLED KIDNEYS, FRIED LIVER——"

Stout Party. "HERE! BOTHER YOUR COMPLAINTS! GIVE ME THE MENOO."

Mrs. Wangel (whose attention is clearly wandering). I suppose they don't.

Hilda. Mother, have you seen him?

Mrs. Wangel. I believe WANGEL is in the surgery.

Hilda. I don't mean Papa. What does it matter where Papa is! I mean The Stranger. The English steamer is at the pier. It arrived last night. (Looks at Mrs. WANGEL meaningly.)

Mrs. Wangel (vaguely). Is it, dear? You astonish me.

Hilda. You will go and see him, of course?

Mrs. Wangel. Oh, of course, of course.

Hilda. I think it must be so perfectly thrilling to go down all by one's self to a steamer to see a strange man who is not one's husband.

Mrs. Wangel (recalling with difficulty her old phrase). Oh, yes—yes. It allures me wonderfully.

Hilda. I should go at once, if I were you, before Papa comes out.

Mrs. Wangel. Don't you think I ought

to tell WANGEL? I have always been accustomed to consult him before eloping with anyone else.

Hilda. I think not. You must go of your own free will. You see, Papa might urge you to go. And then it would not be altogether your own will that sent you, would it? It would be partly his.

Mrs. Wangel. So it would.

Hilda. Isn't it splendid to think of your going away with him to-night, quite, quite away, across the sea?

Mrs. Wangel (doubtfully). Yes.

Hilda. You know you always like the sea. You talk so much about it. It allures you, you know.

Mrs. Wangel. Yes, the idea of it is wonderfully alluring. (With misgiving) But I've never been on the sea.

Hilda (enthusiastically). That's what makes the idea so thrilling. It will be quite a new sensation! The sea is so fresh and buoyant, you know! So rough! Not like these vapid floods where it's always calm. Quite different altogether.

Mrs. Wangel. Ah, there's WANGEL.

Enter Dr. WANGEL.

Hilda. Bother!

[She returns to her fishing for the carp, which are never caught.]

Dr. Wangel. Ah, ELLIDA, is that you?

Mrs. Wangel. Yes, WANGEL.

Dr. Wangel. Not brooding, I trust, dear? Not letting your mind dwell on The Stranger, eh?

Mrs. Wangel (always ready to adopt an idea from any quarter). Of course, WANGEL, I never can quite get the idea of The Stranger out of my mind.

Dr. Wangel (shaking his head). Silly girl, silly girl. And the sea, too? Still full of the sea?

Mrs. Wangel (taking up the cue at once). Ah, the sea, the wonderful, changeful sea! So fresh and buoyant, you know! So rough! Not like these rapid fiords. I had a child whose eyes were like the sea.

Dr. Wangel (testily). I assure you, ELLIDA, you are wrong. The child's eyes were just like other children's eyes. All children's eyes are. (ELLIDA suppresses a slight giggle. WANGEL notices her for the first time.) Fishing, HILDA?

Hilda (darkly). Yes, Papa. Trying to hook a silly old carp. I think I shall catch her in the end.

Dr. Wangel (with interest). What bait do you use?

Hilda. Oh, I have been very careful about the bait. My fish rose to it at once.

Dr. Wangel. Well, well, I must go back to the surgery. Goodbye, ELLIDA; and, mind, no brooding about the sea! [Exit.]

Mrs. Wangel (ecstatically). Oh, the sea, the sea!

Hilda. Yes, you'll be on it soon. Won't it be thrilling? I really think you ought to start at once.

Mrs. Wangel (helplessly). I suppose I ought to pack a few things first?

Hilda. I wouldn't mind about that if I were you. I'd go down to the ship just as I was, slip on board without being noticed, and hide until I was well outside the fiord and began to feel the real sea heaving under me!

Mrs. Wangel (nervously). Shall I like that?

Hilda. Of course you will. It's your native element, you know. You always said so. Before you've been on it half an hour you'll wish you were overboard, you'll like the sea so!

Mrs. Wangel (fired by this vicarious enthusiasm). I shall, I know I shall. He will be there too! And he's so frightfully alluring. I must go at once.

[Exit hurriedly by the garden gate.]

Hilda (giggling joyously). Caught, by Jove! My fish caught! She'll go off with her second mate on the English steamer, and never come back any more. What a triumph for my bait!

[Picks up fishing tackle, and exit into the house in high good humour.]

SCENE II.—The deck of the English steamer. The vessel has got outside the shelter of the fiord, and is beginning to pitch a little in the long sea rollers. Mrs. WANGEL is discovered groping her way cautiously up the companion in the darkness.

Mrs. Wangel. This motion is very disagreeable—(The vessel gives a very heavy lurch)—most disagreeable! I wonder if I could speak to The Stranger now? HILDA said I ought to wait till we were out at sea. Oh! (The vessel gives another lurch.)

A Steward (passing). Did you call?

Mrs. Wangel. No—er—that is, yes. Will you send Mr. JOHNSTON to me.

Steward. There's no one of that name among the passengers, Madam.

Mrs. Wangel (fretfully). Mr. JOHNSTON isn't a passenger. Mr. JOHNSTON is the second mate. (The vessel lurches again.) Oh, oh!

Steward (looking suspiciously at her). But the second mate's name is BROWN.

Mrs. Wangel (under her breath). Another alias! (Aloud) It's the same person. Will you ask him to come to me?

Steward. Very well, Madam. (To himself) Queer, that! Wants to see the second mate, and don't remember his name. But, there, what can you expect on these excursion steamers! [Exit.]

Mrs. Wangel (as the boat gets further out to sea and begins to roll heavily). This is horrible. I begin to think I don't like the sea at all. I feel positively ill. And I always thought the motion would be so exhilarating. It doesn't exhilarate me in the least. I wish JOHNSTON would come—or BROWN, I mean BROWN. Perhaps he could find somewhere for me to lie down.

BROWN—or JOHNSTON—accompanied by the Steward, comes up the hatchway. He is the same disreputable looking seaman whose acquaintance the reader of "The Lady from the Sea" has already made.

Steward. This is the lady (indicating Mrs. WANGEL).

Brown (in his most nautical manner). I know that, you swob. Haven't I eyes? Get out. (Exit Steward.) Well, woman, what do you want?

Mrs. Wangel (faintly, too much overcome by the rolling of the vessel to resent his roughness). I—I have come to you.

Brown. So I see.

Mrs. Wangel. Don't you want me, ALFRED?

Brown. My name isn't ALFRED. It's JOHN.

Mrs. Wangel (plaintively). It used to be ALFRED.

Brown. Well, now it's JOHN.

Mrs. Wangel. Are you—glad to see me?

Brown (briskly). Not a bit. Never was so sorry to see a woman in my life.

Mrs. Wangel (in horror). But you care for me. You said you wanted me.

Brown. I know I did. Thought old QUANGLE-WANGLE would buy me off if I put the screw on. He didn't see it. Stingy old cuss!

Mrs. Wangel (appalled at this way of speaking of her husband). But you never asked Dr. WANGEL for anything?

Brown. No fear. Too old a hand for that. He'd have put me in prison for trying to extort money.

Mrs. Wangel. How could you expect him to give you money if you didn't ask for it?

Brown. I didn't suppose he was an absolute fool. When a man has a crazy wife he can't be such a born natural as to suppose that another man really wants her to go away with him. He wants the price of a drink. That's what he wants. But old QUANGLE-WANGLE was too clever for me. He wouldn't part.

Mrs. Wangel. Wouldn't part husband and wife, you mean?

Brown. No, I don't, and you know I don't. Wouldn't part with the dibs; that's what I mean.

Mrs. Wangel (as the vessel gives a big roll). Oh, I'm going to be very ill indeed. Why did I think I should like the sea?

Brown. Why, indeed? I don't know. Dash me if I do. Mad, I suppose.

Mrs. Wangel. What am I to do now?

Brown. Go back to old QUANGLE, if he'll take you. He's fool enough, I dare say.

Mrs. Wangel. But I can't. We're out at sea. I can't get back now. I think I'm going to die. [She sinks upon a seat.]

Brown. Die? You won't die. No such luck. You're going to be sea-sick, you are. Where's your cabin?

Mrs. Wangel (feebly). I don't know.

Brown. Where's your luggage? Hand me over your keys.

Mrs. Wangel. I haven't any luggage.

Brown. Bilked again, s'help me! And not as much as a half a sovereign on you, I suppose?

Mrs. Wangel (feeling limply in her pocket). No. I must have left my purse at home.

Brown. Well, I'm——!

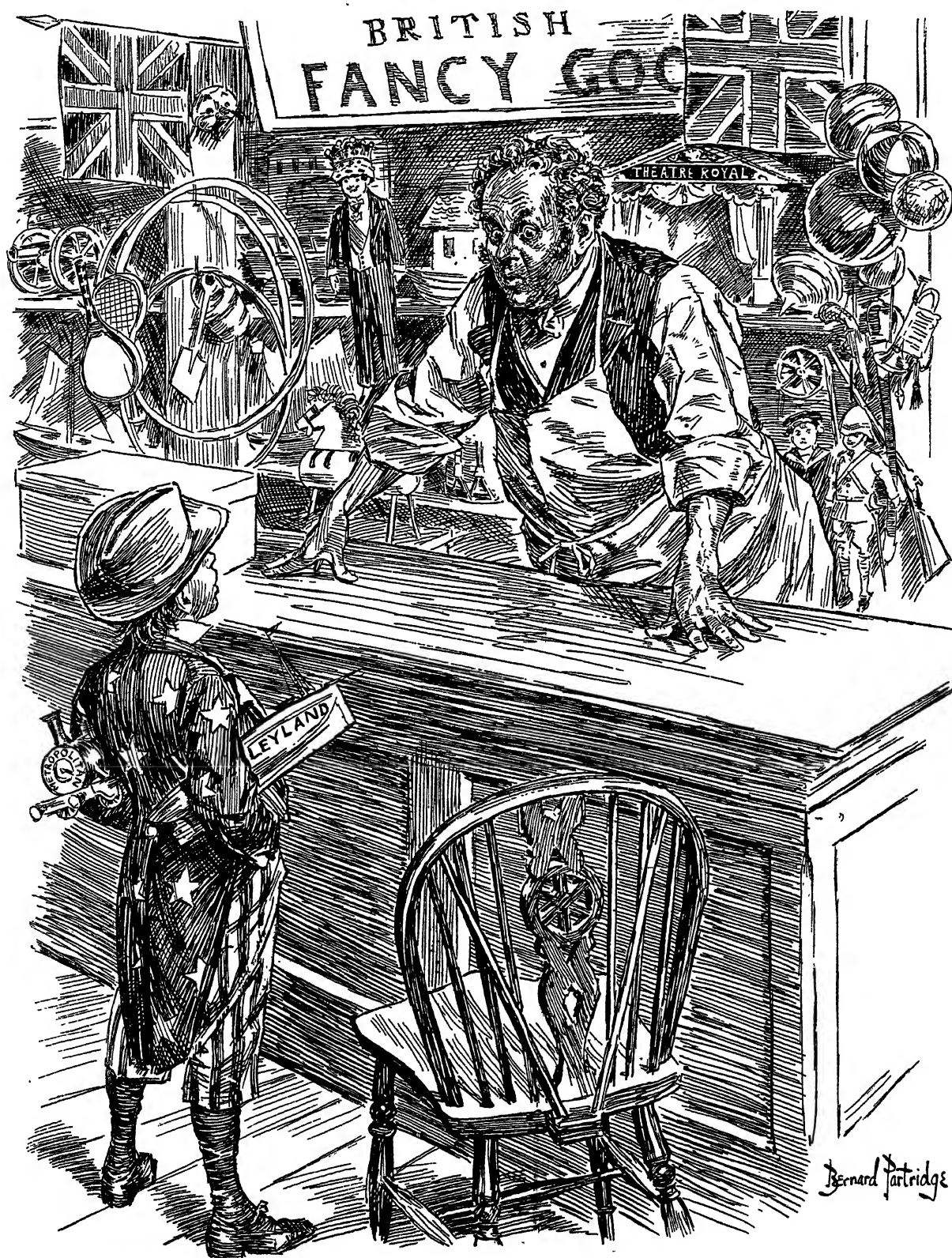
[He looks sourly at her.]

Mrs. Wangel (growing frightened). What are you going to do with me?

Brown. Do with you? Send you back to QUANGLE by the first steamer, of course. You'll have to work your passage back as stewardess. Heaven help the passengers!

[He stalks to the hatchway and disappears. Mrs. WANGEL, with a groan, resigns herself to seasickness.]

(Curtain.) ST. J. H.



JONATHAN SHOPPING.

John Bull. "NOW, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Master Jonathan. "WAL, GUESS I'LL BUY THE WHOLE STORE!"

["American millionaires agree to purchase the Leyland Line (Mediterranean, Portugal, Montreal and Antwerp) Fleets. A meeting of shareholders has been called in order to confirm the arrangements."—*Vide "Daily News," May 1.*]

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S; OR, THE MERRY WIVES OF WESTBOURNE.

To faithful patrons of *Mr. Punch* there is no need to recall the plot of *The Man from Blankley's*. Apart from the development of a single scheme of mutual confusion, cleverly contrived to extend over the greater part of the play, it is a pure comedy of dialogue. The wisdom of the wise critics, with whom I would ask leave to break a Free Lance edged with platitude, has of late been instructing us in the view that drama is primarily concerned with action and not with speech. This is, of course, to forget the fairly noticeable fact that speech is one form of action; and, indeed, of all forms, the most common, the most continuous, the most readily illustrative of character; and, for all these reasons, the most conveniently dramatic. Indeed, in the ordinary relations of actual life (which the stage hypocritically professes to reproduce) people seldom do things; they talk. Tragedy, perhaps, is more a matter of action, though I have held speech with people whose dulness made the terrors of death seem a light thing. But in the Comedy of Life, for one humorous thing that I have seen done, I have heard a thousand said.

This is not to imply that all comedies of dialogue are suited to the stage. The detached scintillation, the epigram of which just any irresponsible person is made the arbitrary mouthpiece—these rather lose than gain by recital on a stage. But dialogue that defines the characters of which it is the inevitable expression may gain much by realization, through eye and ear, of individuality and environment. And this is just the kind of dialogue which runs through *Mr. ANSTEY's* play. From the first speech that introduces us to each new arrival there is no least word spoken that is not subtly germane to the character that utters it. And in these "Voices" of middle Middle-classdom, the author shows himself too good an artist to spoil the actuality of his dialogue by straining on the one hand after epigram, or falling on the other into farce. If pure fatuity is natural to any of his characters, they are allowed to talk it. But in every remark, even the most apparently pointless, he has, if you consider it, discriminated nicely between the fatuities of which his fatuous people are severally capable. And all the details of dress, of make-up, of pose, of *entourage*, combine to justify the dramatic presentment of these characters by affording a clearer realisation of their idiosyncrasies.

But plays that depend upon the finest dialogue are liable, as plays, to the defects of their quality. It was scarcely to be hoped that the enthusiastic appreciation which the First Act received would



NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

"THE MISSING WORD."

"THE ENDURANCE OF THE CAMEL IS EXTRAORDINARY. IT WILL SOMETIMES COVER SEVENTY MILES AT A STRETCH—AND EVEN MORE, IF YOU HAVE DROPPED THE ROPE AND FORGOTTEN THE ARABIC WORD FOR 'WOA!'"

be kept up through the Second without the sustenance of a fresh incident. Add to this the greatly daring experiment of a set dinner-party lasting from rise to fall of the curtain. Though the difficulties of the *mise-en-scène* were admirably overcome, and hosts and guests (nobly assisted by *Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR* as the butler) played their parts almost as well as they could be played, the attempt on the first night seemed to fail of a perfect justification. In part, this was due to comparison with the First Act, with its novel introduction of characters who were bound to lose something of their pristine bloom; in part to the almost total absence of the relief of movement among the principal characters, and in part to the necessary straining of stage convention by loud conversation *à deux*, not always meant for the general ear. It is

characteristic of *Mr. ANSTEY* that he refused to evade this last difficulty by making his conversation general, and so defying the sacred laws of over-peopled dinner-tables.

Since the first night the dialogue has been curtailed, and the scene is played more closely; and if *Mr. FORD* would only keep still in his seat, and not wriggle his body round to face his neighbour, it would be difficult to find a flaw either in the acting or the stage-management.

In a strict dramatic sense the Third Act is the best. It contains the only deliberately planned "situation," where *Mr. Gabriel Gilwattle* proudly enters the drawing-room on the arm of *Lord Strathpeffer* with the pronounced intention of introducing him to his wife, and this at the moment when that buxom dame is still rigid with the staggering discovery

that he is a man from *Blankley's* shop. This is irony of the most Greek. Here, too, in the study of vulgarity, is a happily conceived contrast between the changing attitudes of the company, shocked in turn by the loss of their illusion and then of their disillusion.

In the construction of his play, the author has gone one better than the Unities. By the device of letting the ladies' conversation in the drawing-room overlap that of the men downstairs, he gains a fair number of minutes over the common enemy, almost enough to make good the intervals and allow the play to coincide exactly with the period which it designs to cover.

Before the final curtain I think, with deference, that Mr. ANSTEY might have set a sterner limit on his love-scene: but he was excusably tempted to draw out the linked sweetness of his one passage of sentiment; and the gallery in these cases always demands clear proof that the lady's future is assured. And then Mr. ANSTEY has a secret passion, too little gratified, for being taken seriously.

Mr. HAWTREY, though at heart probably suffering from the same yearning, may have been embarrassed on the first night by the comparative respectability of his part. Yet he acted with well-bred assurance in a situation that might have shattered the self-confidence of an ordinary lord. But, except when he bursts into uncontrollable and most infectious laughter over his mistaken identity, he is perhaps a shade too statuesque. In the absence of Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, through sudden indisposition, Mr. FORD (not *Ford* of the other "Merry Wives"), taking the part of *Montague Tidmarsh* at short notice, earned the gratitude of the house by his rendering of the apotheotic husband moving uneasily in the too fine air of the *haut monde* of Westbourne Park. On a second view, I found him not quite within the picture. While the others without effort are all living characters, he tries to be too life-like, and only succeeds in giving himself the elastic airs of a marionette.

Miss FANNY BROUGH, as his far, far better half, more than justified the warmth of her welcome. In her extremely varied relations with the other characters she showed an extraordinary intelligence and versatility, and kept up her end of the table, under the most trying circumstances, with a resourcefulness that was quite masterly. Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD, as Mr. Poffley of the *jeunesse dorée* of Bayswater, *raconteur* and Tit-Bit statistician, was irresistibly absurd; and the complacent turkey-gobble with which he disguised any hiatus in his gifted conversation, was a continual joy. Miss JESSIE BATEMAN as the *Governess*—her fresh beauty and Paris gown both charming contrasts to her incongruous surroundings—played with nice feeling and restraint

in a kind of part that is seldom played so well; reserving for the happy termination of her love-scene a convincing ardour of the sort that leaves a nice large smudge of pearl-powder on the lapel of the gentleman's coat. All the minor characters, without exception, are admirably played; but the palm must still be given—ungrudgingly, I am sure, by her elders—to the altogether fascinating performance of little Miss BEATRICE TERRY.

As a rule, the introduction of children on the stage, employed generally *ad misericordiam*, has the effect of freezing at their source the welling founts of pity in my breast. But this child was only asked to be human and adorable. Always a refreshing picture, with the lovely auburn hair against the pretty white frock, she played the part of a natural, outspoken child with no more hesitation than was proper to her character, and without the lightest shadow of precocity. Whether in her piquant criticism of the pompous *Uncle Gabriel* (Mr. HENRY KEMBLE at his happiest), or in the easy confidence which she shows in the stranger gentleman from *Blankley's* (see how she takes him her picture-book at once, with that instinct for the right man which is the gift of children and the wiser quadrupeds), she had the hearts of all the house at her feet.

I have spoken of the charm of the play and its performance, I hope without seeming to hold a brief for Mr. ANSTEY. I am glad to think that its success does not lie wholly on the knees of the gods, for I doubt if the true delicacy of its flavour always penetrates so near the ceiling. But there should be enough of the finer sense of humour among London playgoers to fulfil the present healthy promise of a pretty run.

Finally, I shall ask Mr. ANSTEY's forgiveness for writing so ponderously on so light a theme. Whatever poor badinage one may contrive to command must be reserved for the more serious creations of the modern stage. O. S.

SUGGESTED NEW REGULATIONS OF CRICKET.

(Short and sweet.)

1. It is distinctly to be observed that the Marylebone Cricket Club, not being constituted by Act of Parliament, no other clubs are bound by the decisions of the said M.C.C., not even the L.C.C.

2. Captains of County Cricket Clubs must mind their own business, which is to win matches, struck on the scoring-box.

3. Every umpire must draw up his own rules as well as the stumps. The less he says about "leg before wicket" or "throwing," the more employment he will get. Let him send the "legs" to limbo and the "throws" to a going point.

THE SONG OF THE SUB-MARINED.

A LIFE 'neath the ocean wave
A home in the rolling deep,
That the billows never lave
Though the currents never sleep.
Where the whiting come and tap
On the porthole's misty pane
And the congers bark and snap
In a dog-fishlike refrain.

A life 'mid the flowing tide,
A home in the sunless sea
In a ship with a porpoise hide
That ever concealed must be.
A perpetual game of nap
On the ocean's ill-made bed;
There one's feet get soft as nap
Where the sole alone may tread.

Oh, well for the collier lad
As he curses his garb of grime!
Oh, well for the man nigh mad
With the heat in a torrid clime!
O! well for the dark Lascar
In the sea of ice or snow!
But alas! without sun or moon or star,
For the mariner down below!

"Q.'s AND A.'s" OF THE SEASON.

QUESTIONS.

From Pater. What has become of my notes for my next novel, my receipts for fire insurance and life insurance, rates and taxes, and the revised draft of my will?

From Materfamilias. What has become of my plumes from the last drawing-room, silver tops to three toilette bottles, Astracan collar, and three bangles?

From the Girls. What has become of a seal-skin jacket, a velvet dolman, a silk *en tout cas* with fancy stick, and five pairs of boots and shoes?

From the Boys. What has become of a silver-mounted hook walking-stick, three golden studs, an opera-glass, and eight silk handkerchiefs?

From the Servants' Hall. What has become of half the best dinner service, two-thirds of the cut wine-glasses, a silver candlestick and—the cook?

Answer, by general consent. Lost in the spring cleaning.

THE WALL STREET BOOM.

Chorus (jubilant).

Here we go up, up, up!

Chorus (despondent).

Here we go down, down, down!

All.

The Boom is terrific!

Union Pacific,

Atchison

Catches on,

Selling and buying,

Laughing and crying,

Madness all over the town!

COALS AND COMPATRIOTS.

[“I regret that I cannot be present to join in the protest against the imposition of a tax on exported coal, which will so seriously affect the prosperity of all classes in Northumberland and Durham. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not have devised any form of taxation more calculated to injuriously affect all the inhabitants of our two northern counties, though spoliation is the word which more accurately defines his action. . . . The Government had received from Northumberland and Durham men, money and votes.”—*Extract from Speech upon proposed Duty on Export Coal.*]

THE EARL OF WALLSEND, in addressing a meeting of colliery proprietors, said:

“Why should this tax be put upon my—I mean our—particular property? Why not tax cats or bachelors, or balloons, or, in fact, anything which I don’t affect—beg pardon—which we don’t affect, ourselves? The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not have devised any form of taxation more calculated to seriously annoy me—us—than a tax on coal. Spoliation is the word to apply. (N.B. Always use violent language when your own pocket is attacked.) What base ingratitude! The Government has received men, money, and votes from Northumberland and Durham. By implication, I wish it to be

distinctly conveyed to you that they have received neither men, money, nor votes from any other part of the country. Of what further use is the North of England with its Fighting Fifth and faithful Durhams, dying for their country in South Africa, to a Government which has secured a large majority in the House of Commons? He, Lord WALLSEND, though he must admit that the connection between coals and compatriots was a trifle nebulous, was prepared, at his own expense, to send a post-card to the Fighting Fifth telling them to fight no more, and another to the faithful Durhams instructing them to be no longer faithful, under these—to him—

depressing circumstances. Why should Londonderry wait? Because the Postmaster-General was stamped—beg pardon, no joke intended—stamped as a man who, whilst a prominent member of the Jockey Club for years, had never initiated any reforms, or even made a startling speech at the Gimcrack Club Dinner. Finally, the noble Earl solemnly entered his protest against anything belonging to himself being taxed, now, or at any other time, and reiterated his opinion that North-



VANESSA HYDEPARKENSIS.

[It is proposed to stock the London Parks with butterflies. “The London sparrow, if able to express a view, would strongly favour the idea.”—*Westminster Gazette*, April 27.]

umberland and Durham were being thrown aside like a pair of worn-out gloves, because they were asked to bear their fair proportion of the taxation of the country. The Speaker added ingenuously, that he didn’t quite know what he meant himself, but as he was just about to hold a court-martial on two stable-boys at Newmarket, for the crime of sucking toffee whilst on duty, he was a trifle preoccupied and his metaphors might have got a trifle mixed.”

“OPEN! IN THE KING’S NAME! OPEN!”
—The Glasgow Exhibition, Thursday, May 2nd, by the Duke and Duchess of FIFE.

THE TRAVELLER’S PROTECTION LEAGUE.

THE T. P. L. commenced operations last week with regard to the unpunctuality of certain railway companies, and should be encouraged to go a little farther. We want protection against:—

1. Passengers who try to keep us out of carriages by fictitiously placing hats and wraps on more seats or corners than they will themselves occupy.

2. Passengers who endeavour to enter carriages when we have fictitiously placed hats and wraps on more seats or corners than we shall ourselves occupy.

3. People who smoke bad tobacco in compartments where there are ladies.

4. Ladies who ride in compartments where we smoke bad tobacco.

5. Parties who insist upon having the window open when we wish it shut.

6. Parties who insist upon having the window shut when we wish it open.

7. Persons who try to squeeze in when our carriage is full.

8. Persons who try to keep us out when their carriage is full.

9. Objectionable babies.

10. Objectors to babies.

And a job lot of grievances, viz.:—

11. The British landscape, now consisting of pill advertisements.

12. Clapham Junction.

13. Bank Holiday traffic and excursionists, racing and football crowds.

14. The weather.

15. Nasty smelling smoke.

16. Irritatingly uncertain lamps.

17. The increase in the income-tax.

18. The duration of the war.

19. The cussedness of things in general.

20. And, lastly, the Billion Dollar Trust.

If the T. P. L. will abate or abolish any or all of these nuisances we shall be very greatly obliged.



THE VERY LATEST.

WHEN did the lobster blush?

When he saw the salad dressing.



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR basis of his story *By Command of the Prince* (FISHER UNWIN) Mr. LAWRENCE LAMBE has taken a tragedy which, some four years ago, held the attention of Europe. It was the cowardly murder of a hapless Austrian singing girl who persecuted her betrayer, aide-de-camp and favourite of the Prince of Bulgaria. What made the affair more dramatic was that he found an accomplice in the Prefect of Philippopolis, acting, as he was informed by the principal scoundrel, under secret instructions from the Sovereign. That in such circumstances this estimable functionary should have helped to waylay a hapless girl, see her strangled and flung into a deep pool, throws a lurid light on life in Bulgaria. Mr. LAMBE is not endowed with the gifts of lucidity and compression out of which lights illumine a story flash. He is, indeed, content doggedly to follow the story as it was told in the newspapers of the day, literally translating the proceedings in the Criminal Courts. But he has visited the scene of the tragedy, talked with some of the people who had knowledge of the murderers and their victim, and supplies many realistic touches from life. It is the classic story of AMY ROBSART over again. Only, my Baronite finds truth is, verily, stranger than fiction.

Mr. WM. LE QUEUX with his story of *The Gamblers* (HUTCHINSON & Co.), rivets his readers' attention on a certain sensational incident that occurs at the very outset of the story, and then leading them on "per varios casus per tot discrimina (et crimina) rerum," compels them to inquire when on earth is the explanation to be forthcoming, or rather, as the will-o'-the-wisp-like author is perpetually taking us away from the straight path and leading us through tortuous bye-ways of quite unexpected and unsatisfactory surprises, the question to be asked is, "When are all the requisite explanations to take place?" Or, after the fashion of that Master of Detection-of-Crime Romances, GABORIAU, the probable inspirer of *Sherlock Holmes*, will the explanations have a separate volume all to themselves? The story of *The Gamblers* is thoroughly interesting until the last scene of all, in which the mysteries are intended to be solved, but at this point the betting is that the reader who has been most closely studying the intricacies of the story will find himself more mystified than ever. To many with leisure and a flair for such occupation, the elucidation of an apparently hopelessly muddled mystery is of itself an attraction, and these literary detectives will retrace their steps, pick up at different points the various threads, will gradually disentangle them, and find that all the clues lead up to one and the same dénouement. The Baron not having at his disposal leisure for such engrossing work, must content himself with having passed a fairly agreeable time in company with *The Gamblers*, whom he quitted without reluctance, not very much caring who won or lost, yet decidedly in a mood to recommend the otherwise unemployed among his friends to try their heads on this "wonderful puzzle fifteen."

My Baronite is not familiar with the name of HESTER WHITE, nor is there in her book, just published by BLACKWOOD, record of earlier efforts. If, as therefore seems probable, *Mountains of Necessity* is a first novel, it is a remarkable achievement. To begin with, HESTER has hit upon a new situation, rare recommendation in these days when of the making of novels there is no end. It will be seen at a glance, when you are once shown which way to look, what possibilities for skilful hands lie in

the entanglement of an avowed woman-hater who, anticipating instant death, marries a high-spirited girl, who consents because she wants his money for the salvation of her only brother. The man recovers. The strangely-wed couple, unsuspecting the growing love that finally masters each, long live apart. How they are brought together is a story cleverly planned and brightly told, its episodes affording opportunity for display of intimate knowledge of life in India.

To the kind thoughtfulness of a friend who knows a queer book or "an odd volume" when he sees one, the Baron is indebted for a copy of LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S *Piccadilly* published by BLACKWOOD thirty years ago. In its literary style there is a curious smack of two such very opposite thinkers and writers as were BULWER and THACKERAY. Though the novel is almost plotless, it is impossible not to feel that its characters were drawn from types easily recognised at the time, and it seems probable that the eccentric hero was intended as a portrait-sketch of the author himself. This is merely conjecture on the part of the Baron, to whom LAURENCE OLIPHANT was no more than a name frequently mentioned in the presence of this deponent, then only a merry Swish'd schoolboy, now a "noble and approved good master."

The Baron has just come across an unpretending volume, a kind of off-hand publication in a paper cover, as though indicating that modesty could not possibly aspire to stout leather durable binding, entitled *Vagrom Verse and Ragged Rhyme*, by ROBERT GEORGE LEGGE (MILES & Co., LTD.). Its motto, wittily applied, is "You shall comprehend all vagrom men," and, therefore, whoever looks into it need not be afraid of getting a headache from any recondite Browningsisms. The dedication is "To any man." Here the light-hearted poet has lost a chance. Surely it should have been "To any other man," and thus the dedication would have been passed on from any one to any other, and nobody would be so vain as to accept it as of personal and private application. However, this is "dropping into" metaphysics, and "that way madness lies." His "Gypsy Song" should inspire a composer, and his "Baby" should be a delight to mothers. You may pick out here and there one, for this book is to the reader as is the flower to the butterfly, that is, if the reader be of that touch-and-go, flitting temperament. "Anyhow, delighted to give this notice by way of a 'Legge up,'" says the gay

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

CUPIDONS AND CUISINE.

QUITE an artistically correct picture-card of invitation to visit Chef ODDENINO'S new place was sent out by that eminent restaurateur, drawn by DUDLEY HARDY, and representing, with Dudley-hardihood, several Cupidons, guiltless of any tailor-made clothes, flying about anyhow, while one of them is blowing them up with a trumpet. Perhaps this is symbolical of M. ODDENINO'S own trumpet, which the innate modesty of the true artist prevents him from performing on himself. Or, stay, is it to signify that this trumpeting Cupidon in particular is having a good "blow-out," and informing his other little one-winged brethren of the fact? Anyway, this is a trump card for the artist of the free pencil and the artist of the frying-pan. But why has each Cupidon got only one wing? Is it the moulting season with them? Or is it again symbolical, to show that another wing has yet to be added to the establishment? ODDENINO is not an easy name to pronounce, some calling it "Out-an-in-o"; but if the entertainment provided be only "out-an-out-o," what does this mispronunciation matter? Others say "Odd-an-even-o," as though it were going to be quite a "toss-up" how dinners and diners would be served by the *cuisinier*, who has taken a step upwards and promoted himself from the Royal to the Imperial. Would not an "Imperial Crown Dinner" draw? Anyway, if such an announcement would draw as well as DUDLEY HARDY, the success of the enterprise is assured *d'avance*.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

["I am informed by those who have been lawyers in large practice, that there is so close an association between work in Court and the reception of a fee for that work, that it produces quite an unnatural and unpleasant sensation to have to do the work and not get the fee. So great is the force of habit, that I can well imagine this might be the case."—*Mr. A. J. Balfour.*]

PRAY, do not think we men of law
Desire our fees too dearly;
'Tis not for that we like to draw
Our twenty thousand yearly;
'Tis not that we are fond of gold,
Or greedily would grab it
To hoard it up in sums untold—
'Tis simply force of habit.

When we appear in Court, we know
A fee is bound to follow
As surely as the April snow
Succeeds the April swallow.
So often is the same thing done,
One gradually places
The fees as feature number one
In all ones' legal cases.

One gets to love them in one's heart,
To feel with satisfaction
That they are an essential part
And parcel of an action;
And if, by any strange mishap,
One chances to have missed 'em,
The sense of void upsets a chap
And tries his nervous system.

As money merely, they, of course,
Possess no fascination,
But who is proof against the force
Of such association?
'Tis not that we are fond of gold,
Or greedily would grab it
To hoard it up in sums untold—
'Tis simply force of habit.

THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL CO.;

or, Sport (?) on a Business Footing.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

Presented at the Fifth Annual General Meeting, held at the Company's Head Office, May 1st, 1906.

In reporting upon the affairs of the Company for the year ending April 20, 1906, the first duty of the Directors is to refer to the great loss it has sustained by the lamented death of its Chairman, Sir BILL BLOGGS, Bart., M.P., for Leatherhead, and Minister for the Department of Imperial Footerculture. His all-round qualifications as ex-pugilist and chucker-out, as trainer and entrepreneur of the Zulu Football Impi, as Promoter of the Boxer Importation Syndicate, and Manager of the Umpires Burial Society, have contributed very largely to the financial success of the Company.

The Board have elected the Honble. POTT HUNTER, the well-known President of the Oldham Win Tie or Wrangle Club, to be Chairman in place of the late Sir BILL BLOGGS.



SISTERLY SYMPATHY.

Gwendolen. "HOW LATE YOU ARE, DEAR. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THE AFTERNOON?"

Maude. "HELPING THE GRIGSBYS AT THEIR 'AT HOME,' AND MAKING MYSELF GENERALLY FASCINATING AND AGREEABLE!"

Gwendolen. "POOR THING!" WHAT A HARD DAY'S WORK FOR YOU!"

The operations of the Company have been greatly extended during the past twelve months. This gratifying result has been chiefly brought about by the sweeping success of Association and Rugby candidates at the recent General Election, none but professionals standing a chance at the polls. The inspectors of the Company have thus been authorised by Government to enforce the New House-to-House collection of fines for non-attendance at League Matches; and anti-football voters have now been disfranchised.

Owing to salutary police-regulations the gate-money at the company's fixtures has touched a record, and we have again to express our thanks to the various Railway Companies for stopping all traffic on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the season, to permit the passage of the thousands of football trains. The assistance repeatedly rendered by the Household Troops has also been most valuable in guarding the referees, under a hundred of whom this year, it has been ascertained,

have laid down their lives in the service of the public.

The Crystal Palace arena being found inadequate, it is proposed to convert the whole of Hyde Park into a huge open-air amphitheatre, which, it is estimated, will hold between two and three million spectators. The financial recommendations of this scheme are obvious. A large percentage of the turnover will be devoted to the development, sustentation and pensioning of the class of picked professional performers, the British as a nation having ceased to play the game. It may be mentioned incidentally that the last amateur has just died in the work-house.

In conclusion, it is considered unnecessary that any detailed balance-sheet should be issued, but it may be stated in general terms that the Company's revenue has this year run into eight figures, and that the holders of Preference Stock will receive a dividend of eighty per cent.



Doctor. "WELL, YOU GOT THOSE LEECHES I SENT FOR YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. GILES?"

Mrs. Giles. "YES, ZUR; BUT WHAT ON EARTH BE THE GOOD O' SENDING THEY LITTLE THINGS VOR A GIRT BIG CHAP LIKE HE? I JES' TOOK AN' CLAPPED A FERRET ON 'UN!"

BACK TO "THE BACKS."

THE Avenue of Trinity! How sweet it were to pace
Beneath a May day sky once more that dear familiar place;
Or hang upon the Bridge again, and watch with friendly eye
The gay canoes and pleasure-boats that merrily go by.

Or, stretched upon the river's bank, that sunny slope of grass,
To let the flying minutes go, nor heed them as they pass;
An easy book for company, and, though the dons may fret,
To puff, while porters prowl afar, the lawless cigarette.

To hear the voice of friends who pass, and hail you as they go—
"Get up, get up, you lazy loon! It's time to come and row."
Oh, early, unforgotten friends, I cannot praise—can you?—
The fate that plucked our hands apart and tore our lives in two.

And then the fleet of racing ships to Grassy and the locks,
The eight men toiling heartily, the eager little cox;
The bodies moved in unison, the murmur of the slides,
The "Five, you're late," or "Four, you're short," from some-
body who rides.

The silent, dogged earnestness of all the panting crew,
The strong beginning swiftly gripped, the finish driven through,
The rattle of the oars and, ah, sometimes the sound sublime
Of one who cheered, "Swing out, my lads, you're doing record
time!"

How fresh and cool the evenings were—like those who spent
them then

In frank and boyish cheerfulness, our self-created men.
Ah, would that I were back with those who keep in Cambridge
town

The old tradition ever young of life in cap and gown!

But we must walk in Fleet Street now, or perch upon a 'bus;
No avenue of rustling trees makes melody for us—
Yet memories of grassy slopes and sunny hours relax
The minds of men in London pent who never see the Backs.

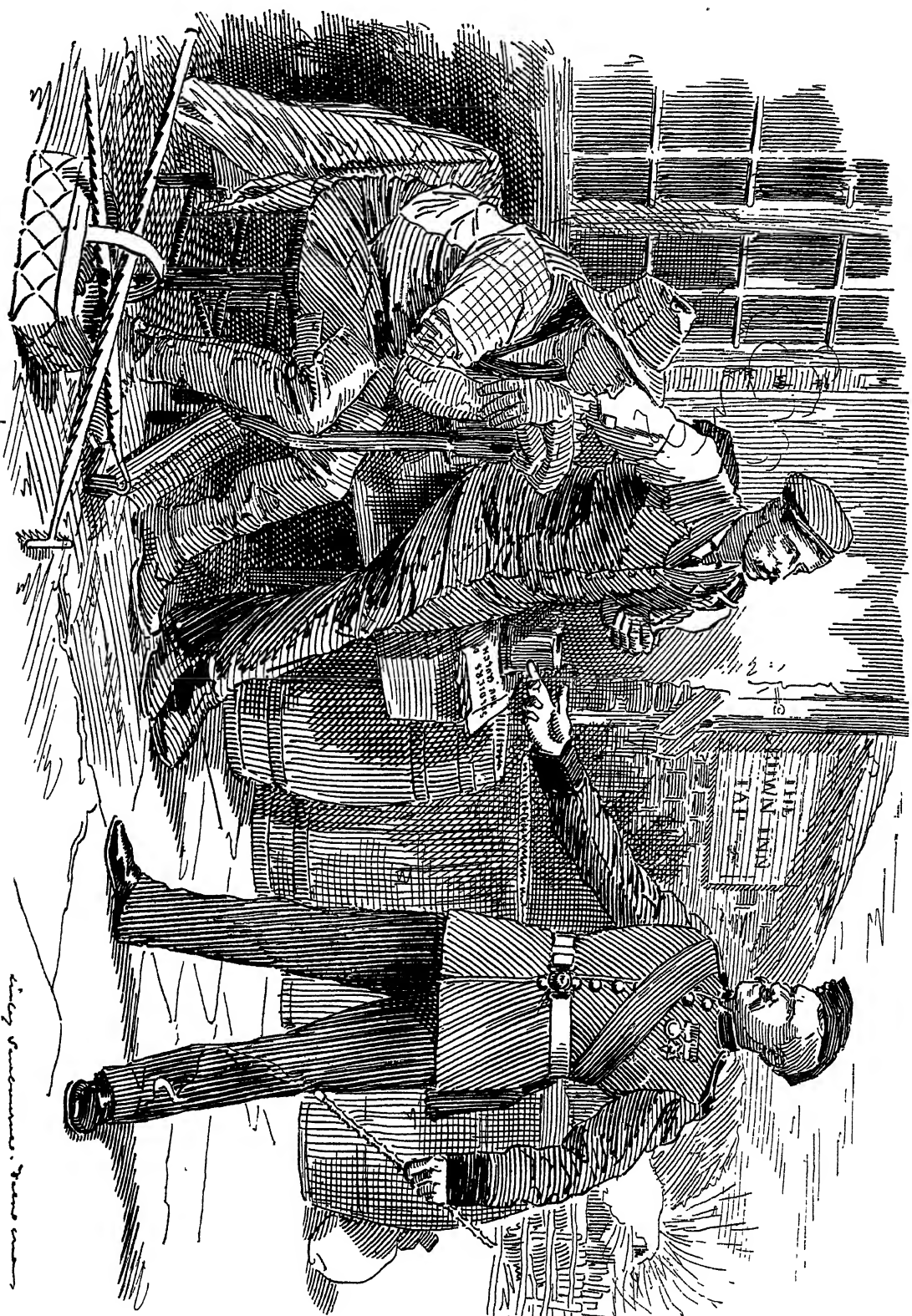
R. C. L.

WHY STRIKE?

OLD King Coal
Is a grimy old soul,
And a grimy old soul is he;

But he's cutting off his nose,
If on strike just now he goes,
For the sake of a shilling fee!

STILL GOING! *Five Years of my Life*, by ALFRED DREYFUS.
The advertisement says that "the first edition" is "nearly
exhausted before publication." We should have thought the
subject was quite exhausted long ago. However, so it isn't,
and popular feeling does not send *Dreyfus on the Devil's Island*
to the deuce. Strange!



CHEAPER IN THE END.

RECRUITING-SERGEANT BR-D-R-CK. "YOU'RE A LIKELY LOOKING PAIR OF FELLOWS. YOU OUGHT TO JOIN THE COLOURS!"
AGRICULTURAL LABOURER AND MECHANIC (*both*). "SO WE WOULD, GUV'NOR, IF YOU'D MAKE SOLDIERING WORTH OUR WHILE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 29.—
"MR. LOWTHER, Sir, I would like to know whether this Assembly is the most orderly in the world?"

'Twas the voice of Mr. FLAVIN. I knew he'd complain. A man of large mind, kind nature, far-reaching sympathies, there is one thing he can't stand; it is, the mere approach to disorder. Observe the punctilious style of his address. None of your jumping up and chucking a Question at the CHAIRMAN, as if it were half a brick and he a stranger. "MR. LOWTHER, Sir."

The Question, it must be said, answered itself. Mr. CHANNING was on his legs, and, unfortunately, the House doesn't like Mr. CHANNING. An honest, well-meaning man, ever impelled by sense of duty, he has the gift, quite unconsciously exercised, of instantly arousing the antipathy of his audience. This due largely to monotony of their mutual relations. Mr. CHANNING is always in a minority, and the majority are ever in the wrong. In ordinary circumstances, even when he simply rises to put a Question, the House howls at him. To-night he delivered his views on the war in South Africa, insisting that his own countrymen, whether in civil or military capacity, are criminally in the wrong, whilst the gentle Boer, harmless as an infant, is a martyr to brutal force and murderous cupidity. Small wonder if men, some of whom had lost dear ones



Micalius Flavinus Valerius, Senator.

"I would like to know whether this Assembly is the most orderly in the world."

killed in ambush or shot from under the protection of the white flag, indicated dissent.

In brief, what was happening was a shouting match. Gentlemen opposite maintained perpetual roar. Mr. CHANNING waited till something approaching lull was reached, when he, yelling at top of his voice, tried to work in the fragment of a sentence.

Mr. FLAVIN, not wholly unused to scenes of disorder, cherishes memories of a night not long past when on the floor of the House of Commons he played the part of VALERIUS at the Battle of Lake Regillus.

But fiercer grew the fighting
Around VALERIUS dead;
For TITUS dragged him by the foot,
And AULUS by the head.

The difference between the Roman soldier and the Member for North Kerry happily is that Mr. FLAVIN was alive, was, indeed, kicking. But there were TITUS and AULUS, disguised in uniform of the Metropolitan police. MACAULAY, in the spirit of prophecy that belongs to the poet, accurately described their method of handling the hon. Member when conducting him towards the door.

Some people of fastidious taste might describe this as a disorderly scene. Putting it that way only establishes Mr. FLAVIN'S position as an authority on the subject. The Chairman of Ways and Means shrank from reply. But Members hung their heads and felt that, as usual, Mr. FLAVIN had touched the spot. It would have been idle at that particular moment to affirm that "this Assembly is the most orderly in the world."

Business done.—Tackling the Budget in Committee.

Tuesday.—Little did MARK LOCKWOOD, Colonel, rising early and pinning his carnation in his buttonhole, guess what to-day had in store for him. As for his colleague on the North Western Board, things have, with the new century, taken a turn that prepares a heroic spirit for any fresh disaster. Exiled from the Treasury Bench, accused of confederation with POWELL WILLIAMS in engineering a corner in cordite, abashed by Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES'S pre-eminence in the matter of ducks, the Right Hon. ELLISON MACARTNEY is a Blighted Being. To be accused of wrongfully voting, to be compelled to withdraw whilst House discussed whether his vote should be disallowed, were mere incidents in the colour of the day.

For MARK LOCKWOOD the case was different. On him the sun always shines, pleased to meet his friendly regard. He is (in some respects) like the sunflower, which "turns on her god when he sets, the same look which she turned when he rose." Came down to-day resolved to back up the best of all



"Like the Sunflower."
(Colonel M-rk L-ckw-d.)

Governments in matter of the Coal Tax. By way of preface to business there was a little Bill promoted by the London and North-Western Railway, whose directorate he adorns. Rejection of Bill moved. The Colonel naturally went into Lobby in support of it. When he came out was suddenly seized by Irish Members with intent to make awful example of him in conjunction with MACARTNEY. Motion formally made to disallow his vote.

On many a crimsoned battle-field the Colonel, at the head of his faithful Coldstreams, has faced death. At Chillianwallah, Albuera, Aliwal, and Aldershot the light of battle has played around the inseparable carnation. As HOOD wrote of him in contemporary history, he almost "left his legs in Badajos's breaches." Those moments of peril fade in comparison with what he endured this afternoon, when, in faltering voice, he repelled the accusation brought against him by the Irish Members. Having made an end of speaking, he saluted the SPEAKER and, pulling himself together, strode forth with martial step, whilst in his absence his sad case was considered.

Honourably acquitted, but the scars remain. Shows afresh how uncertain is life, how a day ushered in by a fair morn may fizzle out under sulphureous cloud.

Business done.—None. House met for morning sitting to discuss Coal Resolution



A SAD AND DESERVING CASE!!

(Sir J-m-s J-c-y and Mr. D. A. Th-m-s.)

of Budget. "No, you don't," said promoters of private Railway Bill. Took the floor, and kept it for whole of sitting. Budget and colossal interests involved set aside. This in accordance with Standing Orders of biggest business establishment in the world. "Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin!"

Thursday.—JOICEY, who has his OVID at his finger ends, meant to-night to garnish his speech on the Coal Tax with a quotation from one of the *Fables*. It is the lines beginning "Plenty has made me poor—" which, by the way, SPENSER and DRYDEN, consciously or unconsciously later "conveyed." But St. MICHAEL's speech in reply to SQUIRE OF MALWOOD knocked OVID, and much else, out of his head. Long time since there has been such clattering down of card-built structure. The SQUIRE not himself in the Coal Trade, any more than BOBBY SPENCER is an agricultural labourer. He is not a colliery, but he lives near several when he visits his constituency in Monmouthshire. To-night put in best possible way the case of the impoverished coalowner. JOICEY and DAVID THOMAS wept silent tears as, in eloquent passage, he described their fallen fortunes; literally cut off with a shilling.

Then came St. MICHAEL, accompanied by All Angels in the way of facts and statistics, showing that the British Coal Trade, in spite of increased prices that last year put an extra thirty-four millions sterling in the coalowner's sack, maintains the predominant position to which during the last seven years it has advanced by leaps and bounds. Whilst these figures were worked out, the emaciated coal-owners bounded on the Benches like parched peas over a fire of Welsh coal. They pleaded for pity and commiseration. And here was the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER pelting them with their own hand-picked coal, for which of late they were getting 31s. a ton, short-weight, delivered in your cellar.

Business done.—The bitter cry of the coal-owner mocked by relentless CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Friday.—BURT's speech on Coal Tax much talked of. First time he has been heard, even by some Members who sat in last Parliament. All delighted with his shrewd observation, strong common-sense, logical force and under-current of quiet humour, the amalgam made musical by strange Northumbrian speech. SARK regards the Member for Morpeth as one of the finest episodes in Parliamentary life. Himself an honour to the House of Commons, the House is at its very best in its attitude towards him. The Ex-Secretary of the Board of Trade, as with modest pride he testifies, "commenced working in coal-pits at an early age." As was seen last night, when a crowded audience followed with eager attention his unadorned eloquence, there is none it more delights to honour.

"Inevitable talk in these sad times of deterioration of Parliament," says the MEMBER FOR SARK. "But when, as in this case, the House of Commons comes in contact with absolute simplicity of manner, genuine honesty of character, it strikes true as steel. Now, as of old, Trojan or Tyrian, duke's son or ex-coller, are the same to it if only they be true men."

Business done.—After brief interval, Irish Members again in possession.

POPULAR REGULATIONS FOR THE INFANTRY.

["Over 9,000 men of the army were unfit for service at the front on account of their youth."—*Daily Paper*.]

1. Recreation rooms to be provided, appropriately, with rocking horses, tin soldiers, toy drums, and sixpenny flags. Hoops and tops to be kept in store for the use of recruits when the weather is sufficiently fine to allow of outside games.

2. Every company to be supplied with a

stock of sugar sticks, hard bake, peppermint drops and toffee.

3. Lights to be put out at 8 p.m., and every private to be up and have his face washed (by the sergeant) at 7.30 a.m.

4. The sergeant will see that pinafores are served out to the company before meals, and no private to be allowed to eat jam without the consent in writing of the matron.

5. No corporal punishment to be permitted, but disobedient privates to be confined to barracks with the injunction that they shall keep their faces turned to the wall. In extreme cases, privates will be put under stoppages as regards pudding.

6. Finally, privates will be transferred from "the infantry," to the army on reaching the age of one-and-twenty.

ODE TO THE "FLUE."

(Written in Bed therewith, with an apology to the shade of Lord Byron.)

THE flues increase! the flues increase!

Their endless fevers chill and burn—

Of sneezing born they seldom cease,

And leave us only to return.

Eternal change all hope denies,

Suns could not set which would not rise.

The Doctor looked upon my bed,

My weary bed held on to me,

That Doctor gravely watching said,

"Thou canst not stand! get up and see."

When tottering legs beneath me fell,

I knew I was indeed unwell!

Oh, how it rose and whence it came,

The dread bacillus of the flue,

And that mean germ which puts to shame

All that the wisest ever knew,

Why all invincible are they,

It's not in Human Wit to say.

I stagger like a sea-sick man,

And reel across the swaying floor;

Or after doing all I can,

Find that I can do nothing more,

Then feebly murmur that it's clear

It must be arsenic in my beer.

I sicken at the sight of meat;

I turn from generous wines away;

What can a fellow drink or eat

When once the flue has come to stay?

Hardest in this the sufferer's lot,

Digestion is a thing forgot.

Oh, how am I? And what art thou,

My country? Still through chills and rain

Thine elements keep up their row,

Thy peerless climate doth remain,

Till exercise my soul abhors,

And only wants to stop indoors.

Place me on any sort of steep,

Where nothing save some kind of air

May calm my flue-racked nerves to sleep,

And let me settle anywhere;

In British damp perforce I stew—

Drat the Bacillus of the Flue! H. C. M.



Tenor (at amateur concert). "It's my turn next, and I'm so nervous I should like to run away. Would you mind accompanying me, Miss Brown?"

CULTURED CONVERSATIONS.

I.—LITERARY.

SCENE—A serious-looking boudoir in South Kensington. Discovered, Mrs. ONSLOW and Captain DORMER. She is a pretty young widow whose knowledge, frequently referred to in conversation, of the fact that Mrs. BROWNING was the wife of Mr. BROWNING, and that Lord BYRON was not all that he should have been, to say the least of it, has won for her a reputation for Intellect and Literary Culture to which her visitor is endeavouring to live up by craftily adjusting his mental equipment to her supposed requirements. On a table near her are "all the latest publications," while her unconscious desire to prove that her vast knowledge has not injured the Feminine side of her character is shown by her being engaged on some rather feeble embroidery.

Captain Dormer (looking at her admiringly). You seem to me to read everything, Mrs. ONSLOW! It's really wonderful! I'm keen enough on reading, myself, but I don't seem to get the time. Of course, I don't say I'm clever, and all that. But I know what I like, and I never let myself get rusty, even out in India. Always kept up with the times, don't you know. Now, there's this (He takes up a dainty white volume, tied with green ribbons). I suppose you know who wrote it? I bet you're behind the scenes!

Mrs. ONSLOW (flattered). Well, I have heard—but you won't repeat it, will you, Captain DORMER?—that it's by LAURENCE HOUSMAN, or by Mrs. MEYNELL!

Captain Dormer (supposing he ought to be surprised). By Jove! Fancy! LAURENCE HOUSMAN, you know! Or Mrs. Whatsername!! Well!

Mrs. ONSLOW. But, please, don't tell anyone, will you? It's rather a secret, you see. Promise! I might get into such trouble over it!

Captain Dormer. I promise. But who'd have thought it? Do you like the book, Mrs. ONSLOW? I thought it rather jolly, in parts.

Mrs. ONSLOW. Oh! . . . I hardly think I should call it *that*, Captain DORMER.

Captain Dormer. Well, perhaps it is rather rot, as you say, Mrs. ONSLOW.

Mrs. ONSLOW. I don't think I said that, did I?

Captain Dormer (changing the subject). Now, look here, Mrs. ONSLOW, you're an intellectual woman. Who should you say was the best modern writer—the best of all, you know?

Mrs. ONSLOW. Do you mean of the last decade, of the last season, or of the entire Victorian era, Captain DORMER?

Captain Dormer (depressed and bewildered). Oh! I don't know. The last fifty years or so.

Mrs. ONSLOW (thoughtfully). Well, I suppose, of the great thinkers, SPENCER would be among the first.

Captain Dormer (cheerfully, recognising the name). Oh! Capital! Do you know, I thought you'd say that, Mrs. ONSLOW. SPENCER—the chap who wrote the *Fairy Queen*—and a very pretty thing I've heard, though I've not had time to read it myself. SPENCER! Yes, by Jove. And where do you place CARLYLE and RIDER HAGGARD and those Johnnies, eh? A good way after SPENCER, I'll bet!

Mrs. ONSLOW (rather reproachfully). Oh, they're all so different, Captain DORMER.

Captain Dormer. Yes, I suppose they are . . . Poetry, now. You might not think so, but I'm awfully keen on poetry. I used to recite "The boy stood on the burning deck," when I was a little chap, but I think *that's* rather rot. I'm keen on SWINBURNE and LOCKSLEY HALL, and those chaps. I think LOCKSLEY HALL's my favourite poet. (Gathering from Mrs. ONSLOW's expression that he is getting out of his depth, and getting back to safer ground) Now tell me your favourite poet, Mrs. ONSLOW.

Mrs. ONSLOW (seriously). I'm devoted to ROSSETTI—(dreamily) I delight in SHELLEY—(sincerely) and I simply love ELLA WHEELER WILCOX!

Captain Dormer. How odd! How our tastes do agree, Mrs. ONSLOW. One would almost think—

Mrs. ONSLOW (rising to ring the bell). Some tea, Captain DORMER? (Smiles sweetly.)

Captain Dormer (aware of a check). Oh, thanks. I say, you don't know what it is to me being able to come round like this, and have a nice intellectual chat with you, Mrs. ONSLOW. It lifts one so above the ordinary, frivolous—Oh, you know what I mean. May I come in again soon, Mrs. ONSLOW and have another talk? I'm devoted to music, and I know you are. Mayn't I take you to one of those jolly classical concerts some afternoon? At Queens Road, or somewhere?

Mrs. ONSLOW. I don't know quite which ones you mean, Captain DORMER, but I'm sure I should be only too—(Enter tea) Milk and sugar? A.L.

OUR OWN PRIVATE VIEW. R.A.

THIS year's art, as evidenced at the Academy, seems to be specially prolific in sucklings, babes and small children. No wonder, then, that Master HARRY, HARRY'S son, who is a very early master, should find in this show special opportunities for his own peculiar style of recording draughtsmanship.

14. "The King's Yeoman." By Mr. ARTHUR GARRATT. For a Yeoman, a real good old Beefeater, associated always with Palaces and Drawing Rooms, to come to a Garratt is probably the reason why this Beefeater, aged and thin, with very little beef in him, only the costume being "full," should appear so melancholy. Some of us have not quite forgotten that ancient "Yeoman of the Guard," eh?

17. Portrait of a lady. By SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A. The lady is in very pretty evening dress. There is a puzzled expression on her face as she lifts her left arm and places her finger on her left shoulder. What's the matter? A hidden pin? A mosquito bite? What is it? Motto, "Noli me tangere," as the lady said to the insect.

24. The Rev. Canon Wood, D.D. By DOROTHEA M. WOOD. He is an ecclesiastical puzzle to the simple laic. Being attired in Genevan bands, cardinal's scarlet, black University (?) scarf, ring (episcopal?) on his finger, likewise wearing an embroidered surplice, what is he? Apparently several ecclesiastical dignitaries rolled into one. "A big gun," not a mere "canon."

32. W. H. F. Lyon, Esq. By GEORGE WATSON. In full hunting costume. A Lyon-hunter. But, cheer up, Sir, in spite of your having on your right (31) ADAMS' "Morning Mists," from which you are despondingly turning away, you have below you, may be in the kitchen, (33) "The Nimble Galliard," a merry gentleman, shown by Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., singing merrily to his own accompaniment.

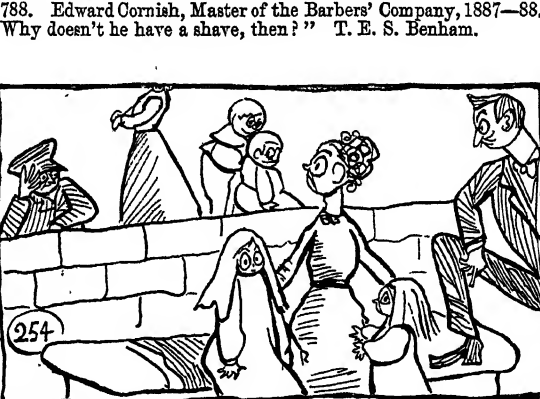
80. By DENIS EDEN. After Eden, Adam has a new suit and curious black-beetle-crushing boots.

85. "The Home Wind." By C. NAPIER HEMY, A. Might be two Hemy-grants from another Hemy-sphere, who had taken a boat and put to sea in order to get home quickly. "Sale and Return." Delightfully breezy.

92. Pretty lady, shown by ROSE D. BONNOR, attired for going out, and waiting for her friend, or friends, to fetch her. If her friends are not "fetching," she is.

93. GEORGE W. JOY. A Joyous picture of "Britannia" as "an armour-clad." Let us hope that this is "a lasting Joy," likewise "a thing of beauty," which is "a Joy for ever!"

98. A Dunn! Don't be frightened, not the ordinary sort of "Dun," but a portrait, very well Dunn, by SOLOMON J. SOLOMON (that's two of 'em, ergo, why not call himself "SOLOMONS"?) of a good old sportsman in hunting toggery, grasping his whip and severely eyeing, under his lashes, the figure at 94, Mr. ARTHUR



R. A. PAINTINS.

342. Mrs. Workman. "Got the Workman in the house. Horful noosance. No wonder I look miserable!" By Harrington Mann.

811. The Sitwell Family. "This is rummy. Why they're orl standing up! Wot price the Salid bole?" J. S. Sargent, R.A.

254. "Oh, wot awfully rude people they are next door! Don't look at 'em, darlings!" Charles Sims.

477. "Oh, bother! Here's another Cook's lot coming!" F. Goodall, R.A.

212. For a cup of corfee 'ot Drop a penny in the slot. G. D. Leslie, R.A.

64. Alarming reduction at a Summer Sale. F. Howard Michael.
178. The Misses Wertheimer, and the tall one don't see a nasty black-beedle on her dress. The two Morejarianas, or how we have our "Pickles" in from the Stores. J. S. Sargent, R.A.

138. A Mermaid. "It's the worst of these 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. combs, they tear the hair so." J. W. Water-house, R.A., his *Dip-loma* work, quite a watery subject. Get your umbrellas."

41. Miss Kitty Shannon. Horfully nice girl! Kind of subject that glows on one. J. J. Shannon, A.

377. James Buntin, Esq. Finding the shooting flagging. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

901. Henry Arthur Jones, Esq. Reading the third and last application for the water-rate. H. G. Riviere.

40. "Blossoms fair." Trying to arrange them after lunch. And quite a young woman too! W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

788. Edward Cornish, Master of the Barbers' Company, 1887-88. "Why doesn't he have a shave, then?" T. E. S. Benham.

HOCKER, A.'s, young-lady, who has "nodings on" and very much enjoying a vapoury kind of bath.

103. Mr. JOHN SARGENT, R.A., shows us a lady and children. What does she see? She is beckoning with her right to No. 108, Mr. ARTHUR HACKER, A.'s, *Thomas C. Dewey, Esq.*, who looks "downy" as well as Dewey. Does the lady want him to come and join in a Dewey-ett?

122. FRANK DICKSEE R.A.'s, *Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos*, is magnificent, as it ought to be seeing that the lady is a Double Duchess.

146. *St. Helena* or "*Sant Helena*," as it is by J. SANT, R.A. The last phase of "going Nap." For further information, consult Lord ROSEBERRY.

162. "*The Nearest Way Home*," which H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., shows you is to go by Cowes. To a nervous person it might seem a mere "toss up" whether he would ever arrive at home. Certainly he would not find himself (as the artist is) at home amongst the cows.

164. By PETER GRAHAM, R.A. "*Collecting the Flock*." The sheep have wandered away and left their wool behind them where a waterfall ought to be. Delightful scene!

169. *Helena and Hermia*. By Sir ED. POYNTER, Bart., P.R.A. If the President does not point a moral, at least he adorns a tale. 'Ow 'Arry will like 'Elena and 'Ermia!

174. Here's a splendid show of velvet, steel, and gold, as worn by the *Duke of Somerset* when painted by Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A.

175. "*A Gleam before the Storm*." How delightful to take shelter from the magnificent warrior at 174, and follow our leader, our B. W. LEADER, R.A., to this quiet nook.

198. *Sweet Gegetta!* Fortunate LUKE FILDES, R.A. She is a sly Southern puss, who, if you dare to make any advances, will giggle, nudge you, and say, "Ge-getta-long with you!" (Hence the name.)

204. All hail to the veteran, dear old T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., with all his a-cows-tic properties about him. In this and his three other pictures he shows himself "still going strong!" He sends four pictures this year; so the veteran is "well to the fore."

219. A case of real distress.

"She only said, 'I am a-weary';
'He cometh not,' she said!"

"I know this lamp will sputter and smell, and I can't reach it to turn it out. Oh, why isn't CHARLES here?" Life-like, by JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

220. Sir ALMA TADEMA, R.A., still at his own old game of Marbles, and always a winner.

226. *James E. Vanner*, by WALTER W. OULESS, R.A. Artist lost a chance of effect; he ought to have given his sitter a real good cigar, then friends, recognising him, would have exclaimed, "Ha! Vanner!"

232. "I'm Sir BENJAMIN HINGLEY, Bart.

ARTHUR S. COPE, A., with his art
Has painted of me a likeness true!

What do you say, Sir? Who are you?"

236. "*The Mystery of the Stiffened Fingers*." By F. S. HURD WOOD.

252. ALFRED PARSONS, A., shows us "*Last Day for Salmon: Junction of the Tees and Greta*." It is a "Grand Junction!" Only wants a line (and rod), which it gets in this Guide. There ought to have been a ferry shown, but perhaps the artist has never "crossed his Tees."

261. T. Gibson Bowles, Esq., M.P., by GEORGE WATSON. By George, indeed! T. G. B. is sky'd! Poor Tom has gone aloft! But just like him! He was ever in "the upper sukkles."

381. "*The City of London on the Yellow Thames*." The tale of our river cleverly and truthfully told in colour, by W. L. WYLLIE, A. If it's mud you want, there's the Yellow Peril with a vengeance.

377. *James Bunten, Esq.*, is humorously-depicted by the

eminent W. Q. (quite in the cue here) ORCHARDSON, R.A., with a gun in rest waiting for the game to begin.

Baby, Baby Bunten,
Daddy's out a hunten,
To get a little rabbit's skin,
To wrap dear Baby Bunten in.

"Hunting" here evidently means "in quest of," as no one ever went out "hunting" rabbits. What a bag he will have before the Academy closes! I'll rabbit-warren't him he will! [This picture is noticed by HARRY's son, from his own private view.]

445. B. W. LEADER, R.A., gives us a taste of "*An Old Southern Port*." There's no glass to it: you can look, but you mustn't touch. No matter, it will improve by keeping. Lucky the seller whence this port comes, and still luckier the buyer. B. W. LEADER's health! "Port it is!"

477. "*A Mystery of the Past*." Behold the Sphinx! It

Is good all round, for GOODALL, R.A., *pinxit*

[Master HARRY takes this picture from another point of view.]

520. "*Memories*," so C. M. Q. ORCHARDSON styles his picture of a lady at a piano. No music before her, playing from memory, having apparently, from her puzzled expression, got the tunes a trifle mixed.

530. Here's *Henry McGrady*,
All lace-y and braidy,
And silvery stripes on his trews;
He hails from Dundee, Sir,
And is, as you'll see, Sir,
Lord Provost, if that's any news.
Here's to the painter so clever and gay,
HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A. Hooray!

Which is the song and chorus for H. v. H.'s students when they assemble for a zither evening, as you may see them represented in No. 305 by same Master. Both clever pictures.

Such are some among the many exhibited at this year's Academy, the success whereof will be, *Mr. Punch* trusts, not one whit behind that of former years. Ladies and Gentlemen, the show is declared open! Walk up! Walk up!

LAMENTS OF LONDON.

["The housing problem is daily becoming more acute. The other day a woman appeared at an East End Police Court to ask the magistrate's advice. She had been evicted from her tenement, and had since tramped London in search of a home; but although she was prepared to give 7s. 6d. out of her weekly wage of 12s. 6d. she could find none."—*Daily Paper*.]

TRUDGE, trudge, trudge—

Tramping the East for a home,
Seeking in vain through sunshine and rain,
We wearily, drearily roam;
While our little ones whimper at heel
Through dismal dark alleys and slums,
And weary and wet and hungry, they fret
For home—but the home never comes.

The birds of the air have their nests,
The beast of the field has his den
Where his limbs may repose in the spot that he knows—
But what of us children of men?
No rest for the soles of our feet,
But still to new scenes we must change,
Still, still be unknown, without homes of our own,
And strangers 'mid all that is strange.

Trudge, trudge, trudge,

We struggle, with labouring breath
And tottering knees, through dens of disease
And hovels of sickness and death.

Trudge, trudge, trudge,

Dog-weary in body and mind
We ply our sad quest without hope, without rest,
But never a home can we find.

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

OCTAVIAN AND CLEOPATRA.

THIS is not, as might at first be imagined, a sequel to the *Antony and Cleopatra* of SHAKESPEARE, but to the *Cæsar and Cleopatra* of Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. Unlike SHAKESPEARE'S famous tragedy, it is written with a scrupulous regard for the facts of history, and, Mr. SHAW, if we would let him, would be happy to prove in a prefatory essay that its dialogue is not only true to life, but is substantially a reproduction of what was actually spoken in the year B.C. 31, by the characters.

SCENE—An extravagantly furnished apartment in the Palace at Alexandria.

CLEOPATRA is discovered seated upon her throne. She is dressed with mournful splendour, as befits a queen who has been defeated at Actium and has suffered a recent bereavement. Her face is as attractive as a liberal use of cosmetics can make it, and her whole appearance is that of a middle-aged and rather dissipated member of the corps de ballet, who has gone into half-mourning because the manager has reduced her salary. CHARMIAN, a pretty, shrewish-looking damsel, is in attendance on her.

Cleopatra (nervously). Am I looking my best, CHARMIAN?

Charmian (sulkily). Your majesty is looking as well as I can make you. If you are not satisfied you had better get another maid.

Cleo. (looking at herself in hand mirror). Silly child. Of course I am satisfied. I think you are wonderful.

Char. (mollified). Yes. I think I've not done so badly.

Cleo. Of course, with ANTONY not even buried yet it would hardly have done for me to be too magnificent.

Char. (decidedly). Most unsuitable.

Cleo. As it is, I think we've arrived at a rather successful blend of splendour and sorrow, suggesting at once the afflicted widow and the queen who is open to consolation.

Char. That is certainly the impression we intended to convey. By the way, when does CÆSAR arrive?

Cleo. OCTAVIAN? Almost at once.

Char. His first visit, isn't it?

Cleo. Yes. So much depends on a first impression. (Looks at mirror again.) I think we shall captivate him.

Char. (dubiously). He's not very impressionable, I hear.

Cleo. No. But I shall manage it. Think how completely I fascinated JULIUS.

Char. His uncle? I'm afraid that's hardly a reason why you should prove equally attractive to the nephew.

Cleo. My dear child, why not?

Char. Well—the lapse of time, you know. That was seventeen years ago.

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"I HAVE BEEN DREAMING OF A THING LIKE THEE."—Wade.

Cleo. How horrid you are. I wish you hadn't such an accurate memory for dates.

Char. Yes, dates are stubborn things.

Cleo. (pettishly). That's no excuse for perpetually reminding me of them. I declare I've a good mind to have you executed.

Char. (tranquilly). Your majesty will hardly do that. I am the only person in Egypt who really understands the secret of your majesty's complexion.

Cleo. That's true. But you ought to be more tactful.

Char. (tossing her head). You can't expect me to display tact when my wages haven't been paid since the battle of Actium.

Cleo. Poor child! Never mind, when OCTAVIAN is at my feet you shall be paid in full. Will that satisfy you?

Char. I'd much rather have something on account.

Cleo. I wish you wouldn't vex me in this way just when it's so important that I should look my best. You know how un-

becoming temper is to a woman when she is . . . well, over thirty (beginning to cry).

Char. There, there! I'm sorry I said anything to hurt you. Don't cry, for Heaven's sake, or that rouge will run. Then I shall have to go all over you again. Dry your eyes, there's a good creature. (CLEOPATRA does so obediently.) I declare you're all in streaks. Come here, and let me put you straight.

[CLEOPATRA goes to CHARMIAN who produces powder-puff, etc., and repairs the ravages of emotion.]

Cleo. Quick, quick! They're coming. I hear them. I'm glad he's so early. Only a quarter of an hour after his time. (Proudly) That shows how eager he is to see me! I feel that this is going to be another of my triumphs.

[CHARMIAN puts the finishing touch to the Queen just as CÆSAR enters. She then hastily conceals powder-puff, etc., behind her. CLEOPATRA has no time to return to the throne, and stands rather awkwardly with

CHARMIAN to receive her visitors. These prove to be OCTAVIAN, a pale, dyspeptic-looking young man of about thirty; AGRIPPA, a bluff, thick-set, red-faced warrior past middle-age, and a guard of Roman soldiers.

Octavian (looking round the gorgeous apartment with much disgust, and speaking in a soft, weary voice). Ugh! Bad taste, very bad taste all this.

Agrippa. You know what these barbarians are. (To the two women) Kindly inform the Queen CÆSAR is here.

Cleo. (advancing). I am the Queen. How do you do?

Ag. You! Nonsense!

Cleo. (archly). Oh, yes, I am.

Oct. (with gentle melancholy). Dear, dear, another illusion gone!

Cleo. Illusion?

Oct. Your beauty, you know; your grace, your charm. I had heard so much of them. So had AGRIPPA. Let me introduce you, by the way. AGRIPPA—CLEOPATRA. (Wearily) As I was saying, it is most disappointing.

Ag. (gruffly). Not what I expected at all! [CHARMIAN giggles furtively.

Cleo. (puzzled). You—don't admire me?

Oct. (gently). Admire you? My dear lady!

Cleo. (bridling). ANTONY was of a different opinion.

Ag. (bluntly). ANTONY was a fool.

Oct. Hush, my dear AGRIPPA! You hurt her feelings.

[AGRIPPA shrugs his shoulders and crosses to CHARMIAN, with whom he commences a vigorous flirtation.

Cleo. (angrily). Never mind my feelings.

Oct. Frankly then, dear lady, we are not impressed. We came here prepared for a beautiful temptress, a dazzling siren whom I must resist or perish, something seductive, enticing. And what do we find?

Cleo. (furious). Well, what do you find?

Oct. (in his gentlest voice). Dear lady, don't let us pursue this painful subject. Probably we had not allowed for the flight of time. Suffice it that our poor hopes are unrealised. (Looking round) But I don't see CÆSARION.

Cleo. (sullenly). My son is not here.

Oct. Another disappointment.

Cleo. You wished to speak to him?

Oct. Yes. They talk of him as a son of JULIUS, don't they?

Cleo. He is a son of JULIUS.

Oct. A sort of relation of mine, then? I must really make his acquaintance. Can you give me his address?

Cleo. (sulkily). No. If you want him, you will have to find him for yourself.

Oct. (blandly). I shall find him, dearest Queen. You need be under no apprehensions about that.

Cleo. Brute!

Oct. Eh?

Cleo. Nothing. I was only thinking.

Oct. Never think aloud, dear lady. It's a dangerous habit.

Cleo. (impatiently). Is there anything further you want with me?

Oct. (affably). Nothing, thank you, nothing. At least, nothing just now.

Cleo. You would like to see me later?

Oct. (gentler than a sucking dove). In a few weeks, perhaps. The Triumph, you know. The sovereign people throwing up their caps and hallooing. The Procession up the Sacred Way, with the headsman at the end of it all. (Yawning slightly) The usual thing.

Cleo. (losing her temper). Oh, you're not a man at all! You're a block, a stone! You have no blood in your veins. You're not like ANTONY.

Oct. No, dear lady, I'm not like ANTONY. If I were, I shouldn't have beaten him at Actium.

Cleo. I won't stay to be baited in this way. I won't! I won't!

[Goes towards door.

Oct. (gallantly). Farewell, then. We shall meet again. AGRIPPA, the Queen is going.

Ag. (breaking off in the midst of his flirtation). Eh? Oh, goodbye.

Cleo. (stamping her foot). CHARMIAN!

[Exit.

[CHARMIAN jumps up, kisses her hand to AGRIPPA and follows her mistress out.

Ag. (looking after her). That's a pretty little minx.

Oct. (who has seated himself wearily on the throne). Is she? I didn't notice . . . CÆSARION'S fled.

Ag. So I supposed.

Oct. It's a great nuisance. We must find him. Will you see about it?

Ag. If you wish it. What shall I do with him?

Oct. (in his tired voice). Better put him to death. It will save a lot of trouble in the end.

Ag. But the boy's your own cousin.

Oct. Yes. I have always disliked my relations.

Ag. (admiringly). I begin to think you are a genius, CÆSAR, after all.

Oct. I am. Much good it does me! I'd give my genius for your digestion any day.

[Leans back on throne and closes his eyes. Enter CHARMIAN hurriedly, looking pale and dishevelled.

Char. Help! Help! The Queen is dying.

Oct. (irritably, opening his eyes). Stop that noise, girl! You make my head ache.

Char. She is dying, I tell you. She has taken poison. [Exit, squealing.

Ag. Poison, by Jove! Confound it, she mustn't do that, must she?

[Is about to follow CHARMIAN.

Oct. Why not? It seems to me an excellent arrangement. Very thoughtful of her. Very thoughtful and considerate.

Ag. But we want her for that Triumph of yours.

Oct. Never mind. After all, what is a Triumph? Disagreeable for her. A bore for us. Let her die now, by all means, if she prefers it.

Ag. (impatiently). Don't you try and be magnanimous too. Leave that to your uncle. He did it better.

Oct. (wearily). My dear AGRIPPA, how stupid you are. What possible use can a quite plain and middle-aged lady be in a triumphal procession? If CLEOPATRA were still attractive I should say, "Save her, by all means." As she isn't, (yawning) I think we may let her die her own way without being charged with excessive magnanimity.

Ag. (regretfully). Still I should have liked to have seen her brought to Rome.

Oct. Ah. I shall be quite contented to see her comfortably in her coffin in Egypt. We'll let her be buried beside ANTONY. It will gratify the Egyptians, and it won't hurt us. See to it, there's a good fellow.

[Exit AGRIPPA. OCTAVIAN leans back, and falls asleep on the throne.

Str. J. H.

TO PHYLLIS.

FAIREST PHYLLIS, May is come,

Leaves are bursting, blossoms budding,
On the lawn the insects hum,

Overhead white clouds are scudding—
So Spring's joys pass swiftly by;
Let us taste them while they fly.

Ah! youth's happiness we prize,
Idle though the world may judge it;

Let them then our joys despise,
Wrangle over Bill and Budget,
Toil and pinch, and suffer pain,
Fame and worthless wealth to gain.

While discordant parties shout,

You are wise and do not heed them;
Books that wrap men's minds in doubt
Harm you not, you do not read them,
Well content with me to stand
In this garden hand in hand.

Sing Spring's carols while you may

Ere they turn to Winter's dirges;

As for me I'm growing grey,

And for you youth's pleasure urges—
In another year or so

You must go to school, you know.

NOTE AND QUERY FROM WILLIAM WHELK.—Dear Mr. Punch, I see that Mr. REGINALD SMITH, of the British Museum, has been excavating the Ancient British Estate of Winklebury, near Basingstoke. He has found a boar's tusk and some bones, according to the report in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Surely, if the place is so called in consequence of their having buried 'winkles—which is short for periwinkles, you know—in that spot, he must also have discovered any amount of pins. Will you kindly enquire, and oblige?



Bernard Partridge.

THE LAST WICKET.

Kitchener (Captain and Wicket-keeper). "HE HAS KEPT US IN THE FIELD A DEUCE OF A TIME; BUT WE'LL GET HIM NOW WE'VE CLOSED IN FOR CATCHES!"

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

GET all the money that you can,
And when the sum's respectable,
Draw up yourself your little plan
Of what you think delectable;
Ignore all notions but your own
In manner dictatorial:
Thus will you get, and thus alone,
Your National Memorial.

Next you must have a sculptor—nay,
I wouldn't let them hurry you
With open competitions—they
Would only bore and worry you.
What though they rate you in the Press
In wrathful editorial?
The sculptor that you choose will bless
Your National Memorial.

Then take an architect or two—
The great unknowns by preference,
Though really anyone will do
Who shows sufficient deference
For your high mightiness. This do
And everlasting glory 'll
Shine radiant upon your tru-
Ly National Memorial.

SUMMER RESORTS.

DREARDON-CUM-SLOOZE.

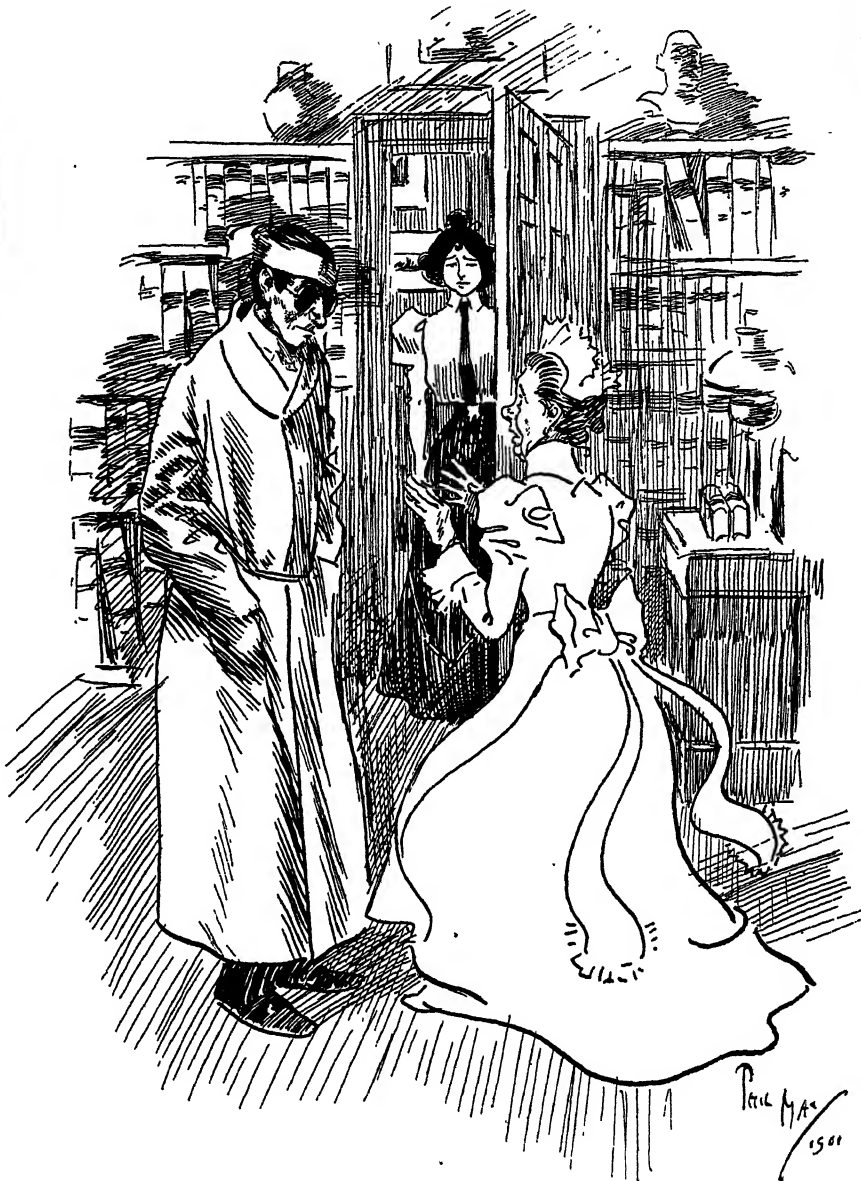
SPRING weather, in pleasing variety of sun and snow-shower, now prevails in this highly fla-favoured locality. Mr. JOSIAH JORKER, Chairman of the Rural District Council here, has bought four black Berkshire pigs, and to lean over the yard gate and inspect them, is now a regular afternoon occupation. Discussion as to their merits runs high amongst our local magnates. Situate as this health-giving village is, it offers to the tired brain-worker complete rest, as there is no railway station within six miles, and only the day-before-yesterday's newspaper is obtainable.

CHAWBOODLECUM.

A fine bracing N.E. wind has dried the roads, and, amongst the aged and the sick, made a clearance, thoroughly in accord with the "survival of the fittest" doctrine. Trade has never been more brisk with the local undertaker, and the much-respected sexton. The cricket club opens its season to-day, with a match against the neighbouring village of Sludgely. A "Sing-Song," or "Free and Easy," is held every Saturday night at the "Pig and Puppy-Dog," at which well-known hostelry visitors can find every accommodation.

SLACKINGTON.

In this genial and mild air, where a steady, gentle rain falls on very nearly every day in the year, the Londoner, fleeing from the trying East winds of Spring, may find a welcome refuge. It is quite a pretty sight on Sundays to watch the people with their different coloured



Mary (the new housemaid, who visits the study for the first time, and is unaware that poor Snooks is suffering from a violent headache, and has been ordered to keep a damp cloth round his head and wear goggles). "LAWK-A-MUS-Y!"

Mrs. Snooks (appearing at door). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARY? IT'S ONLY MASTER!"

waterproofs, stream out of church. There is a rumour that the present supply of cabs will shortly be augmented by one, if not two, fresh vehicles. On Monday last a German band played a charming selection of music in the market place, and there was a dog-fight in the High Street.

PORKBURY.

This charming spot only requires to be known, to ensure plenty of patronage from visitors. The new pump is being pushed forward rapidly, and the Vicar intends to hold jumble sales once a week throughout the summer. This, in itself, will, it is expected, prove a great attraction.

Police - Constable SLUMMERS, whose

urbanity and great consideration for the inhabitants (especially on Saturday nights) have always been so conspicuous, is about to leave, and some of the more prominent townsmen have taken the opportunity of marking their sense of his valuable services by presenting him with a handsome pewter pot, engraved with his name and the date.

A piano-organist now regularly attends the weekly market, and his music is greatly appreciated by those engaged in buying and selling,

At the Farmer's Eighteenpenny Ordinary, last week, Mr. CHUMPAW stated that his mangolds were "the whackin'est big 'uns" grown in the county.



ONE MORE!

WHY did the strawberries cry?

Because the cream was whipped.



THE ACTOR-MANAGER DISCOURSES.

II.

MY Lord, I have your gratifying lines
Which do us equal honour, me and you.
You have, I notice, thoughtfully perused
The critics' judgment on my latest work,
Wherein they dwell with proper English pride
Upon the service I have done to Art.
That soft impeachment I will not deny.
Nor do I simply claim that in my person
I touch the highest single peak of Art,
As the Divine Interpreter of Life,
Nature's Protagonist; I also am
The magnet which attracts the lesser arts,
The link that binds them by a common lure.

Patron of letters, silent but for me,
I give to poetry (or else to prose)
The thing they lack—sublime articulation;
And from my bounteous hand the chosen scribe
Whom I delight to honour bears away
The most enormous guerdons ever known.
Patron of plastic art, the living kind,
I have an exquisite regard for form;
And, by the rhythmic postures I assume,
Teaching my company likewise to pose
As breathing statues, ambulant at will,
I give the astonished sculptor food for thought.
Patron of harmony, I set my seal
On incidental music. I permit
Triumphant blasts to advertise my coming,
Appropriate strains to punctuate my words,
And melting passages to mark the close;
Yet ever keep the lower art in check
So that it serves, but not obscures, the higher.

Patron of painting also, I command
Expert professors of the larger brush
(For whose colossal schemes a fitting scope
May not be found on ordinary walls)
To bid the Titan canvas speak aloud;
Yet not so loud that, when I walk the stage,
Their art should show as other than an adjunct
To emphasise and throw in fair relief
My dominating personality;
While for the drop-scene, which concerns me less,
Being my background merely when I bow,
And rather meant to soothe the general brain
Narcotically to beguile the time
Vacant between the visions of myself—
Here I allow a wider latitude,
Letting my workmen's fancy play at large;
And, if I judge them rightly by results,
It is a liberty they much enjoy.

Such, then, the arts to which I give a home;
And yet I have not mentioned nearly all.
Take architecture; I encourage that;
Eclectic, I extend a helping hand
To representatives of various styles,
Gothic, Flamboyant, Perpendicular,
Rococo, and of Italy new-born.

Under my wing the decorative arts
Flourish like bay-trees all about the building.
A careless luxury pervades the place
Rich in seraglio-spoils and Tyrian dyes,
Druggets of Ind, and enervating plush;
The walls are eloquent with fresco-work
Vaguely suggestive of the Sistine vault;
Pillar and portal, bar and balustrade
Aspire in marble (real, not imitation)
Expressly hewn for me in fabulous climes,
And tinted naturally like a rainbow.

Nor do I overlook the humblest arts.
The dull mechanic toils at my behest
Shifting the scenery; the lime-light person
Plays round me with his concentrated moons;
To me the wig-man dedicates his wares,
And the costumier takes his breath from me.
I give her cue to Fashion; when I move
In evening dress, conducting social plays,
As from a leading tailor's patterned block
The youth of London learns the latest mode;
And to my ladies' gowns (inspired by me)
Critics devote their best appreciations,
Often extending to a semi-column.

Some other minor services to Art,
May have escaped my notice; and, indeed,
I hardly care to labour instances
Which might convey a hint of self-esteem.
Enough has been advanced to prove that I
Am something more than mere consummate Master
In what the world accounts as the profession;
That I attach or focus to myself
All sister arts, confederate to form
A kind of Universal Exhibition;
Like certain splendid patrons, known to fame,
Tyrants and others, who encouraged Art,
Yet cannot properly be called my peers
Since they were only amateurs themselves;
As DIONYSIUS of Syracuse,
FRANCIS the First, Pope JULIUS the Second,
AUGUSTUS, PERICLES, and Monsieur LOUBET.

Once more, my Lord, I willingly accept
Your compliments. It is my pleasure to
Reciprocate them; I enclose a Box.

O. S.

"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD."

(From Diary of Sam Peeps, Junior.)

May 1.—Up betimes. To Westminster, where a review of the Thames fleet. A great crowd both by land and water, and well worth seeing. The boats all newly painted and mighty brave with flags and bunting, so that it was the finest sight that ever I did see in all my life, and makes me resolve in future ever to go by water, being both for cheapness, speed and comfort, better than the crowded streets where so many coaches.

May 2.—To Westminster. Bought a ticket for Chelsea; cost me 2d. Having waited half-an-hour, was told the boats ran every ten minutes. By-and-by, a boat, and all well till Vauxhall Bridge, where the tide somewhat strong and the boat weak; we could by no means pass, but swept back so often as we reached the piers. A mighty crowd on bridge, and cheered lustily, to our no small indignation, but being held by the tide could in no wise escape, and at their mercy more than half-an-hour. And so anon back to Lambeth, where all ashore. I was for keeping my ticket, to use upon another occasion, but the man would not suffer me to pass. Cost me 2d. and upwards of an hour to travel three furlongs, and makes me doubtful as to ever again going by water.



The Oldest Inhabitant (female) to Paterfamilias, who has taken to snap-shooting, and has been "fiddling about" with his finder, and focusing, &c., for the last ten minutes). "I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU BE A-PEAYIN', SIR, BEING HARD O' HEARIN'; BUT THANKEE KINDLY, SIR, ALL THE SAME!"

DIARY OF AN ADVANCE AGENT.

(What we may come to.)

Monday, 10 A.M.—Reached England. Country half asleep.

4.0 P.M.—Reached London. Village awake, but not really spry.

4.30.—Reached "Hotel Magnificent."

4.45.—Went all over it. Nice house. Do as a *pied à terre* for our directors when over here.

5.0.—Bought it.

8.0.—Dinner. Arranged to turn dining-room into ante-room for callers. Tired. Counted cheques. Bed.

Tuesday, 9.0 A.M.—Read *Times* at breakfast. Leader disparaging our company. Must see to this.

10.0.—Saw proprietors of *Times*.

11.0.—Bought *Times*.

12.0.—Heard of difficulty with staff. Editor resigned.

1.0 P.M.—Bought some editors.

1.5.—Lunch.

3.0 to 6.0.—Interviewed company's competitors: three minutes each.

6.0 to 7.0.—Wrote cheques.

8.30.—Theatre. Play, *The Ironmaster*. Don't like the sound: suggests rivalry: must see if rights are to be had.

Wednesday.—Curiously unlucky morning. Admiralty wouldn't sell Fleet. War Office refused to scrap guns. Colonial Secretary declined to let me have Jamaica as a tip for our ashes. At this rate no use staying out. Picked up Thames Steamboat fleet for an old song on way back. Will do to run on the canals inside our fitting shop.

Thursday, 5.0 P.M.—Things been humming to-day. Steamboat deal evidently leaked out. Bought the P. and O., Cunard, White Star, Orient, Union Castle, and North German Lloyd. Bought the Liverpool Docks. Bought the London and North Western. Cabled to my company that they might begin making.

Friday, 10.0 A.M.—Cable from company asking me to buy less and sell more. Nonsense. Plenty of time for selling. Much best policy to buy up all our customers first; sell to ourselves then, and make sure of orders.

4.0 P.M.—Bought Holyhead Harbour. Made an offer for St. George's Channel.

Saturday, 9.0 A.M.—Cable from home, "Rival Trust formed. Underselling. Return at once."

10.0 A.M.—Returning.

PENS IN REST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—That usually excellent Association of Warriors the Royal United Service Institution recently offered a prize for the best essay on "Lessons to be drawn from the Expedition to South Africa in regard to the best organisation of the Land Forces of the Empire." Well, Sir, so far so good.

Now what do you say to these headings to such a paper? "Why not break up the Horse Guards?" "What do they fail to learn at the Intelligence Department?" "Who is responsible for everything?"

There, Sir, those headings suggest the contents of the Essay to which I refer. And yet, Sir—no prize was awarded!

Yours indignantly,

A HATER OF RED TAPE.

WHAT THE ZOO REALLY WANTS!

(Report of a Midnight Mass-Meeting of Representative Denizens.)

THE ELEPHANT (who, on the motion of the JACKAL, was unanimously voted into the chair) said they were met together that evening to consider the present highly unsatisfactory state of their accommodation in those Gardens. ("Hear, hear!" and groans.) He thought the general trend (great applause) was towards a thorough overhauling of all our old-established institutions. Any weight he might have should be thrown into the scale of Reform. There was much that needed setting right. (Cheers.) For instance, he could not think it was quite fair that he and his hon. friend the CAMEL should be the only animals compelled to ply for hire as public conveyances. He considered the LION and the TIGER ought to take their turn at this work. (The KANGAROO. "Hear, hear!")

The LION had no objection in the world to the proposal—provided he were licensed to carry passengers *inside* as well as out.

The TIGER was quite ready to consider the suggestion, as amended. What he chiefly complained of was the scandalous insufficiency of the catering. He would like to see every animal provided at least with a live baby on his birthday, and possibly on Bank Holidays. (Cheers from all the CARNIVORÆ.) From the lowest point of view, he thought it would draw the Public. He felt sure he could rely on the support of his hon. friend, if he would allow him to term him so, the GIRAFFE.

The GIRAFFE said that, as a confirmed vegetarian, he was of opinion that dates contained more sustenance to the square inch than their equivalent in babies. (Uproar.) Well, it was purely a matter of taste. Where he ventured to think the authorities wanting was in their neglect to provide more facilities for exercise. (Loud applause.) Why not transform the whole of the Regent's Park into a desert? A few cart-loads of sand, a palm or two, and the thing would be done. Then individuals like his friend the SLOTH, for instance, would be encouraged to lead healthier lives.

The SLOTH was understood to remark that exercise was all skittles. Let every animal be given a good old-fashioned four-post bedstead, and never be called except for meals, and they would hear no more grumbling. He appealed to his friend the LYNX.

The LYNX said his friend the SLOTH had, in appealing to him, come—if they would pass the expression—to the wrong shop. He generally sat up all night, and never slept except with one eye open. The Gardens always closed just when he was beginning to feel lively and ready to make an evening of it.

The POLAR BEAR was prepared to support the GIRAFFE'S scheme with a slight modification. None of your sandy deserts. Make the entire Park into a Skating Rink, with real ice and real icebergs (even artificial would be better than nothing). At present, the place was disgracefully overheated. ("No, no!" from the SALAMANDER.) Perhaps his friend would allow him to know what he was talking about. All he could say was that, since his arrival in those Gardens, he had never once known what it was to feel comfortably cool.

The HIPPOPOTAMUS thought there should be some opportunity afforded for innocent social recreation. They might rail in a space, engage the Pink Pomeranians, and allow the animals to meet, say, every Saturday evening, for a friendly dance. His friend the HYENA appeared to be amused—but, if his laughter implied any allusion to the speaker's figure, he might inform him that stout persons were notoriously the most graceful performers in the Terpsichorean Art. Not that he went in for round dances—only square—still, he flattered himself—(Roars of laughter, led by the HYENA, amidst which the speaker sat down.)

The OSTRICH said he enjoyed a waltz occasionally, but he liked lots of room for it. Personally, he would rather see a Cinder track laid down all round the Park and sprinting races instituted. He would back himself for a pound of brass-headed

nails and a pocket corkscrew to give the PELICAN and TOUCAN a thousand yards start, and beat their old beaks off.

The PELICAN regretted that he was no longer an Athlete. But he was still a keen sportsman, and would like to see every animal there allotted his private lake, with the fishing strictly preserved. Think what it would mean to an overworked person like his friend the CAMEL to get away occasionally for a quiet day's fishing.

A BLUE-NOSED BABOON considered they all required some form of rational amusement. He was sick and tired of pulling a smaller monkey's tail, and then bolting. Why shouldn't they be given a Switchback Railway, or a Steam Merry-go-Round? But even a Rocking-Horse in every cage would afford them some intellectual diversion. They had a rocking-horse, he knew, at the Manchester Zoo, also a pump with a movable handle.

The RHINOCEROS said if anyone dared to put a Rocking-Horse in his stable, he would rip it open. Ah, he *would*, though! Bolder measures were wanted if the Zoo was to be rendered decently habitable. His idea was: Keep out the Public, turn the Gardens into a jungle, with plenty of swamp, and then let all the animals loose to enjoy themselves in their own fashion. They wouldn't be bothered with Keepers very long after that.

The RUSSIAN WOLF doubted whether the Swamp would hold water. He had a better plan. Lay down five feet of snow over the whole Park, throw it open to the public, and get them to take up sleighing. There was worse fun, he could assure them, then chivvying a sleigh with a couple of crocks and a confirmed roarer in the traces.

The TORTOISE said that was not a form of amusement that particularly appealed to him. He preferred burrowing, and he attributed his perfect health at his advanced age entirely to a lifelong abstinence from violent physical exercise and excitement.

The SEAL advocated the erection of a Waterchute, like the one at Earl's Court. Boats would not be required, as they could easily slide down on their stomachs. He merely threw out the suggestion. (Interruption.)

The Chairman. We all throw it out. Preposterous! It is a pity some people haven't more imagination! (The SEAL resumed his seat.)

The BROWN BEAR said it appeared to him that the grand mistake all previous speakers had made was to regard this important question too much from a personal point of view. He had a proposition which he ventured to think avoided that error, and consulted the general convenience. Let the Committee give each animal a good large pit all to himself—(Applause.)—he had not finished yet. Let that pit be provided—not with a clumsy old-fashioned climbing pole—but an up-to-date hydraulic lift. Surely they saw the advantage of that? Why, when they noticed a particularly attractive infant above, with a bun or what-not, all they would have to do would be to step into the lift, be carried comfortably up, and, well—help themselves. If their comforts were only studied a little more in little things like that, he was sure they would all be better and happier beasts.

The BEAVER considered that their chief grievance was the housing accommodation, which was totally inadequate. He attributed this to the employment of Human Architects instead of animals like themselves, who are naturally the best judges of their own requirements. Give him plenty of time and building materials, and he would undertake to re-house the whole population on a scientific and sanitary system of his own. (Interruption.) He had been building ever since he was born, and was he to be told that he did not know his business by that time? He knew from whence those ignoble attempts to howl him down proceeded—from envious and incompetent amateurs like—(The remainder of the BEAVER'S remarks was inaudible from the gallery.)

Other speakers followed, but the meeting broke up about 4.30 A.M. in some confusion, without having adopted any definite scheme of improvement, and was adjourned *sine die*. F. A.

OUT OF DANGER.

[A book has just been published, entitled, "How to avoid Payment of Debt."]

HAIL, most kindly foe to duns,
Who, a worthy purpose aiding,
Come to counsel needy ones
In their task of law-evading.

Prime them well with precepts, how
Best with creditors to wrangle;
Show what shifts the laws allow,
How their mazes more to tangle.

Let us purchase choicest wine,
Precious jewels, costly raiment,
Frolic freely, gratis dine,
Revel—and avoid the payment.

Fools and money bid us part,
And provide us "mugs" for milking;
Give us lesson in the art
Of an advantageous bilking.

Yet of debt though thus we shun
Payment—or at least defer it,
Here's a plan—a simpler one
And a safer—don't incur it.

PEOPLE WHO PALL ON ME.

I.—THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS SEEDY.

It isn't FLABSTER'S fault—I know all about that; but he's one of the most depressing men I ever met. He carries about him the atmosphere of a chemist's shop, and always looks as if he had swallowed the wrong medicine. He's the kind of man who never has a sensible straightforward illness, but has perpetually some finicking little ailment that afflicts his friends far more than it afflicts him. He makes it a rule to tell his family history after he's known you about two minutes. His grandfather was a martyr to asthma, and his grandmother suffered from nerves. So, probably, on consideration did the grandfather, but FLABSTER never enlarged on that point. Then his father— But FLABSTER will tell you all about it when you see him.

"Heredity, my friend," says he, (I'm not his friend, but that's one of FLABSTER'S hasty assumptions); "diathesis—gouty diathesis!"

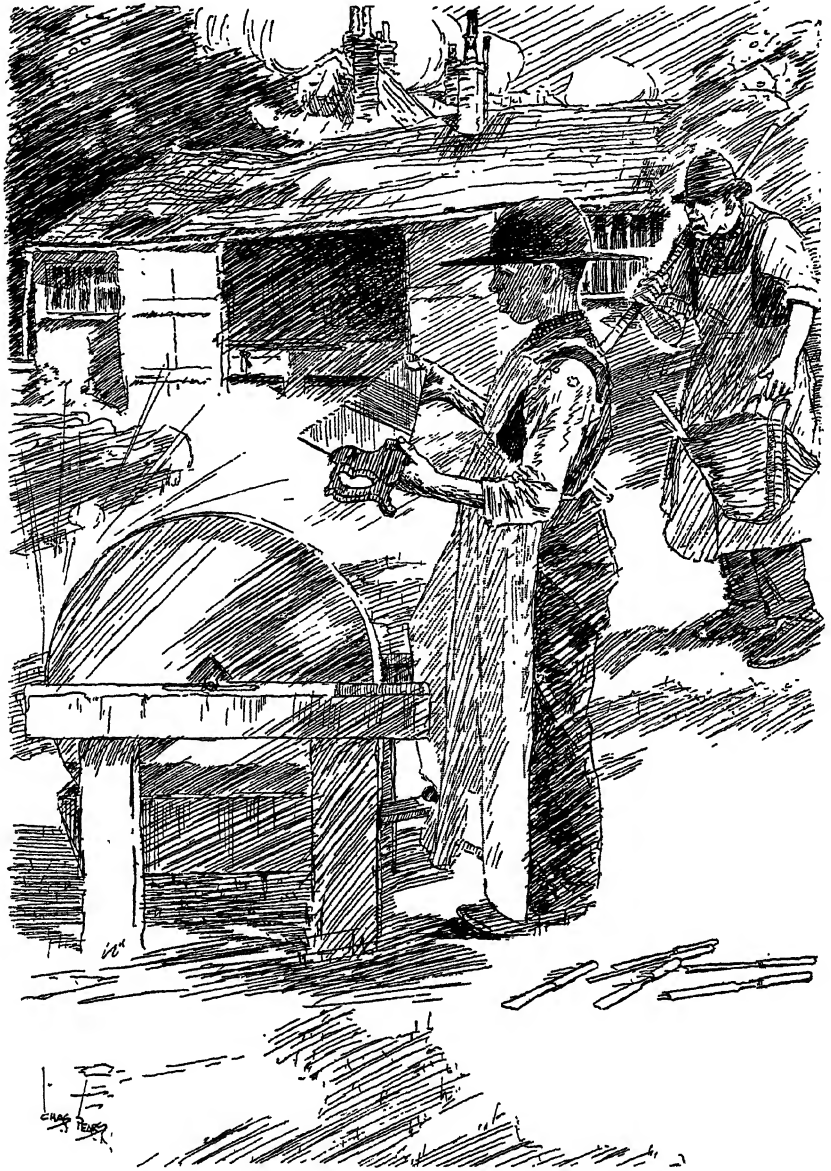
"Dire nuisance," I murmur under my breath, then try to look sympathetic.

"I tell you what," said FLABSTER solemnly to me one day. "If people always took a small quantity of liquid at the end of meals they would be far better."

"A liqueur does make a difference," I assented heartily,—if somewhat maliciously.

He regarded me with a look of bilious reproach, and I fled.

One could forgive FLABSTER for not being enthusiastic about the English climate. But no climate was ever known to suit him. If you meet him in the



Carpenter. "WELL, BOY, HAVE YOU GROUND ALL THE TOOLS, AS I TOLD YOU, WHILE I'VE BEEN OUT?"

Boy (newly apprenticed). "YES, MASTER, ALL BUT THIS 'ERE 'ANDSAW. AN' I CAN'T QUITE GET THE GAES OUT OF IT!"

Engadine in radiant weather he complains dimly about vertigo and over-stimulation from the air, and not even the most obvious witticisms will shame him.

One superb June I met him in Venice. I thought him looking very well, and ventured on the observation. Of course he denied it, with the air of a man whose moral character has been besmirched and who despairs of ever being understood.

"I thought you would say so," he remarked with a gloomy smile. "It's the peculiarity of malarial complaints—"

Then I recollected an appointment and made for the nearest gondola.

FLABSTER is well-to-do: a man should

take his gout where he gets his gold, and be thankful. He has no particular work to do (if he had, perhaps his health would improve); yet he is always taking a holiday because he is "run down." I wish—but no, that's brutal!

No doubt his ancestors have bequeathed various unpleasant little legacies; but that's no reason why other folk should pay duty on them. FLABSTER should remember that there are other forms of light literature besides QUAIN'S *Dictionary of Medicine*.

A. R.

MOTTO FOR A VOLUME OF QUOTATIONS FROM DICKENS.—" 'Boz' locutus est."

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

SCENE—*Author's Sanctum. TIME—The best hour for work. Author discovered, pen in hand, reading his opening sentence.*

Author. "The cruelty of small things is summed up in——"

Mrs. Author (entering). Don't let me disturb you, dear; but didn't you say the top landing was to be whitewashed?

Author (irritably). Of course. Now, pray do leave me alone. I must get on with my work.

Mrs. Author. Well, you needn't be so irritable. You know you would be very angry if we made a mistake. You quite understand—the top landing is to be white-washed. Eh? Nothing more?

Author. White-wash everything, so far as I am concerned; but I'm very busy just now. *(He is left alone.)* Now, let me see. *(Reads)* "The cruelty of small things is summed up in——"

Mrs. Author (re-appearing). Did you say the children were not to go out in the square?

Author (irritably). Oh, for goodness sake my dear! Certainly. Let them go—anywhere!

Mrs. Author. You see, all the windows are open on account of the workmen, so the children might catch cold.

Author (with great self-restraint). Quite so. Let them go, by all means. But just at this minute——

Mrs. Author. Though, of course, Dr. AURICALL said they were very delicate and that the wind was in the East.

Author (sweetly). Then keep them in. But *(plaintively),* please——

[Resumes work.]

Mrs. Author. Surely you might take



Little Boreham. "AND THERE STOOD THE LION RIGHT IN MY PATH!"
Fascinating Widow. "AND I SUPPOSE IT WAS TOO LATE TO TAKE ANOTHER PATH!"

a little interest in your children's welfare.

Author (bitterly). I take so much interest that I am writing myself dry to gain a livelihood for them. *(Exit partner of his joys, &c., then, with a remembrance of W-ls-n B-rr-tt, "How long! how long!" settles down to work again.)* Now let me take up the thread of my article. "The cruelty of small things is summed up in——" What, again!

Mrs. Author (who has re-entered). You must be reasonable. Is the paint in the dining-room to have one coat or two?

Author (wearily). Oh, three, or four, or five! *(Ironically)* And waistcoats too!

Mrs. Author. Now, you are losing your temper. You know we must have it done. But, there, I won't disturb you. I'm off.

[Exit.]

Author (returning to his work). "The cruelty of small things is summed up" — is summed up — oh, I know, "in a spring cleaning!"

[Groans audibly.]

Curtain.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

OLD STYLE.

Official. You will be glad to learn that by not recruiting up to the full strength of the Army we have saved thousands of pounds.

Tax-Payer. Excellent! Grand economy!

Official. And by giving out impossible contracts have decreased the proper number of our Navy.

Tax-Payer. Good! Marvellous finance!

Official. And by these means are scarcely taxing anybody.

Tax-Payer. Anybody too many.

Ought to be taxing nobody!

NEW STYLE.

Official. I am sure you will be pleased to hear that by paying everyone five shillings a day we have overdrawn millions.

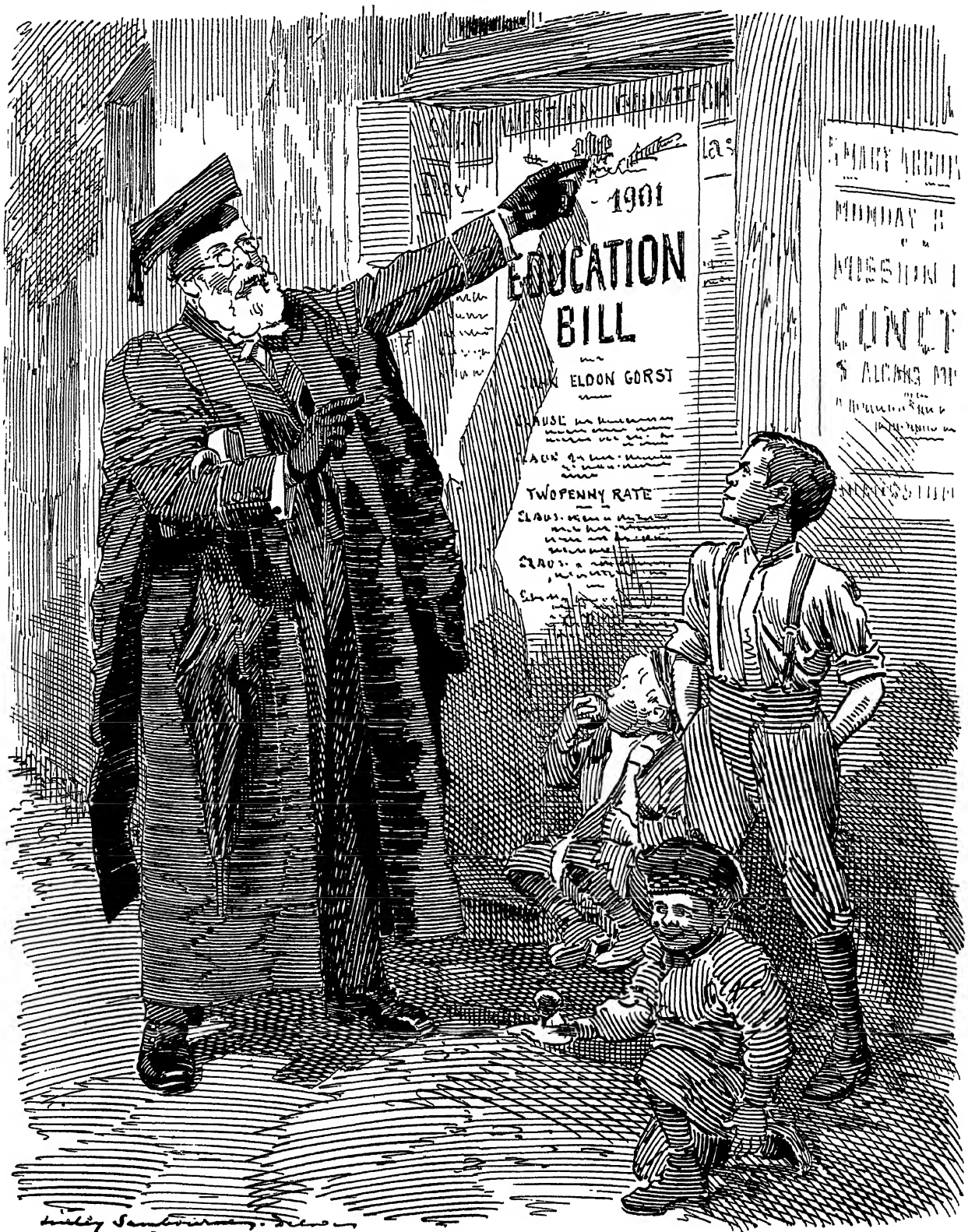
Tax-Payer. Why, certainly! Justifiable expenditure!

Official. And by placing our contracts properly have doubled the fleet by a limitless expenditure!

Tax-Payer. Magnificent! Splendid grasp of figures!

Official. And by these means are taxing nearly anybody.

Tax-Payer. Anybody, good friend, not enough. Ought to be taxing everybody!



THE RAW MATERIAL.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN E. GORST, Q.C., M.P. "YOU'VE A GREAT CAREER BEFORE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN! UNDER MY NEW SCHEME THERE IS NOTHING TO PREVENT YOU FROM BEING SENIOR WRANGLER, OR PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, OR EVEN—AHM!—VICE-PRESIDENT OF COMMITTEE OF EDUCATION!" UNEDUCATED URCHIN. "GARN! WHO ARE YOU GETTIN' AT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 6.—“Cut the cackle and come to the ‘osses.” Thus PRINCE ARTHUR, in his anguish dropping into slang translation of ancient Greek. Invocation murmured through open fingers of hands, on which his head was bent in attitude of despair seen only once or twice in a Session. Second night of debate on Coal Tax Resolution; had hoped to finish it at one sitting; for all useful purposes hope might have been realised; but the beggared coal-owners die hard. If they have to pay a shilling a ton export duty on some of their coal, they will take it out in talk. Coal constituencies throughout Kingdom incited to put pressure on their representatives. These last came down in scores with speech ready; whenever Member on legs made an end of speaking, a dozen others swooped in effort to catch the SPEAKER’S eye.

Adjournment last Thursday inevitable; conceded at last moment. Anyhow, will get division at this sitting; more Members than ever want to talk; give them a quarter of an hour, or, at most, twenty minutes apiece, and might have useful, interesting debate. And here’s BROTHER GERALD, of all men in the world, rising after EDWARD GREY and talking for an hour and twenty minutes. If some enemy had done this thing, if it were an Irish Member, it would be the expected and must be endured. But the President of the Board of Trade!

O GERALD, O mon frère,
Le bon sens t’abandonne.

This start enough to cripple any debate; did not recover for hours. Towards midnight LAMBTON lifted the cloud with breezy speech in which, to delight of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, he “went for” ST. MICHAEL. In other passages mentioned some interesting autobiographical incidents. Appears that this scion of the Durham family, beginning his oratorical career lisped, not in numbers but, in measures. To be precise, in coal measures. Years ago, when a boy at Eton, disturbance in the coal trade was made topic of debate at Pop. Naturally, young LAMBTON an authority on the subject; delivered a speech which settled controversy. To-night read to attentive House summary report of proceedings. Debate in House of Commons from time of BURKE and FOX, frequently quoted at Pop. Never before was House of Commons treated to intellectual educational advantage of learning what had been said by short-jacketed statesmen settling affairs of universe in that Cradle of Cabinet Ministers.

||Business done.—Coal Tax Resolution carried by 333 votes against 227.

Tuesday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK has a

curious theory about the Member for Carmarthen District. According to common report, Mr. Pickwick has been dead these many years. SARK insists that he is back with us in the flesh, and has assumed the name of ALFRED DAVIES. Of course, there can be nothing in it. But, really, when you watch Mr. DAVIES advancing a pace on to the floor of the House with intent to unmask DON JOSÉ, one recalls Sam Weller’s immortal master. Put Mr. DAVIES in tights and gaiters, with one hand behind his coat-tails, the other waving in the air to assist his denunciation of the Author of all Modern Evil, and



“MR. PICKWICK” REDIVIVUS!

“Will the right hon. Gentleman the Colonial Secretary do me the honour of replying to my Question, and will he also have the kindness to make himself audible? May I also so far presume as to ask for strict silence while the answer to this Question is given?”

(Mr. Alfr-d D-v-a.)

you have Mr. Pickwick to a gaiter button. Owing to nature of Mr. DAVIES’S self-appointed mission in the House, it is Mr. Pickwick in his severest moments—Mr. Pickwick meditating over the iniquities of Job Trotter, made known in the confidences of Sam Weller.

When he has a Question to put indicating discovery of some fresh enormities at Colonial Office, Mr. DAVIES strategically secures a seat on front bench below the Gangway, whence he can watch the conscience-stricken COLONIAL SECRETARY awaiting the moment of peril. Before the Bench, drawn on the matting, runs a thin red line, reminiscent of duelling days. When GEORGE THE THIRD was

King Members were prone in the heat of argument to advance a pace across the floor with intent to pink each other; this line was drawn, and order issued that no gentleman addressing the House should cross it. Mr. DAVIES, intent on “getting at” DON JOSÉ, disregards the injunction which, the ancient cause non-existent, abides to this day. Stepping well out beyond the line, so that the House may contemplate the Pickwickian outline of face and figure, he fixes a piercing eye on DON JOSÉ, puts his Question, resumes his seat, magisterially crosses one short leg over the other, and waits to hear what prisoner in the dock has to say. Usually, by way of preface, he wags a forefinger at the culprit, instructing him how he should answer, and informing him it is no use his endeavouring to wriggle out of the tight place into which Mr. Pickwick’s acumen and knowledge of affairs have thrust him.

His buoyancy, his bubbling-over conviction that the terrible Minister has at length found his match, combined with DON JOSÉ’S stern repression of instinct and desire to tear the little man into shreds, supplies a bit of comedy precious in dull times.

Business done.—JOHN O’GORST, time-honoured Educationalist, brings in a new Bill. Laboriously explains that it is not intended to touch the School Board or interfere with their work; will merely control the latter, and in course of time will swallow the former. “But they will be very comfortable inside,” says JOHN O’GORST, nodding assuringly at gentlemen opposite, champions of the School Boards.

Thursday.—SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE’S GATE dipping into history came out a little mixed in colour. Been looking up epoch of Wars of the Roses, in search of support for his argument that what are known as hereditary revenues don’t descend from father to son in the long list of British sovereigns.

“When,” he said, “HENRY IV., who represented the White Rose—”

“EDWARD! EDWARD!” cried Members later from school.

“Very well, EDWARD,” said the SAGE, to whom a trifle here or there is nothing. “When EDWARD IV. represented the Red Rose—”

“HENRY! HENRY!” cried Members.

The SAGE stood aghast. What did they mean? He said HENRY to begin with; they contradicted him; he accepted their correction; now they contradicted again. Hit high or hit low, he could not please them.

“HENRY, exactly; I was right at first. I said HENRY, you said EDWARD. Very well; when he, HENRY, after the triumph of the White Rose, came to the throne—”

“EDWARD! EDWARD!” shouted Members.



(GRAVESEND) "PIER-RE AND HIS PEOPLE"!

Mr. G-lb-rt P-rk-r pilots a few friends from his constituency round the precincts!

Hadn't had such a bit of fun for a long time. Earlier in the evening Mr. WEIR led round the bull the people of Borroston, jealous of the privileges of their neighbours of Carlaway, desired to borrow. The gravity he imported into the procedure, contrasted with the levity of the Lord Advocate, was good in these doleful days. But nothing compared with the SAGE's distraction between the rival Roses of York and Lancaster. Evidently no use pursuing line of argument. The SAGE, rarely flustered, was hopelessly bewildered. Didn't know a rose from a cabbage, a king from a cotton-spinner; turned aside to other branch of subject, leaving in doubt his impression whether "he, HENRY" (his final but unsuccessful effort at hedging), wore the Red Rose or the White.

Business done.—The KING's Civil List voted by nearly six to one.

Friday.—AUTOLYCUS MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, throwing his wallet over his shoulder, has been out again, picking up more or less unconsidered trifles. Forget how many previous volumes there were. JOHN MURRAY just issued two new ones, covering the epoch 1889-91. At this rate, a pleased generation may expect nine or ten more before AUTOLYCUS reaches the marge of the new century. Never since BOSWELL laid down the pen was there such an industrious

chronicler of small talk. In justice to him, it must be said he has not the personal charm that endears BOZZY to his fellowmen. Dr. JOHNSON's satellite was undoubtedly vain, and looked down upon OLIVER GOLDSMITH. GRANT DUFF's self-conceit is colossal, and from his artificial altitude he looks down on everybody—especially on Mr. GLADSTONE, who twice gave him office, made him Governor of Madras, and Grand Cross of the Star of India.

His industry in this occupation of declining years is merciless. He even goes out to breakfast if there is a chance of picking up any crumbs falling from the table. Envious neighbours charged AUTOLYCUS with the gentle habit of stealing from adjacent flocks, altering the marks of ownership on his plunder, and mingling them with his own sheep. In two closely-printed volumes, crammed with stories, it is natural that here and there our modern Argonaut displays hereditary tendency. But a large number of the stories are new, some of them excellent. Sir MOUNTSTUART'S many hosts and hostesses still living will be pleased to be reminded of what was said in the privacy of their breakfast, luncheon, or dinner-table in bygone years.

Business done.—Scotch Estimates after Irish row.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

["According to a popular but pessimistic author, clothes are 'a fatal invention.' . . . As they do not add to the real heat of the body, i.e. as they only prevent heat from escaping, we should be more warmly clothed and much less encumbered if we increased the natural heat of the body: in other words, we ought to find some means of substituting food for clothes."—*The Globe*.]

Cod-liver oil! The wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our temperature up still!
Phew! How the May North-easters blow
With rain and thunder, sleet and snow!
Phew! how the so-called zephyr moans
Amid its victims' tortured bones!
Fling off your coat and waistcoat—nay,
Not draw them closer!—Off, I say!
Clothes are an empty, senseless form,
'Tis mere delusion that they're warm,
An out-of-date exploded notion.
They do but check the body's motion,
Stop circulation, make the blood
A stagnant, cold and frozen flood.
It follows, the more cold it grows,
The more you should dispense with clothes.
Off with them, then, and sing this gay
And spirit-rousing roundelay:

Oh, some sing the wines of Oporto,
And some sing of sparkling Tokay,
While others appear to appreciate beer
In a simply astonishing way.
But when I am offered such liquors,
With a shudder of fear I recoil,
Saying, thank you, good Sir; but the brand
I prefer

Is cod-liver oil.

Allow me to mention its virtues.

Are you cold? Take a spoonful of
that,
And the generous cup quickly covers you
up

With a coat of the cosiest fat.

Are you hungry, exhausted and
empty,

Worn out with long labour and toil?
There is no need to stuff; you will soon
have enough

Of cod-liver oil.

Are you thirsty? Without hesitation
The spoon to your lip you may press
And drink to your fill, for the danger is
nil

You will suffer from any excess.
The fear of ill consequence never
Your sense of enjoyment need spoil;
So take a good pull—a tablespoon full
Of cod-liver oil!

SUGGESTED REVIVAL. — Seldom, now-a-days, does one hear anyone asserting the correctness of a sum in arithmetic as being "according to Cocker." It might be temporarily revived whenever an allusion to the recent decision of the judges in the school question is on the tapis, when it might be alluded to as being a sum-ming up "according to Cocker"—ton.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.—COACHING.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE BEGINNER WILL DO WELL TO HAND THE REINS TO THE PROFESSIONAL TEACHER.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE ;

OR, THE SUGAR TAX.

First Unprotected Female. Ah, woe is me! What horrors I foresee!

Second U. F. Why weeps my sister, crying "Woe is me!"

First U. F. Disaster for the female race I view.

Second U. F. Thy meaning? Give at least a little clue.

First U. F. Unloved, unwooed, unwed and all neglected,

I see a world of females unprotected,

And seeing it, my very bosom cracks

With grief and anguish—Ah! the sugar tax!

Second U. F. Lo! she has swooned. Most annoying that!

I can't conceive what she was driving at.

But while she lies upon the ground before us,

Let's try to read the riddle. Strike up, chorus!

Chorus of Unprotected Females.

Sugar is sweet, and sweeter than a dream

Of Paradise, I deem

The dainty chocolate cream;

And in my eyes more interesting than

An eligible man

Is matchless marzipan.

Yes, sweets are sweet, and bitter to the heart,

Thrice bitter 'tis to part

With sweet jam-puff and tart;

Yet self-restraint our sister surely lacks

If thus her bosom cracks

At thought of sugar tax:

Bad as it is, I have not yet detected

Why it should be suspected

Of leaving us neglected.

First U. F. (recovering.) Blind! Blind! Is it not plain?

Second U. F. All, all is dark.

Switch on the light.

First U. F. I press the button. Hark!

Professor SCHENK—the name's not new—

Of course you remember it?

Chorus.

Of course we do.

First U. F. He studied a problem that used to perplex

The world—I refer to the question of sex—

And he proved, to his own entire satisfaction,

That it's all a matter of sugar's action:

If you want to have boys, you must only eat

Sugar, jam, treacle—anything sweet;

If you want little daughters with long fair curls,

And pretty white pinafores—

Chorus.

Who wants girls?

First U. F. Well, if sugar is taxed and we have to banish

Sweets from the table, the boys will vanish;

And if no boys are born, why, then,

In course of time there will be no men!

Chorus.

O horror! great Heaven,

What a prospect's unfurled!

What a shock she has given!

What a bomb she has hurled

In the midst of us! Think of it, sisters—

Not a man in the whole blessed world!

Imagine a Season!

A dance or a ball

Would lose any reason

For being at all,

And no longer we'd throng in our hundreds

To the dawn-greeting "early and small."

And think of the river!

Ah! think, if you can,

Without a cold shiver,

However you'd plan

Your picnics at Henley or Goring,

Without a concomitant man.

No, no! at the notion

My limbs become lax,

And a frightful emotion

My whole being racks.

We cannot endure it, Sir MICHAEL!

Off, off with your vile sugar tax!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF it is a happiness for the erudite to communicate with the profane in a form which hides the painful process of achievement and only gives the picturesque results, then (says my Nautical Retainer) Mr. REGINALD BLOMFIELD is thrice blessed. His *Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500—1800* (GEORGE BELL), an abridgment of his larger work, is a remarkable example of the way in which history may be made delightful by the charming manner of its presentation. The reader is possessed by the confidence that comes of a sense of the author's personal experience and observation; he knows that he has to do neither with an amateur nor with a maker of books out of books. Add to this that the volume is a very gallery of illustrations, largely the work of the author's own lavish and facile pen. In the unavoidable absence of a royal road to the knowledge of architecture, here is a way,—with Mr. BLOMFIELD for your charioteer—that makes a most deceptive substitute.

In *Plato's Handmaiden* (JOHN LONG) LUCAS CLEEVE has given us a vivid picture of one of the latest crazes, or phases, of modern fashionable life. It is a carefully worked-out story, slight in plot, and not rich in incident, evincing, however, a carefully made study of the men and women she is depicting. The peculiar style of narration that LUCAS CLEEVE affects is occasionally somewhat irritating, as, for instance, when, at some interesting point, the author interposes paragraphically a short dialogue that may probably take place some months or years afterwards, or stops to consider what may be the effect in the distant future of the action then passing under the reader's eyes. If LUCAS CLEEVE would only avoid all attempts at dropping into epigram and enigmatical moralising, the interest of the story, which is a novel of character-development, would absorb the reader from first to last. As it is, the interposed moralisings are distracting. The villain, a married woman with a past most carefully concealed, and a Becky-Sharpian talent for intrigue, is a character drawn by a masterly hand, as, indeed, are all the women in the story, though, perhaps, the simplicity of the heroine is rather overdone. The warm-hearted, impressionable, generous man of the world, who is as utterly unable to realise the caddishness of his generosity towards "lovely woman in distress" as he is to recognise the selfishness of what he considers his true regard and great love for the object of his disloyal passion, is another admirably drawn character. Without any reserve, save the trifling defect above-mentioned, the Baron can strongly recommend this book to those who honour him by following his advice. The book leaves the Baron still puzzled over its title, *Plato's Handmaiden*! Why drag in PLATO? Likewise, why fix that highly moral and respectable sage with a "*handmaiden*"? By any other name the book would have been just as good, and there are ever so many titles at hand far better than that chosen for it by LUCAS CLEEVE, at least, such is the opinion of the criticising

BARON DE B.-W.

PICTURES MOUNTED.

MR. G. H. JALLAND, earnest sportsman and jocose draughtsman, is now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's rooms in New Bond Street a considerable number of original pictures, reproductions of which have from time to time appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages, where they were "plain," but now, the sporting artist having obtained "the brush," they are coloured. A very bright show, scarlet of course predominating, many of the brilliant hunting scenes striking the eye as quite "the pink" of perfection." In some instances, however, the idea is suggested that the horses owe their burnished coats to having been groomed at the Coloured Lithographic Stables.

Many are already sold, as in another sense will be the sportsmanlike collectors who may be too late for the show. Regard No. 5 one of the best. No. 68 is so full of "go" (rare to be this at 68!) that it may be gone altogether long ere this appears to call public attention to it. No. 22, "A capital Dodge," tells its own tale and the horse's. No. 24. The Scarecrow is delightfully absurd. No. 29 is Leechian in idea, and better as a painting, for LEECH was not very strong as a colourist. No. 44. A clever effect of bad weather. No one would wish Mr. JALLAND to check himself in his artistic career, but he certainly knows how "to draw rain." *Cum multis aliis*. On the whole, a bright and amusing exhibition.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

SCENE—A salon anywhere. TIME—Afternoon tea. Hostess addressing her guests.

Hostess. Yes, I think this is so much more amusing than "Books," and "Songs." One gets so tired of a lady with toy banners in her hair calling herself "Under Two Flags," and a man insisting that he is perfectly made up for "The Absent-Minded Beggar" when he wears a label of—"Quite blind. Give me a penny," and keeps his eyes open.

First Lady Friend. Certainly. Well, do you think my "Curiosity" was good? An old boot belonging to my great grandfather.

Hostess. Perfectly delightful. So nice to have a great grandfather, and one who wore boots.

Second Lady Friend. Well, my "Curiosity" is not quite so personal. This is an old work-box that has been in our family for the last hundred years.

Chorus. How interesting!

Second Lady Friend. And it was bought, so I have been told, at the Exhibition of 1851.

Professor Grumbles (interposing). Dear



APPRECIATION.

She. "I LIKE SOME OF YOUR ARTICLES VERY MUCH."

He. "OH, I'M SO GLAD! WHICH WAS THE PART YOU LIKED SPECIALLY?"

She. "WELL—I LIKED THE QUOTATION FROM BALZAC."

lady, I fancy you have made a mistake in your dates. Now, if the box was in your family a century, and it came from the Exhibition of 1851, it must—

Hostess (interposing). Oh, my dear Professor, pray don't worry us with statistics. Now, what have you got?

Professor Grumbles (producing a bag). Well, dear lady, my little contribution to the general hilarity of the occasion will be caused by my friend in the bag. It is a specimen—a very rare specimen—of the South African puff-adder. Most doctors will tell you that the sting of this reptile is dangerous. (He produces from the bag a black, vicious-looking snake.)

In fact, most people will say that the

sting, or rather a bite, is certain death. But be reassured, my good friends. In spite of this universal belief, I may say that, without expressing an absolutely definite opinion, I don't think so!

[*"Curiosity" tea disperses rapidly and in some confusion.*]

"MOON COINS."—A propos of this heading of recent occurrence in the *Times*, a correspondent signing himself "Count DE LUNA" writes, "Can you inform me if the authorities of the Mint have found some scientific method of extracting the metal from the pure silver rays of the Moon? If so, these Lunar Mines will be invaluable. How protect the property?"

GOOD OLD TIMES REVIVED AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



FOR a while, at least, the theatre-going public having lost its taste for the "problem play," and beginning to repent itself of its questionable caprice for "the woman with a past," turns to the innocent themes that aforesaid delighted its dining-early fathers, as well as its homely mothers, its generous bachelor uncles, and its kindly spinster aunts. Captain BASIL HOOD, author of the very pretty and interesting comedy *Sweet and Twenty* which has achieved a well-deserved success at the Vaudeville Theatre, eschewing the dangerous ground of modern divorce-court drama, has sought his model for an ideal domestic play—a play, that is, that the rather artificial and simpering young person can be taken to see without calling up the blush to her powdered cheek,—in the style of piece with which the early P., that is the early PINERO, in his salad-dressing days, made us familiar in *Sweet Lavender*; and, going back still earlier, Captain BASIL HOOD evinces his sympathy with the simple dramatic form which sufficiently served the purpose of the social TOM ROBERTSON, and which was brought to perfection by the tender-hearted, mildly punning THOMAS CRAVEN in *The Postboy* and *Meg's Diversions*.

So our good old friend Domestic Drama is once again welcomed back to its own home at the Vaudeville, whose reputation in this kind of play was made by Messrs. JAMES and THORNE with BYRON'S *Our Boys*, and, under the same management, with ALBERRY'S *Two Roses*. Yes, the Vaudeville is now the Domestic Drama's "Home, sweet home," as in ROBSON'S time was the Olympic, where it shared the house, as it did at the Strand and Royalty Theatres, with burlesque.

And, as a connecting link with the past, in this present play of BASIL HOOD'S is "an odd man," one *Prynne*, capitably played by Mr. FRED EMNEY, in whose part there is scarcely a line without a pun in it, reminding the old playgoer with a clear memory of the manner of *Jasper Pidgeon* in *Meg's Diversions*, and other similar characters. So the early Victorian low-comedian, with puns as plentiful as plums in his speeches, is not only revived but is going as strong as ever with a public that thoroughly enjoys every line spoken by this eccentric old *Prynne*.

The new order changeth giving place to old, and, to judge from the unequivocal success of this experiment at the Vaudeville, the harking-back movement is already undeniably popular. Yet, for all that, Captain BASIL HOOD is an uncommonly lucky man; his lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places when they have to be spoken by Miss ELLALINE TERRISS. As *Joan Trevelyan*, the "sweet-and-twenty" heroine of the play, she is simply perfect; and, having seen her in this, it is impossible to imagine anyone on the London stage to whom the part would be so exactly fitted. More touchingly, more tenderly, more "sweetly" rendered, it could not be. Those who have not seen Miss ELLALINE TERRISS as *Joan* have a genuine treat in store for them. It is no detraction from the general and individual excellence of the performance to express an opinion that, without ELLALINE TERRISS as the heroine this simple play, in some respects inartistic, especially in its lame finish, could never have gained upon the public as it undoubtedly has done.

Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, one of the best actors on the stage, to whom any part might be safely confided, plays admirably the *Rev. James Floyd*, an elderly clergyman, a manly character who is neither preacher nor prig, and who is therefore from the very first a favourite with the audience.

Miss MARY RORKE is invaluable as *Ellen*, the handsome parlour-maid (whose age may be about thirty-five, and whose "make-up" is most artistic), deeply attached to the family whom she has served since the brothers *Eustace* and *Douglas Floyd* were babies. For a parlour-maid on the stage the name

Ellen is rare: somehow, the nomenclature is happy and seems of itself to lift the character out of and above the status of the ordinary stage domestic maid-servant.

Miss VANE FEATHERSTONE flashes across the scene a brilliant meteor, holds the stage for a while, has, indeed, a good five-minutes' solo with scarcely a second's breathing interval for anyone to cut in with the briefest remark, and then—exit—and she "is heard no more." Why this *Mrs. Trevelyan* ever came at all is a query very difficult to answer satisfactorily; certainly *Joan* could have got on without her by merely alluding to the existence of such a person (whether aunt or mother, I could not gather from anything said or done), just as the *Floyd* quartette, *Rev. James, Masters Eustace* and *Douglas* and *Chris* (first-rate little boy Mr. GEORGE HERSEE), get on without *Mrs. Floyd* (not *Aurora* of that ilk! Poor *Aurora*!), who is perpetually being spoken of, but who, like the late *Madame Benôiton* in that once popular comedy, is never seen nor even "heard without" during the entire piece.

Mr. HOLBROOK BLINN plays the very difficult part of the bad brother with considerable artistic self-restraint. He makes himself up, and makes himself out, worse than he is. He is morbidly, biliously jealous. That *Joan* could ever have liked him at all, or trusted him in the least, he being such a vampire-looking sort of person, is just one of the two patent improbabilities of the play.

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, as *Douglas Floyd*, is the very man for this breezy, youthful, rather feather-headed but very warm-hearted sailor, and he makes the character go with the audience for all it is worth. Nor is it necessary that the Cain of this play (Mr. BLINN) should be so *evidently* a contrast to the Abel as author and actors have apparently thought. The lights and shades of the character of *Douglas Floyd*, the frank, easy-going, open-hearted, yet for all that diffident and bashful sailor, and then the deeply repentant prodigal son returned home, are well brought out by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, who in this part is suited down to the ground, or to the sea, and shows in it a vein of pathos hitherto unexpected in so very light a comedian. The episode of the toy pistol (this is the second glaring improbability) is so preposterous that how it escaped excision during rehearsal, that is, after the piece had been accepted on the strength of the parts to be played by Mr. HICKS and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, is a marvel even to one so practically versed in the mysteries of stage-craft as is this present critic. But "there's always a somethin'," and in spite of these "somethin's" this piece is in for a good run of public favour.



AN OLD FRIEND IN NEED.

AT a time when the question of coal is occupying so much attention it may occur to some generous owners and tax-payers that there is another way of spelling it, namely, the one adopted by His Majesty the ancient King Cole, and not only by that monarch, but also by one of our "queens of song," Madame SUSANNAH COLE, who, as the public has recently been informed, through no fault of her own but simply through misfortune, has fallen on evil days and is now in need of charitable assistance. Mr. BALFOUR granted Madame COLE a sum from the Royal Bounty Fund, and Queen ALEXANDRA has not only expressed her kindly sympathy but has also given to it practical effect in a handsome donation. Mr. *Punch* is informed that the well-known music-hall publishers, Messrs. CHAPPELL, of Bond Street, are kindly acting as treasurers to the fund, and to Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, all subscriptions for the "Madame COLE Fund" should be sent direct. The "live COLE" is still bright and brilliant! Let us do our best to keep her so. She is now seventy-one, and—so the *Daily Graphic* tells us—"her voice is still wonderful." So, musical public, notes as a present for notes in the past.

A THAMES FLEET.

EARLY in May Father Thames determined to review his fleet, and, not without a feeling of pride did he survey the vessels, gorgeous in unlimited paint, and plentifully bedecked with bunting. How deliciously the paint smelt, how brilliant were the buttons of the skippers, how truly Venetian the awnings! "Yes," said Father Thames, as he swallowed some gallons of smoke, "I have much to be thankful for. Life has its joys and its HILLS combined." Then he wondered if the *Maria Wood* could not be tinkered up, for she would certainly be in the best of company.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF THE SOUTHEND LION HUNT.

[A lion is said to be at large in the vicinity of Southend. Parties of gentlemen, armed with rifles obtained from the Southend Rifle Club, have been busy "hunting" in the neighbouring coverts. It was reported that persons had heard the animal roar, and the children were afraid to go to school. The "hunters," although encouraged to persevere by curious "footprints" observed here and there, have so far been unsuccessful in their search. A gentleman living close by is of opinion that the mysterious visitor is a stag. Whatever the animal may be, it is still at large, and the mystery is unsolved.—*Daily Paper*.]

BROWN was a sporting citizen
Of credit and renown
(And so were JONES and ROBINSON)
In famous Southend town.

Said BROWN to JONES and ROBINSON,
"Though gunning off we've been,
And slain confiding gulls, yet we
No big game e'er have seen :

"But now a lion fierce and grim
Has made its horrid lair
In yonder thicket wild, to which
To-morrow we'll repair."

JONES soon replied, "Amongst the best
Of sportsmen you're the one
I most admire"—and so, to all
Intent, said ROBINSON.

"Therefore this deed," continued JONES,
"Of daring shall be done"—
The hardy compact thus he made,
And so did ROBINSON.

The morning came, the sportsmen dressed
All in their loudest checks,
With cartridge-bags and hunting-knives
Suspended round their necks.

They shouldered with an air expert
The deadly tubes, which BROWN
Had borrowed from the Rifle Club
In famous Southend town.

And soon the woods and brakes resound,
For BROWN had thought it meet
To hire a hundred loafers bold
The coverts for to beat.



Mrs. Vanoof (shopping in Paris). "NOW LET ME SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT EXTRA SPECIAL."
Salesman. "MADAM, WE 'AVE SOME YER' FINE LOUIS TREIZE."

Mr. Vanoof. "TRAYS, MAN! WHAT DO WE WANT WITH TRAYS!"

Mrs. Vanoof. "BETTER TRY ONE OR TWO; THEY'RE ONLY A LOUIS."

Each sportsman flourished right and left
The unaccustomed arm,
The while he eyed his neighbour's with
But ill-concealed alarm.

From dawn to eve they beat the woods.
Throughout the country side,
And all the squires and gamekeepers
Were highly gratified.

They found no lion, but at last
They found a curious slot—
"A lion's or a stag's," said BROWN,
As he surveyed the spot.

"Their feet are very much alike,"
Said BROWN, and JONES agreed,

Whilst ROBINSON, as in duty bound,
Said, "Very much indeed."

Just then a fearful roar was heard.
Each sportsman turned to run,
BROWN fired at JONES by accident,
And JONES at ROBINSON.

Again the fearful roar rang out,
More near and yet more near—
Alas! Alas! "A braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear"!

The beaters noised the tale abroad,
And sadly now goes BROWN
(As also JONES and ROBINSON)
In famous Southend town.

WANDERING IN "THE WILDERNESS."

FOR such success as *The Wilderness* may have achieved, its author Mr. H. V. ESMOND must gratefully thank the excellence of his better half's (Mrs. ESMOND alias Miss EVA MOORE) performance as *Mabel Vaughan*, and must also acknowledge the artistic quality of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S *Sir Harry Milanor*. Three-sixths of the praise, fractionally divided, must be allotted to the actress, two-sixths to the leading actor, while the remaining one-sixth must be divided among the company generally, on whose talents no considerable call is made. Outside these, so to speak, and appearing only in the first act, are two small character-parts so well rendered by Mr. LENNOX PAWLE and Mrs. EDWARD SAKER as to cause regret at their total eclipse subsequent to their short half-hour on the stage, after which they, condemned to a fate similar to that of the "poor player who struts and frets," are "heard no more." Out—out! ye two brief dramatic candles, *Lady Pawson* and her son *Mr. Gilbert*; the latter, by the way, could, without the stuffin' of tea and muffin, make up perfectly for the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*. [Happy thought! To write a play for him as the hero and call it "Joe." Not "Poor Joe" nor "Jo"; these have been done. But "Joe" tout simple. Perhaps, though, the answer may be "Not for Joe." So, to proceed.]

Mr. ALEXANDER certainly creates a part out of scanty materials. It is clever, not very pleasant, for there is a touch of cynicism in his manner that makes anything he says and does, that has any heart in it, unreal. A man of thirty-five, a millionaire, a responsible person, and a magnate in his own county, who presumably received a public-school and University training, who has seen the world at home and abroad—a man of this stamp, a gentleman by birth and education, talking as foolishly and inconsequently as a scatter-brained youth of nineteen, and behaving as an irresponsible being, a kind of youthful *Harold Skimpole*, is, as a character in play or novel, an unsolvable problem. Have we renounced the "problem play" to find the problem character? Yet just when the part is beginning to be wearisome it suddenly becomes interesting. This happens in the last act, from which, by the way, a good ten minutes' worth of dialogue could be excised much to the advantage of the play.

But if *Sir Problem Bart*, troubles the intelligent "friends in front," in *Mabel Vaughan*, the flirt, the lark, the dangerously high-spirited, impulsive yet calculating, unprincipled and impudent, the budding adventuress who, converted by marriage, into a true and devotedly loving wife, will be recognised as a living picture of a type far from rare, which has been seen on the stage ere now, but never in so perfect a presentment as is now given us in *Mabel Vaughan*, that is, as played by Miss EVA MOORE. So real, so natural, is she that one feels sympathetically inclined to persuade her from being so headstrongly honest, and, after seven months of happiest possible wedlock, so most unnecessarily communicative. Nothing threatens her: she is afraid of nobody: it is only a case of a conscience, inexplicably and suddenly, after seven months' rest, aroused! And what about? Nothing: absolutely nothing at all. She had married for money, married out of pique, and then had arrived at loving and honouring her husband. There is something in the part akin to that of Mrs. Mildmay in *Still Waters run Deep*, but *Sir Harry* is no counterpart of the sensible bourgeois husband in that play, while *Jack Kennerley* is a colourless and insipid kind of intending seducer of a very ordinary type. This dull, gay young dog, with a criminal passion for *Mabel*, is a difficult part thoroughly well played by Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE, with the one exception of his final scene with *Mabel*. Even in the best-built house, where the ears of the walls may be stuffed with tapestry, the loud tones of an impetuous lover would penetrate into the study, dining-room, and kitchen. When he was uttering his sentiments to *Mabel*, stentorianly passionate with loving or with bitter reproaches, everyone interested

in the scene must have trembled lest a servant should suddenly enter to artfully inquire "Did you ring, my lady?" or lest *Sir Harry* should unexpectedly dash in to see what on earth could be the matter.

Miss LE THIÈRE as *Lady Milanor*, *Sir Harry's* mother, gives us a broadly-drawn highly-coloured picture of a made-up old woman of the world, not intended for a *grande dame*.

Mr. ESMOND'S people, with the exception of three principals, are all stage puppets, including Mrs. Buckley Weston's two children, Master VYVIAN THOMAS, and Miss PHYLLIS DARE, who do most conscientiously what they have been mistakenly taught, but as their presence in no way strengthens the piece, it would have been more satisfactory to the audience, and less risky to success, had this little couple been as invisible as are the fairies about whom Mr. ESMOND has made them chatter with such irritating affectation.

A beautiful scene this woodland one, painted by W. HANN, as perfect a sylvan picture as could be seen on any stage. This can't be "the Wilderness." It is not so named in the playbill. Is "the Wilderness" the tea-shop, or is it London? "Out of the Wilderness," says *Sir Harry*, "into the sunshine." *Mabel* asks him, as an afterthought, what he means by this expression. His answer did not clear up the mystery.

What had the author, who has done far better work than this, in his head when he called this play "the Wilderness?" On the other hand, "Why not?" Quite so. We'll let it rest at that, and as *Sam Weller* replied to Mr. Tuckle, "We shall get on by degrees, I des-say. We'll try a better one, by-and-bye."

MUSICAL GLASSES.

["People anxious to know Who's Who at the Opera should cut out and keep our plan of the private boxes at Covent Garden."—*Daily Express*.]

ALL ye who worship WAGNER and find VERDI to your taste,
With our fashionable guide-book forth to Covent Garden haste,
And while MANICINELLI's bâton saws the aromatic air
With your nicely-focussed glasses at the crowded boxes stare;
Mrs. COCKALORUM's sitting in the box upon your right,
That is Lady WIGGLE-WAGGLE in the next one, dressed in white,
And the man above—ah, that one, what a nose he has to scratch!
Is old MOSES AFRICANUS, with Miss MABEL BANDERSNATCH.

Oh, haste to Covent Garden with the longest-ranging glasses,
And our plan will introduce you to the brilliant upper classes!

Oh, the secret spells of MOZART!—(Lady TATCHO's dyed her hair—)

EAMES is singing like an angel!—(And I can't think how she dare—)

MAUBOURG's voice is ringing truly!—(Every shade of red she tries—)

MANICINELLI's quite a genius!—(Oh, of course she blacks her eyes!)

Swims the music thro' the theatre, ah! the witchery of sound,
While the glasses ranging, ranging, do the fashionable round,—
Search the boxes, note the titles, count tiaras, and assess,
To the strains of "Don Giovanni," Lady PUMPERNICKEL's dress!

Oh, haste to Covent Garden with the longest-ranging glasses,
And we'll bring you into contact with our most distinguished classes!

MR. VERE HARDUP (dating from Subrosa Cottage, Lowater) writes:—"I see the University of California has bestowed the degree of LL.D. on the American President. Hope he'll like it. Could you, Sir, induce anybody—some wealthy body like the University of California for example—to bestow a degree of L. S. D. on yours truly? If so, will make it worth your while, or, if you are sufficiently crafty, worth your wile."



SCENE FROM KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

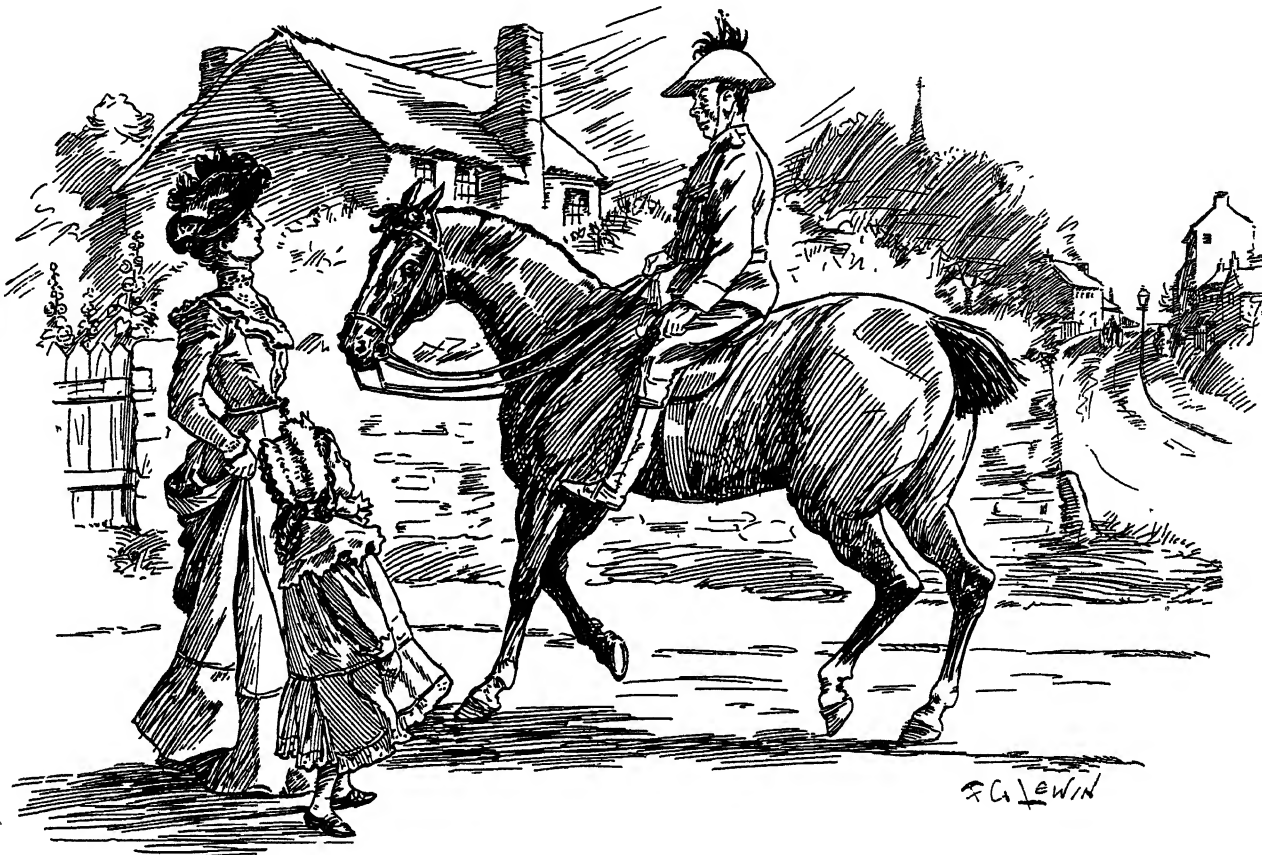
(PART I., ACT 2, SCENE IV.)

Dramatis Personæ.

Falstaff . . . LORD S-L-S-B-Y. *Prince Henry* . . . W-N-S-T-N CH-RCH-L-L *Poins* . . . CONSERVATIVE PRE'S.

Falstaff. "CALL YOU THAT BACKING OF YOUR FRIENDS? A PLAGUE UPON SUCH BACKING!"

[The resolution on which the Army Scheme will be based was more powerfully criticised from the Conservative side than from the Opposition Benches.]



"OH, MR. JONES! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A VOLUNTEER, AND ON HORSEBACK, TOO! YOU USED NOT TO RIDE. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A CAVALRYMAN?" Jones. "OH, I'VE BEEN EXERCISING FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS ON—" (*sadly*) "AND OFF!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Army Act provides that an officer thinking himself wronged by his Commanding Officer, may carry his grievance direct to the foot of the Throne. General Sir HENRY COLVILLE, precluded by technical difficulties from taking that course, appeals to the British public. His statement takes the shape of a record of *The Work of the Ninth Division* (EDWARD ARNOLD). The plain, straight-forward narrative, illustrated by maps and plans, makes clear the intricate story of Sannah's Post and Lindley. He states his case with a manly reserve not less valorous than his bearing on the battle-field. He indulges in no violent diatribes, makes no accusations, arrays his facts with soldierly brevity and precision, and leaves the jury of the world to decide between him and the Prosecutor-judge at the War Office. There may be differences of opinion among military critics (enjoying the advantage of coming to judgment after the event), whether General COLVILLE did or omitted to do the right thing at the critical moment at Lindley and Sannah's Post. My Baronite believes there will be no difference of opinion on the assertion that if in their dealings with the Commander of the Ninth Division the authorities at the War Office were right, they were uncommonly unfortunate in the direction taken to reach the right.

The Baron hopes that *The Private Life of the King*, by One of His Majesty's Servants (PEARSON), will not be brought under His MAJESTY'S notice as, the KING'S sense of humour being peculiarly keen, the effect on His MAJESTY might be serious. Would that Mr. Punch had a WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY to review this work, which he would probably pronounce to be "beyond criticism" and though, perhaps, "beyond" may not be precisely the word, yet it expresses the idea. To say that it is

"above criticism" would not be in accordance with fact. It would be an illustration of "*Le Roi s'amuse*" were His MAJESTY to give a few minutes to this work by "One of His Majesty's Servants." As to the photographic portraits, probably Mr. DOWNEY would be the best judge of the justice done to his handiwork; and if he be pleased, then "*Box and Cox* are satisfied," and so, of course, is the Baron.

My Son Richard (HUTCHINSON) is truly described as a romance of the river. The river is the Thames, and for the scene of his story, Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has chosen the lovely reach lying between Maidenhead and Marlow. He knows and loves every furlong of it, and is happily gifted with the power of communicating to others his pleasure in contemplating it. He peoples its banks and its boats with pleasant folk, who live ordinary holiday life, fishing, flirting, punting and rowing. It makes a pretty pastoral picture, pleasant for the study of those who have time and opportunity to get on the river, perhaps even more so to those, like my Baronite, whose chief boating experience is pulling the galley oar in town. The story is brought up to date by news of the outbreak of the war in South Africa, and the patriotic but inconvenient desire of *My Son Richard*, and others of the company, to imitate MALBROOK, *Qu'il s'en va't en guerre*.

Buy and "Sell." Useful and entertaining for all those who are blessed, or otherwise, with the journalistic faculty is the large volume entitled *Sell's World's Press*, with its artistically got up supplement, containing portraits of such a number of what a fortune-telling gipsy might term "pretty gentlemen." In connection with the name of "Sell," it is a good thing to be taken in. But in spite of the name the information, to judge of it at a glance, is ample and accurate in the opinion of the careful

BARON DE B.-W.

TO A PIGEON OF "LA PIAZZA."

BIRD of the beady eye and tireless crop,
 Capacious past the common pigeon's use,
 Brave, neck and breast, with bloom of green and purple,
 A rounded Iris answering the sun,
 But suited for the rest in sober grey,
 Mating the dusky gleam of Moorish domes,
 And sombre-hued against the gilt and glare
 Of bastard Byzantine, restored "to taste"—
 I like you, bird; the gondolas and you
 Would seem the only ancient things in Venice,
 Which we may hope to understand without
 The help of Mr. RUSKIN. Let me buy
 One little paper bag of yellow maize,
 Dear at a *soldo*, and I'll undertake,
 Waiving the Master's aid, to win your love
 As perfectly as though I had by heart
 The inwardness of all the Middle Ages.

I say, I like you, bird; you have a soul
 Unseared by culture; you will roost o' nights
 Indifferently on a marble niche
 Flanking the dim mosaic's awful marge,
 Or up a rain-spout; on the Doges' Palace,
 Or QUADRI's restaurant; you throw your eye
 With equal and dispassionate regard
 Upon the untutored Briton who aspires
 Not far beyond the sudden Kodak's film,
 And on the fair Bostonian rapt with awe,
 Her *Stones of Venice* tucked beneath her arm,
 Her visage wan with having drunk too well
 The borrowed sweets of that laborious bee,
 AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. It moves you not,
 Although LA DUSE passes, deadly bored
 With playing in her hero's *Città Morta*;
 Nay, should the hero's self, Italia's pride,
 D'ANNUNZIO, superb and rather bald,
 Consent to prance across the dazzled square,
 Recalling memories of the Golden Time,
 You would not turn to stare as others turn,
 Quite rudely; what's D'ANNUNZIO to you,
 Unless his largesse leaves you plump with grain?
 And even so the studied attitude
 Will certainly escape you. I respect
 Your disregard of persons. I admire
 With what aloofness you ignore the crowd,
 Going about your private loves and hates
 As though the public counted not at all,
 Save as a menace to your fragile toes
 And as a source of food. It is an art,
 This unselfconsciousness, which we have lost,
 Like that of wearing wings. You keep them both.

What brought you here, I wonder, at the first,
 Before the hucksters spread their toothsome wares
 Within the very temple's outer courts?
 Doubtless the prose accounts are always best;
 Yet, were I poet, I would dare to say
 Here, too, was instinct, Nature's work by which
 Beauty is drawn to beauty, like to like,
 Not knowing wherefore. So, by such a spell,
 I will believe that in the Time-old tale,
 The Cytherean doves, they knew not why,
 Hovered about the gracious ways of her,
 That other Aphrodite of the Sea,

Venice, May 15.

• O. S.

THE NEW "FRONDE."

ACCORDING to the *Westminster Gazette* an effort is being made to establish a daily paper in London which shall be the production of women for women in every particular. Sporting news will be done by women as well as politics, Parliament, &c." Nothing if not up-to-date, Mr. *Punch* offers an "intelligent anticipation" of the first number:—

POLITICS.

(By our Special Parliamentary Representative.)

A very dull sitting, which would have been quite uneventful but for the appearance of the beautiful Mrs. HADDON HALL, who lightened the gloom of the ladies' gallery by a charming confection of fawn *glacé*. She wore a coat of Directoire shape, the smart little basque being cut away at the sides. The revers and cuffs were faced with silk and trimmed with gold braid, while the waistcoat was of Pompadour silk box-pleated, and the lace frills that fell over her hands matched the lace of the jabot. And here let me protest once more against the wicked iniquity of allowing ladies to be "cabined, cribbed, confined" in that abominable black hole behind the grille, where the choicest toilette of Paris sheds its lustre in vain. In spite of good eye-sight and the best opera glasses, I was quite unable to detect the material of Mrs. HADDON HALL's underskirt.

Miss —, of the Woman's Suffrage League, was busy lobbying, as usual, gowned in her customary severe simplicity. I noticed that several Members have taken to summer wear. Mr. W-NST-N CH-RCH-LL, in particular, looked well in a new frock-coat, while Mr. B-RNS was democratic in a bowler.

SPORT.

The cricket tournament at Lord's yesterday proved very interesting. JONES, the fast bowler, opened with a tremendous service to BROWN, who, however, returned the leather, slogging it right out of court.

Nothing daunted, JONES returned to the attack, but BROWN defended his uprights, half-volleying the service. At the third ball he was narrowly missed by the stump-keeper, who, however, failed to hold the pilule and passed to longstop, who neatly returned it to JONES. After the fifth ball the umpire called "Over!" but the match was not ended yet. JONES was exhausted by his tremendous efforts, and the service was taken up by SMITH from the other end of the court. SMITH's service seemed to be very deadly, pitching just on the service-line with a nasty twist in towards the goal-posts, and it evidently puzzled the batsman, whose score remained steadily at love. At length, growing desperate, he ran in to the globe and volleyed it right into SMITH's hands, who held the sphere amid loud applause. By this time SMITH was out of breath, but JONES having recovered resumed the service, and another batsman coming in, play continued until lunch time, when who should I see crossing the court but CHARLIE, who is playing for the M.C.C. and looked delicious in flannels. He was as surprised to see me as I to set eyes on him, and would hardly believe it when I said I was there to report the match for the new paper. He asked me to lunch with him, and being very hungry and tired, I was delighted; and after lunch he offered to overhaul my copy; and that, perhaps, is why I have been able to give such a minute and technical account of the match.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Rain falling heavily in the morning, the market was dull, though umbrellas went up and there was a run on waterproofs. At this season of the year, a safe investment is a bolero. During the recent cold weather there was a perceptible rise in furs, the bears having it all their own way. Muslins were sensitive, but have now recovered and will probably remain steady for some time, but owing to the continuous east winds, transparent collars are still at a discount.

JUDGE NOT BY APPEARANCES.



AT ONE END OF THE STRING.—“YOU MUST BE A FOOLISH BOY TO FISH DOWN A DRAIN-PIPE.”

SPOILT PARENTS.

[“In America the question is being discussed as to whether children are not too kind to their parents. One writer in the *Forum* objects to the ‘simpering and plastic smile,’ and urges that a child must say ‘No’ with firmness to those parental orders of which it disapproves.”—*The Globe*.]

O CHILDREN, how long will you pamper and pet
Your parents by meekly obeying
Whatever injunctions they happen to set,
No matter what folly displaying?
You over-indulge them, you make them expect,
As a matter of course, your compliance
With all their decrees. Show a little neglect
And bid them a hearty defiance.

Away with your simpering smile, and away
With your flattery, servile and florid!
Reply to whatever your parents may say
With a frown on your infantile forehead.
Be firm with them always; and if they should dare
To give you an order, why, say it
Don't meet your approval and so you don't care
To trouble yourself to obey it.

Yes, parents exaggerate what is their due,
And you are to blame for it greatly
By the lamb-like obedience yielded by you,
O children—especially lately.
It's tempting to spoil them, no doubt; but be firm,
And let this be your constant endeavour—
No matter how much they may froth, fret and squirm,
To do what they order you never.



AT THE OTHER END OF THE STRING.

THE HAPPY HILLS OF LEE.

OH, there's sunshine on the happy hills. the happy hills of Lee,
 And there's freshness in the valleys where they part to meet
 the sea;
 And there's laughter in the waving trees and laughter in the
 air,
 And there's rest for men and women who may chance to
 wander there,
 And I hear a voice that whispers, "Oh, it's there that you
 would be;
 Turn your steps, you weary toiler, to the happy hills of Lee."
 Many friends I loved have gone there; I shall see them once
 again,
 When the hills rise bright before me as I trudge across the
 plain, [leap,
 And my feet will spring to meet them and my weary heart will
 As I hear, awake, their voices that have cheered me in my
 sleep.
 They will come to bid me welcome and they'll stretch their
 hands to me,
 When I touch the shining borders of the happy hills of Lee.
 Oh, I often thought of starting when the clouds were hanging
 low,
 When my hands were worn with working and my feet were
 dragging slow,
 When the light of life was sinking that had flashed so bright
 and gay. [day;
 Then, I thought, I'll stay no longer, but I'll start at break of
 I will drop my load and leave it, and I'll wander fair and free
 To a peaceful, sunny haven in the happy hills of Lee.
 But there's something always holds me, something presses on
 my heart,
 When the distant voices call me, and I never can depart;
 Something toilsome, something weary, but I know it must be done
 Ere I start, my labour ended, for the haven in the sun.
 Yet some day, without my thinking, I shall leave it all and see
 Far away, but growing nearer, all the happy hills of Lee.

R. C. L.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

WHAT startling post-cards for Home and Abroad distribution
 have been recently brought out by Messrs. R. TUCK & SONS
 under the style and title of "The Heraldic Series," displaying
 the arms, hands, legs, feet and mot-toes of most of the principal
 towns in United Kingdom! They might have been invented
 by a modern Mr. Peter Magnus, who, following in the steps
 of his Pickwickian prototype, finds that some trifling pictorial
 novelty on a post-card has the same effect on the recipients
 as had those "hasty notes to intimate acquaintance," with
 "afternoon" signed on them instead of "P.M.," which
 was, in Mr. PICKWICK'S opinion, a performance "calculated to
 afford them (Mr. Magnus's friends) the highest gratification."

Exeter is represented by "Three Castles" and "a Cow." Why? "Three Castles" is the celebrated Virginian tobacco
 praised by THACKERAY; while a "Cow" is associated with the
 "three acres" once so familiar to the ears of political
 supporters. But what has Exeter specially to do with these
 things? Cheltenham is represented by a rook, two books, a
 couple of gulls, and (apparently) a cauliflower rampant. Again,
 why? The meaning of the Harrogate motto is more evident,
 "*Arx celebris fontibus*," clearly "Arx (i.e. 'ask') for the
 celebrated waters." The armorial bearings of Birmingham have
 nothing of Brummagem about them. On the left of a shield (one
 of the South Shields, perhaps) is a languishing lady, with
 palette and brushes; clearly "Art," and as she is tall she
 represents "High Art." On the right is a Smith ("heard that
 name before"), with a hammer resting on an anvil, while in

the centre above the shield is a castellated crown, out of which
 has arisen a muscular arm with hand grasping a battle-axe that
 is about to descend sharply on the idle blacksmith's head, just
 by way of reminder that he must get on with his work. The
 motto is an excellent one, "Forward," which, of course, is not
 intended to be applicable to the very modest and retiring
 female artist already mentioned, while the arm with battle-axe
 is evidently to suggest how unpleasant for the workmen would
 be the effects of a strike.

We regret not having at our disposal more leisure for the
 deciphering of these arms and mottoes, "the bearings" of
 which lie "in the application on 'em." Anyway, the idea is
 novel, and will induce many, who have nothing particular to
 say, to send some of these cards as puzzles to friends in any
 part of the United Kingdom.

ONE REASON FOR TAXING SUGAR.

THE bitter-sweet in Life how intertwined,
 Comingled and compounded! Where the mind
 That could the dual properties dis sever?
 Ah! no, they will be separated never.

The Government so deep read in the laws
 Nature imposes for the common cause,
 Has long taxed bitter. What could be more meet
 Than that it now should wish to tax the sweet?

PEOPLE WHO PALL ON ME.

II.—THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS "TIP-TOP."

GOOD health is a bright jewel, someone with a *penchant* for
 copybook maxims has said. Doubtless; at the same time it's
 bad form to be over-dressed with any kind of ornament, and
 there are some people whose ostentatious good health is very
 exasperating. ROUSER, for instance, falls into this category.
 He's not content to be healthy in a gentlemanly, un-assuming
 way; it makes him positively aggressive.

"What," shouts ROUSER (he never talks, and no tradition
 exists of his ever having whispered), "not feeling quite up to
 the mark, aren't you? Eh? These east winds! Pooh, man.
 Why, I'm tip-top—absolutely. What you want is a five-mile
 walk before breakfast. Then you'd be as fit as a fiddle."

I think of mentioning that there are fiddles and fiddles, but
 it's of little use replying to ROUSER. So I smile sceptically
 and change the subject, though the latter is a difficult thing to
 accomplish. Odd thing that such men imagine rude health
 necessarily connotes rude manners. Men like ROUSER always
 mistake good health for a moral quality.

"I thank my stars I never get influenza," he is always
 exclaiming during the winter and spring months, suggesting
 by his tone that there has been some special dispensation of
 Providence on his behalf.

I dislike a man who is always telling me what he thinks
 I want. ROUSER's a distinct failure as a thought-reader.
 Then, again, just because an early breakfast doesn't disagree
 with him, he chucks (that's the only word which describes it)
 this early breakfast at all his less obviously robust friends. I
 say "less obviously robust" advisedly, for I believe many of
 us are quite as healthy, though not so ostentatiously healthy,
 as ROUSER.

"Look here, ROUSER!" I've said to him. "If an early
 breakfast suits you, then take it—but for goodness sake take
 it secretly, and make no public mention of such an unholy
 performance: else may the ghost of ELIA haunt you."

But perhaps this is scarcely kind to the ghost of ELIA.

No doubt the day will come when the chastening influence
 of a chill will descend on ROUSER. To every man there comes,
 at some time, the opportunity to reform. And when that much
 to be desired event arrives, ROUSER, I am sure, will rise from
 his bed a quieter and more tolerable companion.

"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT";

Or, the Coming Eclipse—of the Honeymoon.

["That the modern bride cannot endure the sole companionship of her husband for even the first few days of married life, and that Benedick must have golfing or playhouses, or the society of friends, lest he should be bored by the woman he has just taken as a life-companion, is truly a pitiful exposure of the spirit in which the holy estate is entered upon by the present generation."—*Lady's Pictorial*.]

Being a "Love-letter" from a Bride to an Intimate Friend.

MY DEAREST INA,—When GEORGE and I left good old Hill Street for Charing Cross in his motor-car, I experienced the most awful feelings of loneliness. So did GEORGE. So silly, when we had arranged to be sensible and make the honeymoon a matter of mere traditional interest. GEORGE'S own words. I never realized what strangers we are until we were tuff-tuffing across Berkeley Square in a kind of misty matrimonial gloom. I wished, dear, I knew him better. You see, I saw so little of him when we were engaged, and now that we are married I expect my chances of knowing him are altogether gone. We shall be like "ships that pass in the night," you know. I actually felt nonplussed as to what to talk about. I knew his five golf stories (including the swear words), and he has made himself thoroughly familiar with my remarks on the weather. So, you see, we were at a complete standstill. Fortunately, we were not long left in this awful predicament, for the motor went wrong (good old GEORGE!), and we arranged that I should get out and take a cab, while GEORGE and his man should push the car to the station or die in the attempt. Quite a will of his own, hasn't he? By-the-bye, dearest, his moustache is brown. You were right, after all. I always thought it was black; but, of course, you know him so much better than I do.

Thank goodness, there was a crowd to meet us at Charing Cross. All the PETER-SHAWLS and that set. CHARLEY was so amusing, and travelled down with us to Dover. Wasn't it a relief, dear? GEORGE studied *Ruff's Guide* until he fell asleep, and CHARLEY and I played piquet. We went to the "Warden," and GEORGE persuaded CHARLEY to come too. The FOWLER-GRANTS met us at the hotel, for, as I think I told you, they had arranged a little dance in our honour. Though rather fagged with the ceremony and the hurry and bustle, I managed to get the best out of an average evening. Do you know, darling, GEORGE doesn't dance, and positively refused to be bored to death at the FOWLER-GRANTS (rather small house), so he and CHARLEY made the night hideous in the billiard-room. Mrs. F. G. was rather surprised at my going alone. Such an old-fashioned thing. I told her now-a-days a husband was an institution like the Tower



Amateur Gardener (to goat-funcyng neighbour). "Hi, MADAM! ONE OF YOUR CONFOUNDED PETS HAS GOT INTO MY GARDEN, AND IS EATING MY BEDDING-PLANTS!"
Neighbour. "GOOD GRACIOUS! I TRUST THEY ARE NOT POISONOUS!"

or the National Gallery. So accessible, dear, that you never go near them. She was—or pretended to be—a little shocked. I thought it was not bad for me.

We went on board one of those awful boats the next day in a drizzle. Not a soul on board we knew. I never realized what a really nice boy CHARLEY P. was until I saw him fading away in a Dover fly on his way to the station. Could anything be more awful, dear, more hopelessly depressing than to be alone on a tossing little tub with one's own husband? We were a most deplorable looking couple when we reached Calais. Here, I am thankful to say, the LEPIZONS met us as arranged. GEORGE was awfully bad-tempered. I can't think what annoyed him. Perhaps I bored him; perhaps he saw how successfully he bored me. At any rate, we decided (of course, quite nicely) that as he was sick

of Paris, he might as well return at once to England, when he thought he would be in time for the golf competition. He is so delightfully mad on golf, dear. Of course, it would be awfully dull for him here. We are going to do all the theatres next week and perhaps some of the music-halls, darling! Then we shall go on to Nice. I shall try and persuade GEORGE to come on there. He can golf all day, and play bridge with Col. WEYBRIDGE and the LEPIZONS in the evening.

If GEORGE decides to go straight home after Hoylake, we shall prolong our stay here. It will be an immense relief, dear, to know that he is perfectly happy in his dear, silly old way. And when we meet again the atmosphere of sickly sentiment will have cleared. One hopes so!

Ever yours devotedly,

SELINA TRUMAN.



"'ERE Y' ARE, LIDY! STAND ON MY BACK FOR A SHILLIN'!"

THE HANDICAP OF INTELLECT.

["In physical competitions (argues Mr. HERBERT SPENCER) the younger and weaker competitors are given an artificial advantage but in mental competitions the reverse is the case."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

STRANGE! that, while sense the body rules,
The outworn discipline of schools
Should fetter still the mind,
That, while an equal race they ran,
Mere thew and muscle lead the van,
And genius lags behind.

Her honest best athletics tries
Nature's defects to equalise,
Her wrongs to right by art,

And "half-fifteen" it grants, or
"bisque,"

To obviate the greater risk,
That fairer all may start.

So should proud intellect with sense
Its honours and rewards dispense,
Creating fools M.A.'s,
And dubbing dunces LL.D.'s,
And thereby striving by degrees
The weaker still to raise.

So be it our design to clap
On intellect a handicap,
And honest fools advance;
That in the glorious by-and-by,
By merit, or by favour, I
At last may get a chance.

TO MY OWN TRUMPET.

I HAVE a trumpet rich in sound,
I blew it long before I sang it
My tomb on, when I'm underground;
Oh, hang it!

It hangs conveniently to hand,
And in Opinion's face I sound it
When his voice cries against me and
Confound it!

I sundry chords upon it play,
But at the fear o'er-use might smash it
The tear starts in my eye; away—
Oh, dash it!

Strange when (in hunting phrase) I wind
This brassy instrument audacious
It should reveal me wise, refined,
Good, gracious!

I am, you surely understand,
A rather more than minor poet;
Then take my trumpet, reader, and,
Oh, blow it!

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

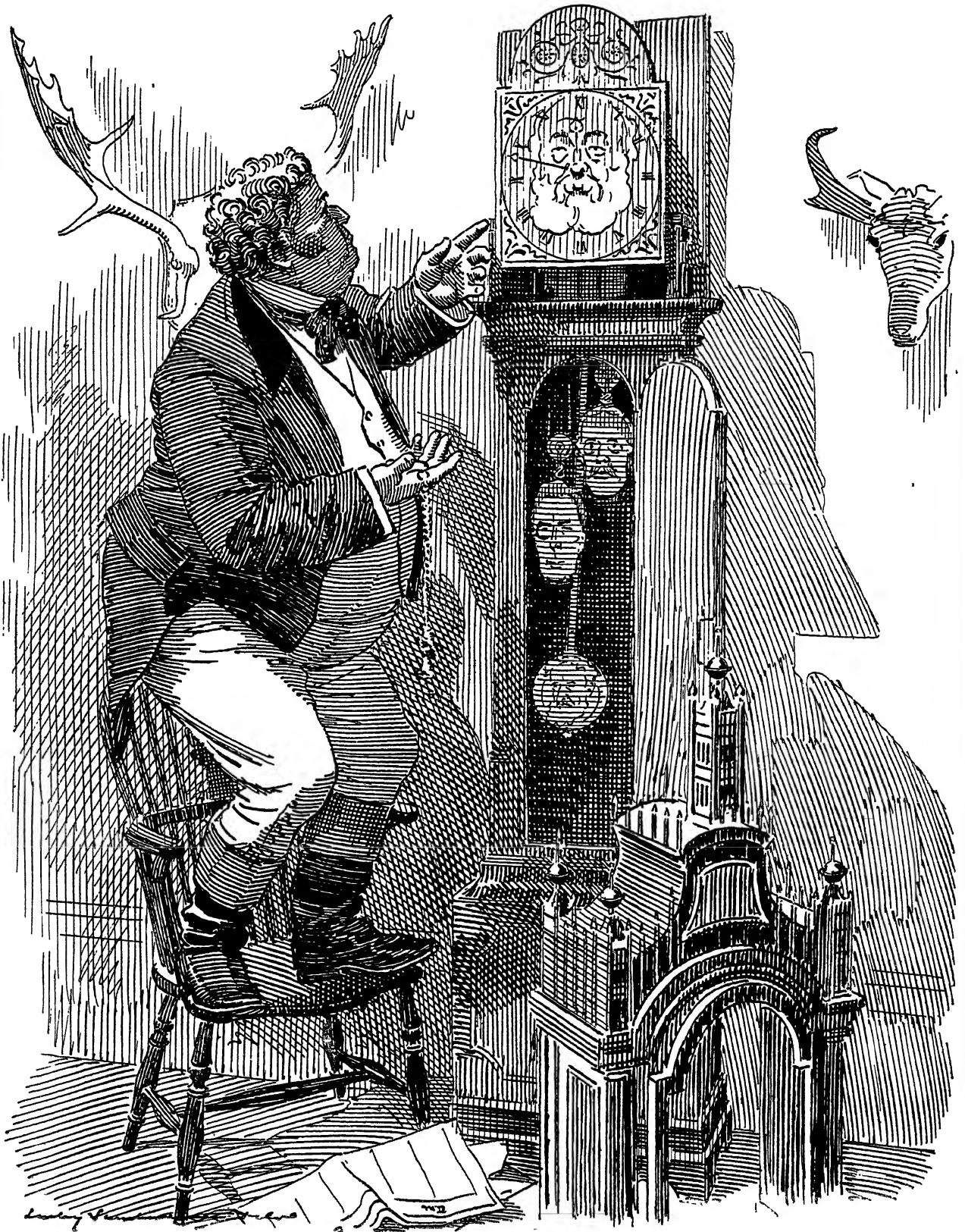
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No doubt you have seen in the papers a long correspondence about "The Poor Lady." Several philanthropists have shown how an impoverished gentlewoman can live upon next to nothing a year with the assistance of various residential homes. But if there are poor ladies, are there not "mere men" equally requiring the aid of the charitably inclined?

Take myself, for example. I dress fairly (thanks to the indulgence of my tradespeople), and occasionally am able to take the house dinner at my club. But I am terribly pressed, and even regard an omnibus as an impossible luxury. I remember, years ago, one of the most celebrated of the contributors to your immortal pages suggested that there was an opening for poor gentlemen in "salad dressing." The scheme was proposed in a work entitled, as I think, *Happy Thought Hall*, and "the Confraternity" was to be styled "The Little Brothers of the Rich." Presentable young men were to dine at a moment's notice, like "the Man from Blankley's."

Surely the admirable notion should have been followed up. I shall be only too pleased to start it, going myself to the first entertainment demanding my services. I can listen to bores with so much attention that I can put in at the appropriate moments either smiles or tears. I can cheer heartily an amateur's comic song, and, what is even more important, can keep perfectly grave while a non-professional *prima donna* is singing in a whisper out of tune. Surely such talents as mine should be turned to good account.

Yours truly, "A POOR MAN."

PLAY FOR BICYCLISTS. — *Wheels within Wheels*, now running at the Criterion.



THE GOVERNMENT CLOCK.

MR. JOHN BULL. "HUM! SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN LOSING A BIT IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 13.—GEORGE WYNDHAM, hanging door of Irish Office behind him, gaily returned to War Office affairs. For the moment quite a different man. Been Irish Secretary only a few months; already work beginning to tell upon him. It broke FORSTER'S stout heart; it turned GEORGE TREVELYAN'S hair prematurely grey. Compared with their times of turmoil, CHIEF SECRETARY of to-day has quite a pleasant place; but already streaks of white are showing in his abundant hair. Something of the native joyousness of his manner has faded; he is acquiring an artificial sing-song intonation of sentences that tends to spoil his speech. For one night only he returns to the War Office, to help BRODRICK in defending his scheme. This he triumphantly does on quite new and conclusive ground.

"If," he asked, "we reject this scheme, what are we going to do with the Generals and Staff Officers now at the front?" There's the thing in a nut-shell. Thirty-two millions to be voted for the Army. "Why?" asks the over-burdened taxpayer. "Why?" repeats WYNDHAM, sharply. "Because we've got to find something to do for our Generals and Staff Officers who will be out of work when the war is over in South Africa."

Next to this disclosure, C.-B.'s shrewd discovery of weak point of the whole scheme was a secondary sensation. "You ask for six Army Corps, three to be ready for active service abroad. Very well. If three out of the six go, there won't be six left."

For a moment the House stood at gaze like JOSHUA'S sun at Ajalon. BRODRICK moved uneasily on the Treasury Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR pretended to be deeply engaged with his despatch box. WALDRON standing at the Bar, looking round to see that his men were well in hand, felt that if a division were forthwith taken it would go hard with the Government. The pause broken by ripple of laughter. Deepened into a roar. C.-B., resuming his seat, looked round and smiled in genial response.

All very well to take it that way. An old device to laugh at unpleasant incontrovertible fact; but can C.-B.'s proposition be denied? Can anyone put his hand upon his heart and say that if three of the six Army Corps go abroad, there will be six left at home? I trow not. Then where are we? Admitting this flaw in the scheme, is it worth while to spend thirty millions in order to find occupation and income for discharged Generals and disendowed Staff Officers?

Tried to catch SPEAKER'S eye; would like to have put these points, which flash upon one's mind as result of exhilarating

intellectual activity born of listening to Debate. As usual, SPEAKER didn't see me.

Business done.—Debating new War Office scheme.

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—The MARKISS back again after brief holiday. Everyone glad to find him in bounding health and (consequently) in most paradoxical mood. Inclined to hit out all round, contradicting everyone. The first body on which his heavy hand fell was the blameless one that homes the meek spirit of HENEAGE. Never so surprised in his



GROWN OUT OF HIS ARMOUR!

"I am not sure that I do not think it something of a benefit that we have been forced to look up our armour There is a general impression that our preparations have not been sufficiently thought out to make our position as secure as we could wish to be!"—Lord Salisbury's Speech at the Hotel Metropole.

life. For startled moment thought he was back again in educational establishment in Yorkshire where, whilst he was still with us in the Commons, fantastic fancy feigned knowledge of his early and unhappy sojourn.

Question before House was Second Reading of Licensing Boards Bill, moved by CAMPERDOWN. All HENEAGE did was to invite the Government to fulfil their promise set forth in KING'S Speech to bring in Bill dealing with Licensing Question.

"Don't," he said, "try to get out of the position by inviting individual Members of the House to introduce Bills."

The MARKISS up like a young thing of twenty. "I wish," he said, severely regarding HENEAGE as if he were a housemaid discovered taking a chair in the drawing-room at Hatfield, "to correct what the noble Lord has said, that I asked private Members to bring in Bills. I do not remember ever having made so indiscreet a request."

HENEAGE, trembling in every limb, his pallid brow beaded with perspiration, meekly reminded the MARKISS that when BISHOP OF WINCHESTER brought before the House Resolution on the subject he, the MARKISS, peremptorily ordered him to take it away and bring in a Bill.

"That's a very different matter," said the MARKISS; "but to exhort private Members generally to bring in Bills is an amount of indiscretion of which I have not been guilty."

And of which no one had accused him.

Later, ROSEBURY in masterly process of cross-examination pitilessly plied the MARKISS with questions on the subject of Ministerial intention. If the subject of the ordeal had been any other—say Mrs. DANE on her Defence—he would have been brought to his knees. The MARKISS only contradicted ROSEBURY and himself, and in the end there remained unravelled the mystery that broods about Government Licensing Bill promised in KING'S Speech.

Business done.—Commons still discussing Army scheme put forward by War Office. Hostile criticism renewed from both sides. SARK says it reminds him of CHARLES I. riding through the streets of the town after the Battle of Naseby "There was none to cry God bless him!"

House of Commons, Thursday Night.—Nineteen years has Mr. SAM. SMITH dwelt in the wilderness of the House of Commons, and its ways are still dark to him. Just now, called on by the SPEAKER, he rose to put a question concerning the welfare of the London barmaid. Why should Members burst into roar of cheers, turning to a shout of laughter as he meekly surveyed the scene? Difficult for him to understand why in any circumstances grown-up men should laugh. The present lapse into temporary insanity quite inexplicable. 'Twas ever thus. Whatever be the subject he takes in hand—the purlieus of the theatres, the back of the stage at the music-halls, the iniquity of certain plays, Piccadilly Circus after midnight—no sooner is his plaintive voice heard asking a question or driving home a moral than ribald Members opposite, others below the Gangway on his own side, break forth into a cheer of suspicious vigour.

Of course, there is not a scintilla of truth in the story told in the smoking-room, that SAMUEL crossed Palace Yard this afternoon with a highly-dressed



S-M SM-TH'S PROGRESS!

(A purely fancy picture conjured up by certain irreverent laughter in the House!)

The Sporting Samuel. "No! By Jove! Hundred hours a week? Not really? What an awfully beastly shame, don't ye know! Wake up those Johnnies in the House 'bout it? You see if I don't,—Righto!"

buxom barmaid on either arm. If it were true, why not? A common thing for Members about to address the house to escort lady friends to the Gallery. Why should S. S., intent upon pleading the cause of the over-worked barmaid be deprived of the society of acquaintances especially interested in the subject of his remarks.

It wasn't true; the House knew it was a weak invention; but it laughed, all the same, what time SAMUEL in mild amaze awaited an interval of silence in which he might put his Question.

Business done.—BRODRICK'S resolution on Army Reform carried by majority of 142 in the House of 468. Members wouldn't speak in favour of it; but they voted; which, on the whole, PRINCE ARTHUR, a little anxious about the result, thinks is the better way.

Friday.—WINSTON CHURCHILL came very well out of critical ordeal of second important speech. With the modesty of youth he undertook to challenge the scheme of Army Re-organization put forward from War Office. Handed in amendment to BRODRICK'S resolution, which, if carried, would not only have involved withdrawal of elaborate scheme but re-

signation of the Ministry. C-B. moving more leisurely, as is the way with heavier bodies, some time later placed on Paper amendment designed to have identical effect. WINSTON must needs give way to Leader of Opposition; but no reason why he shouldn't have his say.

With characteristic good luck, found an opening at eleven o'clock. No better time for making a hit. Members back again in their places in cheerful frame of mind engendered by dinner. WINSTON'S speech evidently carefully prepared, but wasn't embarrassed by his notes; turned aside from them now and then to make capital debating point out of speeches delivered earlier in the evening. Much in matter and manner of speech that recalled his father. To begin with, had thoroughly studied the subject, and had something practical to say about it; his darts winged with admirably-phrased, sometimes epigrammatic sentences. SARK complains that his utterance is too rapid, and hopes he won't make fatal mistake of speaking too often. But he'll learn, and he'll do.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

O FORTUNATI NIMUM.

[Signor DAVID PETRUCCI is travelling about Italy, announcing the approaching end of all human suffering. He can neither read nor write, and is of opinion that this ignorance is an essential of mundane happiness.]

Too happy followers of this
Our very latter-day apostle,
To sing away your lives in bliss
As gaily as the lark or throstle!

No early papers meet your eye;
Or if they do, you cannot read them,
While as for ink and paper, why,
'Tis very plain you do not need them.

When all the world has come to share
The views by which you are enlightened,
An end will be of pain and care;
We shall no more be fussed or frightened.

No leading article will then
With esoteric phrase alarm us,
No writer's cramp, no broken pen,
No lack of blotting-pad will harm us.

Books shall be burnt, and authors too,
All publishers be drowned like kittens!
And, having nothing else to do,
Society shall crochet mittens.

No dinner parties can take place,
Since none can write an invitation;
Twiddling their thumbs, the human race
Shall wait complete annihilation.

"JOHNSON FOR LICHFIELD!"

ON Whit-Monday the house in which Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the eminent lexicographer, was born will be thrown open to the public by the Corporation of Lichfield. These enthusiastic gentlemen (through their mayor) have expressed their anxiety to present in the Lichfield Worthies Room as many references in the way of MS., books, pictures, &c., relating to JOHNSON and Lichfield as possible.

Ever ready to oblige, the Sage of Bouverie Street gives a list of exhibits that would have pleased his brother Sage almost as much as that pleasant "walk down Fleet Street," so frequently referred to by writers of a later date. Whether they will be seen in "the Lichfield Worthies Room" time will show.

1. Pun on the name of BOSWELL.
2. Refusal of the proprietors of "the little theatre in the Haymarket" to produce another of the Doctor's dramatic trifles in five acts.
3. Receipt for making a haggis from a friend at the Hebrides.
4. Small portion of the original Cheshire cheese.
5. Acknowledgment of the purchase of three dozen chairs to be placed in various taverns in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street.
6. Notes for the Dictionary, with queries as to the right spelling of "Parliament," "yacht," and "knowledge."



G. L. STACKER

Young Lady (who politely prefers asking a question to expressing an opinion). "WHAT REASON COULD THE ACADEMY HAVE FOR REJECTING IT, I WONDER?"
 Artist. "Oh, I EXPECT THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE TITLE. I CAN'T THINK OF ANY OTHER POSSIBLE REASON."

UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

(Not for Publication.)

EH? Wha—what? What's matter?—Who's there? Oh, it's you, SYMMONDS. What d'you want to come wakin' me up for? Stuff the room feels. Pah! Tastes like a bad egg. Yes, get me a peg, SYMMONDS, four fingers, d'ye see? Well, why don't you go? Didn't you hear what I said? You deaf?

What? Oh, ah, yes. That confounded interview. Yes, I'd forgotten. Come, have they? Oh, all right, send 'em up. 'Spouse I must, if I said so. Did I say so, SYMMONDS? You always know these sort of things. I've no head for 'em myself. Now, what the doose am I to say? What d' they want to interview me for? I've never done 'em any harm. I'm not a bishop, by gad, or—or a ballet-girl. Jove, though, when it comes to dancin'—Remember that break-down I did at the regimental theatricals at Umballah? Eh, SYMMONDS? Let's see. Wonder if I could—somethin' like this it went—tumptiddy, tumptiddy, tum, tum—dash! My knees are getting a bit—Bless my soul! Who the—I beg your pardon, h'm—madam. I—I didn't know you were there. Now where the—what the—where's that man of mine got to, confound him! Told you to come up, did he? Like his dashed—ah'm. But I don't—you see, the fact is, I was expectin' a—er—ah, exac'y, a mere man, as you say. One of those inf—in point of fact, a newspaper fellow. You? You don't mean to say you come from the—ah, the—ah,—yes, the *Argus*? Well, I'm—pon my soul, I'm doosid glad to see you. You're so uncommonly—oh, no offence. There, now: that's the only comfortable chair in the house. No one but me ever—I say, you're not going to make a note of that, are you? Seems hardly worth while, does it? That's all right.

Oh, that! My first tiger. Gad, he nearly did for me too, the brute. Just after I'd joined. You ever been in India, Miss—? Ah'm. Well, he'd got my shikari down—stoopid fool! hadn't loaded properly. Forgot to put in the bullet, by gad. Oh, I was dead on, couldn't possibly have missed. BULL'S-EYE JOB they used to call me in the regiment. So of course I had to—oh, just clubbed my rifle, and smashed the brute's skull in. Dead? Why—oh, the shikari? Oh, yes, he was dead right enough, the stoopid idiot. Ah, I could tell you dozens of stories like that. Well, fact is, I am thinkin' of publishin' 'em, one of these days. I'd be dashed sorry if I couldn't write 'em better than that KIPLIN' fellow. I knew all those yarns of his before he was born. Knew the people too, by gad, intimately. Mrs. HAWKSBEF now. She was a particular friend of mine. Oh, everyone knew who she was. But he spoilt 'em all, ruined 'em, Sir,—I mean Miss—? Ah'm. But what could you expect of a telegraph clerk!

Well now, what can I—'m,—I'm afraid that won't interest you: it's a golf club: my pet driver. Oh, yes. I do a good deal of golfin'. Exactly: mus' do somethin', mustn't one? Of course, you don't—? Gad, Miss—? Ah'm, my dear, you astonish me. Now ain't it a good game? I? Oh, I'm—ah—pooty good. No, not puttin'. Can't be bothered with it. But drivin' now. Oh, yes, as far as drivin' goes, I don't care who it is. You ask TOM DUNN 'bout my play. Wonderful judge of the game, TOM DUNN. But he can't—now, tell me, you ever seen him drive? Well then, did anything strike you 'bout his swing? Quick? Ah, exac'y; too quick, ain't it? Yes, you're quite right. 'Slow back' does it,—slow back and sloe gin, and plenty of both, and the knee-swing, of course—that's the great secret. I say, Miss—? Ah'm. Couldn't we have a game together some day? I'd like to show you—what now? Of course I could, my dear—delighted. It's this sort of thing. You stand like this, and you work your knees backwards like this,—and forwards—see?—like this, and then you take aim slowly, and—rmph! away goes the ball, hunderd and eighty, hunderd and ninety, two hunderd yards. Yes, that's 'bout my distance. Here, give me the club: I can show you better with that. Now watch!—You see—

backwards, then forwards, and then—Oh, confound that lamp. I beg your pardon, but—fact is, it's MARIA'S—my wife's, and she'll kick up the very—well, what d'you want now, SYMMONDS? Oh, ah, the whiskey. Just put it down, and then—the carriage? Oh, bother—tell her ladyship I can't come. Say I'm busy and—here, wait a minute. P'raps Miss—will you have anything? Glass of sherry, now, or—quite sure? All right, SYMMONDS, you needn't wait, and—ah—you needn't come back, SYMMONDS.

I suppose you're not one of those modern water-drinkers, my dear young lady. Won't mind my takin' my peg? Me believe in it? Now do I look like it, my dear? Ah! that's better. You take my word for it, this water-drinkin' and—er—higher morality, and all the rest of it, will play the—will be the ruin of the British Army. Short service? Fiddlesticks! Mind, I don't say short service is a good thing, in fact, I believe it's an invention of the—of Mr. GLADSTONE'S, but all the same—Fight? Gad, I should jus' think so, as well as ever. Oh, Tommy Atkins is all right, if they'd only let him alone, and not try to make him moral by Act of Parliament. You don't want him moral, Sir—my dear—you want a fightin' machine. Gad, I wish I'd had the leadin' of him in this war. We haven't got a single general officer who's worth a two-penny—h'm.

New? What, this morality business? Not a bit of it, only there's more of it than there used to be. Why, there was a man called RICKETTS in my regiment, joined the same time as I did—no, not RECKETTS, RICKETTS, TOM RICKETTS, and he—beg pardon? Oh, I thought you did. No, I never liked him. couldn't stand him. Always fussin' about, gettin' up sing-songs and things for the men, wanted to keep 'em away from the canteen, and—ah'm—all that sort of thing—you know. Said we ought to set 'em an example, by gad, the silly old fool. Dead now though, and a doosid good riddance too.

Now, is there anything more I can—I say, you're lookin' uncommon queer. Anything the matter, my dear? Sure you won't you let me get a glass of—Oh, all right. I'm not goin' to touch you. You needn't be—Gad, MARIA, where have you sprung from? Gave me quite a start. Thought you'd gone drivin'. I was uncommon sorry not to come, but 'pon my word—this? Oh, this is only Miss—Miss—by the way, what is your name? I didn't quite—RICKETTS! What, not any relation of— His daughter? Well, I'm—ah'm. Oh, confound it all, why the doose—Oh, all right, MARIA, I'll introduce her fast enough, if you'd only not be so—so aggravatin'. Allow me to—I say, you're not goin', Miss—er—RICKETTS? 'Pon my soul, you can't leave me in this—can't you see how uncommon awkward it is for me? Of course, if I'd known he was your father I'd have—Oh, well, go then! Go to the—hah! by Jove, there's a nice tame cat of a young woman for you! Look here, MARIA, for goodness' sake ask your questions, and have done with 'em. Well, I'll tell you. She's the daughter of an old brother-officer of mine, old TOM RICKETTS, and I said one or two things about him she didn't like—Oh, all right. I'm comin' to that. She came here from an inf—ah, an important newspaper, to interview me. Yes, to interview me. Anything surprisin' in that, I'd like to know? I s'pose I'm as good as a ballet-girl? And now I'll be—yes, I will, I'll be—well, hanged then, if I answer another question. I've had enough interviewin' to last me for some time. Gad, it's a pity, too! She was an uncommonly— Good-bye, MARIA—pretty little girl. I'd like to have taught her that knee-swing.

G. F. C.

A SLUMP DIALOGUE.

Sympathising Friend (to sporting but impecunious Baronet). Hope you got out of all your Americans before this slump took place, and that you liquidated your position and were not uneasy?

Sporting but Impecunious Baronet. "Uneasy"? Well, I was somewhat, but nothing like what my brokers were.

THE SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

(Modern Version.)

["Means must be found either to put a stop to the social and other expenses connected with commands in the Army, which demand private expenditure, or to raise the pay to the level of the expenses."—*Times*, May 15.]

WELLINGTON MARLBOROUGH SMITH made up his mind at the early age of five that he would be worthy of his Christian names. By saving up his pocket-money, and "turning it over" by the purchase and sale of various articles greatly prized by his school-fellows, he realised a sum that assisted his parents to obtain for him the supplementary education qualifying him for the Service.

He was gazetted a second lieutenant. Then it came to pass that he found he had an insufficient income to live up to his rank.

So he invented and patented a new sort of corkscrew, and realised a considerable sum. This kept him going until he secured his "star."

And now he had to qualify for his company. He took to betting, and with the aid of good luck, again was in sufficient funds. He became a captain, and was ready to receive field rank.

He faced the financial difficulty, and, with the assistance of the Stock Exchange, obtained sufficient cash to keep up his position. Captain, and subsequently Major, W. M. SMITH prospered. A small war in a distant part of His Majesty's possessions secured for him valuable service and no less valuable exemption from entertaining.

He was worthy of his name, and returned home Major-General Sir WELLINGTON M. SMITH, K.C.B.

He was called to Pall Mall and offered the command of a district.

He hesitated. He was urged to accept the appointment.

"You deserve it, Sir WELLINGTON," said the official. "Your services have been meritorious, and the Army will receive our choice with acclamation."

"You are most kind," returned Sir WELLINGTON, "but there is an insuperable difficulty. I am not a rich man."

The official received the announcement with grave regret.

"Well," said he at last, "we will keep it open for six weeks. By the end of that time you will be able to see if you can do anything."

The period passed rapidly. At its end Sir WELLINGTON presented himself once more at Pall Mall.

"I am delighted, Sir, to accept the command you have so kindly suggested."

The official shook the distinguished officer by the hand. They had been school-fellows in the days when they were boys together.

"I say, old man," said the civilian, dropping the official tone as the matter



ANYHOW, SINCERE.

Reggie (who prides himself on his wit). "I SAY, CHARLIE, YOU SEE MY JOKE, DON'T YOU, OLD CHAP? VERY GOOD, ISN'T IT?"

Charlie (who considers himself a wag). "NOT AT ALL, OLD FELLOW. DON'T SEE IT, AND DON'T WANT TO SEE IT. HAVE HEARD IT, AND THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH FOR ME!"

[*Conversation ends abruptly.*]

was settled, "how did you get over the financial difficulty? Peg tops and knives played out?"

"Quite—fifty years ago."

"And I suppose not much left of the patent corkscrew?"

"Self-opening bottles disposed of that."

"Anything on race meetings or the Stock Exchange?"

"Haven't time for either."

"Then how on earth did you obtain a sufficient private income to keep up the command?"

"I am married," returned the warrior, "and the maiden name of my wife was EUPHINA X. Y. Z. O'DOLLARS, of Chicago, U.S.A. My father-in-law—who is known as the Pork King—behaved like a millionaire and a gentleman." And shaking hands with his old school-fellow, the General Commanding the — District hastened to Head-quarters to show himself at a garden fête, plus a dinner-party and a five-hundred-guests-invited dance.

AT EARL'S COURT—AN APPRECIATION.

SOMETHING like a Military Exhibition! Big guns defending the band-stand, big guns protecting the refreshment department, big guns dominating the principal stalls and threatening the gigantic wheel. And a very splendid spectacle, "China," takes one to Peking. According to the book, historically correct.

Then the military relics are deeply interesting. WELLINGTON's cloak at Waterloo quite worth of itself the charge of one shilling which admits the visitor to the whole show—the whole show (well understood), with two or three exceptions. The military pictures, too, first rate. A portrait of the late ARCHIBALD FORBES (to whose memory knights of the pen and sword are erecting a monument in St. Paul's), capital. Quite one of the best of Professor VON HERKOMER. Altogether, well worth seeing. It was said years ago that all roads led to Earl's Court. Those roads this year should be well travelled.

OCCASIONAL NOTES AT THE OPERA.



Monday, May 13.—To the Opera, with a Covent-Gardenia as a button-hole in honour of first night of season. Merry month of May, musical May, season for pipe and tabor. Couldn't get very far now-a-days with orchestra limited to pipe and tabor. New arrangements outside, inside, on the stage, under the stage, above the stage—whether for better or worse time will show. At entrance in Bow Street, carriages drive up where cabs fear to come; and outside the portico under an awning (which wasn't there on the first night, but has since been fixed up) the cabs drive up. This promises, by the aid of well-managed "call-boys," to be a considerable improvement on the old rough-and-tumble fashion of egressing. The awning is not big enough by at least a third. And is it rain-proof?

By the new arrangement of entrance to stalls right and left of orchestra, whence the stall-occupants come up *de profundis*, the lounge *entr'acte*, whereof the *lognetters* were wont to block the passage, is now a thing of the past. By this move the syndicate gains two private boxes. There is nothing very novel in the scenic arrangements. The hideous old-fashioned prompt-box, like the top part of a small hansom cab, is at a greater distance from the "flote,"—no longer to be called "flote" as the lights are "sunk,"—and the conductor of the orchestra seems to be raised on a higher rock than ever above the submerged musicians.

As to performance. Well, chorus good; "cloister" and "ball-room" scene ditto in GOUNOD's *Roméo et Juliette*, given in French. Grand ovation to Madame EAMES as the melodious heroine, who would not take an encore for the waltz which she sang deliciously. With her, one good turn does not deserve another. As *Roméo*, Mons. SALEZA in excellent voice: nice little man for so fine a *Juliette*. The evergreen BAUERMEISTER-singer, quite a coquettish *Gertrude*, alias Shakspearian "nurse to *Juliette*." Mons. JOURNET not quite the worthy *Frère Laurent*. Signor MANCINELLI in great force, conducting himself and orchestra admirably.

Of course, punctually at eight the National Anthem was given as a sort of perfunctory tribute to the Opera House as bearing the affix of "Royal." It rather recalls the *Non Nobis* at a City dinner, so delightfully described by THACKERAY as "sung by those professional devotees, Mr. SHADRACK, Mr. MESSECH, and little JACK OLDBOY." This devotional dedication of the season was lost on the fashionable majority in boxes and stalls, their occupants not arriving in time to demonstrate their undoubted loyalty.

Among the celebrities present we observed Prince and Princess PING-PONG, the Marquis of LAWN-TENNIS, Count CROQUET, and Baron BRIDGE. Viscount WHIST, of Whisteria, we regret to say, was unable to put in an appearance. UNLIMITED LOO, sparkling in diamonds, was very much *en évidence*, as were Baroness BACCARAT, Captain CRIBBAGE, and GREGORY GOLF. Not "all the 'talents'" present but a fair average of "shekels."

Tuesday, May 14, at 7.45, HUMPERDINCK's opera of *Hansel und Gretel* in German. This being a "juvenile night,"—that is, as far as the first part is concerned, the second division, *Cavalleria Rusticana* (in Italian), being for those who have passed from the years of discretion into those of indiscretion,—a juvenile critic was evidently the one to give an unsophisticated opinion, and this very "young person" was simply delighted with the *Gretel* of Fräulein DAVID and the *Hansel* of Fräulein FELSER, who really seemed to make themselves quite little children. Oh! how they did act and sing! Full of spirit and "go." "Go" is the word.

"The prayer," observed our youthful critic, attempting the professionally descriptive style, "before the children prepare for sleep, was most beautifully rendered by these very clever

(with an accent on the 'very') young ladies." "They received," continues our ecstatic reporter, "many 'calls' at the end of the delightful opera." And did "they come when they were called"? "Rather! And," adds my enthusiastic deponent, "they thoroughly deserved it, for they had worked ADMIRABLY!!!" Italics and notes of admiration can no further go.

Miss ALDRIDGE with the powerful voice was a splendid witch, and Mlle. GLITZKA as *Gertrude* very good. As the drunken old Eccles-like but good-hearted father *Peter*, Herr MUELMANN, though a name that sounds like a man who makes a mull of it, was excellent. Specially to be noted as being particularly effective were the two solos of the *Sandman* and the *Dewman*, sung by Madame KIRKBY LUNN (pity her Christian name isn't "SARAH"—as for this children's opera a "Sally Lunn" would have been so suggestive of nursery tea time!) and by Miss NICHOLLS. Mistake to give *Cavalleria* after this; and so late too! Was it in order to balance the comedy of *Hansel und Gretel* against the tragedy of *Cavalleria* that the big "waits" were thrown into the scale?

Wednesday.—*Tannhäuser* in German. Composer WAGNER, Conductor LOHSE. Frau GADSKI at her very best as *Elisabeth*. Was it Frau GADSKI who wrote *The Letters of Elisabeth*? The notes of this *Elisabeth* are even more charming than those of the other *Elisabeth*, just now so popular. Mlle. STRAKOSCH not an ideal *Venus*. Mynheer VAN DYCK, as the Good Knight gone wrong, is knight errant at first, but *sans reproche* at finish; quite the character. Herr MOHWINKEL's *Wolfgram* "of the very best." Good performance. But O those weary waits between the acts! Whose fault? A good ten minutes, or what the French call *un petit quart d'heure*, would be quite sufficient for the most exhausted singers to rest their bodies, clear their pipes, and, in the ancient language of "the ring," not the Wagnerian but pugilistic, to "take a suck at the lemon and at him again." Time! tuneful ladies and gentlemen. Time!

Thursday.—Re-appearance of our old friend *Rigoletto*. Viva VERDI! Show me a better *Gilda* than Black-eyed SUSAN ADAMS, and if that be possible, then do I defy you to produce a better Duke, a Duke younger and more tender, a lighter Lovelace and gayer Lothario combined, a Duke not yet old enough or politic enough to assume the virtue of a Ducal bearing in public though he hath it not in private,—in fact, show me a more captivating young dog of a Duke, a more charming singer and more careless sinner than is ANSELM as *Il Duca*, and—well—the reward will be given in "untold gold"!

That excellent artist, M. GILLIBERT was a dignified representative of the unfortunate *Monterone*, whose terrific "cuss" is the cause of all the woe. M. SEVEILHAC was about as good a *Rigoletto* as is within the memory of opera-goers more youthful than those who can remember RONCONI: but RONCONI was nowhere vocally. M. SEVEILHAC, Black-eyed SUSAN, and the Dook, were called and recalled, and recalled after that. So *Rigoletto* is not played out, but like "*le petit bonhomme*" the work of VERDI "*vit encore*." Marked curtailment of *entr'actes*. The removal of these heavy "waits" makes *Rigoletto* quite a light opera.

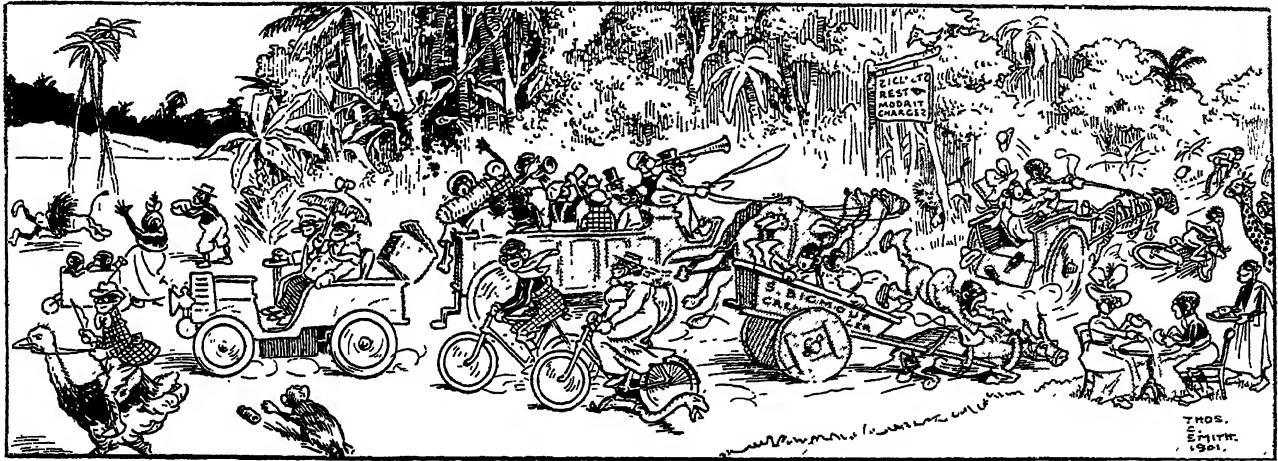
Friday.—"A night with GOUNOD; or, *Faust à la française*," and a Saturday WAGNER Night, *Tristan und Isolde*, bring the first week's opera season to a satisfactory conclusion.



In the City.

Innocent Dabbler. What do they mean by Northern Pacific Commons?

Mr. Spec (who has not been particularly fortunate). I should call them the North Pacific Uncommons, as they jump about like kangaroos.



WHEN AFRICA IS CIVILISED. WHIT-MONDAY SCENE ON THE TANGANYIKA ROAD.

REGULATIONS FOR MOTOR CARS.

To encourage a rising British industry, the following rules are suggested for the consideration of those County Councils most opposed to any new vehicles.

The maximum rate of speed for any motor-car anywhere at any time is to be two miles an hour, with the following exceptions:—

When passing through any town, village, or hamlet, or within a hundred yards of any house, cottage or other inhabited building, the speed is to be diminished to one-half of the maximum rate.

When there is any cart, carriage, van, bath-chair, perambulator or other vehicle within sight, the speed is to be diminished to one quarter.

When turning any corner, the speed is to be one twenty-fourth part of the maximum speed. Between the hours of sunset and sunrise the speed, in every case, is to be half the above.

No motor-car is to pass any cart, carriage, van, bath-chair, perambulator, or other vehicle, unless the same is motionless. In the latter case, the motor-car shall be allowed to pass the standing vehicle at the pace of one furlong per hour, provided that all the passengers alight from the motor-car, and walk past ringing hand-bells, and, if it be after sunset, carrying lanterns or torches in addition.

Between the hours of sunset and sunrise every motor-car shall carry four powerful lamps, one at each corner.

If the driver of any cart, carriage, van, bath-chair, perambulator, or other vehicle, shall indicate by any signs or words that the motor-car is likely to alarm the horses, asses, passengers, or other animals or persons in the vehicle, the driver and passengers of the motor-car shall at once alight, and lift, push, pull, drag, or by other means remove the motor-car behind a house, cottage, shed, church, barn, haystack, or other screen, until the vehicle in which are the animals or persons alarmed has past and is at a distance of not less than 440 yards away.

Every motor-car is to be provided with a bell or horn to be sounded when approaching or passing any house, cottage, church, cart, carriage, van, bath-chair, perambulator, foot-passenger, rider, horse, ass,

cow, dog, or any other building, erection, vehicle, person, or animal whatsoever, but the bell or horn is not to be sounded in such a manner as to cause annoyance or alarm to or in any animal, person, vehicle, or building.

Every motor-car is to carry at the back a board or other erection bearing in letters not less than one foot high the name and address of the owner, the letters to be black on a white ground by day, and luminous by night.

Every driver, owner, passenger, hirer or lessor of any motor-car infringing any of the above regulations shall be liable to a fine of not less than £100, and to be imprisoned for not less than one calendar month with hard labour, these penalties being increased to £500 and six months' imprisonment if the motor-car causes any damage whatsoever to any house, cottage, church, shed, haystack, cart,



She (after they have walked three miles without a word being spoken). "AW SAY, JOHN, THA'RT VERY QUIET. HAS NOWT FUR TO SAY?"
He. "WHAT MUN AW SAY? AW DUNNO KNOW."
She. "SAY THAT THA LOVES ME."
He. "IT'S A REET SAYIN' AW LOVE THU, BUT AW DUNNO LOIKE TELLIN' LOIES!"

van, carriage, bath-chair, perambulator, foot-passenger, rider, horse, ass, cow, dog, cat, pig, fowl, lamp-post, paving-stone, railing, hedge, or any other person, animal, vehicle, building or erection whatsoever, a further sum of £500 to be paid to any persons thereon or therein as compensation for disturbance or alarm, with, in addition, ten times the value of any damage done to the animal, vehicle, building or erection.

H. D. B.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

V.—THE BERNARD SHAW SECTION.

MAY 1ST.—It was never my intention that the disabilities which hampered the many strong men who preceded AGAMEMNON should hamper me. They were, I take it, a brainless crew, busy with doing things instead of getting themselves talked about. There is always a solution (which seems to have escaped them) for the difficulty of finding a sacred bard to record you. Be your own sacred bard.

2ND, 3RD.—In most periods the lonely genius, who is afterwards described as the outcome of his age, though he invariably has to create the taste by which he is ultimately appreciated, has been regarded, if regarded at all by his jejune contemporaries, as a *poseur*. It happens that I have been so regarded, and rightly. Now, to correct the unhappy results of such an impression, in itself accurate, there is one salutary antidote. It is to pose about your pose. That is what I am doing now.

4TH, 5TH.—The middle classes, fed to suffocation on the Romanticism of drawing-room drama and the *Family Herald*, take unkindly to the social iconoclast. It is, therefore, the business of this, the highest type of philanthropic reformer, to include his own image, or *eikon*, among those that he sets out to pulverise beyond hope of recognition. Let him engage himself as his own Aunt Sally, and so establish the impartiality of his critical attitude.

6TH, 7TH.—I have a right horror of the egoism which finds amusement in making an enigma of itself at the expense of a public that has an itch for personal revelation. My moral position is of an almost pellucid transparency. I am an intellectual Puritan to the finger-tips, with an affectionate tolerance for the candour of a *Mercutio*. That is a conjunction, surely, that asks no apologetic explication. And I will be yet more open with the world, and declare myself the charlatan I am. If I have given my friends to understand that I am immeasurably superior to SHAKESPEAR, I was trading upon their credulity. In point of fact, he is very nearly my equal; as a dramatic technician, that is; not, of course, as an exponent of latter-day philosophy.

8TH—10TH.—Perhaps the most pathetic feature in the modern drama—and SHAKESPEAR himself is not altogether blameless in this connection—is its fatuous *penchant* for associating action with motive. Yet, in real life, if there is one thing more obvious than another (which I doubt) it is that the commonest motive for action is to have none at all. Take arson. You will say that arson is a relatively untypical expression of energy. On the contrary, I see it mentioned in the papers at least once a quarter. Take arson, then. Do we ever find that jealousy, hatred, revenge—those darling bugbears of the Romantic stage—have been the motive for this form of action? Seldom, or never. People commit arson as a medicine for *ennui*, to make pass the time; or else out of a morbid curiosity for noting the play of firelight on neighbouring scenery; motives so light that they may be practically disregarded, as they would most certainly be flouted in those hotbeds of Romanticism, the theatre and the law-courts.

11TH, 12TH.—Or, again, take Love, which is popularly supposed to be more common than arson. When has Love ever constituted a motive for action? Only in the last decade or so, under the influence of sentimental drama. So vacant, indeed, are my countrymen of all original imagination that the decadent stage, masquerading as the mirror of humanity, has actually imposed its own conventions of Love upon the very lives from which it professed to draw them.

13TH—15TH.—I have elsewhere said that “ten years of cheap reading have changed the English from the most stolid nation in Europe to the most theatrical and hysterical.” I would go

further and point to the terrible corruption in foreign manners bred of contact with British decadence. Travel, as I have done, among the Latin races, and mark the recent changes in their demeanour. In rural byways they still retain that decorum of carriage and behaviour which comes of unspoiled intercourse with earth. But in the cities, and even in those villages that lie upon the tourist's beaten track, you will recognise the growth of demonstrativeness in their gestures, and pseudo-dramatic methods in their deportment. What is the cause of this degeneracy? They have become infected by the deadly germs of that Anglomania which is also responsible for their recent adoption of manly sports, so-called, and [other intolerable brutalities.

16TH.—To recur to the subject of accepted conventions—what hope is there for the salvation of audiences saturated with artificiality? None, though it were my own lips that essayed to recall them to the real. Go back to Italy's Venice, after witnessing its counterfeit in Olympia, and you will never “recapture the first fine careless rapture.” I am, so to speak, the original Venice.

18TH, 19TH.—There is a tale told of certain visitors at the court of a semi-barbaric king, who offered to supply him with a nightingale, a bird of which hitherto he had no cognisance. During a temporary delay in its arrival they sought to appease the monarch by producing an instrument guaranteed to emit music of the same order. So beglamored was the king by its ravishing melodies that on the ultimate appearance of the actual warbler he dismissed the latter with contumely as a poor imitation of the original. I am, as it were, the real nightingale.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

MORE MUNIFICENCE FOR MILLIONAIRES.

MR. CARNEGIE's magnificent generosity—“princely” is no word for it, since no royal personage anywhere could afford to do anything like it—may encourage others to imitate him. As Mr. CARNEGIE pays the fees of the college students in Scotland, some other wealthy person may be disposed to give a much smaller sum for one of the following purposes, that is the income to pay in perpetuity:—

The milliners' bills of all the ladies performing in any one London theatre.

The hatters' bills of all the literary men in Great Britain. A very small capital sum would suffice for this.

Week-end trips to the country or seaside, including subscriptions to golf clubs, for all the journalists in London.

The tailors' bills of, say, one hundred millionaires, dukes, cabinet ministers, and other eminent persons least particular about the cut and newness of their clothes. A cheap gift.

The whole of the tax on the staple product or manufacture of the constituency represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being.

One-eighth per cent. of the taxes on the staple products or manufactures of the constituencies represented by the Opposition for the time being.

The wages, calculated according to their skill in whatever trades they profess to follow, of all the strike agitators in the British Empire, on condition of their doing, writing, and saying nothing.

The whole cost of “decorating” St. Paul's Cathedral, now or at any time, including the gilt iron railings on the cornice and other music-hall adornments, on condition that the building is left entirely untouched.

The cost of repairing ten London streets, on the present system.

The cost of repairing all the London streets, on some better system.

The haircutters' bills of all the pianists and other musical performers in Europe. A mere trifle.

**THE MACMILLION.**

[Mr. CARNEGIE, the Scottish-American millionaire, has provided £2,000,000 for the establishment of free education at four of the Scottish Universities — Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrew's, Aberdeen.]

VISITORS IN OUR VILLAGE.

I.—MR. SILAS P. JENKS.

HE had come, so he told us in the bar of the "Green Dragon" (where he had petrified the landlord by demanding in turn "a Moral Elevator" and "a Dewy Sunrise," by way of liquid refreshment), in order to study British rural life. "No, Sir," he said, "I concede that there's nothing like it on our side. There's a sort o' as-it-was-in-the-beginning feel in your air that's vurry reposeful, and I intend to let it soak in. You've got the old farm-houses, and the green lanes, and the chirrupy dickey-birds, just as I've met 'em in the story-books. I was bound to see one of your sleepy old villages, anyhow, and as for this place—why, I reckon you can hear it snoring!"

Farmer GILES, who has just bought a brand-new patent reaper, was about to utter an indignant protest, but Mr. JENKS cut it short.

"No, stranger," said he, "don't you trouble to chip in. Why, if there was as much progress hereabouts as would cover a cent it would spoil the lot. The vurry cows have a kind o' just-stepped-out-o'-the-Ark look about 'em. Say, likely there's a cottage in the neighbourhood where the Poet SHAKESPEARE panned out a poem or two?"

We had to admit that there wasn't.

"Or a wood, maybe, where MILTON put in a spell o' versifying?"

We shook our heads.

"Wall," said Mr. JENKS, obviously disappointed, "there's bound to be some improving an' historic scenes in the neighbourhood which I must inspect. Let's see your newspaper."

We explained that the *Slowborough Gazette* wasn't published before Friday, and that it did not reach Puddleton till the carrier brought it next day.

"Snakes!" exclaimed Mr. JENKS, "d' you mean to say that you're a community of five or six hundred able-bodied citizens and haven't a journal of your own? Why, I'll start one for you myself!"

And he did. The next day he went over to Slowborough, our market town, to interview the local printers, whom he described subsequently as "the derndest old fossils that ever handled a stereo." A week later appeared No. 1 of the *Puddleton Pelican*. To say that it made a sensation would be gravely to understate the truth. It was indeed, as its editor claimed, "a real, live, snappy journal; calculated to make things hum." Things did more than hum, they fairly boiled after its appearance. Its first column was taken up with an article, chiefly about stars, stripes, and a soaring eagle, of which no one in Puddleton could understand a word. But this was followed by a page headed "Social Sparklets." A few



Nurse. "LISTEN, BABY, TO THE DONKEY BRAYING. WHAT A NOISE HE IS MAKING! NAUGHTY DONKEY."

Little Girl. "OH, WHAT A SHAME, NURSE! HE ISN'T A NAUGHTY DONKEY. HE'S ONLY GOT THE HICCUPS!"

extracts from it will help you to realise its effect upon our peaceful village.

"Mr. GILES has succeeded at last in selling his red cow. Mr. BLOGGINS is the unfortunate purchaser, and his remarks on the transaction are exceedingly picturesque. He will shortly be seen wearing new foot-gear."

"Is it true—in the interests of public morality we ask the question—is it true that Miss JEMIMA TIMSON" (our village schoolmistress, a most respectable lady of about fifty) "again walked home from church on Sunday night with Dr. SNOOKS" (our local medical man)? "Alas! there seems no doubt about it. Oh, naughty, naughty JEMIMA!"

"Mr. STUBBS, we hear, is about to retire from the police-force, and it is proposed to present him with a testimonial. The landlord of the "Green Dragon," doubtless,

will head the subscription list. He has good reason to know—and so has Mrs. S.—that P.C. STUBBS is a public benefactor."

Next day a deputation called on Mr. SILAS P. JENKINS. While disapproving generally, they said, of American institutions, there was one which Puddleton was inclined to adopt. Tar and feathers, they believe, formed prominent features in it.

The second number of the *Puddleton Pelican* has not yet appeared. A. C. D.

LIGHTER THAN EVER.—According to report there is quite a new kind of illuminator coming into the market that will compete successfully with gas and electricity. It is apparently a process of incandescence applied to petroleum. It is known as the Kitson system. In future the two great illuminators will be called one "the sun," and the other, to earmark it from its competitor, "the Kitson."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Gamblers (HUTCHINSON & Co.), by WILLIAM LE QUEUX, will give occasion to The Grumblers who, having taken up this book and become deeply interested in it at the outset, began to weary of it about midway, and were finally inclined to drop it altogether before the finish. It promised well, but it breaks down in performance. Mr. LE QUEUX can do something vastly better than this.

Mr. TOM GALLON does not trouble himself about probabilities. When he has conceived a story he goes right on and right through with it, making things fit generally in manner convincing by its coolness. *The Second Dandy Chater* (HUTCHINSON) gets his name, and has laid for him the foundation of a strange history, owing to the eccentricities of his father. That gentleman's wife having presented him with twins, he thinks the bounty is a little too much. Accordingly he ships one off to Australia, and, a man entirely above small prejudices, he selects for expatriation the elder, the rightful heir of his name and broad acres. The younger, coming into the estates, turns out to be rather a bad egg. In brief, he associates with the most melodramatic London criminals, commits burglary, forgery, and, finally, murder. The rightful heir returns home just in time to learn that his brother has in turn been murdered. His resemblance to the late twin is so marvellous that, the fact of the murder being the secret of an extremely limited circle, he is accepted as the owner of Chater Hall, and all that pertains thereto. Amongst his responsibilities are the consequences of the forgery, burglary, and murder aforesaid. It will be seen that here is material for many complications, which my Baronite recommends the gentle reader to unravel in the volume.

In *Rosa Amorosa* by GEORGE EGERTON (GRANT RICHARDS), says my Baronite, we have yet another collection of a woman's love-letters. But the exact nationality of this writer is not definitely mentioned. No doubt she is a British maiden of a very progressive type, to judge from the freedom of her outpourings and her decidedly Ibsenitish morals on matrimony. Her one idea in allowing her friend the author to publish these effusions was apparently her overwhelming desire to show the world "her pretty talent for loving." The letters are frankly realistic, not idealistic.

An assistant reader writes:—In *Men and Letters* (JOHN LANE) Mr. HERBERT PAUL has given us a delightful book of essays. Mr. PAUL is a scholar, but he wears his learning lightly, like a flower, and shakes the petals out on the path of his reader. Moreover, Mr. PAUL's touch is as light and his style as brilliant as his reading is wide, and his memory accurate. He deals with SWIFT, with GIBBON, with SELDEN, with the Victorian novelists, with HALIFAX, with the letters of BYRON, with the decay of quotation, with the classical poems of TENNYSON—I cite these to show the breadth of the author's sympathy, and his range of subjects—and on all he has many brilliant, suggestive and witty things to say. His fund of good stories is inexhaustible, and his urbanity never fails. On the whole, this book is one of the very best examples of literature on literature and life.

From such a sinister sobriquet as "Black Mary," by ALAN MCAULAY (T. FISHER UNWIN), any skilled reader would probably expect a tragedy of dungeons and daggers, and will be agreeably surprised by a simple romance of Scottish life a hundred years ago. The heroine, a very charming girl, is only thus unpleasantly styled from the certainly queer circumstances of her West Indian parentage, which shock the severe morals of her northern relations to whom she is sent. The characters of the hard Aunt BARBARA and her brother JAMES stand out clearly. It is pleasantly written, and the quiet humdrumness of life in those far-off days makes itself felt throughout. The only drawback is the too frequent use of "dialect." A necessary fault, perhaps, in such a story.

Anni Fugaces, by R. C. LEEHMANN (JOHN LANE), is a delightful collection of lightly tripping verses, written with all the spirit and freedom of youth, here and there chastened by an occasional tap on the shoulder from Time the Remembrancer.

To the truth of the sentiment in *Cambridge Revisited* not a few University men, who have managed to keep abreast (in their own estimation) with Academic times, and to be part and parcel of the up-to-date spirit of the University, will bear witness. Sufficient to its day is the Cambridge thereof. "And after?" You are a ghost revisiting the shades; if not a Bogey, certainly a Fogey.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"DECORATIONS."

I.

WHEN the whirligig of fashion with its customs full of change Comes invading British dwellings with a craze that's wild and strange,

If the style be Japanesey, for the dado and the walls,
Just select an awful paper, over which a dragon sprawls.
Then with fans of varied patterns—some little jars of blue,
Grinning masks, grotesque and ugly plus a screen of bent bamboo,

And a bunch of reeds and grasses like a dissipated broom,
You complete the modern notion of a Japanesey room.

'Tis an easy room, a friezy-room, a jarry, Japanesey room,
With many creepy spiders and a green and yellow stool:
'Tis a creaky room, a freaky room, a rather make-you-shrieky room

Not really Japanesey, but the Japanesey school.

II.

If you feel the world is flippant and you sigh for ghosts and gloom,

Have a longing for apartments damp and chilly as a tomb,
In a cold, cobwebby chamber tatter'd banners you display,
With a knight or two in armour, and some relics of the fray.
Then you buy some modern portraits of ancestors old and grim,
While a "glacier" decoration makes the light subdued and dim.

And the guests will start and shudder and ask themselves to whom

They really are indebted for this fearful feudal room.

'Tis a musty room, a fusty room, a dusty room, a gusty room,
The men in armour rattle as you walk across the floor;
'Tis a shaky room, a quaky room, a keep-you-wide-awakey room,
And you're always thinking something will be coming through the door.

III.

Presume you're unincumbered and more go-ahead than neat,
Then your room's a bit eccentric, and your pictures indiscreet;
You've a cabinet collection—where a pose is nicely caught,
Some are signed and have been given, some are *chic* and have been bought.

There are odds and ends you value and have fastened up with tacks,

There's the "Ref" and there's the "Pink 'Un" and some Frenchy yellow-backs.

'Tis a den of sweet contentment that is innocent of broom,
But tho' littered and disordered, 'tis a ripping little room.

'Tis a cozy room, a dozy room, a forty-wink-reposy room,
With foils and gloves and golfing clubs and fishing-rod and gun.

A crazy room, a lazy room, an often smoky-hazy room,
A favourite room with pictures of the favourites that have won.

HUAN MEE.



A WHIT-MONDAY CATASTROPHE.

"CAN 'E PULL US, JIM?"
 "PULL YER: WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, 'E'S AS STRONG AS A
 HELEPHANT! JUMP IN, ALL OF YER!"

THEY JUMP IN!

OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 20.—*Hansel und Gretel* (in German) so popular as to be given again with a new witch in it, Miss EDITH MILLER. The fact is, they keep so many bewitching ladies in stock at Covent Garden, that it is the easiest thing in the world, should one be absent, to immediately find an excellent substitute. "Second time I've seen *Hansel und Gretel*," says our youthful and enthusiastic critic, specially turned on for this juvenile Humpty-dumpty-dinclish Opera, "and I am quite in love with Fräuleins DAVID and FELSER; they make one feel quite young again!" Which is praise indeed, coming from a critic of such ripe experience as is invariably associated with "sweet seventeen."

The attraction to-night was the appearance of Signor ANSELM as *Turiddu* in MASOAGNI's *Cavalleria Rusticana*. As we observed of his rendering of the Duke in *Rigoletto*, he can sing most tunefully and feelingly, and he can act. The drinking song received a hearty encore, to which the new tenor smilingly responded. When a tenor is new to a Covent Garden audience he is so obliging, so courteous! Sing? Oh, anything! Encore? Oh, not the slightest trouble in the world. Certainly, as many encores as you like, and we'll see who tires first. But when his popularity is established and he is master of the situation, then the tenor will bow politely, will shake his head at the conductor as who would say, "No, decidedly not; get on with the opera," and will be deaf to the plaudits of the "upper sukkles" and of the gallery, applaud they never so loudly or unwisely. "*Plaudite*," says the great tenor to them in effect, "*Plaudite—et valet!*"

The remainder of the cast the same as when the opera was given the previous week, M. DECLERY being a dramatic *Alfo*, Mlle. MAUBOURG effective as the seductive Carmen-i-cal *Lola*.

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER a sweet dame *Lucia*, who pities the sorrows of everybody generally, while in Mlle. STRAKOSCH the unfortunate *Santuzza* finds a more than adequate representative.

So far highly satisfactory. Specially ANSELM. Hope new tenor won't knock up, so that, when one of his enthusiastic admirers should go specially to hear him, the announcement should be made that he is *hoarse de combat*. Whereupon enthusiastic admirers will piteously exclaim, "O ANSELM! how cruel of a cold to thus attack you an' sell me so!" [Exit.

AFTER THE WHITSUN HOLIDAY.

(Voices from the Throng.)

GOT to Paris and back, and saw something new at the theatres. But rather glowing.

Bonnets quite *vieux jeu*, my dear.

Really the Stores anticipate the Boulevards.

Of course one can see "lovely Lucerne" in a week, but one has a good deal more of a not very lovely railway carriage.

English watering-place for a week, and rather trying to the waiters' and the guests' tempers.

When a fashionable hotel's population rises suddenly from six to six hundred it causes confusion.

A day's trip across the Channel simply a dream when it's fine, but rather a nightmare when the weather's uncertain.

Yes, you must be fairly expeditious if you want to get through your lunch between the arrival of one boat at Boulogne and the departure of the other for Folkestone.

Rather fun meeting acquaintances on the deck, as they become ever after your friends for life.

Precious hard work travelling all day and all night, with half-hour pauses for sight-seeing.

Yes, yes, yes, all very well—but there's no place like home.



ENCORE!

"The cry is still they come!"

WHAT made Charing Cross?
Teaching London Bridge.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE HON. JOHN COLLIER has hit upon the happy idea of representing at 36, Mr. Rudyard Kipling as martyring himself, *à la mode de St. Laurentius*, in front of a stove. He is apparently ruminating as to whether it is time to turn and be done on the other side, the only evident reason for his not turning is that the artist has done him so thoroughly well on the side exposed to the spectator. However, the name of RUDYARD KIPLING is associated with a hot climate and various warm corners. A very serious KIPLING is he in this picture; not at all one of the "Kiplings blithe and merry" as he was wont to be called by early scribes.

Compliments to C. E. PERUGINI, on his charming portrait of Mrs. PERUGINI, 40, which is the number of the picture, of course. Mrs. PERUGINI is also a distinguished sister of the brush, and Mr. C. E. PERUGINI is one of the few husbands who, with honest pride, can admit that "his wife paints."

There is a speaking likeness, by EDWIN A. WARD, of "S. L. Clemens," popularly known as "MARK TWAIN," and certainly the "alias" is well chosen, this being a "speaking" likeness of a man, who, as a gifted humorous orator, is equal to any twain of them, pick 'em where you will—even among his own generally first-rate post-prandial orating fellow-countrymen.

86. Don't be misled by the title of this picture, "*The Bridge*," to imagine you are going to see a *tableau* representing ladies and gentlemen engaged in the game of cards now so much in vogue. No; Mr. WELLESLEY COTTRELL hasn't done this, but has painted a pretty country picture and also "*The Brook*," 91. And these two may be taken as *three* subjects, closely akin, since in representing Bridge and Brook he has painted Well.

131. S. MELTON FISHER's portrait of *Sir Henry Drummond Wolff* is life-like. Such a picture could not be rejected even by those most eager to keep the wolf from the door.

145. *A Dorsetshire Pastoral*. By SIDNEY MOORE. Delightful! Absolutely still life. Nothing of the moor about it, except in the name of the clever artist. Any picture purchaser who has finished his collection would do well to reconsider the matter and add just this one Moore.

105. In designing "*The Naiads' Pool*," and showing us these nice nudities with curiously entwined legs, Mr. HERBERT DRAPER might have given them just a few garments out of his drapery.

125. Clever picture of Mrs. HUMPHRY's. "*Hard to hold*." A girl holding a kitten. But surely the little thing with silken fur must be soft to hold, not hard. Odd!

150. C. E. HALLÉ's *Hero* is a Heroine.

157. C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A., shows two fishermen in a boat "*Counting the Catch*." Delightfully briny. Boat curiously unaffected by the decidedly rough sea. If this were always the case, viz., the worse the sea the steadier the boat, when painted by Mr. C. N. HEMY, then we would invariably go to him when we wanted our little yacht painted. Perhaps this marvellously un-rocking boat is being held steady by "the painter." May be. If this artist would turn his attention to a scene on shore in social life abroad, he has only got to give his title a twist, and instead of two men "counting a catch" he could substitute two lady-adventuresses "*Catching a Count*." N.B.—No extra charge for suggestion.

225. *The Earl of Stair, K.T.*, by Sir GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A. A nobleman who, judging from his title, must always have his eyes wide open.

Those who come to see pictures, the pictures of the sea will delight, such as 232, "*Estuary of the Nith*." A lady looking at this observed, "How odd! one lives and learns! I always thought an Estuary was a sort of Notary, or an Underwriter at LLOYDS!"

259. *The Duke of Portland*, ably represented by JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A., with two most unique and remarkable specimens of feathered collies or bird-dogs, calculated to furnish delightfully picturesque "boas" for ladies. Dogs of a feather here together.

Now we must come away. Can't go upstairs to see the mounted pictures.

A BAUER IN MAY.

ON the programme of Mr. HAROLD BAUER's pianoforte recitals, "under the management of Mr. SHARPE"—a name of which the musical punster will inevitably avail himself unless he is warned off in time—there is an announcement of "The new baby Grand," who is "pleasing to look upon," and so forth and so forth, all in praise of the infant, bless its little heart—we very nearly wrote "tiny" for "little," but tiny might be mispronounced "tinny," and that would never do unless with a "coote" before it, but even then, though there's a "COOTE and TINNEY" band, there isn't a ditto and ditto piano: at least, not as far as we know. But this does not explain "baby Grand." It might be a new novel by clever "SARAH GRAND," whose *Twins* were so delightful. It is not. "Pinafore" melodies should be played on a "baby Grand." The visitors on Friday next will, we hope, be as pleased with "*Papillons*, Op. 2," as they were on Wednesday last with Op. 22 ("Like 'Ops, 'cos I'm a bit of a dancer myself," as 'Arry observed) and with "Variations by BRAHMS on a theme by PAGANINI," which, with such names, and such an executant, ought to be something to remember. Such a programme should attract to the "Bauer Saloon" all who have any interest in the great beer question, seeing it is so full of excellent "ops."

By the way, how readily musical expressions arise to the lips of concert-goers on these occasions. Only recently an energetic lady was hurrying to her seat—the wrong one, as she had passed her own—when her daughter, slowly following, exclaimed, "*Allegro, ma, non troppo!*" Whereupon her mother retraced her steps and took her right seat.

BEN TROVATO MINOR.

No. 5, B Flat, Brahms Buildings.

NEW READING.—Only just discovered it. In *Macbeth*. The Thane, with *Banquo*, meets the Weird Sisters. *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, being victorious, are, of course, walking home after a grand banquet given in their honour by the Best United Scotch Club of the period. National drinks and dishes. What more natural then that, "seeing things," and being—like the whiskey he has been taking—"a little mixed," *General Macbeth* should exclaim—

"How now, ye secret black and midnight Haggis,
What is 't ye do?"

I find on examination that this wasn't said on the occasion of his first introduction to these elderly ladies, but on his visit to the witches when they gave an "At Home" in their own spacious cave. But this is a detail. *Macbeth* had just been dining, of course, and he must have screwed his courage to the sticking point in order to have paid this visit. Anyway, it is evidently what our WULLIE MCSHAKSPERE meant, or why should he have chosen a Scotch subject at all?

Yours, THE McPHOGGIE.

THE VALUE OF GYMNASTICS.

[At a recent meeting of the Gymnastic Teachers Institute, the Lord Chief Justice, who presided, observed that if systematic physical training for girls was more widely adopted, we should see far fewer young ladies with bent-over ankles and turned-over feet walking along the street.]

If sisters you possess, dear boy,
Whose bones are still elastic,
See that a training they enjoy
Both mental and gymnastic.

The vaulting-horse improvement brings
In leaping and in running,
Girls take quite cheerfully to "rings"
(Excuse my trick of punning).

The rings expand their brains and chests—
Mens sana in corpore sano—
Say no to that you can't—(my jests
Sparkle like Pommery-Greno).

By parallels they may be taught
To hold a perfect balance—
They will not lose it when they're sought
By half-a-dozen gallants!

The horizontal bar, dear boy,
Promotes grand-circulation—*
A healthy girl's a wholesome joy,
Whate'er her rank or station.

The rope they'll climb, grow straight and strong,
'Tis woman's highest mission, [long
And, last not least, they'll bring ere
My dreams to full fruition.

Then shall my eye ne'er meet, with pain
Which in my bosom rankles,
One eye-sore in the street again,
Young ladies' crooked ankles—
With satisfaction I shall deign
To note their nice straight ankles!

* Otherwise, the performance of the "grand circle."

WHAT'S THE BOTHA ABOUT?

HAS she gone to arrange preliminaries of peace?

HAS she decided to give the ex-President a piece of her mind?

HAS she arranged to make a fortune by manipulations on the Stock Exchange?

IS she the simplest lady on the earth, or a female edition of BISMARCK?

Should she be praised by the Imperial Press, or hailed with delight by those who respect the Little Englander?

IS she anxious to guide the policy of her native State, or merely to pick up a few hints about summer bonnets?

IS she an angel of light, or one of a darker hue?

IS she a peg upon which to hang anecdotes, or too exalted to be mentioned without absolute respect?

In fact, isn't she in reality merely a theme for a leading article, when there is nothing more interesting to write about.



Sentimental and—ahem—Thirty (?). "DID HE SAY HE KNEW ME WHEN I WAS A GIRL?"
"Sweet and Twenty." "OH, NO! HE SAID HE REMEMBERS YOU WHEN HE WAS A BOY!"

TO CHRISTOBEL.

OH, tell me, CHRISTOBEL, my queen,
Didst deem my manner strangely cold,
When in the twilight, yester-e'en,
We side by side together strolled?

For it had been a day of days,
As far as weather was concerned;
At noon, the sun with scorching rays
Our delicate complexions burned.

Released at length from Winter's thrall,
We both inhaled the breath of Spring;
At first I revelled in it all,
And felt as happy as a king.

But as we tramped o'er hill and dale
The long day through, with cheeks
Did you observe my spirits fail, [aglow;
My conversation cease to flow?

We plucked the golden daffodil—
Of Nature I am very fond;
You were enthusiastic, till
You found that I did not respond.

We watched the sunset to the last,
And as a solemn stillness fell,
A spasm o'er my features passed,
Which made you think I was not well.

You grew romantic by and bye,
The happy future you could see;
Doubtless you heard me heave a sigh,
And grind my teeth in misery.

Homeward I did escort you soon,
And hurriedly I said farewell.
Beneath the newly risen moon
I kissed you coldly, CHRISTOBEL.

And were you filled with haunting fears
When I had vanished from your eyes?
Perchance you wept some bitter tears,
So now let me apologise.

It was not that I loved you less
Than I had ever done before.
This fact allow me to impress,
You are the one whom I adore.

I did not find your presence pall
Upon me—not one little bit.
When something's pleasant, after all,
One cannot have too much of it.

No, CHRISTOBEL, my dearest dear,
If strangely I behaved that night,
It was—I'll whisper in your ear—
Simply because my boots were tight!

P. G.



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

Customer. "THAT'S A NASTY CUT YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?"

Barber (sadly). "OUR APPRENTICE, SIR, PRACTISING. WE'RE OBLIGED TO EXPECT THIS SORT OF THING NOW AND THEN!"

"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

IN A CRICKET PAVILION.

DEUCED hard luck getting out like that. Bowling good? Oh dear, no, not a bit of it! I could have played *that* sort of thing, all day. The bowling's nothing—absolutely nothing. I was just playing forward at it, and the beastly thing broke in from the leg, and somehow or other I didn't get fair hold of it, and the ball ran up my bat, and the wicket-keeper held it—that's all. Good catch? Not at all! Why, the ball literally dropped

into the fellow's hands; he *couldn't* help making the catch.

If only I had, &c., &c., &c.

AT A GOLF CLUB-HOUSE.

Oh, yes, of course I *ought* to have won—won easily—not a doubt of it. But somehow, he seemed to outdrive me, and then his approach shots all "came off" and mine didn't, and when it came to the putting—well, you know how beastly the greens are just now; but it didn't seem to affect his play, though it did mine. My put was always short, or else too strong, and he had all the luck and just got down,

time after time. Yes, awfully annoying, of course. However, beyond breaking my driver across my knee, and shying the ends at my caddie, I kept my temper pretty well. But my luck was simply awful.

If only I had, &c., &c.

IN A WEIGHING ROOM.

Rather rough on me, getting beaten a neck, like that. Thought I had him safe, all the way up the straight, too. Made my effort a little too late, you think? My dear Sir, I think I *ought* to know something more about whether it was too late or not, than a mere spectator! Why didn't I "come away" at the Enclosure rails? How could I "come away" without the horse? I don't wish to say anything unpleasant, but really, I wish you wouldn't talk such rot! When I picked up my whip my horse was "stony," positively stony! No man could have got more out of him than I—though I say it myself. If the race were to be run over again, I should win.

If only I had, &c., &c.

IN A LAWN-TENNIS PAVILION.

Fancy a "rotter" like that beating me! Well, by Jove, it's enough to make a fellow swear he 'll never play in a public Tournament again! Sickening, I call it. I got in some splendid services, too, in the second sett, but he got 'em all back again, somehow. Don't know how he did it.

If only I had, &c., &c., &c.

AT A BOAT-HOUSE.

Won? We should have simply come in alone, my dear fellow, if our Stroke had only set a decent pace from the beginning. But to commence as if we were going to a funeral, and then— Well, it doesn't bear talking of! And just fancy his quickening up to forty at such a time as that? If such suicidal policy is not enough to lose *any* race that was ever rowed, I don't know what is. And look at the course our cox. took us! Why, the other fellows simply *couldn't* help winning. A good crew? They? What skittles! We ought to have won *easily*.

If only I had been stroke, &c., &c., &c.

RETURNING FROM A HUNTING RUN.

Capital gallop, wasn't it? Why didn't I jump the first brook we came to? Oh, I *should* have had it, if I'd been riding the chestnut instead of the grey. That chestnut of mine would have thought nothing of it—he'd have hopped over like a bird. The gate out of the farm-yard, do you say? Well, rather a funny thing happened there, you know. My horse seemed to go rather "short" just as we came at that gate. So I pulled him up, and had a look to see if he'd lost a shoe. Had he? No, curiously enough, he hadn't. Going quite sound now? Oh, yes, he's all right again *now*, thanks. Must have been merely temporary lameness—hit his leg, perhaps. If only I had, &c., &c.



CLAIMING ACQUAINTANCE.

MISS ECONOMY. "I SEE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ME, SIR MICHAEL."

SIR M-CH-L H-CK-S-B-CH. "UM! I SEEM TO REMEMBER YOUR FACE. BUT IT IS SO LONG SINCE WE MET!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, May 20. —
"Life would be endurable only for the

For a moment, when he rose to reply and turned to address them, it seemed as if temptation would override all restraint. CANTUAR, a fighting man all his life, set his teeth, squared his shoulders, and

et at 7, in a white hat (much too large for him), standing on his mother's bandbox shouting "Ten to one bar one!" Sister GLADYS, four last birthday, responding in shrill voice, "Five to one on the field!"

"Is that the kind of public betting you hope to put a stop to?" the MARKISS asked in withering tones. "What machinery have you to enable you to put a stop to nurserymaids putting a shilling on each succeeding race?"

Admirable point this. Well if MARKISS had stopped when he had made it. Always a mistake when an expert in a particular field, whether it be the nursery or the housemaid's department, steps outside it. Encouraged by applause lavishly bestowed, the MARKISS next alluded to "large crowds that on Sunday morning assemble round one man in order to give him tips." TWEEDMOUTH, more familiar with the subject, explained that the crowd is gathered not to give tips to the one man but to receive and pay for tips distributed by him.

"Very well then," said the MARKISS, with manner curiously reminiscent of PRINCE ARTHUR when in the other House he gets hold of the wrong end of the stick; "the crowd assemble to pay for tips."

House accepted the frank and ready correction. But it broke the spell of omniscience with which the earlier passage about the nurserymaid had been delivered. In the end, protesting he would ne'er consent to this new step in paternal government promoted by the reverend fathers, he consented. Motion for Committee agreed to.

Business done. — Commons discussing Amendment to Budget moved by HENRY FOWLER as spokesman of re-united and renovated Opposition. Immediate consequence is that Opposition break up into fresh splinters.

House of Commons, Tuesday. — Dulness of Debate on Budget varied by fresh



BIRDS OF A FEATHER!!

Labby the Jester. "I may say I share his Nonconformist conscience!"

(Vide Mr. Labouchere's Speech on Sir Henry Fowler's Amendment.)

Bishops," murmured the MARKISS, regarding with hunted look right reverend prelates ominously clustered below Gangway to his left.

Certainly they've been a little hard on him since he returned from the Riviera; have practically annulled benefit derived from his sojourn in the sunlit South. Last week it was the Bishop of WINCHESTER and the Habitual Drunkard; to-day it is the Bishop of HEREFORD and the Tipster. He wants Select Committee appointed to enquire into increase of public betting; Bishop of LONDON seconds motion; the Primate seals the document with mark of high approval. What the MARKISS would like above all things would be to run amok among the Bishops.

awaited the onslaught. WINCHESTER, of milder mood, conscious of exceptional provocation given by him last week, strategically, though to all appearances quite casually, got his brother of LONDON between himself and the PREMIER.

Happily for peace and propriety of House, the vision of the nurserymaid crossed the PREMIER's eye; as effective in its way as earlier historic vision of the housemaid. Bishop of HEREFORD, presumably drawing on domestic experiences, instanced in proof of spread of the plague of betting that the nurserymaid habitually "had her shilling on" the coming race. Fervid fancy pictured daily scenes in the nursery under this malignant influence. Master CLAUD,



A STUDY IN LIBERAL UNITY!

Being a hasty sketch of the loyal and uncontrollable indignation of Mr. J. H. M. and Sir R. B. during the onslaught on their colleague, Sir H. F. by the Chancellor of the Exchequer!!

explosions of cordite. Six years ago next month—when Mr. GLADSTONE, the MEMBER FOR SARK, DON CURRIE, and other eminent statesmen were away at Kiel, in the now-wrecked *Tantallon Castle*, helping GERMAN EMPEROR to open new canal—cordite explosion under Treasury Bench blew into Opposition CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and his colleagues in the Rosebery Government. It was BRODRICK who fired the charge, and the whirligig of time has brought him to fill the position whence he was instrumental in discharging C.-B.

Cordite having done its work nothing more heard of it till, the other night, PRINCE ARTHUR incidentally mentioned that at particular crisis of campaign in South Africa there were only 3,000 rounds in-store. This afternoon C.-B. commented on this concatenation of circumstances. The very men who had turned him and his friends out on alleged insufficiency of ammunition, who had been in office for six years, who had asked for and obtained millions for war purposes, were thus caught dangerously napping.

Nasty blow that; would have disconcerted some men. PRINCE ARTHUR splended in his audacity. It was, he vowed, all C.-B.'s fault. In 1895, he, being at the head of the War Office, was found guilty of insufficient stores of cordite; very properly kicked out of office. Five years later, his critics of 1895 having meanwhile been in power, and having raised Army expenditure from eighteen and a half millions to thirty millions, it was suddenly discovered that the country being at war, the stock of ammunition was almost exhausted. Who was responsible? The Minister in charge of the War Office since 1895? Certainly not. It was the guilty Minister whose sin had found him out six years ago.

This PRINCE ARTHUR said without shadow of a smile, without movement of an eyelid distantly suggesting a wink. The unexpected assault took C.-B.'s breath away. For a moment a pause of amazement fell on the crowded benches. Then someone behind Treasury Bench cheered; cry taken up till it swelled to a roar, through whose prolonged length PRINCE ARTHUR glared with honest indignation on the limp C.-B., who began to think that he was really much more sinful than he thought.

Business done.—HENRY FOWLER'S Amendment to Second Reading of Budget Bill negatived by majority of 177 in House of 423 Members.

Friday.—Adjournment for Whitsun holidays. Back again June 6.

LIGHT AND DARK BLUES.

IF DAY, the Cambridge captain, stands
As typical of Light,
Then KNOX, who Oxford men commands,
Is Dark as Latin night.

OUR BOYS.

[Sir T. LIPTON said the American boy was ahead of the English boy. Managers of great American concerns were often surprisingly youthful. He thought it would be a good thing if every English boy was sent to America at seventeen for two years.]

THE English boy to the States has gone, $\frac{1}{2}$

In a Western store you'll find him;

A Yankee twang he has taken on,

And his modesty left behind him.

"Land of Babes," said the callow youth,

"Tho' at home my elders flout me,

In a couple of years they shall own the truth

That they can't get on without me."

The boy returned. But his father's trade
Seemed tame to his vast ambition:

There were limits set to the profit made,

And it suffered from competition.

"Father," he said, "let this care be mine,

It's a matter of education,

And I'm pretty spry at a big Combine."

So he worked an amalgamation!

CASH BEFORE COURAGE.

(For further particulars apply to Pall Mall.)

"AND does that excellently appointed brougham and pair belong to your master?" asked the Stranger.

"Certainly, Sir. You see, my master has to go out to dinner a good deal and could not think of hiring a fly."

"And yet," continued the Stranger, "that kind of conveyance is very well turned out by the livery stables. And why not sometimes take a cab? Dukes often take cabs."

"My master is not a duke," returned the servitor with hauteur.

"Indeed, and yet you say he has a share in a yacht, five or six horses, the like number of polo ponies, and is always entertaining?"

"Yes, Sir, you have fairly described my master's position. He is no parson with a poor parish, no barrister with an empty brief-bag, or doctor with a brass plate in lieu of a practice."

"Then what is he? From his style of living I should put him down for a popular actor-manager, or a Cabinet Minister with private means, or even a Foreign Ambassador."

"No, Sir; you are entirely wrong. My master is a young gentleman of twenty."

"Then he is a millionaire, or the son of one."

"Neither," returned the serving-man, "On the contrary, my master's father is nearly as poor as himself."

"Then who is this spendthrift?"

"Don't call him a spendthrift, Sir. For what he does is by regulation."

"By regulation!" exclaimed the Stranger. "Then he must be—"

"Yes," put in the servant, filling up the gap and explaining the mystery, "he is a cavalry subaltern."

LOVE-LETTERS OF A DANISH WOMAN.

(Published for the first time after a pause of centuries.)

MY LORD,—You will never receive this letter. It was not my fault. My father told me to do it. But why should he have been killed for listening behind the curtains? He was acting for the best. He is always so kind. The best of men. And why tell me to go to a convent? And why say that I paint? My hair is all my own. And so are you. If you would only let it be so. But surely you can be reasonable. And yet you will never know. And you are always in my thoughts. Oh! my Lord, my dear Lord, my dearest Lord. I don't believe my brother. I know he is spiteful to everyone. And I am glad he is going for a trip—far, far away.

Your Onest, O.

MY DEAREST LORD,—I feel it is unmaidenly to write to you. But this letter will never reach you, so I am comforted. Surely it was cruel to make a scene when we had come to see your little play. Of course, we like amateur theatricals. But then you did not do us the honour to ask us to take part in them. You preferred professionals. And Court life in Elsinore is not too cheerful. I never thought that you would take back the presents that you gave me, but you did. And I thought it was so kind of you to sit near me. But then you should not have caused all that disturbance. You sadly grieved your mother. And she is such a sweet thing. Means so well. And really, your uncle—step-father—is so anxious to be civil. What is the matter with you? But I shall never know, for you will never receive this poor letter. I have heard from my brother. LAERTES seems to be enjoying himself; but, naturally, poor papa's untimely end came as a shock. Of course, I sent no details. They were too painful. Oh! my own one. Oh! my darling. I do so wish you were more reasonable.

Your unknown lover, O.

SWEETEST,—My last letter. You will never receive it. Perhaps it may be found on the stream, floating along amongst the water-lilies. I have taken to singing, although my music master never thought me a very promising pupil. But it distracts my thoughts—which are sad ones. LAERTES seems to be tired with his travels, and sends a scrap to say that he is on his way home. I feel at times rather wrong in my head. I won't let my maid touch my hair, and have taken to decorating it with wild flowers. They look rather pretty but untidy. And now I am going for a little walk, and then I shall have a nice long rest by the stream amongst the willows. My own, my dearest, my all-in-black one. But you will never know—until it is too late.

Your poor distracted

OPHELIA.



Fair Cyclist. "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO HIGHAM UPEY, PLEASE?"
Rustic. "YOU 'VE ONLY GOT TO FOLLER YER NOSE, MISS; BUT YOU 'LL FIND IT UP'ILL WORK!"

MR. PICKLETHORN'S CONTRIBUTION.

MR. PICKLETHORN adjusted his spectacles, took up the letter and read it through twice very carefully and deliberately. Then, with an air of bewilderment, he gazed at a slip of pink paper enclosed within it. Next he studied the envelope, duly addressed to "JOSIAH PICKLETHORN, Esq., The Hollies, Wimbledon," carefully scrutinising the postmarks as if in the hope that these could solve the riddle for him. Finally, with a despairing sigh, he handed the letter across the breakfast-table to his wife.

"What the dickens does this mean?" he enquired. "Read it, MARIA, and let's hear what you make of it. It must be some idiotic mistake—and yet it seems meant for me right enough!"

Mrs. PICKLETHORN read the letter in her turn, her face betraying increasing astonishment as she did so. It ran:—

"Office of 'The Trumpet Magazine,'
Fleet Street, E.C.

"DEAR SIR,—We are now making arrangements for the Christmas Number of the Magazine, and should like to include in it one of your humorous sketches. Four thousand words would be a suitable length, and the payment we could offer would be £15. In the hope that our proposal will be agreeable to you, we enclose cheque for half that sum, the balance to be paid on publication. We should be glad to have your MS. at the earliest possible date. Yours faithfully,

"T. HENDERSON, Editor."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. PICKLETHORN, dropping the letter and staring at her husband. "One of your humorous sketches!"

"One of my humorous sketches," repeated Mr. PICKLETHORN, "The editor of this paper, or magazine, or whatever it is, writes to me for one of my humorous sketches to put in his Christmas Number. And here's his cheque, too, payable to JOSIAH PICKLETHORN. One of my humorous sketches! Forty years have I been in the sugar trade, MARIA, and, except in the way of business or a friendly letter, I haven't set pen to paper since I left school. Why this HENDERSON writes to me, and what he means—or if somebody's trying to play a silly joke—well, it just beats me!"

"It can't be a joke," observed his wife thoughtfully. "No one would send you a cheque as a joke. And it can't well be a mistake, seeing that it's addressed right, with your Christian name and all. No, he must have heard of you, somehow."

"Seems like it, doesn't it?" agreed the other.

"Perhaps he knows one of our friends?"

"Quite possible," admitted the sugar-broker. "But even if he does, why—"

"Yes," resumed Mrs. PICKLETHORN, with growing conviction, "one of your friends must have spoken to this editor about those clever stories you sometimes tell—no, don't deny it, JOSIAH, they are clever. Why, only last Tuesday, when the JOHNSONS were dining here, and you gave us that description of how your Aunt lost her way in the Edgware Road, Mrs. JOHNSON said to me that you ought to send that to *Punch*."

"Well, well," said Mr. PICKLETHORN, with a gratified smile, "I don't deny that I love a bit of a joke now and then. 'Tis a poor heart that never rejoices, as SHAKESPEARE, I believe, puts it."

"Why, it's as plain as a pikestaff! This editor, you see, was talking about his paper to a friend. 'The Magazine's all right,' says he, 'but what I want to make it complete is a right-down good piece of fun, and where it's to come from I can't tell.' 'D'you know Mr. JOSIAH PICKLETHORN?' asks the friend. 'Can't say I do,' replies the Editor. 'Well,' says the friend, 'you just get him to give you one of his stories, and your readers will laugh as they've never laughed before.' 'Thank you,' says the Editor, 'I'll ask him'; and so he sits down and

writes you this letter. That's the explanation, depend upon it."

"It may be," allowed Mr. PICKLETHORN dubiously; "I can't think of any other. Well, then, in that case, I'll just drop him a note, thanking him for the offer, but returning his cheque, as I don't happen to be in the writing line."

"What?" cried his wife indignantly. "Return his cheque, indeed! To think of throwing away money like that! You'll do nothing of the kind; you'll just sit down this evening, and write off that story—it won't take you long."

"But I can't," protested Mr. PICKLETHORN. "Why, what story could I write?"

"Nonsense, JOSIAH; of course you can. All you've got to do is to copy out one of those anecdotes you tell so splendidly—there's that one, for instance, about your missing the last train at Clapham."

Mr. PICKLETHORN pondered in silence for some moments. "Seems a pity not to take that £15 certainly," he said; "and I've often thought that, if I gave my mind to it, I could write better stuff than lots of these literary fellows. . . Well, MARIA, I'll have a shot at it, if you like."

"Of course you will! You could write three stories a week easily. That's £45 a week, which is —"

"Hold hard, MARIA—the first one isn't written yet, and a precious tough job I expect it'll be. This letter says it's got to be four thousand words long—that sounds a terrible lot—and if it should be a mistake, after all! Look here, I'll take that cheque to town with me and present it at once, and if it's all right, why, I'll tackle the story this evening. And it's time for me to be starting for the City now. You might get in a packet of foolscap paper from the stationer's while I'm gone."

And in the course of the morning, Mrs. PICKLETHORN received the following satisfactory telegram—"Cheque all right."

That evening, after dinner, Mr. PICKLETHORN sat down to compose his story, his wife having provided him with a new nib, fresh blotting-paper, and an immense pile of foolscap paper. The servants were enjoined that not a sound must be heard from the kitchen; "Perfect quiet, my love," said Mr. PICKLETHORN, "is absolutely essential." At the beginning, his wife was allowed to witness his labours, but before long the author found that her enquiries as to his progress, repeated every ten minutes, were exceedingly distracting, and, accordingly, she was banished to the drawing-room, while Mr. PICKLETHORN plied his pen in the dining-room. After much consideration, the anecdote about his missing the last train at Clapham—a story often recounted with gratifying success amongst his friends—had been selected as most likely to charm the readers of *The Trumpet*, but Mr. PICKLETHORN found himself considerably hampered by the Editor's request, that the story should be four thousand words long, which he interpreted to mean that there must be not one word more or less than this number.

Presently, the author appeared at the drawing-room door in his shirtsleeves, mopping a heated brow.

"Look here, MARIA," he said, "I've written it all down, and I've only done two thousand one hundred and forty-seven. I can spin it out a little longer, but I'll never get to four thousand!"

"You must work in another story as well, then," said his wife promptly. "Couldn't you introduce that one about Miss HAVILAND's cockatoo?"

"Ah," said the author, visibly relieved. "I might do that;" and he retreated downstairs again.

At midnight, Mrs. PICKLETHORN prepared to retire, at which time her husband's total, as he announced, was two short of three thousand. And he added his firm intention of finishing the blessed thing before he went to bed.

When Mrs. PICKLETHORN had been asleep for a couple of hours

or so, she was awakened by tremendous shouts from the ground-floor.

"MARIA!" cried her husband's voice, "here—come here, quickly!"

In some alarm, Mrs. PICKLETHORN slipped on her dressing-gown, and peered over the banisters. Two flights below her stood her husband on the stairs, a bundle of manuscript in his hand.

"Oh! there you are. Tell me, is 'waiting-room' one word or two?"

"Is that all?" said Mrs. PICKLETHORN, in distinctly annoyed tones. "I thought the house must be on fire!"

"Yes; but is 'waiting-room' one word?"

"Oh, bother! Two, I suppose."

"Then I've finished!" said Mr. PICKLETHORN.

(To be continued.)

LAWN TENNIS LUNCHEON.

Menu.

"SERVED," 15 to 30.

Bisque.

Flukes à merveille.

Volley-vent à la racquette.

'Vantage Toyu.

Currie à la Dence.

Timballes celluloides à la Ping Pong.

Salade Letitia.

Gibier à la mode.

Parfait Amour à Rien.

Crème de Jeu Perdu à deux Fautes.

THE REVIEWERS' RETREAT.

It was a noble-looking Institution. Just the place where jaded reviewers and ink-sodden critics would care to drone away the last few years of their life. The high wall that skirted the garden was delicately tipped with sea-green bottle-glass, thus ensuring peace and quiet from prowling authors whose works the aged reviewers may at some time or other have considered.

The novelists' harbour was particularly well protected (no doubt advisably so) for 'twas here that reviewers of current fiction took their afternoon tea, and smoked their friendly "screws" of baccy sent by well-disposed acquaintances.

Yet, despite the high wall, wire barbing, &c., many a tragedy had been enacted within this shady retreat. It was a pathetic sight to see the palsied critics doddering around with Mudie-hunted expressions for their afternoon airing. These all slept, by the way, on the ground floor, as they dreaded anything in the nature of a story. A sad tradition exists of one weary reviewer who roused his comrades in the night by cries of agony. As they gathered fearfully around him, he pointed in horror through the window at the stars. "A comet!" he cried. Then



'ARRIET ON HER HOLIDAY.

Guide (awaking the echoes of the lake). "AND MAY ALL—THE LADIES HERE—BE MARRIED—BEFORE THE END OF THE YEAR!"

Echo. "YEAR! YEAR!"

'Arriet. "I LIKE ECHOES."

adding, with a moan of anguish, "it has a tail," he expired with a look of mortal terror that almost drove his companions frantic.

On another occasion a reviewer was gossiping with a friend in the harbour when a bomb from an unseen author hurtled through the air, crushed the unfortunate victim and injured many others. It was a religious novel; one of the most dangerous missiles ever invented, combining a deadly heaviness with deadly explosive qualities.

Turning from the novelists' harbour the visitor may note the poets' yard, where reviewers of minor poetry, essays, etc., undergo SANDOW'S exercises, and open-air treatment generally after the debilitating occupation they have followed for many years. There is a new drill-sergeant (CH-RT-N C-LL-NS by name), whose severities have inspired dismay throughout the

institution. Some of the more stalwart, however, recently combined to withstand his austere treatment, and he is at present in the sick ward.

Visitors are urgently requested not to tempt the inmates with gifts of high-coloured adjectives and new adverbial expressions. It is scarcely fair, since all the inmates have to take a grammatical pledge—and the simplest Saxon English alone is served out with the rations.

"BOGEY COMPETITION."—A correspondent wishes to be informed if the above heading, which he often sees in various papers, means that someone is giving a prize for the best ghost story?

THE END OF THE GAME.—"I can't stand the racquet," as the tired tennis-ball said.

A LONGFELLOWISH LAY.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am not a great student of poetry, and so it came upon me quite as a surprise to learn that LONGFELLOW was not only as great a cardplayer as he was a poet, and that, years ago, this celebrated bard had immortalised the present fashionable and absorbing game of "Bridge." I was not aware that "Bridge" was known in his time; but then he was an American, therefore go-a-head; also a poet, and a poet like a prophet is always just a bit previous. However, Sir, to you I confide this precious manuscript which has recently come into my possession. I

He declared the flaming diamond;—
I had but one to play.

Between our two opponents
The wavering luck held fast,
And the current that came in their favour
Bore my tin away at last.

As, sweeping the tricks towards them,
"Grand slam," they scored,—ah me!
And walking home in the moonlight,
You might have heard a "D—!"

And the loss of all my money
Like a horrid dream appears;
And a flood of thought comes o'er me,
Which fills my eyes with tears.

Yet whenever I cross the club room,
And see Bridge; its charm appears
Like the grip of a vice which led me on
To the ruin of other years!

FOR A CHANGE.

BROWN and ROBINSON and SMITH
Whom in town I tarry with,
Wearied out by life's routine,
Pining for a change of scene,
From the crowds at home I flee
To the margin of the sea;
Where I hope for prospects new,
Far from toil and care—and you.



THE FIRST "BRADSHAW."

A Reminiscence of Whitsun Holidays in Ancient Egypt. From an Old-Time Table'ature.

have not a Longfellow on my bookshelf, and am therefore unable to ascertain whether it has ever appeared in his collected poems or fugitive pieces. Anyway, it will interest you, my dear and learned Sir. Its title is

"BRIDGE."

I played on at Bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And still to rise from the table,
Was quite beyond my power.

I saw my partner reflecting
On cards I was longing to see;
And wondered if he'd make the trumps
Or if he would leave it to me!

But far from having such wisdom
On that lovely night in May,

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had played on at Bridge past midnight
When the betting had been high!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that luck's ebbing tide
Would bear away my wretched cards
To my adversaries' side!

Till my head grew hot and aching,
And my cards a real nightmare,
And the burden of playing a rubber,
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
And only in dreams I see
The gold which I trusted that others
Would one day lose to me.

Foolish hope! the scene I find
Equals what I left behind,—
Crowded roads, whose human tide
Almost emulates Cheapside,
Whose hotels, superb and grand,
Seem transplanted from the Strand,
Where at once I happen on
SMITH and BROWN and ROBINSON.

Ah! then, since the quest is vain,
Homeward I return again,
Fain once more relief to seek
From my comrades of the week,
By an ignominious flight;
But to meet as I alight,
By the same train back in town—
ROBINSON and SMITH and BROWN.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now in the fourth month of the reign of Ed-wād the King, who was saved from the Shamrōkh,

2. did the house of Babl-on, by the side of the river,

3. the dwellers on the green benches—

4. who desist not from speaking, but go on till sunrise

5. discussing a motion for stopping

6. at midnight or something

7. or other

8. that's equally brilliant!

9. who ask endless questions (without any notice)

10. that *never* get answers—that suit the enquirer

11. there's no time left for business;

12. —feel need of a respite for rest and refreshment.

13. Then Arthab-al-Phūr

14. (or, otherwise, Névukūdnévvār Rmembra) who looked at the ceiling

15. and longed for a Cromwell to take away baubles

16. &c.

17. the lord of the Niblikh, the wearer of *ghétaz*,

18. the pincher of sand-cones (in fact, the tee-planter by the shores of the ocean)

19. who tarried in *bhunkaz* . . .

20. the splicer of cliques,

21. did fish out his *mashiz*, and *brasiz*, and *puttaz*

22. from behind his Birnj-ōnsiz, and calling a *hansamm* put them up with the *driver*;

23. then from his official residence did he sally forth and made for the

24. course that best suited his fancy,

25. —like his great predecessor, who always saw three courses open

26. to choose from!

27. Forth went Maik-el-Thapepri, the chief of Thataksaz,

28. the fisher for whales (who had swallowed the profit) but who

29. landed a shoal of *uél-tūddū* pauperses,

30. —the Duin-naisli, the Addabittaluk-thalás-tyérortu.

31. When they lay on the deck in a gasping condition he explained

32. to them all, in the neatest of speeches, it was not them

33. at all, but some fish just behind them he aimed at!

34. all ced fine, poor consolation!

35. And Brodrikh the War-Lord, the maker of armies out of

36. sketchy materials,

37. —hypothetical men on conjectural *ji-jis*;

38. to his six little statues in the likeness of Amikhôr

39. —made chiefly of brass, hammered freely on all sides,

40. with much tin *appliqué* (both now and hereafter)

41. his spare time he devoted

42. Shuvmenébar the Urgent, arm in arm with

43. the Nubár-an-Milnah, whose ermine was sprouting

44. so nicely all over his person, fine growing weather

45. the Lord of the Transvaal, and the other place also

46. —we are squashing them flat before using

47. a ruler, though the main lines are settled.

48. Away, too, went Mhorli and Kamm-el-Banraman,

49. Enri-foula the sturdy, the latest of *kōkshaiz*

50. of the peace-breathing brethren, an honour he shares with

51. the home-coming *satrap*,

52. a kind of a gentle philanthropist *boilhot*,

53. amounting to lynch-law.

54. And Ünüstan, the son of Isdād, the son of Randi all over, who travels

55. in *wāltruks* without any ticket,

56. the chatty companion of Ispal the Vultcha;

57. the brightest of all the young sparks that fly upward from behind Arthab-al-Phūr,

58. Just a bit *harüm-skarüm*

59. even sparks are a danger,—

60. when they find their way into

61. magazines and newspapers

62. or they *might* even light in some valuable office

63. some day there's no telling.

64. All these took their rest after arduous labours

65. with numerous others and came back refreshed—

66. to hear Kölduel, and Channin,

67. Mistawir, and Jondilün,

68. Tomilokh, Phlin and Būkhstan, Odo-kherti,

69. Phlāvin,—all the *latta-deh-siseroz*

70. who charm and delight us

71. till we go home,

72. —on *stretchaz*!

E. T. R.

TO ———.

GENTLE lady, since I saw you last—
 (Ah, those glorious weeks of summer weather!)
 Dreary months on dreary months have passed
 Since they sped away—alas, too fast!—
 Those enchanted hours we spent together.

You of my poor heart again are queen,
 Scorning other claims and dominations,
 Other fainter loves that came between
 (Ah, how futile now they seem, how mean!)
 Now must yield their rival usurpations.

Yes, my all too fickle heart you bind,
 Lady, with the chain of old that bound me,
 All the glowing past I call to mind,
 All that intervenes I leave behind,
 Yielding to your spells that now surround me.

What should stay me?—'tis no idle shame,
 (If the world derides me, lady, let it!)
 I would fain once more your greeting claim,
 Grasp your hand, and call upon your name—
 But—upon my soul, I quite forget it.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

V.—THE BERNARD SHAW SECTION.

(Continued from May.)

20TH—22ND.—A constant and fatal error with play-mongers is to imagine that there are themes, within the scope of their intelligence, which can appeal at once to the gilded Semite of the Stalls and the School Board *alumni* of the gallery. I say they have no single sentiment of pleasure in common. At times they are bored by the same things, but interested in the same things never. It may satisfy Mr. KIPLING's sense of the realities to assert that "the Colonel's lady and Mrs. O'GRADY" (on the strength) "are sisters under the skin." But, to take him on his own restricted lines, I happen myself to have made a study of armies (see my *Arms and the Man*), and I differ from him fearlessly and without pity.

23RD—25TH.—I have little sympathy for the writer who is lured from the strait road of Art by a passion for pedantic consistency in the general purposes, if any, of his drama. I hesitate to quote myself as a brilliant example of the contrary method; but I still think it was a happy thought to put my most modern criticisms into the mouth of a contemporary of OCTAVIAN; and another, though not quite so happy, to assign the exposition of my best twenty-first-century philosophy (for it will take till then for the public to apprehend me) to a "Devil's Disciple" of the eighteenth. I may have faults, but a taste for academic purity is not one of them.

26TH.—Nor do I pretend to say beforehand whether any given play of mine is intended for a tragedy or a farce. I choose to leave this matter to the audience to decide, having a rooted belief in the subjective plasticity of all great work. I have known my sentiments elicit laughter when I had privately anticipated tears; and I have seen the house divided, pit from stalls, as to which of these two receptions should be accorded to a speech of which the intention was equally ambiguous to myself. In the game of poker, as I am given to believe, the most brilliant artists are those who play without any settled principles of their own, thus permitting their motives to escape observation. Misunderstand yourself, if you would make doubly sure of a position as one of the Great Misunderstood.

27TH.—I merit, of course, the abuse of the critics, who find themselves at a loss to arrange their labels on accepted lines;

and the public is inclined to grow captious through inability to confirm their suspicions of an underlying sense in my plays; but without some guarantee of popular disfavour. One trembles to imagine what will become of one's hesitating self-esteem.

28TH.—To the great Artist there is always something inhibitive in unsuccess; and though there may be danger of over-exultation induced by a run of splendid failures, it is better to perish this way than to die, as some successful authors have died, of a fatty degeneration of the brain.

29TH TO 31ST.—In conclusion I would join issue with those rash intellects that have assigned to me, thus early, a permanent seat among the Immortals. Admitted that I have the advantage of SOPHOCLES and GOETHE in enjoying a wider range of vision, I am very little, if at all, their superior in point of actual genius. But in my own case, as in theirs, I protest against the indefinite survival of reputations. The ages should always advance from great to greater, as their purview of humanity largens. And if this little collection of homilies should avail to check that tendency to Cock-Shawolatry which threatens, among the chosen few, to perpetuate my claims as an Authority, neither I nor my readers will rightly grudge the pains we shall severally have expended upon it. O. S.

AN ODE.

TO AN OLD FAVOURITE.

[It is maintained that the "shooting" of corns on the approach of damp weather is due to the rapid formation of protective tissue, a provision of Nature dating back to a period several thousand centuries before boots were invented.]

COME, shall I now address, or rather, dress thee,
 Companion of my waking, dreaming hours?
 How may I best in fitting terms express thee,
 Life-long curtailer of my walking powers,
 One that, though trodden on, art yet my master,
 Reverse of friend that sticketh closer than a—plaster!
 I'll sing an ode, for though I'm far from doting
 Upon an ancient nuisance such as you,
 I see you're white-washed—here I'm freely quoting
 The April *North American Review*,
 Where Dr. LOUIS ROBINSON discourses
 About the common human *callus* and its sources.

Our ancestors in every sort of weather
 Were forced to hunt, he says, for food each day.
 All innocent of manufactured leather,
 Their pushful feet were shod in Nature's way;
 Which cuticle, whene'er the glass said "Rainy,"
 Would grow and thicken with an instinct really brainy!

Thus were they soled and heeled, and willy-willy,
 With automatic and impromptu boots,
 Whose "vascular and sensitive papillæ"
 Still linger with one when a pet corn shoots,
 And, active through millenniums, are transmitted
 To punish those who with degenerate shoes are fitted.

Let us be soothed—this extra sole-material
 That on one's nerves will now and then impinge
 And make one hobble at a pace funereal
 Is, after all, a Pre-historic Twinge;
 'Tis but a miracle of atavism
 When clouds impending give your toe a paroxysm!

So then, my pet, my venerable relic,
 Descended from a spacious unshod age,
 I'll bear you still with temper that's angelic,
 Nor vex you, as of old, with bootless rage;
 My aneroid's "Set Fair," and hence the reason
 For close-time to your shooting and my game-leg season!
 A. A. S.



MAUVAIS SUJET.

Spain. "CARAMBA ! AMIGO JONATHAN YOUR NEW CITIZEN LOOKS HAPPY !"
Jonathan. "CITIZEN ! NOT MUCH. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A SUBJECT OF HIM !"

BANK HOLIDAY—AND AFTER.

(Page from a Holiday-maker's Diary.)

Monday.—The usual thing; up to twelve noon know it. After then, suppose it.

Tuesday.—Resting a bit after yesterday. High old time. But rather a head this morning. But what's the odds so long as you're happy? And happy I was—no error.

Wednesday.—Still a bit off colour. Can't be expected at the works. Leastways, if I am, why, they can "continue the movement"—as they say in the Volunteers—and go on expecting.

Thursday.—Why, it seems ages since Monday. Just beginning to feel the rest. Wonderful fixture, bank holiday. Quite leaves a fixed impression.

Friday.—Wonder how things are going at the works. Expect nothing much. Know all my pals won't have turned up yet. It can't be all work and no play. Bank holiday doesn't come often.

Saturday.—The six days gone! Well, done so before. And as to work. Well, I must think seriously about it next week.

PEOPLE WHO PALL ON ME.

III.—THE GIRL WHO DOTES ON LITERATURE.

I MEET her constantly during that period of storm and stress known as the London Season. At other times she haunts the various Spas (in filial attendance on various Pa's) so persistently, that in a moment of verbal aberration, I once termed her the hydro-headed monster. It was rude of me; but I find that taking the waters dilutes my naturally excellent temper.

I feel sure that she hasn't the least regard for—or the faintest inkling as to what constitutes—literature in reality. That is the annoying part. But you can't tell her so (unless you're a brute), and this makes it more annoying still.

As a rule, it is only the very latest book that interests her. And she gets it up—to use an uncouth expression—just like other girls "get up" Bridge or Ping Pong. It promises to be fashionable for a while, and serves to enrich one's small talk. It's—well, Mudie-ficent, but it isn't literature.

Sometimes, however, this girl has been known to patronise the Classics. She may have had a ticket for a literary dinner, and thinks she will be called upon to discuss, say, SHELLEY during the fish course, and SCHOPENHAUER while toying with the savouries. Then, with a recollection of the way in which she "did" the Art-treasures of Italy in ten days, she will rush through the literary galleries of the Immortals with an anxious eye fixed upon some popular literary guide so as to find what she *ought* to think about these



SO SWEET OF HER!

Mrs. Chatterleigh. "FANCY, DEAR, AT THE BROWNS' LAST NIGHT THEY WERE ALL SAYING HOW GLAD THEY WERE TO HEAR YOU WERE AT LAST ENGAGED! OF COURSE I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE REPORT, DEAR, AND SAID I WONDERED ANY ONE COULD BE SO STUPID AS TO IMAGINE ANYTHING SO ABSURD!"

"dear poets" and "dreadfully clever" philosophers.

Perhaps this lady is the most trying when she knows a real live poet. I wonder he's alive—but then, perhaps, the acquaintance is not very close. Unless you wish to be put down as an intellectual pariah, you mustn't say you never heard of him before. A few pertinent questions will doubtless enlighten you as to who this genius is. Probably your old friend OCC. VERSEMAN, who once published a volume at the earnest request of himself. But don't disturb her simple faith. Let her think the itinerant musician is a disguised nobleman.

The language which this lady speaks is common to all with a bent for gush. Her conversation may be described as a saccharine sea strewn with adjectival and adverbial wreckage. Useless to impress upon her that wise proverb "All that's published is not sold." To this

doting damsel print is but a synonym for fame. It may be puerile: yet, what is dotage but second childhood.

HONOUR MEASURE.

TWENTY years of public service equal a paragraph in the papers.

Two paragraphs in the papers equal a leading article in a journal of standing.

Four leading articles equal the freedom of a provincial city.

Three freedoms of provincial cities equal a banquet of honour in London.

Two banquets of honour in London equal a dozen speeches at the openings of bazaars.

Four dozen openings of bazaars equal an occasional paragraph in an outer sheet.

One paragraph once a month in an outer sheet equals public neglect.

Six months of public neglect equal oblivion.

CULTURED CONVERSATIONS.

II.—ARTISTIC.

SCENE.—*The Academy, on fine day the end of May. Captain DORMER, who "knows what he likes," but doesn't understand pictures, is being told what he ought to admire by Mrs. ONSLOW, who, though demure, is very decided, and shows a feeling of responsibility as to the weight of her judgment. Captain DORMER is cheery and docile, and anxiously agrees with Mrs. ONSLOW before she has given her opinion.*

Mrs. ONSLOW (in front of portrait of the Misses Wertheimer). Oh! I'm sure this must be a SARGENT. Do look, Captain DORMER.

Captain Dormer (bewildered). A sergeant—this isn't a military picture—it's two girls. Ah! (Catching sight of name.) Yes, I see what you mean, of course. Anyone can tell that—SARGENT! good Heavens,—yes! At a glance. Now, don't you think that's rather— [Undecided pause.

Mrs. O. (quickly and decidedly). I do, indeed!

Captain D. (relieved). So do I! Do you suppose, now, that vase is meant as an advertisement for the curios, and so on—old China? I must say, these two ladies are really—

Mrs. O. You're perfectly right. (They pass on, Captain DORMER wondering what on earth their opinion of the picture is, exactly. In front of "Intercepted Letter," by FRITZ.)

Captain D. (really interested). I say, do you know, I call this rather capital. But what on earth is the Johnnie in such a rage about? Awful shame, poor little woman! Why, anyhow, you can see she's been doing a bit of knitting. There can't be much harm in her. I'm afraid you don't like it.

Mrs. O. I regard it as mere reporting. Scarcely a picture at all.

Captain D. Indeed! By Jove—and I thought the great point in a picture was to tell a story. Of course it ought to stand out, too; I love a picture that stands out well. [Doubtful pause.

Mrs. O. Yet, many critics think one should look at the subject of a picture as though a window. You often hear the expression "well in the picture," don't you?

Captain. So you do—I suppose. Now, what price this? I mean, what is your feeling about this portrait of Mrs. RUSSELL? SARGENT again, I see.

Mrs. O. Most interesting!

Captain D. What's that sort of silvery thing, an egg-boiler, or a Greek lamp—or what? Rum thing to put in a picture.

Mrs. O. Don't you see, it's just to give a note of brightness—to "égayer" (as the French say) the picture?

Captain D. (illuminated). By Jove! I say, how deep these chaps are, aren't they? Well, I think this is a jolly good exhibition, although the pictures off the walls, Mrs. ONSLOW—

Mrs. O. Let us look at the statuary. Oh, how beautiful this frieze is! I simply worship metal work. Don't you?

Captain D. Metal work, eh? Yes, it's rather jolly. A bit cold, though. (After thought) Perhaps that's why they call it a freeze. Do you think so?

Mrs. O. (laughing). How you cling to the old humour.

Captain D. Humour? I didn't know I'd made a joke; but it's all right, if you like it—Let's sit down a bit; I'm sure you're tired.

(They rest in front of a landscape.)

Captain D. (nervously). Er—how jolly it would be if we were sitting under that tree, wouldn't it? It looks awfully jolly, don't you think so? (Slight pause) And so well drawn too!

Mrs. O. The colouring of Yseult by FRANK DICKSEE—is beautiful—so warm and glowing—

Captain D. Yes, I daresay, but (frankly) she's not my style.

Mrs. O. Isn't she, indeed? (rising). Well, thank you so much for taking me round. I feel I've not seen half—but that's really the best way, you know—

Captain D. (quickly). You mean, to do it in time. Yes; I shall be delighted to come again, if you will. Fond of the— a— Old Masters?

Mrs. O. I adore them. Which are your favourites?

Captain D. (thoughtfully). Isn't there a chap called JONES—something JONES? Oh, no; he writes plays, doesn't he? Well—(suddenly) oh, yes; RAPHAEL, and all those fellows. Splendid! Nothing like it here, is there?

Mrs. O. What a charming thing this is of Venice.

Captain D. Yes—and the Viennese, I believe, are so very nice. [A pause.

Mrs. O. Fond of pastels?

Captain D. Can't say I am. I hate those perfumed burning things. Must you go now? Well, we'll go to the Classical Concert on Saturday, won't we, Mrs. ONSLOW? Au revoir!

(He puts her in a hansom and walks down Piccadilly, feeling his tone has been raised but his spirits a little depressed.)

THE SEASON.

Lo, it's the season! The talk is of marriages,

Maidens and bachelors made into one;

Dowagers driving in all sorts of carriages,

Resolute Benedicks watching the fun.

Band-boxy, up-to-date, deucedly pretty girls,

Breezy old bucks who date back to the Ark;

Guardsmen who chaff and are chaffed by the witty girls—

Guardsmen are always in place in the Park.

Dinners and dances—we take them all dashingly—

Staircases happily crowded with girls.

Snowy white shoulders, and golden hair flashingly

Gleaming and glancing with diamonds and pearls.

Music that swings you and makes you feel supple, too,

Bliss for your partner and rapture for you;

Fans made for one that can cover a couple, too;

Nooks for the lucky ones sitting it through.

Now we can eye with an air supercilious

Countrified cousins at function and show;

Smile while their vigorous bands Piccadilly us

In to the pictures or out to the Row.

Catalogued, ardent, they throng the Academy,

Prattle with pleasure or shudder with shocks,

Startled by nudities Evy or Adamy,

Thrilled by the portraits of children in frocks.

Ladies with curls (and a patent for curling 'em),

Men with moustaches and looking their best,

See how they vanish in hansoms to Hurlingham,

All irreproachably booted and dressed.

Sweet *têtes-à-têtes* that mean much without saying it,

Lawns of cool grass that invite you to stroll;

Ponies and polo and prodigies playing it,

Turning and charging and striking for goal.

Then we go whirling—that's always the way we go—

Off after dinner to HAWTREY or MAUDE;

Starched, patent-leathered and black to the play we go;

Some of us laugh while the others applaud.

Some of us think that our plays are too clever now,

Some of us hold that the drama is dead.

Some swear by ROBERTS, who's better than ever now;

So to our supper, and then to our bed.

Yes, it's the season! our time for frivolity!

Off with our troubles for once in a while!

See with a ripple of jesting and jollity

Smoky old London breaks out in a smile!

Racketings, jauntings and innocent devilry,

Hearts beating madly, but always in tune,

Playtime and pleasure and rushes of revelry—

That is the way of the season in June!

R. C. L.



A GOOD BEGINNING.

Gipsy Fortune-teller. "PRETTY GENTLEMAN, YOU WILL HAVE LUCK TO-DAY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It seems almost a pity to have given forth *The Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff* (GRANT RICHARDS). There is so little in this collection except her letters to GUY DE MAUPASSANT which could add anything to the extraordinary wonder of daring self-revelation produced by her "dear diary" of a few years back. On reading these scrappy memoirs one is inclined to question whether this strange girl genius would have ever attained the heights to which she aspired. Her one ardent prayer was to be a star. But it was with short meteoric brilliancy that she just flashed across the Parisian firmament and then sadly vanished, leaving a memory of complex fascinations. Her short correspondence with GUY DE MAUPASSANT is bright with girlish conceits and admiration, a strong contrast to that decadent author's affectation of boredom. MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF reveals herself as a conflicting mixture of small vanities that is surprising in such an ambitious nature, till one remembers her youth, and then these little oddities of character make her individuality decidedly more convincing, and one takes her as a girl utterly out of the common, a problem to be studied.

RICHARD MARSH wastes very little time on unnecessary description, no matter how strong the temptation to wander from the straight path of story-telling may be. In his novel of *Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband* (JOHN LONG) he has given a strange tale, and, as it appears to the Baron, a decidedly original one. So death-dealing is he in this tragedy that he seems to have said to himself, "Reason thus with Life; If I do lose thee I do lose a thing Which none but fools would keep,

A breath thou art," and so five of his characters, including an innocent babe, are deprived of their power to "carp vital airs." The story is of the *De Lunatico Inquirendo* order, and more than this, as in a wink darkly, the Baron may not hint. Coincidence that the author of this so-to-speak Broadmoorish tragedy should be a "Marsh." The proverb as to the insanity of certain hares refers to those of the Marsh, not, as so often and always erroneously quoted, "a March hare." The Baron begs to introduce *Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband* to his friends.

A Woman Derelict (JOHN LONG), by MAY CROMMELIN, is the story of a woman who, after a great shock, has lost her memory, much as did the Count in *The Cigarette Maker's Romance*, and who recovers it in a somewhat similar fashion. The novel lacks the tender charm of MARION CRAWFORD's story, and the reader's interest in the heroine, which is aroused to a certain pitch of puzzlement by the style of narration involving the striking use of italics almost as freely employed as they were in very early nineteenth-century novels, soon flags and would gradually die out were it not revived by the introduction of a dramatic situation of which, however, nothing particular comes, as, after a considerable waste of existence, the unfortunate heroine, who, when "a little wanting," might either have become the wife of her affectionate doctor (if he hadn't happened to have a crazy Jane of a wife still living), or who might, on recovering her memory, have rejoined her loving husband (had he not quietly married again and been blessed with a child), comes to an untimely but most opportune end.

Sa Majesté L'Amour, by MAX O'RELL (CALMANN LEVY, Paris), is a delightfully amusing companion for the leisure hour of an

Englishman, for a Londoner especially. MAX O'RELL is as fair as it is possible for a foreigner to be when criticising the "tricks and the manners" of any other country but his own. MAX O'RELL knows his England and his London better than do most Frenchmen; he is a keen observer, has genuine humour, and as a writer he is very amusing, because he refuses to take anything seriously. Well does he say, "*Pour la matrone britannique les mots français et immoral sont synonymes; mais je vous assure que les Anglais intelligents se moquent de cette dame tout autant que nous.*" MAX O'RELL knows his bourgeois britannique so perfectly, and his bourgeoisie too, that it is surprising, to the Baron at least, how so sharp-sighted and so keen-witted a writer is unable to avoid the ordinary pitfalls into which a foreigner writing about England and the English [and in a general way represented by Count Smorltork in *Pickwick*, who stays here "Long—ver' long—time, fortnight more"] invariably tumbles headforemost. Occasionally one is puzzled to know whether he is being uncommonly satirical at the expense of intelligibility, as, for example, when he writes, "*En Angleterre, la belle-mère n'est pas le sujet de plaisanteries aussi amères qu'en France. La raison est toute simple. La mère anglaise n'a point d'autorité sur son fils. Comment pourrait-elle espérer en avoir sur son gendre?*" Yet, at whose expense do our English dramatists, our satirical artists, our song and novel writers, invariably obtain a laugh, if not at that of the Mother-in-law? It it were not so, how comes it that the English so thoroughly appreciate the *belle-mère* in French farces? However, this is only a chance sample, but of such mistakes as an Englishman of similar calibre to MAX O'RELL would make, were he, after long residence in France, to give his impression of French men and women, especially Parisians. There is, the Baron is informed, a good translation; but surely, in these days, even those who "cannot speak" nor write "your so beautiful language," can at least read and thoroughly enjoy *Sa Majesté L'Amour* (a rather misleading title, by the way) in the original "as he is wrote." THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE DISEASE OF GENIUS.

[All genius, according to medical materialism, may be accounted for by abnormal physical conditions.]

Chorus of Aspirants.

FILLED with all-expectant yearning
To the door of light and learning
Where the lamp of truth is burning
Eagerly we flock;
And with breathless expectation
Here we humbly take our station
While upon his habitation
Venture we to knock.

Enter Medico-Materialist.

Incarnate Wisdom, hail!
Before thy learned brow
Thy servants do not fail
To bow;
Without thy aid we can't
Accomplish our affair—
Incarnate Wisdom, grant
Our prayer!

M. M. Rise, gentlemen, and tell me who ye be,
And what it is that ye would ask of me.

Chorus. Aspirants to fame are we,
Anxious all to leave a name
That shall ever honoured be
On the roll of fame.

Some to letters, some to art,
Some to politics aspire;

Some would play a SHAKSPEARE'S part,
Others SAPPHO'S lyre.

Teach us how we each may rise
To such enviable state—
Thou, in whom all knowledge lies,
Teach us to be great!

M. M. Friends, I will teach you. First remember, please,
That genius is simply a disease.

Chorus. Disease!

M. M. Undoubtedly. It indicates
Abnormal, extraordinary states.
You doubt me? Could an ordinary fellow
Have written plays like *Hamlet* and *Othello*?

Chorus. No indeed! No indeed!

We are healthy and sane,

But we all are agreed

'Twouldn't enter our brain

To write such a play as *Othello*, *King Lear*, or *Hamlet the Dane*.

M. M. Well, if ordinary mortals write their ordinary plays
In their ordinary language and their ordinary ways,
There must be some abnormal cause, it's very clear to us,
Accounting for the symptoms of abnormal genius.

For the secret of CARLYLE'S success we needn't travel far;
The symptoms clearly indicate duodenal catarrh;
Redundant cerebellum caused the wisdom of old Solon,
While Fox's Martyrs indicate a much disordered colon.

The busts of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE that Italians make for us
Without a doubt suggest a case of hydrocephalus;
The diseases of the moderns I'd swear to on the Bible,
It it weren't for the terribly expensive law of libel.

Chorus. Then, learned Sir, we gather that without
Disease we never can be great?

M. M. No doubt.

Tell me the bent of each one's aspirations,

And I'll at once prepare inoculations.

They may, of course, prove fatal, but we'll chance it.

Just wait a moment while I fetch my lancet.

[Exit M. M.]

Chorus. Wo! wo! Where shall we go?

What are we in for? I'm sure I don't know—

All the diseases

This gentleman pleases

To put in our bodies to prosper and grow.

Of course it is splendid to write problem plays,
And to reap a fair harvest of shekels and praise;

While, if we keep healthy,

We'll never grow wealthy,

But still be mere nobodies all of our days.

And yet if disease is the *sine quâ non*

That glory and fame are dependent upon—

Hark! hark! We can hear him

Contacting his serum!

Perhaps, on the whole, we had better be gone.

"BY THE SILVER SEA."

Sea-side. Tripper—none too clean in appearance—charters
bathing machine. Smart-looking schoolboy (about to enter next
machine), loq. I say, Ma, I wish that dirty fellow wouldn't
bathe here.

Mama. Why, TOMMY? If people of that sort were to bathe,
they'd be as clean as you, you know.

Tommy (eyeing Tripper closely). Not in once, Mama!

NOTES OF A DOG O' WAR.

["It is said that complaint is made in Germany that the military hounds employed in the Army for outpost work do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of their duties."—*Evening Paper*.]

GUARD has left me here on this hill near a cluster of trees and pointed to a white object yonder. Inspect it after a run of a thousand yards and find it only a helmet. Much more interesting if it had been a hare. Man wearing the helmet suppose one of the enemy. Gives me a biscuit. Wag my tail. Suppose my guard would like me to bark. Not me; why should I? Chap in the helmet quite friendly. Have no end of a game with him. He throws a drum stick for me to recover. Recover it. Found it difficult to recognise my friend on my return, as he is lost in a whole battalion that have assembled during my run. As I can't find my man, scud away to my original position near the cluster of trees on the hill. Listen! Tramp of feet coming another way. Lie down for a quiet snooze. After my run tired. Prick up my ears. More tramping of feet in yet another direction. Shall I bark? Don't think so. Far better to have a doze. Hallo! What's that? Why, if it isn't a rabbit! Off I go! Can't bother any more about the enemy. My object in life is to chase bunny.

THE MORE THAN USUALLY GAY SOLDIER AT ISLINGTON.

EVERYONE is delighted when the Agricultural Hall at Islington is occupied by the gallant performers who have made the Royal Military Tournament one of the most popular features of the entertainments of the year. Directors may come and directors may go, but "the combined display" goes on for ever. The musical drive, too, is a source of intense pleasure to thousands. When the Life Guards and the Lancers dance about on their horses to the tunes of the band, even the oldest spectator forgets to regret the faded glories of ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre. Then there are the real contests—sword against bayonet, lance against lance—all useful and, to put it technically, to the point. Everything so far excellent—very good.

But—alas that there should be a but—there is an innovation this year that is scarcely an improvement. Quite the best thing of the shows of other days was the dignity of Captain DANN, Master of the Ceremonies. Had the gallant officer been in a civilian circus he would have possibly had to unbend to the clown, and act as a ring-master. And this is what the Captain was seemingly invited to do on a recent occasion. Surely this was a mistake. If comic relief must be introduced, it would be well to let the drill take its proper place in the exercise book. For instance, something of this might be permitted.



THE BETTING QUESTION.

WHAT IT MIGHT COME TO.

["His Lordship said that 'The evil was creeping into the nurseries . . . on inquiry their lordships would find that . . . the children were indoctrinated with the same betting ideas as the nurse.'"—*Times*, Tuesday, May 21.]

Comic squad drill. To produce a mirth-provoking grimace.

At the caution of the Instructor, "Prepare to grin," the recruit will bring his right eyebrow sharply up to the level of the lobe of his left ear. At the word "Two," he will raise the corners of his mouth and drop the eyelid over his left eye, sharply bringing it back again, judging his own time. At the word "Three," he will exclaim, "Ha, ha, ha!" and stand steady.

If the comicalities of the ring were regulated in the manner suggested, all would be, if not quite well, at least much better. As it is, the comic relief is a little out of hand and requires discipline.

For the rest, Islington is as merrie if not merrier than of yore. The audiences come in their tens of thousands to secure enjoyment and to assist in a work of charity. So, take it all round the circle, there is nothing demanding complaint.



Cabman. "FRAID I CAN'T TAKE YOU AS FAR AS 'IGHGATE, LADY. I TOOK HIM DOWN TO THE DERBY YESTERDAY, AN'—"
Master Tom. "DID HE WIN?"

SLAVERY FOR EVER!

(Extract from a Zanzibar Romance.)

["Nothing appears in the official correspondence to show that the extinction of slavery has been hindered by anything else than the reluctance of the people themselves to break as a body with the only form of social existence they have known."—*Times*, May 31.]

"ESCAPED once again!" panted the bondsman, as with a faithful band of followers he disappeared into the bush.

"Save us from this new despotism!" cried his lieutenant, who, having had the advantage of a British education, was more intelligent than the rest. "We are not fit, O Master, to be turned away from our homes and a condition of irresponsibility to earn by cruel hard work our living."

A deep roar of applause was the confirmation of the statement.

"Silence!" shouted the bondsman in a whisper. "Silence, or we shall be discovered. Not five minutes since, we were in danger of being taken and forcibly deprived of that protection which those idiots from London call 'slavery' because

they don't in the least understand the situation."

"We will never give up our shackles," said a maiden. "They are quite the fashion as bangles."

"And to think that, at the bidding of shouters in an obscure hole known as Exeter Hall, we should give up the absolute comfort of protection to the brutal uncertainty of bosh called 'freedom' is too absurd!"

Again it was the lieutenant who had had the advantage of an English education who was the speaker. . .

At this moment the sound of martial music was wafted into the bush.

"Ah, I know that hateful tune," cried the bondsman. "Yes, there goes the idiotic refrain, 'Britons, never, never, never will be slaves!' I consider it rubbish!"

"And so say all of us," replied the lieutenant. "Britons never will be slaves. But we will!"

And with this determination the excited band continued their escape from freedom by hurrying through the bush.

DEFYING TIME.

BENEATH the flaming sky of southern clime,
Mid verdant groves with golden fruit embossed

A mortal stood in meditation lost,
And pondered deep inexorable time.
His bowed head was silvered o'er with rime

For, ah! he had on life's rough sea been-tossed,

And Time's remorseless fingers had almost

Closed on his throat, amid the City's grime.

But here where gentle zephyrs fanned the air,

And Nature overspread with bounteous hand

Her tranquil splendours, hither had he flown,

Where boldly he the stretch of Time could dare:

The missing bank clerk rested in a land
Where extradition treaties were unknown.



“THE OLD FIRM.”

DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA (to OLD LI HUNG CHANG). “THEY SAID WE WERE WRONG ‘UNS, DID THEY? TRIED TO SHIFT US! BUT WE’RE BACK IN THE OLD PLACE IN SPITE OF ‘EM.”

A HORRIBLE IMBROGLIO.

AM I engaged to EVELINA TREMAYNE, or am I not?

That is the question which I have been asking myself for the past six weeks, and I seem to be as far from learning the answer to it as ever.

Six weeks ago I proposed to EVELINA on a sudden impulse.

I am an impulsive man. But whether she accepted my suit or rejected it I do not know, and I find this condition of uncertainty peculiarly galling.

It came about in this way. A month previously I had met EVELINA down in Surrey. It was at the FARRINGTONS' dance. She waltzed divinely and wore pink. Soon afterwards she came up to stay with her grandmother in Regent's Park. Before I had seen her a dozen times I had discovered that life without her would be worthless, and one morning I wrote to her from my chambers in the Temple asking her to be my wife.

Now mark the malignity of things. I had hardly sent off that letter when I was summoned to Brighton on business which might take three or four days. As Mrs. TRIPPETT is rather careless about sending on my letters, I went to the Post Office in Fleet Street before leaving town, and filled up a form, ordering all letters to be forwarded to my address at Brighton. In this way I felt that I should receive EVELINA'S letter with the least possible delay.

My Brighton business took less time than I had anticipated, and I was on the point of returning to London next morning when I ran across Uncle BOWKER at the station. He informed me, with tears in his eyes, that Aunt EMILY was at the point of death at Torquay. I need not say that I hurried to her side, only to

find her completely recovered. She was much offended when she learned the reason of my visit, and in order to propitiate her I agreed to run over to Llandudno to see a tenant of her's who wanted some repairs done to the roof of his house. Both at Brighton and at Torquay I filled up forms instructing the postal authorities to forward letters.

accident I seem to have hit upon the secret of Perpetual Motion, and my letters—EVELINA'S among the number—are doomed to revolve, planet-fashion, round the watering-places of England and Wales to all eternity. As things stand at present, I am as completely isolated from correspondence as ALEXANDER SELKIRK. I have inquired in vain at the Fleet

Street Post Office, and even at St. Martin's-le-Grand, for a form, by the filling up of which I may break the spell which imprisons my letters, but no such form exists. Meantime, the number of cheques, invitations, and bills revolving on their orbits instead of being delivered to me grows daily greater, and none of them, save the cheques, can I "stop." This, for obvious reasons, I do not wish to do.

When I first returned to Town, and no letters reached me, I did not dream that anything was wrong. After waiting a day or two, therefore, for a line from EVELINA, I decided that her reply must have miscarried and wrote again, saying, that I feared her answer must have been "lost in the Post." I little knew how completely "lost in the Post" it was! When, however, no reply



THE TWOPENNY TUBE."

"HI, GUV'NOR, THERE AIN'T NO STATION NAMED ON THIS TICKET!"

"NO; ALL OUR TICKETS ARE ALIKE."

"THEN, 'OW DO I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING?"

Having transacted Aunt EMILY'S business at Llandudno, I returned next day to Town, after filling up a final form ordering all letters to be sent after me to London.

By that seemingly harmless act, I cut myself off entirely from the blessings of the penny post! No letters, either from EVELINA or from anyone else, ever reach me now. They are addressed to me in London. London forwards them to Brighton, Brighton to Torquay, Torquay to Llandudno, Llandudno to London, London to Brighton again. At no point do they ever reach me. By some hideous

came to this second letter I became uneasy, and when no letters reached me at all from any quarter, I began to realise the terrible predicament in which I was placed. My letters were hurtling round the seaside resorts of Great Britain instead of being quietly delivered at my Chambers in the Temple, and even the Postmaster-General was incapable of arresting their flight!

My first idea, when I perceived what was happening, was to write EVELINA a note asking whether we were engaged or not, and begging her to reply by bearer. But the question looked so preposterous

on paper, that I had not the courage to send it.

Then I thought of driving round to Regent's Park and making the enquiry in person. But the practical difficulties seemed insuperable. The demeanours of a rejected suitor and an accepted lover are widely different, and try as I would, I failed to hit on a compromise which should combine the characteristics of both.

Lastly, I had a scheme of putting the question frankly to some friend of both of us; but my vanity shrank from the task, and I reluctantly abandoned it.

And now, to intensify the difficulties of my position, EVELINA and her grandmother have gone abroad for some weeks, and as I have not their address—if we are engaged, it is doubtless in one of those letters which have been sucked into the vortex of my correspondence—all possibility of interrogating either of them is for the moment, at an end.

The worst of it is, I have no longer the slightest desire to be engaged to EVELINA. On the contrary, the sufferings of the past few weeks have made the idea positively distasteful to me. Moreover, less than a fortnight ago I met DOROTHY SINCLAIR at a garden party, and now I feel that only with DOROTHY can I ever be happy. She has blue eyes, and plays croquet adorably. I have seen her several times since, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to ask her to be mine. But so long as I do not know whether I am engaged to EVELINA or not, I cannot possibly propose to DOROTHY. And so long as I cannot get hold of EVELINA's letters I cannot discover whether we are engaged.

From this horrible imbroglio there seems to be no way of escape. Moreover, EVELINA does not return from abroad for five weeks, and as DOROTHY starts with her father for India in three, it is tolerably clear that unless the Post Office consents to disgorge my correspondence—which it shows no symptoms of doing—DOROTHY will be half way across the Indian Ocean before I can personally interview EVELINA and discover whether I am free to propose to anyone else.

St. J. H.

SOCIAL ASTRONOMY.

Celestial Notes from a very Future Number of a Society Journal.

["Of late years total eclipses have tended more and more to be social functions. In fact, celestial phenomena, which were formerly ignored as vulgar proceedings, conducted by astronomers and other mechanics, have now the honour of being witnessed by really smart people."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

It is feared that the partial eclipse of the sun will attract few, if any, of the really smart people this year owing to its falling on Ascot week. This clashing of dates appears, from all accounts, to have been unavoidable. However, it is ex-

pected that those mainly responsible for the organizing of this astronomical entertainment will include in their bill of fare, comestibles of a lighter order than usual in deference to the taste of the multitude who will be desirous of supporting the enterprise with their presence.

Parties are already being made up to witness the shadow which crosses the sun on the 14th prox. It is particularly fortunate coming immediately before the Dumpletown Races, as the hosts of pretty frocks which are always a feature of this exclusive little meeting, or will have a preliminary airing, so to speak, on the 14th. Lady SAGITTARIUS and the Hon. STELLA POLARIS are included in the house party of the Marquis of SIRIUS, the genial President of the Society of Astronomical Entertainers.

Owing to Sir PYLADES ORION being out of town the shower of shooting stars fixed for next Wednesday will have to be held over indefinitely. It is greatly to be hoped Sir PYLADES will be able to fit in this beautiful phenomenon with his social arrangements, as it only takes place once in thirty-three and a quarter years.

It is a thousand pities that the eclipses of the moon, formerly among the most prominent of popular functions of the season, are to be discontinued owing to lack of patronage. *Sic transit gloria lune*, one might exclaim. It is now over fifty years since an eclipse of the moon has been arranged in anything like a satisfactory manner. It is an open secret that the financial gain attached to these lunar spectacles was anything but encouraging. Still, we cannot but deplore the lapse of an ancient and time-honoured custom, and can only hope that some generous patron may be forthcoming from our "old nobility," who will place future eclipses on a firm financial basis.

We understand that the enterprising paper, *The Daily Diddler*, has made arrangements for introducing to its readers, and a specially invited body of scientific gentlemen, a new and original comet. Such of the millions of readers of the *Diddler*, as are desirous of participating in this unique stellar offer, should send up five coupons cut from current numbers of the journal when they will be furnished with a ticket entitling them to a seat in the line of route. It is anticipated that the comet will come into sight at the Marble Arch about 10 a.m., and wend its fiery way down Oxford Street, reaching the Bank about noon. The proprietors of the *Daily Diddler* wish it to be distinctly understood that they do not hold themselves responsible for the non-appearance of the comet at the hour advertised, or at all.

A LULLABY.

(For the Use of Sporting Nursemaids.)
See "The Betting Question," page 419.

BABY darling, baby darling,
Hushaby, no more be fretting.
Softly slumber while your nurseie
Gently reads to you the betting.
Baby darling, baby darling,
Why so restless, why so cross?
Nurse will read you the "arrivals,"
And the latest from the course.

(Refrain very softly.)

There, baby, there!
Darling mustn't cry.
If nurse's horse
Can stay the course
He'll pass the others by
And nurse will win, then baby shall
Receive her little share
Of nurse's bets,
If gee-gee gets
There, baby, there!

Baby darling, baby darling,
Cease your weeping, there's a pet;
Do not sob because your nurseie
Has a little sporting bet.
Baby darling, baby darling,
Do not purse your rose-bud lip
'Cos I'm going to have a shilling
On a "special stable tip."

(Refrain, very softly.)

Hush, baby, hush!
Darling mustn't cry.
Nurse will show
Baby how
To flutter by-and-by.
And she shall have a bookie man
Who lives in Shepherd's Bush,
And have a dash
With dada's cash,
Hush, baby, hush!

Baby darling, baby darling,
Nurseie is not always wrong.
Tho' she fancies dark outsiders
At a price absurdly long.
Baby darling, baby darling,
Do not always fear the worst;
One day nurse will back a gee-gee
That will somehow get in first!

(Refrain very softly.)

There, baby, there!
Darling mustn't cry.
Never mind,
Nurse will find
A winner by-and-by.
And we will risk a tiny sum
Upon a likely mare
And see her come
A-romping home,
There! Baby, there!

AN EPSOM ANTIQUITY.

Mr. Flugs. Have you ever been—er—to the Derby before?
Miss Splatterdash (ætat 22). Rather!
Three times in the last century!



YE FIRST MEET OF YE COACHING CLUB IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 25.—A memorable night. The duel between Herr KNOTE as *Lohengrin* and Herr MOHWINKEL as *Telramund* was about as near the real thing as it could be, with an entirely novel and unrehearsed effect as poor *Telramund* got such "a nasty one" across the nose—"Bridge" in it again!—that instead of falling, as is the *jeu de scène* familiar to all, he suddenly staggered off, concealing the wound so effectually, that, but for the apology made for him after the fall of the curtain, few would have been aware of the accident. His place was immediately and capably filled by Herr MUHLMANN, who repeated his performance on the following Tuesday.

Wednesday, May 29.—*Tannhäuser* in its native German. Most satisfactory. All kept well in hand, orchestra included but chorus excluded, by Herr LOHSE, whose motto is "if it were done, t'were well it were done quickly."

Mlle. STRAKOSCH, as *Venus*, attractive as the *Venus* of *Venusberg* ought to be. Madame SOBRINO bright as the *Shepherdess*, and *Sir Tannhäuser* a masterpiece by Van DYCK. Herr Van ROOY is the *Broth of a Boy*, Sings marvellous well in German, And we raise our glass, In praise of Herr BLASS, Who was very good as *Hermann*. But we turn off the

poetical tap and return to prose. After rather a surfeit of "the Letters of ELIZABETH," we all welcome the charming notes of EMMA BAMES as *Elisabeth*, of which we cannot have too much.

Thursday, May 30.—Memorable. Much ado about something. First night of the STANFORD-SHAKESPERE-STURGIS, or the S.S.S. Combination Opera Co. in four acts. Music composed by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD ("Op. 76"—whatever this may mean to the *cognoscenti*, or "knowing ones"), to libretto by JULIAN SHAKE-SPEARE and WILLIAM STURGIS. Let it be said at once, so as to put the opera-going world in general, and the "S.S.S. Comb. Op. Co." in particular, at their ease, that its success, on its *première*, was undisputed, and that everyone interested in British musical industry may sincerely congratulate composer, librettists (including the "Divine WILLIAMS"), artistes, conductor, manager, Syndicate, and in fact everyone concerned in the production.

STANFORD and STURGIS
Were two clever men
Writing an Op'ra
For Covent Garden.

STANFORD's the music
STURGIS' the rhyme;
Says STANFORD to STURGIS
"We've done it this time!"

Which Dr. STANFORD can set to music and sing as a duet with his librettist. And now, without further compliment, for the performance. That Dr. STANFORD can write music for high

comedy is evident from all that he has done in this direction throughout *Much Ado*; but when he attempts low comedy, as in his orchestral jesting for the part of *Dogberry*, then what might possibly be considered intensely humorous when "made in Germany," must appear to an English audience as the merest commonplace of farce and pantomime which would be appropriate when accompanying the comicalities of DAN LENO, HERBERT CAMPBELL and an acrobatic donkey on the stage of Drury Lane at Christmas, with energetic Mr. Hand-and-Glover beating the air in the orchestra.

Had Professor STANFORD, "Op. 76," slyly introduced the tune of *The Vicar of Bray*, the cryptic jest might have been appreciated by not a few of those on whom such exhibitions of humour are never lost. Neither is this scene enlivened by Herr BLASS, an operatic comedian evidently chosen for *Dogberry* on account of three-fifths of his name, suggesting (in English) the Shakspearian clown whom he has to impersonate. It is in this part of the Opera that librettist (possibly) and composer (certainly) have thrown away their chances. The idea of making *Verges* a pantomimist, without a word to speak, may have seemed exquisitely humorous until it came into action on the stage, and then *Verges* is simply in the way, whereas, how suggestive of a genuinely comic trio are *Dogberry*, *Verges*, and *Seacoal*! Dismissing this Shakspearian farcical portion as the only mistake in the whole Opera and, remembering that he "who never makes a mistake never makes anything," let us "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

There is no overture; prelude; chorus commencing on stage before rising of curtain. From this minute forward, all the music is charming; but it flows on and on so melodiously, yet always so rapidly, that, it being impossible to stem it (and not for worlds would we dam it, *cela va sans dire*), we cannot even stay it for a moment in order to obtain an encore. Consequently, sweet melodies and momentarily catching phrases are swirled along one after the other, and there is nothing to be caught.

On comes that villain of deepest dye, *Don John*, dressed in black, with white face, reminding me of the most melodramatic villains with whom I have had the pleasure of being acquainted. The general appearance of Mr. DUTTON in this part suggests the idea of a vampire who has had rather a bad passage between Dover and Calais. Mr. HYDE as *Borachio* ("ch" hard, so that an inspired rhymester may not say, "Here comes *Borachio* With a blackmoustachio," unless he spells it "moustarkio"), and Mr. DUTTON manage to pronounce their English so cleverly that not a few intelligent persons in the stalls exclaim, "Hallo! why, it's in Italian after all!"

Mr. DAVID BISPEAM, a Welshman presumably, also managed to give this Italian effect to the plain English of JULIAN SHAKESPEARE, otherwise his *Benedick* was in singing excellent, and in acting a very clever reading of that eccentric Shakspearian character who, though "officer and gentleman," yet has the rough-and-ready bearing of one who has risen from the ranks and been taken up by H.R.H. *Don Pedro* of Arragon (played unobtrusively by Mr. IVOR FOSTER), to whom he acts as a kind of Court Jester. For singing and acting, commend me to JOHN COATES, who, as *Don Claudio*, appeared to be a very gallant and most amiable "young lord of Florence."

Leonato, Governor of Messina, was efficiently represented by Mr. PUTNAM GRISWOLD, who, though he had given the character white hair, yet had evidently considered him as a very young man for his years, and in this style so played him. It was almost touching to see with what modest dignity he welcomed his guests, carrying his timidity to such a pitch that, in addressing them from a raised dais, he appeared so bashful as to be really unable to open his eyes. This was a genuine artistic touch: *Leonato* had got his speech by heart, and any distraction might have put it out of his head.

SUZANNE ADAMS simply charming, in singing and acting, as the heroine *Hero*, and Miss MARIE BREMA will soon improve on her

first-night performance of *Beatrice*, which even then left very little, while her perfect singing left nothing, to be desired.

M. PLANÇON always great as *Jupiter*, or good as a mediæval ecclesiastic, came out dramatically and vocally strong as *Friar Francis*. He, too, kindly sang in English (but then Frenchmen are so polite), though he shied at the word "impediment," substituting "cause," and it was rather hard on him that Mr. STURGIS should have given to the French *frère* the only line in the libretto that isn't of the "well of English pure and undefiled," as, in answer to *Claudio's* prayer for pardon, his Reverence is made by Mr. STURGIS, not by SHAKESPEARE, to say, "God pardon thee, and she thy hapless bride!" However, it's all "much ado about nothing," and, also, "all's well that ends well." Good novel effect produced musically by combination of church bells, church organ behind scenes, orchestra, while *Beatrice* and *Benedick* are duetting. The conduct of the boyacolytes, who during this "extraordinary scene in a church, at a wedding" remain impassable, is beyond all praise. Good boys these.

Time permits no more ado at present by yours truly. The Opera should be given several times this season, and then take its place in the regular *répertoire*. Yet, after a first hearing, when encores were not permitted, I can only record a generally pleasant impression of one "harmonious whole," and, therefore,

Surely this Opera has come to stay,
Since nothing from it can one take away.

Any number of "calls" after every act. Did they "come when they were called?" Aye, marry, did they! Professor STANFORD holding on to Master STURGIS, and both kept in their proper places by being in the grip of the artists who, at another time, brought on MANCINELLI the Merry, when they all advanced in a line as if they were going to do a real good dance by way of a finish. But they didn't; perhaps they did after the curtain was down, for they must have been thoroughly satisfied with the success.

OVERLOOKED, NOT FORGOTTEN.

(An Extract from Military History.)

THE General was very pleased. There was an excellent parade of troops. All arms of the service were admirably represented. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery were all well to the fore. Many of the men were young—growing lads. There were others bronzed from service in the field. Medals abounded, and good-conduct stripes were widely distributed.

"Excellent!" cried the General, as he examined the state. "Nothing wanting. Plenty of Regulars?"

"Plenty, Sir," was the prompt reply.

"The Yeomanry in full force?"

"A very large number indeed, Sir."

"And the Volunteers—our gallant Volunteers—they have responded to the call of duty?"

"Indeed they have, Sir." Then there was a pause. The General seemed to be lost in thought.

"To make the army absolutely representative, I fancy we should have a few of our old constitutional force. Are any present? Of course, I mean our friends the Militia."

Again there was a slight pause. It was passed from rank to rank that the Militia were absent. What had become of them?

"Well, really," exclaimed the General, "we must account for the Militia." Then came a consultation, and after a brief interval an answer to the question was forthcoming.

"If you please, Sir, the Militia are not on parade, Sir, because—"

"Yes—because?"

"They are in South Africa, Sir, fighting for their King and country." And the explanation was considered satisfactory by the General, and even more than satisfactory by the remainder of the British Empire.

MR. PICKLETHORN'S CONTRIBUTION.

CHAPTER II.

In the editor's room of *The Trumpet Magazine* sat Mr. HENDERSON, regarding an MS. which lay before him in a manner which can only be described as savage. Against the mantelpiece leaned Mr. BRADGATE, the sub-editor, looking extremely uncomfortable—which was not to be wondered at, for his chief had just been giving him a piece of his mind, and on such occasions Mr. HENDERSON was not in the habit of considering other persons' feelings.

"In the course of my experience," he remarked, "I have had to read a great quantity of rubbish—but never, I assure you, BRADGATE, never such quite unmitigated drivel as this!"

"I'm very sorry," said Mr. BRADGATE humbly. "Really, I can't understand it at all. It is the most awful nonsense, as you say. But are you bound to take it?"

"Thanks to you," rejoined the editor, "I suppose I am. You came to me full of a humorous sketch which this fellow had written, and which you assured me was positively brilliant."

"Yes," put in Mr. BRADGATE; "it was in the *Charing Cross Review*, and it was called 'A Novel Revenge.'"

"And on the strength of it, you persuaded me to ask him to contribute to our Christmas Number. Worst of all, you were so desperately keen on getting him, that you induced me—quite contrary to custom—to offer him a rather fancy

price, and to send him half the amount in advance! And the result is that he gives us drivel that would disgrace a school-boys' paper. Really, BRADGATE, I thought you had more sense. Of course, if he is really a friend of yours—"

"He's nothing of the kind," said the sub-editor, with some indignation. "I told you that I'd never even heard his name before, and I hunted out his address in the directory."

"Sure you didn't make some mistake about it?"

"Quite sure—it isn't a common name, and there was only one JOSIAH PICKLETHORN in the Directory, so that—"

At this moment the office-boy entered with a card, which he handed to Mr. HENDERSON. "Gentleman wishes to see you," he said.

"By Jove!" cried the Editor, "it's the chap himself! Show him in, Thomas. Now we'll have it out with him," he added to the sub-editor. "Don't you go, BRADGATE—he's your protégé, you know."

And in another minute, THOMAS reappeared, ushering in Mr. JOSIAH PICKLETHORN, who shook hands warmly with Mr. HENDERSON as the Editor rose to greet him.

"Happened to be passing this way," he said, "so I thought

I'd just drop in and see whether you'd got my story all right."

"Yes," replied the Editor frigidly, "we have your story, Mr. PICKLETHORN."

"Ah, that's right. Then, if you don't mind, I'll take along that other seven-pound-ten with me. And, if you happen to want a few more stories of the same sort, why, as I was telling my wife this morning—"

"One moment, Mr. PICKLETHORN," interposed Mr. HENDERSON. "I assure you we want no more stories of the same sort. In fact, I am greatly—very greatly—disappointed with the tale you sent me."

"Eh?" exclaimed the author, with obvious surprise. "Disappointed, are you? How's that?"

"Surely, you must feel that it is such infinitely inferior work to—"

"A Novel Revenge," supplied Mr. BRADGATE.

"Yes, 'A Novel Revenge.' Inferior to it in every way!"

"That's a matter of taste, Sir," rejoined Mr. PICKLETHORN. "For my part, I think that story of mine couldn't easily be beaten. Why, I assure you—"

At this juncture, the office-boy again entered with a card.

"Mr. RICHARD SMITH," said the Editor, reading it. "Never heard of him. You'd better see what he wants, BRADGATE. Now, Mr. PICKLETHORN, I must be frank with you. This piece of work of yours is wholly unsuited to our magazine, so I must suggest that

we cancel our contract. Comparing it with 'A Novel Revenge,' I think—"

"I don't care what you think," cried Mr. PICKLETHORN in high wrath; "but if you think I'm a fool, you are mistaken, and that's all about it. Cancel the contract. Not likely! As to that other story you keep on dragging in, not having read it—"

"Not having read it! Why—Mr. PICKLETHORN—you wrote it!"

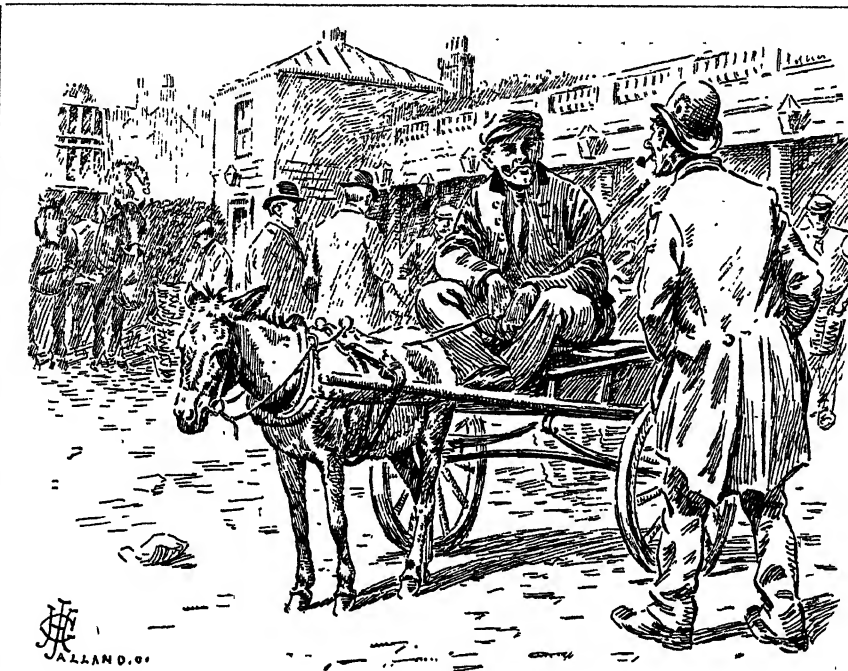
"Look here, Sir," Mr. PICKLETHORN retorted; "not being a literary man myself, I don't understand these games. Is it a joke, or what?"

"A joke!" cried the astonished Editor. "D'you mean to say you didn't write 'A Novel Revenge' in the *Charing Cross Review*?"

"Most certainly not," replied Mr. PICKLETHORN. "Never wrote a line in my life till—"

The door burst open, and in rushed Mr. BRADGATE, followed by a young man in a state of obvious surprise.

"Most extraordinary thing!" gasped the sub-editor. "Look here, HENDERSON, this is Mr. RICHARD SMITH—and it's he who wrote 'A Novel Revenge!'"



"GOING TO HEFSOM, BILL?"

"HEFSOM! THIS YEAR! NOT ME! LOOK AT THE INCOME TAX!"

"I don't understand," said the Editor, feebly, with his head between his hands. "I understood you to say that Mr. JOSIAH PICKLETHORN—"

"Yes; but this gentleman wrote that story—his first, it seems—over a pseudonym, and signed it JOSIAH PICKLETHORN."

The rightful owner of that name gasped, and turned fiercely upon the stranger.

"Do I understand, Sir, that you deliberately stole a name—stole *my* name—and attached it to your own miserable story?"

"I must apologise," said Mr. SMITH. "I am most grieved—"

"Apologise! D'you think an apology is enough for wilful forgery?"

"Not wilful," Mr. SMITH protested. "May I explain? When I'd written my first story, 'A Novel Revenge' and it was accepted, it occurred to me that I must take a *nom-de-plume*. Too many 'RICHARD SMITHS' about, you see. I tried to think of an uncommon one, and, somehow—I suppose I must have seen it in a newspaper—the name 'JOSIAH PICKLETHORN' came into my head. It seemed such an odd one that it was just what I wanted."

"Such an odd one!" cried Mr. PICKLETHORN.

"So—er, out of the way—and distinguished; in fact, it never occurred to me that there could be a real owner to the name. I needn't add that I'll use another pseudonym in future."

"You had better!" said Mr. PICKLETHORN, "Otherwise, young man, you'll find yourself in prison before you're much older."

"But you see now, Mr. PICKLETHORN," said Mr. HENDERSON, who had been conferring in an undertone with his colleague, "that there has been an absurd blunder, and that I wrote to you under a misapprehension. Under the circumstances, I am sure you will release me from the contract, and allow me to return your manuscript to you."

"As you please," said the author. "If you're fool enough not to use a really clever story—well, that's your look out."

"Very well then," resumed Mr. HENDERSON. "And that cheque I sent you—?"

The wrath on Mr. PICKLETHORN's face gave way to a com- placent chuckle. "It's cashed," he said. "I'll let you off the other half; but if you think seven-pounds-ten is too much for sitting up half the night writing—well, I differ from you, that's all. And if you want it back, you'd better sue this young gentleman, who forged my name! Well, I'll be going. I don't bear no malice, and if you should want one of my stories by-and-bye, you can write; you know my address, anyhow!"

Mr. PICKLETHORN has not yet been asked, however, for further contributions. But among his friends he now adopts a tone of lofty patronage when speaking on literary topics. "Very poor stuff it is," he said, criticising contemporary fiction. "Of course, I've no time to write myself. As a matter of fact, though, one of the best magazines once asked me to write a story for them, and sent me a cheque in advance."

At which remark his friends regard the sugar-broker rather incredulously. But Mr. PICKLETHORN is telling the truth, all the same!

A. C. D.

THE DERBY, ACCORDING TO DARBY JONES.

HONOURED SIR,—“Oh! who will o'er the Downs so free?” sings the Bard once beloved by the mellow-toned Boys who warbled at Evans's in the GREEN old days long ago. The Poet must assuredly have been referring to the chalky Uplands of Epsom for, as you are well aware, they are unlike many parks and pleasaunces known as Kempton, Sandown, Hurst and Lingfield, as free to all Humanity as is the Atlantic Ocean or the National Gallery. I confess, Sir, that I have a great regard for Epsom on the Derby Day. It is a Cosmopolitan Holiday, and if Mr. CARNEGIE, the cast-iron King-Democrat were to entrust Messrs. WEATHERBY with £5,000,000, wherewithal to endow a Great International Race without Entrance-fees, Forfeits or payment of Riding-Money to Jockeys it would not knock out the Top Weight in the Turf Ring.

As my friend the Count says, “The Derby is so easy to go to, and it is so easy to get away from.” The Count is a nobleman of Singular Resourcefulness. For instance, whenever he is going to decimate the Grice in Caledonia, he invariably has his Portmanteau labelled for Clapham Junction. “You can get anywhere, my friend,” he says, “from Clapham Junction.” So you can from Epsom, if the Monetary Scales are tipped up against you. This year I shall appear on the Hill on the well-appointed Coach of my friend Mr. DIGBY SLAPP, whose late lamented sire made a fortune out of Patent India-rubber Mourning Hatbands. DIGBY himself is far from funereal, unless he be regarded from

the standpoint of an Hibernian Wake. His motto is “Cash or Crash,” and his favourite colour Vermilion.

But a truce to these Meanderings; let us to the Poesy of Business. Lord SALISBURY and the Right Honourable JOSEPH, to say nothing of Lord MILNER of St. James's Street and Capetown House, have their difficulties, but what are they to those of a Scrutator into an Inscrutable Mystery? Nevertheless, as the Gaul says, “On Avong!” Here, therefore, goes:—

The *Hamlet* seems to be fancied at home
But surely the *Flowershape*'s better.
Regal Red to the fore is not likely to come
Nor *Disdainful* be held an up-setter.
The *Orange King* may make a bid for the lead
When *Greek Entrance* is doing his best,
Sander's blossom will need a rare turn of speed.
When *Hotchpotch* is put to the test.
The *Town of Natal* may run into a place,
But *Calf-comfort* is not one for me,
And the *Curious Lord* will not stride at a pace
That will do for the *Lord with a Bee*.
The *Ready Hats off* should be one of the three
Who will fight with the *Jaw-breaking Pole*,
But beware oh! beware of the *Treasury Gee*
When the foremost are nearing the goal!

So the Spirit of Divination has moved me. I cannot do more than divine. I have several Spirit-rapping friends; they cannot do more. I have tried them. All spirits seem woefully ignorant about Horse Racing. If they were not, they would be as popular as Scottish whiskey in the opinion of

Your devoted henchman and heeler,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I presume, honoured Sir, the same old spot under the Luncheon Baskets—opposite the Grand Stand?

AN EXHORTATION.

(A suitable Preface for a Volume of Minor Poetry.)

OH, do not ask that my attempt in rhyme
Shall in the highest spirit of poesy
Conceived be. Or that my muse with Time
Shall pace it out unto eternity.
But to each page thy gentle favour lend
And read my volume to the bitter end.

Oh, ask not how to publish this I dare!
Nor be thou over curious to know
If I who trill and twitter am aware
How hard the immortal trumpet is to blow.

Thy kindly glances on my rhyming spend
And try to read the volume to the end.

My passion all too precious is to find
A place in aught so cold as inkly ode;
Nor any thoughts that may appoint my mind

Shall you expect released from their abode.

Sans passion, feeling, thought thy way shalt wend

These pages through unto the bitter end.

When SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, WORDSWORTH,
each hath proved

A dainty morsel for the tooth of Time
And mighty music leaves thy heart unmoved,

Thou shalt bethink thee of my votive rhyme.

And half in wonder, half in pity bend
Thine eyes upon these pieces—to what end?

AN IMPRESSIONIST.—The burglar who takes the wax model of a key.

ADDITIONAL ANTICIPATIONS.

(By R. Tesian Wells.)

AN eminent authority on the future is writing in the *Fortnightly Review* a series of "Anticipations" of progress in general during the twentieth century. He goes deeply into the subject, but he appears to overlook the social and unscientific aspect of it. The present writer, at the risk of being bored, has gone even deeper. Although he has the same name, he has no connection with the other WELLS. That gentleman is contented with digging near the surface. The present writer, enlisting the aid of science, pierces far lower, and causes the springs of knowledge to gush forth from the hidden rocks. Enough, however, of these personal matters.

Anyone can see that everyone, even at the present day, is too busy with work or amusement to devote much time to reading the newspapers. The most modern journals, therefore, use the shortest sentences. From this one may safely conclude that all the newspapers of the latter half of this century will be written in the style introduced by the telegraph, which is far indeed from the one introduced

by the *Telegraph*. It is intended to give, in these "Additional Anticipations," some extracts from a journal of that period, called probably the *Morning Motor* or the *Afternoon Aërostat*. We begin with the Parliamentary Intelligence, as it is called now.

Lords.—Since abolition Royal Speech, session opened unceremoniously yester-

day 4. Postmaster-General only Minister in Lords moved adjournment till next year. One other peer present. Agreed without division. House rose 4.5. Commons. — Commencement business.

ally left behind asleep front bench. Said Questions perhaps reasonable, but should be addressed Ministers Navy and War, both absent taking much-needed holiday Lake Tanganyika. Entire Opposition rose,

demanding fuller answer. Motor Minister lamented Party spirit causing needless annoyance overworked Ministers. House apparently expected energy resembling that of untiring Ministers about 1901. Said Prime Minister might be able answer Questions but absent tobogganing Andes. Must really request postponement Questions moving adjournment. Leader Opposition asked date re-assembling. Motor Minister roused up said no time for sittings House. Not worth meeting before Boatrice Bank Holiday. After that Grand National, Easter, two Football Bank Holidays, Whitsuntide, Derby Day, Ascot, Cricket Matches, Henley, Goodwood. Proposed adjournment till August 10 and prorogation August 11. Entire Opposition protested. Closed. Member shouted "When will the telephones be finished?" Ejected. Motor Minister said Question should be addressed Postmaster-General another place next year. Fell asleep again. Leader Op-



"TWO'S COMPANY," &c.

Jack Tar (to Fritz). "I SAY, MATE, LOOKS AS IF THAT THERE MISS MOROCCO HAD TAKEN UP AGAIN WITH THE FRENCHMAN, DON'T IT?"

Fritz (German Soldier). "I THINK, MY FRIEND, WE ALSO HERE NOT WANTED ARE."

"It is announced that the incident which had arisen between France and Morocco has been already settled in principle."—*Daily Paper*.]

Leader House proposed adjournment Easter recess: 637 Members rose asking Questions—all ruled out of order. Member Melbourne demanded urgency ask intentions Government Australian submarine fleet. Member Ottawa supported requiring information Canadian army especially aërostatic artillery. All Ministers gone except Minister of Motors, accident-

position demanded know policy Government. Impossible work so hard. Boatrice in about ten days. House must really adjourn. Then took up mace and walked out. House adjourned accordingly. H. D. B.

Q. WHAT is the most eccentric sight in the cricket-field?
A. Square leg.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER DISCOURSES.

III.

MADAM, you must not count me cold of heart
 Nor deaf to beauty's homage frankly paid,
 If with an equal frankness I decline
 That proffer of the soul's surrendered pride
 Which is a credit to your natural taste
 And shows you gifted with a fine contempt
 For maiden modesty. It cannot be.
 Yet I am mortal (in a way) and wear
 No certain armour, any more than you,
 Against the stab of beauty, save alone
 My solemn sense of service owed to Art.
 But were I once to give my pity play,
 Once to allow my ruthless front to melt,
 I dare not think what issues might evolve
 From such a precedent.

Believe me, Madam,
 Your case is not by any means unique.
 Unnumbered missives, much the same as yours,
 Breathing insidious scents of Araby,
 Perfume my dressing-room. The nightly door,
 Whence I debouch on my attendant brougham,
 Reveals a wistful ambush on the watch.
 To see the Artist, so to speak, unveiled,
 Human and palpable as other men,
 Yet more disquietingly beautiful;
 To stand a moment in the mystic flame
 That is my envelope, and there imbibe
 The benison of air that I have breathed.

Nay, if I told you of the provinces
 What I have suffered where my advent is
 Like angels' visits, relatively rare,
 And time admits no devious processes
 But by his fringe must needs be rudely gripped—
 It would surprise you. I have been pursued
 By swift admirers, not to be denied,
 Right into my hotel, and stood at bay,
 A hunted thing, until the telephone
 Summoned the brave police and they arrived,
 And drew a compass round my chaste retreat.

I mention this to salve your stricken pride
 By solace drawn from numbers; you will see
 That, as I said, your case is not unique.
 For me, though not precisely celibate,
 I still must hold myself in high reserve.
 I live for Art: my soul is not my own
 To give at pleasure; it is consecrated
 To nobler uses. That, again, is why
 I never boast about those private charms
 Of person and deportment which provoke
 Feminine flattery, but seem to me
 To win their only worth from being placed
 At Art's disposal unreservedly,
 With all emoluments attached thereto.
 Sworn servitor of One, and One alone,
 At Her tremendous feet I lay my gifts,
 Content to be the minister who takes
 Vicariously the homage meant for Her;
 To be the happy medium by which
 As through a filter, drained of vulgar dross,
 The general worship percolates Her way.

An illustration. There was once a temple
 Sacred to Phœbus. It contained a priest, himself
 Himself a fair Apollo, lusty-limbed,
 And, like the god's own laurels, evergreen; I

A constant source of desperate concern
 To fluttered ladies in the holy haunts.
 Think you he took the lightest cognisance
 Of carnal adoration? Not at all.
 His eyes were on the altar, unaware;
 Or, if he guessed what passions he inspired,
 He feigned a child-like innocence, and said
 "Apollo's be the praise!" and passed it on.
 So I, who humbly tend the shrine of Art,
 Not curious how my earthly charms may work
 Havoc in heads susceptible as yours—
 I give the glory where the thing is due,
 And serve my ministry, and have my soul
 Single in Her employ Whose priest I am.

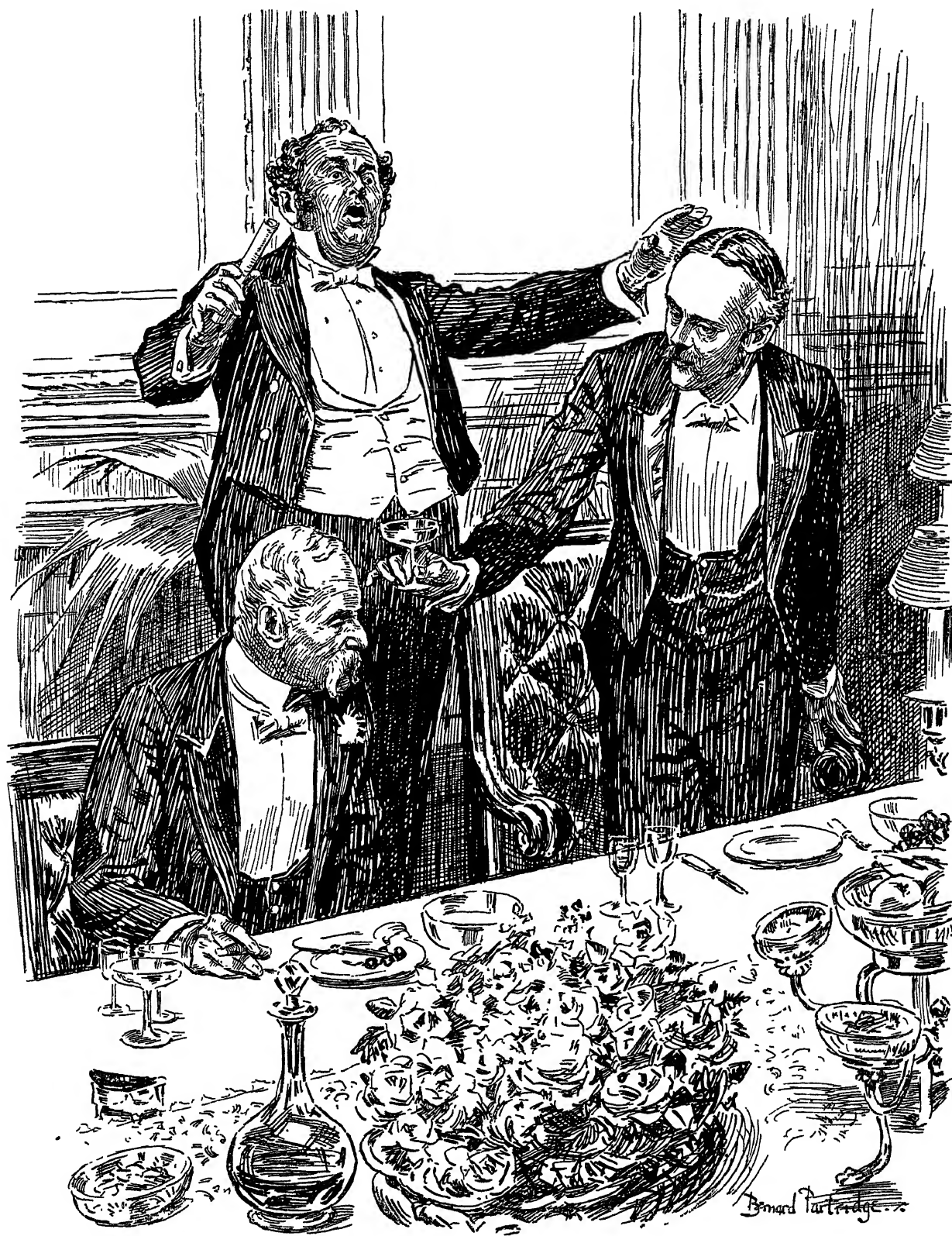
O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Penelope (Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN), sighing for fresh kingdoms to conquer, having flitted over England, and sped through Scotland, has alighted on Ireland. *Penelope's Irish Experiences* (GAY AND BIRD), is not the least delightful of the trio of books. In some respects it is the best, since the characteristics of the Irish people appeal more strongly to her sympathies, her poetic temperament, and her keen sense of humour. She does not shirk the gay shiftlessness of the people, their indifference to cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality, and other commonplaces, observance of which adds to the comfort of the more stolid Saxon. But, as she writes, "The Irish peasants would puzzle you, perplex you, disappoint you, with their inconsistencies; keep from liking them if you can." *Penelope*, susceptible to the influence of her surroundings, scorns anything like system. Wandering about the Island in occasionally bewildering fashion, she comes on charming bits of nature and meets delightful natives, male and female. *More Hibernico*, the most original character in the book is the strange girl from Salem, U.S.A., who comes accidentally on the scene and figures in many of its brightest episodes. Through the pages runs a pretty love-story, ending happily as it should. *Penelope* herself is in love with her husband, Himself, as she terms him, filling the provoking part which the Man of Wrath does with Elizabeth in her German Garden. To crusty bachelors like my Baronite it is quite boring to have charming women perpetually flinging themselves at the feet of their absent husbands—a way of putting it which shows how infectious is the *more Hibernico* alluded to.

The Good Red Earth, EDEN PHILLPOTTS' latest contribution to ARROWSMITH'S three-and-sixpenny series of novels, is an excellent piece of workmanship. My Baronite has seen many a worse plot attenuated through a volume twice its bulk. The story is set in the background of Devonshire. It is fragrant with the perfume of appleblossom; later, as the months roll by, deepening into the rich, sweet smell of newly-made cider. The people who till and own the good red earth are all alive, of true Devon type, from the peasant at the plough to the landlord in his ancient hall. Mr. Newte, the travelling pedlar—"Johnny Fortnight" on week-days, a vessel of the Lord on Sundays—pouring forth oil and balm into the spiritual wounds of sinners gathered in the Gospel Nest, is an exceedingly interesting person. Round him with his unctuous ways is revelled a tale that will be found well worth reading. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.—By a Dramatist of acknowledged reputation, some new and original situations for a play on which he is at present engaged. N.B.—Cupboards, screens, curtains, and several doors barred. Anyone providing him with one first-rate and absolutely novel situation, whether tragic or comic is immaterial, will be dealt with by the Advertiser on the most liberal terms.—Address, DRIDUP, care of PLAYDOUT, Rackbrayn.



'SO SAY ALL OF US!'

John Bull (Toast-master). "MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, PRAY CHARGE YOUR GLASSES. BUMPERS! THE TOAST IS 'SIR JOHN TENNIEL'!"

VISITORS IN OUR VILLAGE.

II.—LADY BATHWICK.

WE are not very familiar with persons of title in Puddleton, so that we were impressed more than we cared to show when a real live Countess came for a few days' visit to the Rectory. On the morning after her arrival I looked in at the Post-Office—which is also the linen-draper's, grocery, and bootshop—and found some of our leading inhabitants discussing the ways of the aristocracy. Mr. DUGGAN, the proprietor, was in his shirt sleeves, sorting out his stock and re-arranging his window, in the vague hope of attracting a titled customer, while the blacksmith, who holds extreme Radical views, plied him with withering sarcasm.

"'Tis a great day for Puddleton!" he said. "Look at Mr. DUGGAN now, a-soörtin' out his sand from the sugar! Oh, a Lunnion lady must have her vittles quite different from the likes of us. And a Countess, too! Why, we must kneel down when we see her comin', surelie!"

"Fust time as you've been on your knees then this many a day," said the parish clerk. "An' some of us do be pleased to be respectful-like to them as is set over us, same as passon said o' Sunday."

"Set over us!" echoed the blacksmith with huge scorn. "An' who's set this Lady BATHWICK over me? Tell her to her face, I would, so soon as look at her."

"Hush, hush!" cried Mr. DUGGAN, hastily plunging into his coat, "here's her ladyship comin' down the road with the Rector's wife!"

And as he spoke we saw them; the stranger in a dress that filled us with amazement, and set Mr. DUGGAN calculating its price per yard. She wore *pince-nez*, and looked about the village street as she walked with an expression much like that of a visitor at the Zoo. Presently, she and her guide reached the Post-Office—and, after a moment's pause, they entered! Lady BATHWICK carefully held up her skirt, and glanced round her. Mr. DUGGAN bustled up with his best professional manner, a note-book in one hand, a newly-sharpened pencil in the other. There was a moment of tense silence. Then Lady BATHWICK spoke in a deep bass voice. "You keep cheese?" she demanded solemnly.

It was, the rest of us felt, not at all the kind of thing you would expect a Countess to ask for. Mr. DUGGAN, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Cheese, my lady? Certainly; excellent cheese, Gloucester, Dutch——"

"You keep bacon and boots?" pursued Lady BATHWICK.

"First quality bacon," replied Mr. DUGGAN (looking, despite his efforts, a little surprised), "and boots also—



"OH, YOU CRUEL BOY, TO TAKE THOSE EGGS OUT OF THE NEST! THINK OF THE POOR MOTHER BIRD WHEN SHE COMES ——"

"How do you know that?"

"THE MOTHER BIRD'S DEAD, MISS."

"I SEE IT IN YOUR HAT!"

though not exactly the style which—but, perhaps your ladyship requires them for a servant?"

"You sell calico, and raisins, and butter, and paraffin?" her ladyship went on, pointing as she spoke to each of these articles with her parasol.

"Certainly, my lady," said Mr. DUGGAN, joyfully realising at length that these aristocrats do their shopping on an extensive scale, "butter, and raisins, and—paraffin, I think your ladyship said? If you will permit me to write down these orders first——"

"LOUISA," interrupted Lady BATHWICK, turning to the Rector's wife, "just think

of it! All these things are kept jumbled up together in this poky little shop! I do trust that you get down all your groceries from the Stores. You can give me, please, a shilling's-worth of penny stamps."

At the last election our Tory member had a much-reduced majority. The local newspaper attributed this to "the growing reaction against Jingoism." As a matter of fact, it was due solely to the energetic support given by Mr. DUGGAN (hitherto a member of the Primrose League) to the Radical candidate, who included the Abolition of the House of Lords in his programme.

A. C. D.



YET ANOTHER!

WHAT makes the window-curtain
sad?

Because it cannot help the fallen
blind.



OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 3. — More of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Naturally, everything going better. Decidedly Herr Professor STANFORD has made a hit. Reverse of a cricketer, the Professor "scored" first and made a hit afterwards.

Tuesday. — "Not there, not there, my child."

Wednesday. — *Die Meistersinger*. Acting-Deputy Deponent maketh oath and sayeth that this was about as good as any warbling Wagnerite could wish. Frau GADSKI as *Eva*, and M. VAN ROOY perfect as *Hans Sachs*. Being both perfect, the praise must be apportioned in the well-known formula, "Sachs to one and half-a-dozen to the other." Herr KNOTE kept up the good old sporting tradition of a Derby Night at the Opera by becoming a little hoarse (*petit cheval*) in the third act. Perhaps not up to so much weight. However, as he was not placed *hoarse de combat* he contrived to be well up at the finish. Mr. BISPHAM brought out all the Wagnerian waggishness of *Beckmesser*. Altogether, a brighter and quicker performance than heretofore, due probably to Herr LOHSE having judiciously withdrawn a considerable number of Wagnerian notes from circulation.

Thursday, June 6. — PUCCINI's *La Bohème* in Italian, which doesn't seem to suit it so well as the light and musical-airy French. Charming opera! So delightful to see the four poverty-stricken Brothers of the Brush living all together in an attic capable of accommodating a party of two or three hundred persons! So snug. No wonder *Benoit* (well played by M. DUFRICHE, who, absolutely transformed, is "afterwards *Alcindoro*," a gay but stingy old fop) cannot get his rent for such a spacious apartment from this merry quartette, who seem to have been the Balzacian prototypes of the lively French students, who took such an interest in poor *Trilby*.

As *Rodolfo*, Signor ANSELMU sings and acts at his very best, in spite of the absurdity of the early nineteenth-century Quartier-Latin costume, in which they all look so supremely ridiculous, and yet, when all are struck mute in the presence of the dying heroine, so grotesquely affecting. *Telle est la vie de Bohème!* Excellent comedian, SCOTTI, as *Marcello*; droll Mons. GILBERT, looking a perfect *mons* among the mole-hills, as *Schaunard*, and M. ISUARDON, *très bien grisé* as *Colline*, all playing and singing in such style as leaves nothing to be desired, except that there were more of it with shorter waits between the acts, which are evidently being spun out to keep up the very latest traditions of the opera; for which reason also Madame MELBA has to go mad as *Lucia* after she has come to a sad, untimely, but tuneful end as *Mimi*. Another illusion destroyed! Better to commence at half-past eight, and to let us depart at eleven with sad echo of poor *Mimi*'s sweetest notes lingering in our ears. MELBA'S is a clever performance of *Mimi* the grisette, a type now-a-days perhaps rarely met with, even in the Quartier Latin, and the coyness, gentleness, and innate modesty—for this is possible—of the uneducated girl, for whose station in life there is no precise English equivalent, are emphasised by Mme. MELBA with such tact as to bring these qualities into strong contrast with the dashing gaiety of the high-spirited, quick-tempered, inconstant constant *Musetta*, represented to the life, and sung to perfection by Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF. Her realistic picture of *Musetta* is a Franco-German work of great worth, in fact, a *Scheff d'œuvre*.

For the first time in their musical and dramatic character

Mr. STEDMAN'S choir of boys, when at the Fair, where all was gaiety and merriment, took their pleasures most sadly and solemnly. There was no life nor spirit in them. What was the matter? Had they been told that they were to suggest to the audience that it was the last hour of the holidays? Cheer up, my lads; or, as HENRY RUSSELL would have sung, "Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow!"

And with whom lies the responsibility for the operatic snow? In the third act, "Oh, what a fall was there!" Perhaps, were one to inquire "*Où sont les neiges d'autan?*" the answer would be that the supply had not given out, and that in order to show there was plenty more where that came from, the Snow-man over the Borders let small flakes dribble away and fall through the roof—sadly needing repair—of the Artists' attic, where, in fourth act, poor *Mimi* passes gently away. Well, if it were true that one can't have too much of a good thing, then this surplusage of snow would never be *de trop* in any opera, say in the garden scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, or during Don Giovanni's banquet. Advice to the Snow Producer—"Drop it"; but not in the manner it was dropped on this "lovely night in June."

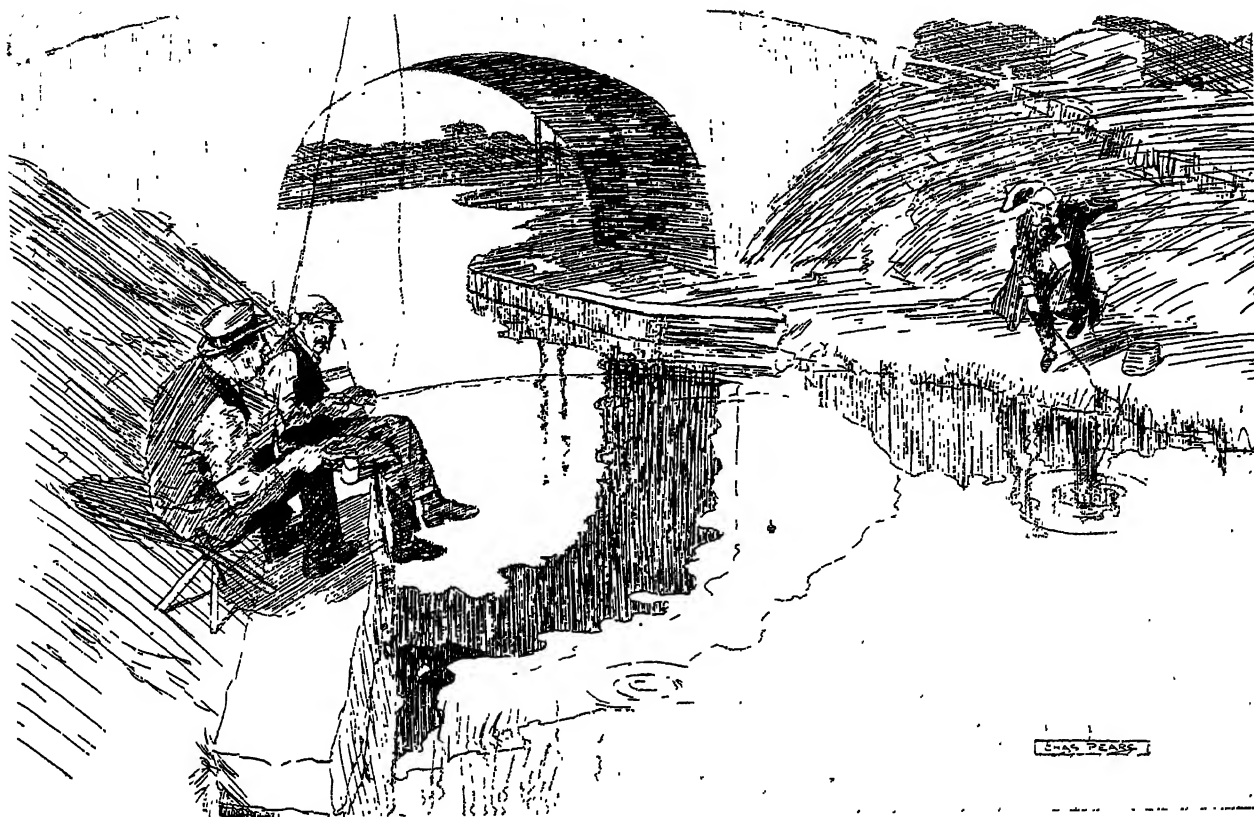
The calls before the curtain were hearty and numerous; not one singer among them whom the audience did not delight to honour, especially Queen MELBA, "more power to her elbow!" But to "drop into verse" is not permitted, so *Au revoir* to fiddles and 'celli, Congratulations to MANICINELLI. I hope the omens seem to indicate Great success to the Opera Syndicate.

WALK UP! CLIMB UP!!

CLIMB up to the top to see and hear Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who is, as usual, "*sans peur et sans reproche*"—unless we reproach him with not having very many novelties to give us. He has introduced *The Magic Doll* into his programme, which is much the same sort of tricky show as was given in last year's Drury Lane pantomime. It is clever and amusing: but we prefer more of CHEVALIER. "Our Bazaar," "The Old Actor," and other favourites going strong, especially where the CHEVALIER appears as the Coster and sings "*Mafekin's Night*"; Mr. HARRY CARSDALE'S imitations of farm-lilar sounds in a farm-yard are inimitable, and, as a specimen of "turn and turn about," when the Lion Comique makes an ass of himself, the audience roar! It is altogether a capital entertainment, including "Phantasmagoria" excellently performed on an Erard Grand by the clever piano-forte executant Mr. A. H. WEST. But to what a height Mr. CHEVALIER'S patrons have to go in order to reach the hall where he performs! If his friends in and out of the Press "give him a lift" now and then, why does not he return the compliment and give the public "a lift" to take 'em up and down in the twopenny-tube elevator style? As it is, the entertainment invariably commences with the old air, and very little wind to play it, "Such a-gettin' up stairs."

THANKS TO THE L. H. C.

THE Lord High Chancellor, at the banquet of the Newspaper Press Fund, took occasion to refer in terms of grave disapprobation to "The Fringe of the Press." His Lordship declared it was a pity that this fringe should always be trailing in the mud. Fringe is generally used for ornament; but, apparently, the fringe to which Lord HALSBURY referred is the reverse of ornamental and equally the reverse of anything useful. Surely, the remedy is to cut off the fringe. A lady adopts that action when an otherwise smart gown is so disfigured. The fabric of the Press should be treated on the lines accepted by the lady with the smart dress. Let the muddy fringe be cut off, or, if that cannot be done, let the fringe be prevented in the future from trailing in the gutter. Surely that is a duty fitting the responsibilities of gentlemen of the Press.



Robson. "DO YOU THINK FISHES CAN HEAR?"

Dobson. "I SHOULD HOPE NOT. LISTEN TO OLD SMITH—HE'S SMASHED HIS ROD!"

TEETH !

(To Mr. Punch.)

FORGIVE me, sir, if, under strong compulsion,
I lay my load of grief before your throne.
You are the source of ease to them that toil ;
Your words give comfort, and your smiles can smooth
The brows of those who dwell with black despair.
Wherefore, you ask, this pitiful appeal,
These sighs, these lamentations, and this woe ?
Wherefore these downcast looks that rob the day
Of brightness and make night more desolate ;
This gloomy gait, as of a mute who treads
The dismal ways that lead to Kensal Green ?
I'll tell you, sir, for you are one who knows
The sadness and the mystery of life ;
You can explain in words what others feel,
Others who stumble when they strive to speak,
And, speaking, make confusion more confused.
Well, sir, I have a babe like other babes,
A babe its mother deems a paragon,
The glass of beauty and the mould of wit.
To me, though much I love to watch its sports,
Its aimless, staggering rushes, and its falls,
Flat as the flattest pancake on the floor ;
To hear its shouts, its purple-visaged screams
Of shameless anger, passionate attempts
To be the tyrant of its nursery realm ;
To note its inarticulate endeavours
At dissyllabic oft-repeated words,
"Papa," "Mama," or "Nana," or "Tata"—

To me who own I am a Ruffian man
It is a babe, a plain thing, but mine own.
This infant, Sir, has TEETH (or is to have),
Teeth growing, as I judge, from head to foot,
Teeth scattered over all its dumping frame,
Teeth heedless whence they come or where they sprout,
Teeth that can be the secret cause of all
The ills that ADAM brought on mortal men.
The babe falls down and howls, its nurse says "Teeth" ;
Its forehead shows a bruise, its hand a scar—
"Teeth," says its nurse, its mother echoes "Teeth."
Teeth are the reason for its silent moods,
Teeth make it babble, teeth produce the whim
That makes it pinch its sister, or refuse
To "say good-bye to Gran'ma" or to hail
With smiles of joy each self-created aunt.
Teeth cause it to denude its doll of hair,
To stamp upon the kitten and to be
Sleepless of nights or sleepy in the day.
Teeth, teeth and teeth ! the world is one huge tooth
That's always on the point of coming through,
Invisible, but sharp, and never comes.

R. C. L.

THE MOORISH MISSION.—"CIVIS BRITANNICUS" wishes to be informed whether the Moorish Mission—which seems to be a very dark affair, by the way—is to be presented with the freedom of the City by the LORD MAYOR. "If so," observes our gifted correspondent, "each one of the brown suite will in himself represent the original Christy Minstrel Troupe of 'BURGESS AND MOOR.'" He adds, "No Moor at present from yours—CIV. BRIT."

IN ANDALUSIA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.*R.M.S. Egypt, Bay of Biscay, Saturday.*

—"TOBY, dear boy," said PRINCE ARTHUR on the eve of adjournment for Whitsun Recess, "wish you'd do something for us. Here's Whitsun holiday; made it as long as I could. Use it by running over to Gibraltar, and look into this affair of the defences. Yes, I know; but, between us, CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES wasn't quite the man to deal with the affair. He's a genius; what we want is the opinion of a sound, practical, I won't say stolid, person, free from flights of imagination. You'll really do the State a service if you'll undertake the job."

Accordingly, here I am, steaming over placid pond defamed by usual associations connected with Bay of Biscay. Quite a number of acquaintances on board. As many Members of House of Commons as I've sometimes sat with in Committee of Supply voting millions. *Item*, two of the busiest men at the Bar. Seems to have occurred to a score of busy men that here is the model holiday when time is limited. Leave London on Thursday; arrive at Gibraltar on Monday; returning, leave for Plymouth on Tuesday; eight days at sea; or go on to Marseilles and back overland, staying a night in Paris.

Better still, if you can spare the time, see Ronda, Malaga, Granada, and Seville. This an alluring prospect for men of leisure and freedom from public cares. As for me, all my time will be taken up grubbing round Gibraltar, getting to the bottom of this difficulty about the defences.

Hotel Reina Christina, Algeciras, Monday.—"Algeciras is an ancient Moorish town," writes GEORGE BORROW, visiting it sixty years ago. Town unaltered since his eye looked upon it. The same white houses, with flower-garlanded, iron-barred balconies, through which *Juliet* may look at *Romeo* and talk to him, which, indeed, she does every evening. Here is the river and its beautiful bridge; in front, the bay of Gibraltar wearing on its bosom the jewel of the Rock. At a stride (taken in a comfortable steamer) the visitor passes from British dominion and modern civilisation to old Spain that has learned nothing through the centuries, and doesn't feel the need of learning.

Algeciras is in Spain, but the bold Briton has fastened his grip upon the place; has made a railway through apparently impossible passages in the mountains going northward to Grenada. Of late has built a hotel, the prettiest, most perfectly designed the travelled MEMBER FOR SARK has come across in his wanderings. In style, a happy combination of Moorish palace and English mansion. Long been a reproach cast at Gibraltar

that its hotel accommodation does not tempt the wayfarer to sojourn long. Here, twenty minutes' journey by steamer, is a gem of a residence, set in a climate amid scenery that rivals the choicest bits of the Riviera. Immediately opposite is the Rock, its aspect changing every moment under the varying shadows of the clouds; in the morning and evening bathed in the glory of the rising and the setting sun. Behind is a circle of the everlasting hills, the blue Mediterranean lapping the shore at its feet.

Ronda, Tuesday.—"Call me at half-past five," I said to the polyglot factotum on going to bed last night at the Hotel Reine Christina. "Si, Signor, very weel," he replied. And he called me at five.

Train starts northward at 6.35. At the station the inevitable couple of Carabineers, who carry their ancient fowling-piece as if it were a babe in arms, insist upon opening every article of our baggage; understood to be in search of dutiable goods; exercise seems superfluous. Here we are in a Spanish town, bent on railway journey through a Spanish country, the area being subjected to equal customs duties. How, in these circumstances, we could evade or outrage them does not appear. Put the case before the Carabineer. He listens with flattering attention. When I conclude, fancying I have made favourable impression, he calls up the other Carabineer, who dangles his musket in the hollow of his arms, with the muzzle directed upon me. This arranged, his comrade goes through my portmanteau and other things.

Three hours and a-half run to Ronda; on the up-grade all the way; magnificent country, by mountain and river, through vineyards and olive groves. Nearing Ronda look back and see the Sierra Nevada flashing white teeth above the ranges of lower hills. Englishmen found the money for the marvellous engineering feat of making a railway through these pathless mountain tracks. English engineers built the line, and a Scotchman manages it. An unknown country for the great army of the British tourist. In freshness and beauty that sometimes rise to the height of grandeur, he would find it worth looking up. For miles beside the railway track runs the Guadiana. Sometimes a deep stream of blue water; sometimes spreading out over a stony bed; further on gathering up its strength to dash in foam over the rocks.

Ronda, 3,000 feet above the sea level, is not too hot even on this midsummer day. The Romans, who knew a fine site when they saw it, settled here. Over their amphitheatre the Spaniards built a bull-ring, now the oldest in the Kingdom. In a later century the Moors and the Spaniards, conqueror and conquered, dwelt together separated by a riven mountain. The cleft is 200 feet wide,

350 deep. At the bottom the river runs, working flour mills and the dynamos which flood the meanest quarter with electric light. At one side of the Taja the Moors dwelt, their houses standing to this day. On the other the Spaniards waited their opportunity.

"Odd," says SARK, "how closely the Moor is connected with the history of Spain. Odder still that we had not the least great." "What was his name?" "Sir JOHN MOORE. Corunna, you remember."

Granada, Wednesday.—Wakened at sunrise by the nightingales singing in the garden of the Alhambra, as they sang when BOABDIL ruled in its spacious courts. A short night owing to cheerful habits of landlord's family. Consists of two Demon-boys, their customs peculiar. A haggard-looking fellow-guest, who left by the earliest train this morning, tells me the night before last he was awakened at half-past eleven by trundling of cart down hill of narrow thoroughfare that faces sleeping rooms of hotel. It was in charge of the Demon-boys. Game was to drag cart to top of hill; one Demon got in; the other ran by its side; both shouting at top of voice of supernatural shrillness.

A gleam momentarily lightened the leaden life of the sleepless guest as he mentions a strange coincidence. The contents of a jug of water fell on the pathway just as the Demons halted under his window with intent to make another journey up the hill. After that there was silence.

To-night the Demons, having dried their clothes, broke out in fresh place. As omnibus starts to catch train at 6.30 a.m., guests got to bed early. Turned in at 10.0 last night tired with slowest railway journey, from Bobadilla to Granada, ever suffered by man. Fell asleep at once. Suddenly awakened by uproar outside; listened for the great bell in the Tower of the Alhambra that signals revolution. Granada, answering the signal from Seville, responding to mad cry of the men of Madrid, evidently on foot to turn out the King and slay somebody. Heard above the din, a shrill voice answered by another; dull sound of kicking and thumping; massacre evidently commenced; got out of bed; peered cautiously through windows opened wide to the summer night; beheld a strange sight.

The Demon-boys had organised a mid-night football match; team composed of the domestic establishment. There was the cook, with white apron gleaming in the moonlight over portly paunch, kicking like anything. The head waiter, wildly waving a serviette, brushed imaginary flies off the football. Boots, with somebody's shoe on his left hand, yelled at the top of his voice. The stable-men, the bus-driver, our chamber-maid, an elderly female of morose countenance,

who sullenly made our beds five minutes before we got into them—they were all there. All shouting, all kicking, whether the football was in sight or not. As for the Demon-boys, they answered to each other as deep calls unto deep. Also they had a quite undue share of the football, which they kicked to each other over the heads of the crowd.

Happily that didn't matter, the cook just as pleased kicking at nothing as if his foot felt the exhilarating impact of the ball. Boots bellowed every time the ball was kicked. As for chambermaid, she thumped away at space as if smitten with remorse at the recollection that earlier in the evening she had forgotten to shake up beds made up of some mysterious compound of flock and remnants of old carpets.

It was an interesting sight, not lacking in excitement, but it was also a quarter of an hour past midnight, and majority of the guests were to be called at 5.30. Through the still night rose the voice of the cook, chanting :

Un manco escribo una carta—(kick);
Un siego la está mirando—(thump);
Un mudo la está leyendo—(thump);
Y un sordo la está escuchando—(kick).

R.M.S. *Peninsula*, Tuesday.—Homeward bound; Gibraltar fading in distance; beautiful Algeciras out of sight. Suddenly horrible thought possesses me. Forgot all about my mission! Meant to go thoroughly into question of Gibraltar defences. Entirely slipped my memory. All due to the horrors of my night at Granada. Spent the following day amid the marvels of the Alhambra; drove about the Town; visited the Cathedral; stood in the vault, lighted by tallow dips, in which sleep FERDINAND and ISABELLA.

Pretty tired after a hot day, but could not face prospect of another night in company of the Demon-boys of Granada. Sure to have fresh entertainment on hand for the night. Rather journey southward through the silent stretches of corn and the green pastures, the olive groves, the vineyards, the orchards where grow the lemon, orange, pomegranate, fig and peach. They stretch illimitably under the moonlight, and the peace of midnight is infinite when I think of what is going on in the steep, narrow street before the hotel in the precincts of the Alhambra.

Shall come back again; understand why the Spaniards always talk of Mañana. To-day is so beautiful in this sunlit land that we leave all burdens for To-morrow.

By the way, the MEMBER FOR SARK has got for me translation of the song the cook sang at the midnight football match. It runs like this :

A handless man a letter did write;
A dumb dictated it word for word;
The person who read it had lost his sight;
And deaf was he who listened and heard.



THIS IS HOW IT CAME ABOUT, THAT GOSSIPS SPREAD THE REPORT THAT "YOUNG EDGAR (THE WITTIEST AND BEST-NATURED FELLOW IN THE WORLD) WAS REJECTED BY MISS BERTRAM IN THE PARK LAST WEEK. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE WAS THINKING OUT A FUNNY SONG IN A COMIC OPERA HE IS WRITING, AND DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE YOUNG LADY BY SIGHT. AND SHE WAS RATHER ANNOYED AT BEING KEPT WAITING SO LONG BY A FRIEND.

DUCAL REFLECTIONS.

(*Vide the Duke of Devonshire at Chesterfield.*)

WHAT is the point of School Boards? Who Created them? and with what view? And what are they supposed to do?
I wonder.

What good can they expect to bring By making little children sing? In short, why teach them anything?
I wonder.

What useful cause can we advance By teaching them the tongue of France, To read, to write and even dance?
I wonder.

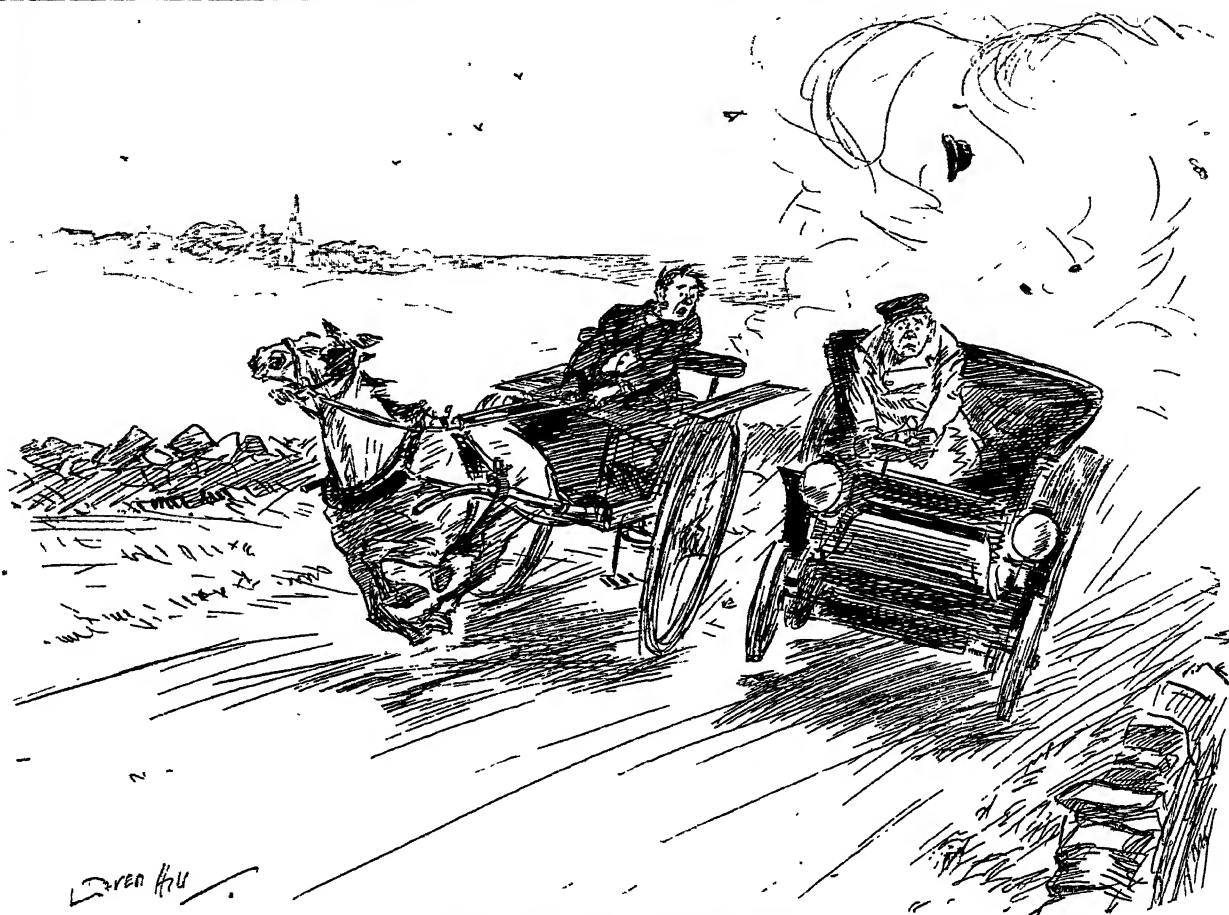
Why build a swimming bath? What whim Could agitate the mind of him Who'd teach a boy or girl to swim?
I wonder.

In Derbyshire! Would any clown Suppose that folk would ever drown In Chesterfield, an inland town?
I wonder.

Why train the body? Wherefore store The infant mind with useless lore? And what is education for?
I wonder.

And why, oh, why have I been sent To make these speeches? What was meant By making me Lord President?
I wonder.

MAÎTRE LABORI.—In the absence of this distinguished advocate, on a visit to England, the French Bar must be reduced to almost "*Nil sine Labori.*"



BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.

Farmer. "PULL UP, YOU FOOL! THE MARE'S BOLTING!"
Motorist. "SO'S THE CAR!"

THE BOOKIE AND THE NURSERYMAID.

[*"What machinery have you to stop nurserymaids from putting a shilling on a race."—Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords.*]

THERE was a naughty bookie, who the odds at racing laid,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 The victim whom he spoiled the most she was a nurserymaid,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 And every hour day by day,
 The wicked pair indulged in play,
 To stop their game there was no way,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

JEMIMA, she the nursemaid was, who had a certain tip,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 A rank outsider that was termed a "round-the-corner snip,"
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
Splitox the Tenth, that was the gee
 That would pull in the £ s. d.,
 And make JEMIMA rich and free,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

UDOLPHO BINKS the bookie was, who did the gambling job,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 And every hour in the day annexed JEMIMA's bob,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 Ten thousand bobs to one he laid,
 Unto that trusting nurserymaid,
 And thought the lambkin he had flayed,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

Now when *Splitox* upon the course the race to win did try,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis,
 He lost the race by just a head—JEMIMA, she would die!
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 She all her evil ways denied,
 But 'ere the poison she had tried,
The winner was disqualified

Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 UDOLPHO BINKS, the bookie, now sells matches in the Strand,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 While JEMIMA's wedded to the proudest noble in the land,
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
 So she that bore a nursemaid's shame
 Is owner of a Norman name
 And, what is more, a Primrose Dame!
 Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

"WHEN THE MOUNTAIN WOULDN'T GO TO MAHOMET, &C."—The Moorish Embassy is to visit the Houses of Parliament. This is as it should be, in June. The grouse-shooting Members of the House being unable to go to the Moors until August, this visit to the Commons is a delicate attention on the part of the Moors.

"TALKING about this Educational Question," observed the Elder Miss JUMBLE, "will anyone kindly explain to me precisely the meaning of what I hear of as being so often quoted, I mean 'The Cockatoo Decision?'"



WAR OFFICE HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

RIGHT HON. MR. BRIDGES (to Canada). "IN VIEW OF THE PRESENT—ER—PROMISING—UM—OUTLOOK IN SOUTH AFRICA, I CAN NOW AFFORD TO REFER YOU TO OUR MINUTE OF OCTOBER, '99, TO THE EFFECT 'NO MOUNTED MEN NEED APPLY.'"

[The Government has declined Canada's offer of two thousand cavalry.]

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



ELEVENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now on the walls of the Gháláriz which are in

2. the Ákhád-Imeh (supposed by some authorities to be the temple of Āt)

3. —on the *lэфátan-saiyád*, as you go towards

4. the Sérkhuz,

5. Just beyond the Arkhéd where sauntah and phlaneh

6. the *el-dáleh-ruéz* who study the *nekh-taiz* in *dhir-*

7. *habba-dashaz*

8. *et-setrah*, *et-setrah*—

9. did they gather the paintings turned out in a twelvemonth . .

10. good, bad, and indifferent

11. stuck them up *hóláiz-bhóláiz*

12. —keeping all the good places for the *akhad-emishanz*,

13. — . . and they all killed each other, their guilt was appalling

14. Then the *pablikh* all herded in droves

15. through the *ter-ín-stáilz*, poured in till the

16. *kortyád* was *chokh-phál* of *bruümz*

17. not because they *liked* pictures,—for they wouldn't know

18. paintings by *Vandhaik*

19. from *tih-tréz*, they probably secretly

20. dote upon *khromös*;

21. while as for *Velás-kuez*, *Phredü-orkah* or *Mhileh*

22. they might be described as

23. *phrá-gonár* to the general

24. —but because all their friends went.

25. They only liked those that they knew

26. in a moment, the men who did something exactly like

27. last year.

28. Now they liked *this*!

29. Oh! no! they had got the wrong number

30. misled by the marble!

31. it looked at first sight

32. so like *dhir-alúmat-ádemah*, — it seemed so well painted!

33. They wouldn't "mark" that; they'd go on to

34. the next one

35. gave themselves up .

36. to a frenzy of laughter over *Sár-jentaréh* . . .

37. rolled about and went chuckling off into

38. the suburbs at a portrait that's

39. destined to live through the ages

40. and be fetching big prices at *kristiz* or somewhere

41. long after *their* very desirable mansions

42. have become mere detritus;

43. when their banking-accounts, their investments

44. in consols

45. could not well be told from

46. *alúv-yaldep-ósitz*,

47. and they themselves pigeon-holed neatly

48. in cases, on shelves of museums

49. Marked "Fragments discovered at

50. possibly human."

51. And, oh! wasn't *this* sweet, it must be

52. *Mákhást-on*! Yes, look at the garden!

53. So tender and lonely; with a nice touch

54. of orange, — they always like orange;

55. and the tear, don't you see it

56. just below the left *ailidh*?

57. In a second or two it will

58. splash on the sundial

59. *Phrákh-dikhsi*! How regal! How stately!

60. And just look at the trimmings

61. and all that *pasmán-tarih*;

62. it would really take hours to do half

63. of it justice. How nicely

64. he'd do our *Maráiyah*!

65. —a roundabout person, *plebiyan* and somewhat primeval in feature;

66. of generous habit — rather like a *tomáhtoh*

67. perched on the week's washing. —

68. so pleasant for *dikhsi*!

69. We must run in again, dear, to see *Ed-unábeh*

70. and his *lédih-khrusédaz* enjoying

71. the sunset,—and don't they look startled,

72. and it's really no wonder, quite a novelty for them.

73. We all know the sun never does set

74. on the empire they came from. . . .

. Yes, there's a nice *hansámm*.

75. Now we can say we've been there!

E. T. R.

IN GOOD COMPANY.

FOR his very light comedy at the Court Theatre, Mr. BRANDON THOMAS has not hit upon an attractive title in calling it *Women are so Serious*. Such a title may, perhaps, arouse curiosity, but the "perhaps" is a very big one. Not that M. PIERRE WOLFF was happily inspired in naming the original French piece (whence this is light-heartedly adapted) "*Celles qu'on Respecte*." But, thank goodness, there is scarcely a serious moment in this piece, which is acted for all it is worth, professing to be only a comedy of character. Were not the light and airy play kept going by the perfect acting of everyone concerned it would fall to the ground in the very first act; but, played as it is, with natural dialogue naturally given, it rattles on with such a pace that the audience, if never intensely interested, is from first to last kept thoroughly amused.

Miss ELLIS JEFFERIES as the vivacious Mrs. Gunthorpe, *varium et mutabile*, never lets action or dialogue flag. She pre-eminently is "one of the lives and souls" of the piece, and artistically contrasted with her is her husband, the stolid, chuckling *Algy Gunthorpe* of Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS, the bicyclist-maniac who gives up to the wheel the time he ought to pass with his wife, and whose habit of "pedalling," even when he is quietly seated in the drawing-room, would "get on the nerves" of anyone even less highly-strung than is the flighty Mrs. Gunthorpe. Of course, all this is exaggeration, but it is very funny, and, except the highly improbable "pedalling," the action is rarely overdone; wherein lies the cleverness of the performance.

As *Lady Waveley*, a quiet, worldly-wise, sly-pusslike character, rather difficult to place, Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS plays with considerable skill, but to the last leaves the audience, which pays its money and takes its choice, to decide whether she is rather partial to the male-flirt, *Harold Twyford*, and jealous of her married friend, Mrs. Gunthorpe, or whether she is only a coquette interfering in what doesn't concern her out of mere vanity and love of *intrigue*. It is not a colourless part, but it is a blend.

As *Cora*, the sharp, businesslike Red Cross nurse (not that she is either "Red" or "Cross," but this only applies to the costume with the badge), who, having been once temporarily taken in by the gallant and grateful *Harold* (whom she has nursed in hospital), finds out what his professions of love are worth, returns his presents, and throws him over, after having secured as her husband *Harold's* superior officer, Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER is excellent.

Mr. HERBERT STANDING, as *Major Daubeney*, whose part, indeed, mainly consists of "Standing on," gets a laugh for every utterance; he rarely has to say more than two or three words at a time, but every word tells. He speaks forcibly, abruptly, clearly, and to the point; which point he immediately makes, startling the audience into a short, sharp laugh that is the very echo of the character. He is so in earnest: it is delightful. A very clever bit of character acting.

The part of *Ripton*, the portly butler, is well rendered by Mr. W. H. QUINTON, as also is the small part of *Sopley*, the soldier-servant, by Mr. R. C. HERZ.

The fatuous, selfish, irresponsible, male-flirt, *Harold Twyford*, is made-up and played to perfection by Mr. FREDERICK KERR. *Harold Twyford* makes love to anyone at a moment's notice, for, like the "dogs" that "delight to bark and bite," and the "bears and lions" that "growl and fight," in the ancient nursery verse of Dr. WATTS, "it is his nature to." Matrimony he never contemplates; he is heartless, but the author lets him off scot free. It is true that, in an aside, he says he will have to leave the regiment because the Major has married *Cora*, who will now be "his commanding officer"; but does anyone believe for a moment that this prospect is in the least likely to trouble him after the first few hours? Truly,

'tis a play without a moral of any sort; it simply forewarns male-flirts, that if they cannot refrain from making love to every pretty woman they meet, it is as well not to observe precisely the same form of address to each lady who may encourage their attentions. *Harold* is still flirting as the curtain descends, nor does one feel that the sudden reconciliation of *Algy Gunthorpe* and his wife is likely to be lasting.

Though, on the whole, the play does little more than suggest material for dramatic development, yet, so far as it goes, every act is highly amusing, and of the three the second is the best, going admirably without a single pause for reflection, and eliciting from the audience a genuinely hearty call at the fall of the curtain. *Prosit!*

By the way, the comedy, which doesn't commence till nine, is preceded at 8.15 by a performance of *The Musketeer Concert Party*, which we advise those inclined to patronise "masked minstrels" and part-singing with comic interludes on no account to miss. Their only mistake is in having a piano on the stage; it is quite out of the picture and damages the effect. There is a piano in the orchestra, why not use that? Musketeers would have done better with mandolines or guitars; but, as they sing quite up-to-date songs, why not insert "Modern" before "Musketeers" in the descriptive title?

FEMININE FASHION; OR, GIRLS ARE NOW IN SEASON.

["It is cheering to learn from a society correspondent that 'girls are to be fashionable this year.' Last year was distinctly a matrons' season."]

St. James's Gazette.

OH, MABEL, dear MABEL, for years I have waited
My passionate love to declare.

At times I believed that to part we were fated

By fashion—forgive my despair!

Oh, the dread apprehension that you might succumb,

Out of spite, to some fashionless peer,

While I by this social decree was held dumb—

Girls are not the fashion this year!

If you knew half the torture I had to go through

In attempting my passion to smother,

When, instead of my paying attention to you,

I had to make love to your mother.

But you in my heart, dear, none else could supplant.

I poured out the wealth of my passion

In a violent outburst of love to your aunt—

Because girls were not then in fashion.

Can't you guess how I sighed for a glance from your eyes

As I punted your aunt up the stream?

And enlarged on the beauty of water and skies;

She is deaf—which obliged me to scream.

I'm afraid the excursion was painfully slow,

It presently came on to rain.

How I longed for the time when the matron would go,

And girls come in fashion again!

And I felt that perhaps you might not understand

How disinterested were my intentions,

When I, roguishly pressing your grandmamma's hand,

Complimented her on her dimensions.

hope you 'll allow 'twas an excellent cause

When you're fully aware of the reason;

I flirted with grandmamma, MABEL, because

Last year chaperons were in season.

But now, dearest MABEL, by Fashion's decree

The matron's a thing of the past.

I need not run after your mother, so we

Can love one another at last.

For girls are the fashion this year, so I'm able

To open my floodgates of passion.

How delightful to make violent love to you, MABEL,

And know I am strictly in fashion!



De Smythe. "SHE WAS THE UGLIEST WOMAN I EVER MET—ER—ER—PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED, OF COURSE!"

"FROM FRYING-PAN TO FIRE."

(Suggestion for a Civil and Military Farce.)

SCENE—The Reconstructed War Department. TIME—A year or two hence. Civilian Official discovered poring over a mass of miscellaneous Reports. To him enter Military Official.

Military Official (lightly). Ah, you have a jolly lot of our mems. there, eh?

Civilian Official. Yes. It's a little difficult to enter them up—they seem to have so many ramifications. (Resignedly) But it is one part of our duty to keep records. Work allotted to us by the Report.

Mil. Off. Quite so. New regulation. We soldiers get into muddles, and you civilians put them down. Splendid division of labour!

Civ. Off. (taking up his pen). Yes; and as I have a lot to do, unless—

Mil. Off. Wouldn't disturb you for worlds, my dear fellow; but I'm afraid I must just ask you officially to be so kind as to lend a helping hand.

Civ. Off. (coming to attention). Oh, certainly.

Mil. Off. Well, you see things are not working quite smoothly. Most of our chiefs, frankly, are not up to much.

Civ. Off. It is not the business of a civilian to make remarks, but it was thought possible when the Report was issued, that when Pall Mall became a bar to service on the field, the best men might fight shy of accepting appointments at the War Office.

Mil. Off. Of course! Why, do you think I would have come here if I hadn't lost both my arms and one of my legs? Well, I fancy that most of us are a bit off colour.

Civ. Off. (with intention.) You said you wanted to speak to me officially.

Mil. Off. To be sure. Well, to tell the truth we have made rather a mess of a whole heap of commissariat contracts, and I don't think we have done quite the right thing about arranging the transports, and there's a good deal of complaint about the barrack buildings, and—

Civ. Off. (who has been taking hurried notes). Stop, stop! I must really have full particulars.

Mil. Off. (airily). Shall in good time, my dear fellow; all in good time. But now we have got rid of all the civilian clerks we soldier fellows find it a bit hard to keep ahead of our work.

Civ. Off. (with a glance at his arrears). But when I have full particulars, what do you want me to do?

Mil. Off. Why, to perform the function allotted to you by the Report—to explain matters to Parliament.

Civ. Off. (grimly). I will undertake that duty with the greatest pleasure.

(Curtain.)

TO TRIPTOLEMUS.

["Triptolemus was inspired by the goddess Demeter with the idea of extending the growth of corn all over Greece. In order to enable him to travel rapidly from place to place, she provided him with a single wheel, across which he used to stride. Hence Hyginus declares him to have been the one *qui primus hominum una rota dicitur usus ne cursu moraretur.*"—*Westminster Gazette.*]

HAIL! foremost pioneer
Of the myriad cyclist race!
At length, at length appear
In thy duly honoured place
As our blessed patron saint, as thou shouldst be.

Who taught us first to feel
The joy of whirling wheel,
'Mid the glint of flashing steel—
Hail to thee!

Blest was the day that saw thy birth
And blest the land that gave thee us,
O son of Ocean and of Earth,
Triptolemus!

By thee the golden wheat was sown,
By thee was garnered first the corn;
No harvests made the waggons groan
Ere thou wast born.

The famished nations cried to thee
To stave their hunger: "Give, oh, give
Thy blessings unto us that we
May learn to live!"

Thus cried the people hour by hour,
And thou didst hear their dying call,
Yet hadst not thou the magic power
To visit all.

Then from Olympus bright
A radiant vision fled
Swift through the stilly night,
And stood beside thy bed;
A goddess fair with a garland rare
Of yellow corn in her golden hair,
And whispered in mine ear—
Divinest Demeter.

Up with a nimble leap
Or ever it was day
Thou sprangest from thy sleep,
Her bidding to obey;
And anvil rang and the spark upsprang
As the hammer fell with its ceaseless clang,
And ere the set of sun
The Goddess' will was done!

Behold thee flying swift
As zephyr through the air,
And lavishing thy gift
Of plenty everywhere!
Thou wast the first that ever burst
A tyre upon a flint accurst;
Then hear the hymns that rise from us,
O patron-saint, Triptolemus!

VOLTING AMBITION. — A horticulturist has been accused of stealing electricity wherewithal to grow radishes. We shall next hear of poets purloining WATTS in order to perpetrate hymns.

IN WESTERN GARB.

["In placing the control . . . again in Chinese hands, Count von WALTERSEE advised LI HUNG CHANG that China should be brought more into line with Western customs and Western ideas."—*Daily Press.*]

H.I.M. THE EMPEROR sailed his own junk at the festival of Yot-Ting. Honours seemed likely to rest with the Mandarin LI-TUN's junk, but a hint, conveyed to him through the speaking-trumpet, that unless he gave way and allowed the Imperial vessel to win, he, the Mandarin, might get himself disliked, materially contributed to the Son of Heaven's easy victory.

At the conclusion of the junk races, the EMPEROR came ashore and indulged in turns on the Steam Roundabout until he fell off. The proprietor, overcome by His Majesty's condescension, asked him for payment—two taels—and immediately lost his own head in consequence.

The Derby was, of course, won by H.I. Majesty's twenty-year-old but peerless steed *Wot-ah-Krock* which took the stakes, though some misguided spectators affirmed—but in very low tones, however—that the noble beast finished tenth. There was a good race for second prize, though it was afterwards found that this would not be given, as, in order to save all squabbling in the matter, the Clerk of the Course, HO-KUS, had already annexed the prize-money himself.

The likin on the rivers has been raised five per cent., and though the waterside populations are greatly dis-likin this small change, the collectors are taking as much of it—i.e. the small change—as they can raise.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between the TAOTAI WOO-ING, of 115, Peiho Place, Pekin, and NI-SEE IKUL SING, of 24, Dragon Street, Chusan. This is no *mariage de convenance*, but a true union of Pekin and Chusan.

Agreeably to the latest Western notions, the new drama at the Imperial Theatre has now been "cut" so as to play in something under a fortnight instead of five weeks, as originally intended.

Professor SINGAN-MAI-KEE-NOYS has been appointed President of the Academy of Music at Lung Tung—a most popular selection. Chinese music can justly boast that a little of it goes farther than any other music in the whole of the civilised world. Most of those who hear it will also go farther, as far as ever they can get, as a rule, when the first sounds are emitted.

The Stock markets are all dull, with the exception of a rumoured "corner" in Puppy-dog Prefs., which have risen a tael. Foreign Devils Stocks are steady, with a firm undertone. Birds'-nest Soup Debentures fell $\frac{1}{4}$. Pekin Main Drainage is off colour and stagnant. All the leading operators refuse to touch it. Palanquin Ordinaries were carried over at the usual rates.

TO BRIDGE.

["If, as there is reason to believe, bridge makes for the abolition of the drawing-room ballad and the drawing-room ballad-monger, let us return thanks for a crowning mercy."—*Morning Post*, May 29.]

SWEET pastime of the upper ten!
And of the under now and then,

For I myself politely
Pay tribute to thee nightly,
And sacrifice my two or three
Pounds sterling in pursuing thee.

Like tricky miss or wayward Fame
Thou treat'st me, fashionable game;
But still I don't complain,

I merely deal again,
Select a suit, or no trump choose,
And cheerfully prepare to lose.

Yet, in despite of fate adverse
Thee, Bridge, I rather bless than curse,
And on thy alter fling

My hard-earned cash, and sing
Thy virtues in Horatian verse;
Sweet emptier of my slender purse!

For that thou hast to limbo sent
That awful social ornament
The drawing-room ballad-monger,
We hear his cry no longer;
His throaty phrase and lavish trill
No more our ears with pain shall fill.

No more the after-dinner song
Shall torture a forbearing throng,
Or zealous parlour trickster
Administer his mixture
Of vocal discord without end
To bore, to torment and offend.

That's why, regenerating game,
To a long list I place my name
Of those who hold thee dear,
And that thou art I swear.
Yet all to thee I'd gladly pay
To keep the drawing-room song at bay.

"U.S.—US."

Now that Great Britain in general, and London in particular, is becoming rapidly Yankeeified, we hasten to apprise our readers of the following political and social developments:—

On June 12, a Tammany meeting for the appointment of ward bosses and captains will be held in the Guildhall to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement of the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

During the sitting of Congress at Westminster, the Stars and Stripes will be displayed at the Victoria Tower.

In the event of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN securing the plurality of votes of the British Electoral College on the Republican ticket, it is expected that Senators Salisbury, Balfour, and Chamberlain will retain their portfolios; but if the Democratic and Free Silver platform wins, we shall have a Cabinet of Holloway Hoboes and Battersea toughs.

The National Hymn, "My Country, 'tis



THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

Small Boy. "LOOK 'ERE, MAWRD! I RECKON THE CHAP AS KEEPS THIS SHOP AIN'T BIN TO SCHOOL LATELY; 'E SPEELS 'ALL' WITH A HAITCH!"

of thee," is now sung at the close of work in every school throughout the ex-kingdom.

The FROHMAN-LEDERER Dramatic Trust has lately acquired the whole of the West-End theaters and roof-gardens, where in future only American talent will be employed, with the exception of Histrions IRVING and TREE, who are engaged to do a cake-walk in a rag-time vaudeville at KOSTER and BIAL's on Piccadilly.

The L-railroad running from East 23rd Street to Westminster Abbey has caught on terrifically, the fare being only two cents all the way, while for a quarter one can be jerked round London in the vestibule-cars of the regenerated Underground. Folk who formerly traveled any to the City will rejoice at the extinction of hansoms and 'buses. If you want to go a block or two, there is the moving sidewalk, with the motor track down the center of the Strand.

The new County abbreviations are quite popular. It is so much smarter to write Ke., Sy., Che., Shro., Wi., Du., and so on, that we wonder how the old-time addresses were tolerated.

Nothing could well be chicker than the shirt-waists now worn by the Summer Girls at Church Parade. We hear that

the Park Lane Four Hundred have taken to bathing in the Serpentine to the exclusion of the disgusted dead-beat.

All Suburbia has gone mad over the Flip-flap Railway at Earl's Court, where the Coney Island dude nightly turns a cart-wheel in company with his best Bowery girl.

On and after Thursday next the *Times* will appear as a One-Cent Yellow Journal, with an illustrated Sunday Edition.

We like the new double-decked stern-wheel ferry-boats that have just debuted on the Thames, which is now a business-like river at last, with its fringe of 30-story sky-scrapers, grain-elevators and aerial gangways in place of the obsolete bridges.

The baggage-check system is working well on all the lines, though there are complaints of the Customs regulations at the ports of entry.

Free-lunches are to be obtained at all the stores and notion counters on Regent Street, and "English breakfast tea" can be had at any Bond St. temperance joint. The Embankment will shortly be converted into a row of dives and dime-museums.

We give, with no reserve, the menu at the TENNIEL Banquet:—rockaways, clams, blue-fish, terrapin, canvas-back duck, cantelupe on ice, pop-corn, ice-cream soda and Huggins punch.

A TALE OF A CAT.

It is quite certain that LAVINIA would never have offered to take charge of Tibby, the black cat, if she had not had "expectations" from her Aunt JANE, whose property the animal was. And even had LAVINIA been willing, her husband, Mr. STUBBS, would decidedly have objected.

He hated all animals, cats more particularly, but LAVINIA's aunt was comfortably off, and it was as well to keep in with her, in view of contingencies.

So when she went over to Paris for a few days—she did this once every year—LAVINIA had offered to provide a kind home for Tibby during her absence; for the old lady did not like to leave her pet to the tender mercies of a rather flighty domestic servant.

But Tibby did not take at all kindly to his new quarters. Perhaps the brand of catmeat was not one that he cared about; perhaps he did not relish being first trodden on and then kicked by Mr. STUBBS. Anyway, on the morning following his arrival, he was nowhere to be found.

Here was a pretty state of affairs! LAVINIA was frantic; Mr. STUBBS greatly upset, and full of strange oaths. Both recognised that it was a serious matter for them, and might entail the estrangement of Aunt JANE and the final disappointment of their hopes.

What was to be done?

Enquiries were made at all the neighbouring houses—after their own had been searched from cellar to garret—and notices of the loss, with offers of pecuniary reward for the recovery of the animal, were posted on the front gate. All in vain. Not a sign was there of the missing Tibby.

They thought it best not to write and tell Aunt JANE of the misfortune that had befallen. It could only upset her, declared Mr. STUBBS, sympathetically; besides, the animal might turn up before she returned—or—

Mr. STUBBS had an idea!

"Why not?" he said to his wife. "All cats are much alike—it's only a matter of colour. Tibby was all black—"

"With a white spot on the chest," put in LAVINIA.

"Quite so—but there are heaps of cats answering to that description. I'll go to the Dials to-day, and see if I can't get one like it. The old woman'll never know the difference."

LAVINIA, though not so confident of the

success of the trick as her husband, could yet see no other course open. She simply dared not, she declared, inform her aunt of the true state of affairs. It would be best, no doubt, to obtain a cat as like Tibby as possible and keep it in reserve, to produce should the real animal not turn up by the time of the old lady's return.

This was fixed for two days later.

Before that time Mr. STUBBS had contrived to obtain a pussy that, in appearance at least, was the very double of the missing Tibby. Unfortunately it was of a different sex and not so amiable, but these were details which, it was hoped, Aunt JANE would not notice.

better write to her, and don't forget to say the cat is nice and comfortable."

LAVINIA did so. And as regards the cat, she spoke in glowing terms, both of its own charms, and of the tender care it had met with at the hands of her husband and herself. She concluded by expressing a hope that her dear aunt would come and fetch it soon—not that she wanted to be rid of it, of course, or let her save trouble by bringing it to the old lady's residence.

In reply, Aunt JANE wrote a letter which caused LAVINIA to shed tears for a week, and Mr. STUBBS to use the most dreadful language, besides kicking the new cat out of its comfortable basket

into the street, to its great astonishment and indignation.

Aunt JANE had been surprised, she said, after her niece's promises to take care of her pet, to find poor Tibby at her house, when she arrived home, with not a drop of milk in his basin—for which she had given her maid notice—and otherwise vilely tended. But she had been even more surprised at her niece's attempt to deceive her by palming off another cat as her one and only Tibby. That was quite unpardonable, and Aunt JANE could only surmise where LAVINIA would go to ultimately for being guilty of such appalling mendacity.

The "expectations," as Mr. and Mrs. STUBBS dejectedly realised, were "off."

That wretched Tibby, following an instinct which Mr. STUBBS now recollected—too late—is common in cats, had quietly returned home without the formality of bidding good-bye to its host and hostess, and, after travelling the thirty miles or so between the two residences, had arrived looking very muddy and disreputable.

And it is now generally thought that Aunt JANE's money will go, either to her other niece, LAVINIA's cousin, or to the Cats' Home, or to both in equal shares.

W. S., JUN.

NOT SO BAD AS VOLODYOVSKI.

Lady (to applicant for Nursemaid's place).

What is your name?

Applicant. HERMYNTRUDE, mum.

Lady. Good Heavens! That would never do. Can't you think of something shorter?

Applicant (after a pause). Well, mum, my young man allus calls me CARROTS.

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A RECKLESS JOCKEY IN THE OAKS.—A filly-buster.



THE SHORTEST STUMP SPEECH ON RECORD.

"We'll say it has got peevish through separation from her," said Mr. STUBBS, jocularly. He, at any rate, felt convinced that the old lady would be deceived. Needless to say the greatest care was taken of the new cat, which was ensconced in a comfortable basket on a soft mat, with a piece of cerise ribbon round its furry neck.

Aunt JANE's plan was to return to her home on leaving Paris, and call on her niece for the cat on the following day.

Some little disappointment, therefore, or perhaps some little astonishment merely, was felt when that day passed without a sign of her or a word from her.

"I wonder what she's playing at!" said Mr. STUBBS to his spouse. "You'd

DUELLING À LA MODE.

["At the RÉGIS-LABERDESQUE duel not the least amazing part of the proceedings was the presence of policemen in uniform. . . . They acted as ushers, opening the gates for carriages, checking tickets of admission and generally making themselves useful. . . . M. MAX RÉGIS entered the Vélodrome amid a double row of photographers. . . . He wore a light pyjama shirt, blue trousers and red dogskin gloves. . . . After he was wounded he called out to his opponent, 'I fought with you to show I am not afraid of your sword. I still hold you to be an assassin.' M. LABERDESQUE smiled."—*Daily News*.]

M. Régis writes to M. Drumont:—

We fought, *mon cher*, at half-past eight,
The day was fine but not too warm,
The ground was thronged, at every gate
Policemen stood in uniform.
They ushered ticket-holders in
But kept the vulgar herd outside,
And while we waited to begin,
I looked at them with conscious pride.

Some fifty of them, so 'tis said,
Leaving their customary beats,
Were busily employed instead
In putting people in their seats;
They opened gates for carriages,
They checked the tickets of admission,
And showed in many different ways
A most obliging disposition.

Fair ladies sat on every side,
Each in her most becoming dress;
Care had been taken to provide
Accommodation for the Press;
Reporters stuck to us like burrs,
They never let us out of sight,
While dozens of photographers
Were taking snapshots of the fight.

My face, impassive yet alert,
Maintained its customary hue,
I wore a light pyjama shirt,
My gloves were red, my trousers blue,
And though it's true that victory
Remained with Monsieur LABERDESQUE
The ladies one and all agree
My clothes were far more picturesque!

After the duel ceased perforce
My fiery heart, which nothing tames,
Drove me to the usual course
Of calling my opponent names;
He manifested no surprise
(Although my seconds stood aghast),
But seemed amused to recognise
That I was *canaille* to the last!

ST. J. H.

PARTY PLEASANTRIES.

["The House of Commons is conscious of no mandate and no positive duty in regard to legislation. It is old before it is young, and its Ministers show signs of exhaustion after a too continuous spell of office."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

WHAT we want is a "Special Star,"
By which to guide the nation.
Energy, youth, a touch of "Truth,"
And a Liberal education.



THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Squire's Daughter. "I WAS SO VERY SORRY TO HEAR YOU HAD LOST YOUR POOR HORSE. WHAT BAD LUCK FOR YOU!"

Small Farmer. "WELL, NOT EXACTLY, MISS. YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS. HE WAS INSURED FOR FIVE POUNDS IN THE CLUB, THEY GAVE ME THIRTY SHILLINGS FOR HIS CARCASS AT THE KENNELS, AND HE NOBBAT COST ME A GUINEA THREE YEAR AGO!"

ASCOT ANTICIPATIONS.

PESSIMISTIC.

SURE to rain and spoil my latest Paris frock.

ALGERNON will excuse himself from coming on the score of regimental duties elsewhere.

Certain to have the SLOCUM cousins palmed off upon us by Aunt SARAH at the last moment.

As likely as not to lose a bit to that odious Mr. CADSNOB and find a difficulty in settling it.

Probably have to rush off without my ordered toque on account of its delayed arrival.

Total, to have a generally bad time of it.

OPTIMISTIC.

Lovely day absolutely certain, with just the weather for showing off my latest Parisian "dream" to the best advantage.

ALGERNON in attendance all day, celebrating promised promotion by gift of the engagement ring.

The dreaded visit of the SLOCUM cousins indefinitely postponed on account of the lamentable illness of poor Aunt SARAH.

That odious Mr. CADSNOB summoned by wire back to town to attend to some City business of importance.

Toque the big success of the day, with beaming countenance to match.

Total, to have about the best day in my life.

REVERIE OF A "SPECIAL."

UPON the lonely veld he lay
Beneath the morning sun;
It was a treat to have the heat
Undo what night had done;
To watch his frozen limbs relax
Sensibly, one by one.

No horrid sound of war's alarms
Imperilled his repose;
Just here and there through halcyon air
A little fume uprose,
And a pleasant smell of burning farm
Tickled his nimble nose.

An intellectual content
Across his features shone;
His active brain ignored the pain
Of occupation gone;
And thought about the monthly pay
That went serenely on.

"Of such a life," said he, "I fain
Would have a longish lease;
But I foresee that we shall be
Some day reduced to peace;
Even the nicest kind of war
Must ultimately cease.

"There was a time when I aspired
To rank among the men
Who make you feel the flash of steel
By force of the mightier pen,
For those were days when things occurred,
And battles happened then.

"But soon the Censor's dreadful shears
Curtailed my teeming lines,
And coarsely hacked the phrases that
smacked
Of the juice of purple vines;
Till nobody recognised my art
By any inward signs.

"My figurative speech was made
To doff its brodered dress;
My wit was shorn and left forlorn
Of all its brave finesse;
My wits have even been confused
With those of the Tory Press.

"But still in letters I could find
An ample scope and space;
My pregnant plume could here resume
Its ancient *verve* and grace;
But now—events have given up
The habit of taking place.

"And if I turn to pure romance,
That welling fount is dried;
Suppose I paint some brilliant feint
Conceived in my own inside,
The Chief is sure to send a wire
Saying that I have lied.

"I cannot raise a fresh effect
Out of the local Dutch;
I dare not 'do' the trite caroo
With the old artistic touch;
It has been done for all it's worth,
And that was never much.

"And yet a more disturbing thought
Has left my soul resigned;
I know my trade has long mislaid
Its grip of the public mind;
I know that what was once a Power
Is nothing of the kind.

"They say that Mr. BALFOUR gets
Elsewhere his open views;
To the Chief, again, we had to explain
That the *Times* and the *Daily News*
Do not, as a matter of custom, have
The same political hues.

"Nay, other arts have also known
Rude changes come about;
Though sword and quill are rivals still
There seems no sort of doubt
That both, regarded as useful tools,
Are gently dropping out.

"And so I lie along the veld,
Assuming a careless pose,
And watch the sun in playful fun
Unfurl my frosted toes;
And idly wonder, half-awake,
How the guerrilla goes." O. S.

ACCORDING TO REGULATION.

(A Story of Twenty Years afterwards.)

"WELL, really," said the High Official,
as he leant back in his chair in Pall Mall,
"there is so much to do that I don't
know how we can make a beginning."

"Yes, it is rather difficult," conceded
his Private Secretary. "A couple of
decades ago your predecessor got more
than three thousand letters a day, and
now you have about four times the
quantity."

"Yes," was the response, "and we
muddle along in the good old fashion.
Dear me, youth and man, I have been in
this ramshackle place for half a century,
and I have never seen any change in it."

"Then what would you like to do, Sir?"
asked the Private Secretary.

"Well, suppose we put this room in
order. Those pigeon-holes are full of
valuable documents; let's turn them out,
and, if obsolete, cast them into the waste
paper-basket."

"Scarcely my duty, Sir; more the
business of the messengers," put in the
Private Secretary.

"Nonsense!" replied his Chief. "Some
of the papers may be of a confidential
character, and it would never do to run
the risk of allowing them to get into
unworthy hands. So take off your coat,
and get to work."

The Private Secretary obeyed the order
of his Chief, and was soon covered with
dust and documents. At last he came
upon a faded Blue book in a cobwebby
pigeon-hole, that had evidently been
allowed to lie undisturbed for many years.

"What's that?" asked the Chief.

"It seems to me something about re-
organisation. Centralisation is to be

discouraged, and the Department is to be
run on business lines."

"Dear me! what an odd idea! And
what is it called?"

"A Report for the Reconstruction of
the War Office,' and it bears the date of
1901."

Then the two officials looked round the
room in which they were sitting, with its
piles and piles of paper awaiting their
attention, and, meeting one another's eyes,
burst into laughter.

A VAIN QUEST.

["Mrs. NANCY IRVING, a wealthy Chicago
woman, is in search of an honest man. She offers
a prize of £200 for the rarity."—*Westminster
Gazette*.]

Shade of Diogenes speaks:

THROUGH every street of Athens I
With lighted lantern ran,
But nowhere could my glance descry
My quest, an honest man;
And now a lady, I am told,
Is seeking what I sought,
And offers many pounds of gold
For what I never caught.

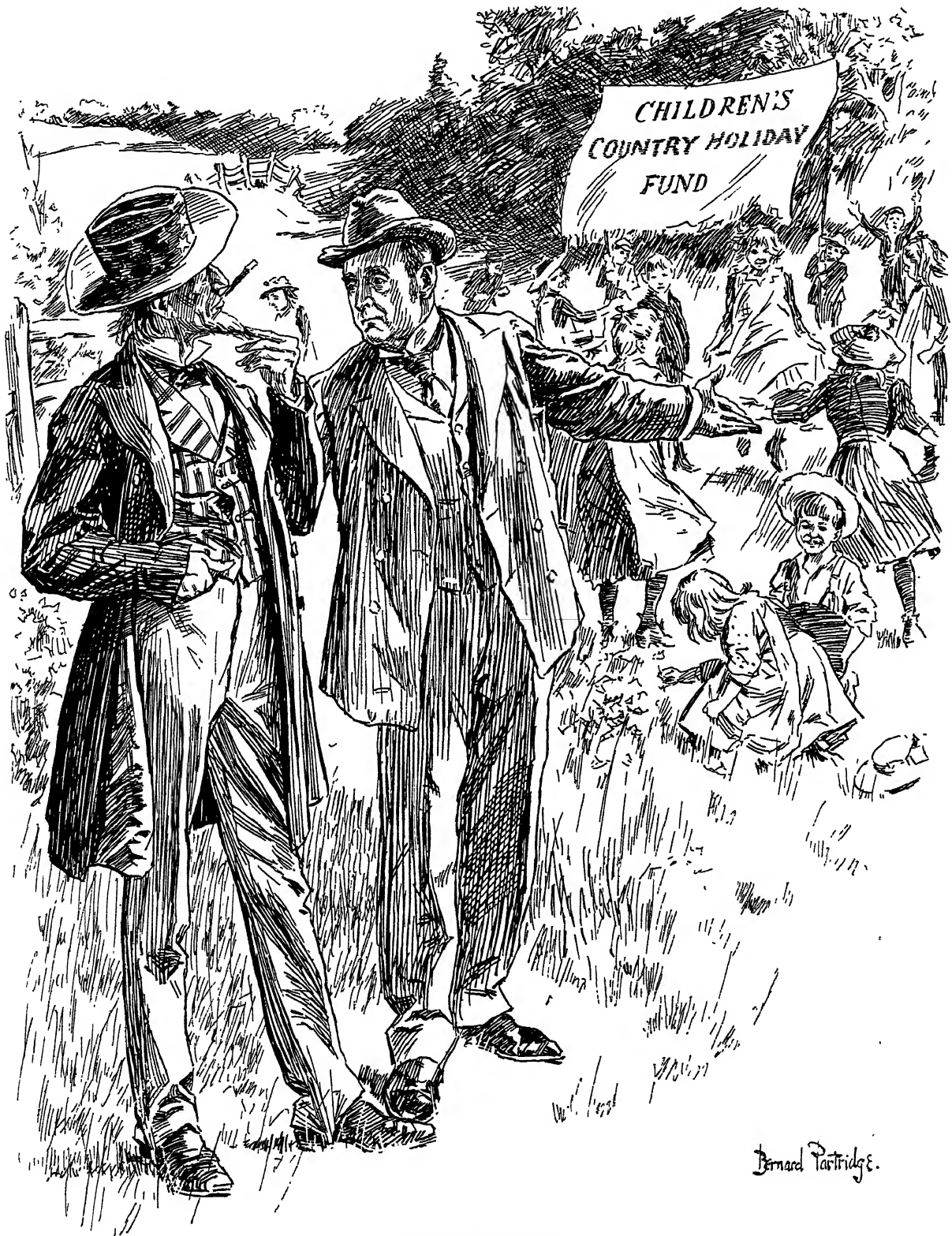
What! does she fondly hope to see
Where I was only blind?
In what strange corner hopeth she
Fair Honesty to find?
Her sister Truth is said to dwell
Where mortal cannot see,
Deep in a dark unfathomed well—
But where is Honesty?

Among the lawyers? Is she here?
Are they no longer bent
On making much the worse appear
The better argument?
Are they to-day so changed from these
Who practised in my youth?
And do they now ignore their fees
And only seek the Truth?

Among the doctors? Do they then
No more concoct bread pills
And colour water, curing men
Of all their mortal ills?
Are quacks extinct? And do they not
Invent new "treatments," and
Prescribe with cheerfulness for what
They cannot understand?

Among the merchants? What! Are they
Grown into honest men,
Preferring Truth to profit? Nay,
Quantum mutati then!
Do they no longer lie and cheat,
And puff each worthless ware?—
Strike me alive if you will meet
An honest person there!

Among the wise? Among the fools?
The saints who virtue preach?
The learned teachers of the schools?
The idle brats they teach?
Who, who is honest? Millionaire
Or starving little waif?—
Madam, be calm! Your gold, I swear,
Is absolutely safe.



RECIPROCITY.

Mr. Choate. "SAY, JONATHAN, YOU'VE BEEN GOING AROUND LATELY SHOWING THE BRITISHERS HOW TO RUN THEIR BUSINESS : SEEMS TO ME HERE'S SOMETHING WHERE YOU MIGHT TAKE A NOTION OR TWO FROM THEM."

["There is one excellent feature in the English institutions which similar ones in America lack, and that is the system of placing children in cottages. Not only is the system better organised in this country, but it is more economical. But for the efforts of this fund many children would have no holiday at all."—Speech of the U.S. Ambassador at the Annual Meeting in aid of "The Children's Country Holiday Fund." Vide "Times," June 11.]

OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 10.—*Lohengrin*. Opera far better than the House. Fräulein TERNINA superb as *Elsa*. Herr KNOTE knoteably good. But with Herr BLASS as *Heinrich*, why, Blass us all, what was the matter? Not up to his favourite form, while, on the other hand, the Ortrud of MARIE BREMA and the *Telramund* of VAN ROOY were as near perfection as these two melo-dramatically wicked Wagnerian characters are ever likely to attain. The long scene—which, to a mixed audience, where Wagnerianism is not predominant, is riskily tedious—"went" so perfectly that faddists and anti-faddists joined hands in vehement applause. Herr LOHSE conducted finely, and "they do say" that never, in a general way, has there been a better performance.

Tuesday.—Conspicuous by our absence.

Wednesday.—Impossible to be in more than two places at one and the same time, and this evening was entirely devoted to the *Diner Tenniel*.

ADDITIONAL ANTICIPATIONS.—II.

(By R. Tesian Wells.)

IN his articles appearing in the *Fortnightly Review*, the other prophet named WELLS seems to anticipate alterations in every part of the world. But if we look back fifty or sixty years we find that, though some countries have become quite different, others have not changed at all. It is probable that this condition of things will continue, as shown by the following further extracts from the journals of the latter half of this century, the *Morning Motor* or the *Afternoon Aërostat*.

China.—Meeting Ministers discussed position affairs practically unaltered. Aged Emperor continues issuing edicts. Last one appointed WUN WOP PING LI, great-nephew notorious LI HUNG CHANG, conduct negotiations. Return Court Pekin postponed consequence weather. State weather not mentioned. Probably hot unless cold. Possibly dry unless wet. Emperor's age also given reason delay, but many remark this unlikely diminish by waiting. Sanguine Europeans believe indemnities paid and final settlement arranged this century. Sanguine Europeans fifty years ago believed same. Ministers discuss next year form of loan. Yesterday's casualties, international troops: Pekin, one Englishman, five Frenchmen, two Germans, three Hungarians wounded. No deaths. Conflicts unusually mild, Japanese police arriving time prevent bloodshed. Hot weather also promotes peace among allies, causing indolence. American Minister left Pekin attend opening direct St. Petersburg—Nankin railway by Russian Governor of Yang-tsze Provinces.

America.—Emperor of All the Americas



HINTS TO BEGINNERS—SEA FISHING.

IN FISHING FOR CONGOR EELS, IT IS SOMETIMES CONVENIENT TO HAVE A SPARE BOAT.

left San Francisco yesterday in Imperial 75-knot, 30,000-ton electric yacht, tour colonial possessions Asia, Europe, Africa, and visit President Japanese Republic. Magnificent spectacle escorting fleet amphibious platinumclads forming motor forts on land. Emperor attended by suite ex-Presidents conquered Republics South America and elsewhere, also Duke of PITTSBURG, Imperial Chancellor, Marquis of MICHIGAN, Hereditary Great Tin Stick in Waiting, Lord KANSAS CITY, Chief Usher of the Back Staircase, and Lord POKER FLATS, Grand Secretary Imperial Order of the Striped Star.

Turkey.—Sultan received yesterday Lord LEXINGTON, American Ambassador. Stormy interview. Sultan endeavoured borrow fifty piastres for immediate personal needs purchase second-hand frock-coat in London. Existing one worn out. Treasury empty. Government loans impossible. Ambassador required order

fifty men-of-war American shipbuilders. Also purchase frock-coat Bowery New York. Sultan refused. No money buy ships. Also he and predecessors always accustomed London fashion. Lord LEXINGTON threatened demand passports and bombard Yildiz Kiosk. Finally required Sultan order nominally five hundred 10,000-ton amphibious platinumclads, actually receiving one 25-ton aluminium submarine, paying monthly instalments seven piastres. American Imperial Government then supply frock-coat latest Chicago cut, now preferred obsolete London style, holding Smyrna and other ports Asia Minor not Russian as security. Sultan said indifferent fate of Asia Minor or condition Turkish fleet but must have twenty piastres pocket-money. Finally accepted nineteen piastres, signing iradé commanding Minister Marine order five hundred platinumclads immediately.

H. D. B.

ON STAGE "FOOD AND FEEDING."

WE were discussing theatrical banquets as given on the stage, whether in farce, opera, or drama, and one and all agreed that, commencing with the very grand affair at Glamis Castle, which was of the nature of a public dinner given by that superbly entertaining couple King MACBETH and his amiable queen on their accession to the Scottish throne, and continuing with the feasts of foolishness and flow of melody in *Les Huguenots*, *Don Giovanni*, *Traviata*, and many others, down to the wedding breakfast in *Trelawny of the Wells*, all such stage festivities were like the "super" guests and the "property" goblets, mere empty forms, mere outward show, ridiculous even to an audience most charitably disposed towards an accepted "stage illusion," and eminently unsatisfactory to the inner consciousness of a healthy appetite possessed by the most eminent actors, whatever their line might be.

Then we, well acquainted with the usual stock-in-trade anecdotes of the Drama, recalled how a real meal had invariably to be provided on the stage at any theatre whenever the old musical farce of *No Song no Supper* was performed. "There is also," quoth somebody present, "the story of a superb banquet given by Madame VESTRIS at the Olympic in some play,"—but here the narrator hesitated, and was lost. The verdict finally arrived at was, and so will remain for some considerable time, that in the second act of Mr. F. ANSTY'S *Man from Blankley's*, now going stronger than ever at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the dinner-party scene is unique and is a triumph of stage-management.

In days gone by, Realism on the stage was a constant theme for argument. Like the briar that flourished over the graves of *Lord Lovel* and *Lady Nancy Bell*, this Realism "grew, and it grew, and it gre-e-ew, until it couldn't gre-e-w any higher," and we had everything real, boats, ships, cabs, carriages, locomotives, fire-engines, and galloping horses, until all that was wanted to complete the triumph of realism was real acting, and this was comparatively rare. Realism is in the first stage of its decadence: against the introduction on the stage of such material objects as engines, cabs, and billiard-tables there is a reaction; "we don't want 'em any more," as the song, once so popular, had it. But, instead, we are going to have on the stage "living pictures" of real life; and, to begin with, here at the Prince of Wales' Theatre is the real presentment of a genuine dinner party given by eminently respectable people living in a semi-suburban quarter of London. It is a cleverly-contrived scene; the dinner is steadily gone through. The hired waiter, a butler out of an engagement, one *Dawes*, is delightfully played by Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, who directs the two parlour-maids, and superintends the entire arrangements. Soup, fish, *entrées*, joints, sweets, vegetables are all duly handed, the conversation is fitful, there are bursts of sound, there is a hum, there is a silence, and so perfect is the stage-craft that the audience, having granted the premises, follow all the dialogue that skilfully assists the plot and develops the characters, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world for any guest at a dinner-table to say what he didn't wish anyone else to hear in a tone so skilfully pitched as to reach the furthest limits of the gallery and pit.

Miss FANNY BROUGH is immense in this scene, as she is throughout the piece, sharing the success with Miss JESSIE BATEMAN, Miss PATEMAN, Miss VICTOR, and all the representatives of the guests with their most artistically marked individualities, who, as a rule, have caught so exactly the tone of the situation as to make the perfectly self-contained *Lord Strathpeffer*, played by CHARLES HAWTREY at his very best, stand out in admirable contrast with Mr. HENRY KEMBLE'S capital presentment of the pompous old humbug of a Radical, *Gabriel Gihuttle*, and with the tricks and manners of the curious collection of antiquities that figure at the oval table *chez TIDMARSH*, of Ledbury Square, Bayswater.

TO GAD'S HILL AND BACK.

(From a *Pickwickian Note-Book*.)

Saturday, June 8.—Received at Rochester (dear, quaint old town, so reminiscent of *Jingle*, *Job's* tragedian brother, and *Pickwickians*) by the kind and courteous Dean HOLÉ, who, in the Guildhall, made us welcome to "Dickens Town" and "Dickens Land," in a neat speech, which was a perfect model of plain, unadorned oratory, although the Dean, so justly celebrated for his love of horticulture and for his rose-growing, might have filled it with the choicest flowers of speech. The Dean, who has seen some eighty summers, is as bright as ever he was when first this present deponent had the pleasure of seeing him—"ridi tantum" on that occasion—some—well, no matter how many—years ago. His Reverence was JOHN LEECH'S companion during that *Little Tour in Ireland*, of which I regret to say I have not a copy on my shelves. This must be remedied.

How perfect a day we had! Thanks, first and foremost, to one bearing the world-honoured name of DICKENS, yclept HENRY, Q.C., and then to the energy of that devoted *Pickwickian*, PERCY FITZGERALD, who had ingeniously mapped out our route from Rochester, where, at the "Bull," were evoked such pleasant memories of *Winkle* and *Dr. Slammer*, of *Jingle* and *Dismal Jemmy*, and of the genial Mr. *Pickwick* himself, that had we stayed the night at the ancient hostelry, most certainly should we have seen the shades of these old friends celebrating with us the CHARLES DICKENS Anniversary. Thence to the "Leather Bottel," at Cobham, where Mr. *Tupman* consoled himself for the loss of *Rachel Wardle*, and then, to the orchestral accompaniment of thousands of humming insects, for a stroll amidst a perfect forest of rhododendrons in all their luxuriance of harmoniously varied colour.

Gad's Hill. To the House, to the room, to the study. The true spirit of pilgrimage all of us realise in the quiet, in the English homeliness, in the very Dickensian atmosphere of the House and grounds, over which the Boz Club is courteously shown by our courteous hosts, Mr. and Mrs. LATHAM, now owners of the property. Here he had constructed, here he had laid out his plots, here was his fancy, there his delight, and everywhere his work. Dear was it to him to recall the Shakspearean tradition of the place; dearer to us to recall him, the great master of truth in fiction. Our conversation is entirely of him, inseparable from his work. And when the moment comes that this delightful day must end, then there is one toast, one only, silently responded to with all our hearts, the name of "Boz." And so ends an informally kept anniversary.

A few days after the above recorded visit to *Gad's Hill*, I was the favoured recipient of a photogravure portrait by the Gresham Publishing Company, Glasgow, of CHARLES DICKENS, which is an admirable likeness of the great novelist, exactly as he was on the last occasion I ever had the great satisfaction of seeing him. As far as my memory serves, this likeness is perfect. Who having once seen DICKENS could ever forget him?

Odd, too, that this should come from Glasgow. On the spur of the moment, I can only recall two sketches of Scotch or Irish character in all DICKENS. 'Tis a pity that the *Pickwickians* never crossed the border. How *Tracy Tupman* would have lost his heart over and over again to the Scotch lassies and the Irish colleens! Had DICKENS taken them to Ireland, how Killarney would have inspired Poet *Snodgrass*! Mr. *Winkle* at the Curragh, and *Sam Weller* in a faction fight, would have been delightful! And how Mr. *Pickwick* would have filled his note-book with reminiscences of *Watergrass*! Perhaps best as it is, and with the best all true *Pickwickians* are content.

THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS' CONGRESS AT BERLIN.—The *Times* of Saturday, June 15, reports that the members of this Congress were to be "entertained" (last Friday evening) "in the Zoological Gardens." Evidently the Berliners consider their guests as genuine "Lions."

THE PALE POEM.

SOUR of the seasons song!
 A panting poem pale
 I cast
 Among
 A ghast-
 Ly throng
 Of singers who assail;
 My mellow melody,
 Tho' framed in fancy frail and pallid
 phantasy.

'Mid modern Muse's murk
 In loveliness I lilt;
 I fling
 To Time
 A thing
 Sublime
 In bud-like beauty built.
 In silver sadness I
 Repine when I perpend pale poems some-
 times die.

In mystic maze I muse,
 In odour eke occult;
 You mind
 That I'm
 A kind
 Of rhyme
 Divinely difficult:
 A pale-pink pleasaunce ground
 With pensive poppies pranced and purple
 palings round.

'Pon pinions pale I poise
 Like bliss-born butterfly
 O'er rose.
 I wreath
 In throes,
 And breathe
 Each echo's ecstasy.
 In phantom fields I dwell,
 Like love-lorn lily limp or azure asphodel.

Nor to my passion pale
 One thought I bring, because
 I try
 To see
 If I
 Can be
 As faint and fearful as
 The poems of to-day.
 I think I am, and shall endure as long as
 they.

PEOPLE WHO PALL ON ME.

IV.—THE "WORTHY PERSON."

POSSIBLY this term was invented as a polite equivalent for mental decay, as the worthy person is, as a rule, quite elderly. Who ever heard of a young man or woman that was a worthy person? If a youth evinces a leaning toward intellectual obtuseness, we call him a young ass, or words to that effect. But after a certain age the young ass is transformed into a worthy person. He may be a preacher, for instance, with a faculty for verbosity



Auntie. "I WONDER WHAT MAMMA WILL SAY WHEN YOU TELL HER HOW NAUGHTY YOU'VE BEEN."

Little Girl. "I SHAN'T, THOUGH. I'LL SAY I'VE BEEN VERY GOOD."

Auntie. "YOU CAN'T DO THAT, MY DEAR. IT WILL BE A LIE."

Little Girl. "OO, BOTHER! I FORGOT ABOUT LIES!"

such as Lady SUSAN HARABIN and Mr. LUCIEN EDENSOR agreed to condemn; but you will be informed by a host of old lady apologists that he is really a very worthy man. Or, if among your acquaintances there be one man or woman woefully deficient in tact, and dull beyond the dreams of idiocy, you are sure to be told that this individual is a very worthy person. "I know that worthy person," you cry, with a foresight born of bitter experience; "he comes from Bore-land."

But, says the Apologist, he is kind-hearted, and surely— Nay, I protest most strenuously this only aggravates the case. Were the worthy person a Peck-sniff you could unmask him with a glow of satisfaction, but his amiable intentions disarm your attack while they render him the more intolerable. An amiable bore is the very worst kind of bore. Your shafts of ridicule fall hopelessly tangled

in the rank weedy growth of his benevolent intentions. The iciness of your manner never affects him because it never reaches its destination. The warm, enervating atmosphere of tropical geniality that surrounds him protects him from the Arctic moods of acquaintances. No, the poet who wrote thoughtlessly about kind hearts forgot the worthy person. After all, a coronet is an asset while a kind-hearted worthy person is too often merely an ass.

There is only one course to take with worthy persons—avoid them. When you hear the epithet, think of the red flag that precedes the steam-roller and beware. Otherwise, the steed of your temper, which you usually can keep so well under control, will jib and rear when the puffing truisms and snorting commonplaces of the ponderous, slow-moving "worthy person" come within the range of sight and hearing.

"POSTERS."

I.

WHEN in the stalls you're yawning at a play you read that morning

Was a lurid melodrama and would "thrill you to the core,"
When you find it dull and dreary and you're absolutely weary
Of fair damsels in dilemmas that so oft you've seen before;
Then you think about a poster with a new and novel scene
on it,

A moonlight night—the Scotch express—a rock about to fall!
When the hero, who's to warn her, does the rescue round the
corner,

Then you say, "Well, what a swindle was the poster on the
wall!"

II.

When the arid veldt is parching and when TOMMY is a-marching
With his rags a-hanging round him on a chase of no avail,
When for home he's sick and dying and when critics are a-crying
"We must send another army for the one we've got is stale;"
Then he thinks about a poster—dashing military men on it.

With scarlet coats and polished boots—alert at bugle call.
When fighting proves a lengthy bout and khaki blots the glamour
out,

Then he says, "Well, what a swindle was the poster on the
wall!"

III.

When there's been a snap election and you find that your
selection

Is disposed to sweetly slumber through the thunder of debate,
When his time he's been a-sparing and he's also been a-pairing
With an extra-ultra-anti law and order reprobate;

Then you think about a poster and the breezy British style
on it,

How doggedly he'd guard your rights within St. Stephen's
hall.

When in no wise self-asserting he is on the Terrace flirting,
Then you say, "Well, what a swindle was the poster on the
wall!"

IV.

When pictorial advertising and attractions appetising
Have inveigled you to wander to a Continental Spa,
But instead of being fêted you perceive it's just created
And you sit in silent solitude and wonder where you are;
Then you think about a poster and the gay and giddy throng
on it,

A Kursaal looking rakish and suggestions of a ball;
When the "Great Confetti Battle" is the hailstones' rattle,
rattle!

Then you say, "Well, what a swindle was the poster on the
wall!"

HUAN MEE.

FROM SHADE TO SHADE.

To Charles Dickens, Esq.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Why do we meet so rarely? No count-
less leagues of Shadow-land divide us. The journey is not a
long one. The steam-boats on the Acheron are lately much
improved, and there is an excellent service of the best motor-
cars from the place of landing. All these advantages are fully
set out in our time-tables—yet for some reason, as I say, we
rarely meet. This must be altered. Will you make up your
mind and pack up your traps and come to me on Tuesday next?
I have some fine Chambertin, and TERRÉ, dear old TERRÉ—you
remember his queer little place in the Rue Neuve des Petits
Champs—has promised to provide a dish of *bouillabaisse*. I
have asked FIELDING, CHARLES LAMB, and one or two other
bright particular souls to be of the company. GOLDSMITH and
GARRICK and DICK STEELE may come. ADDISON is uncertain,
but, to tell you the truth, if he fails us I shall not grieve un-

duly. He's a good creature, but has a mighty capacity for
being ponderous, and after two glasses he quotes from himself.
As I'm a dead sinner, I cannot stand anything more from
Cato or *The Campaign*. They're well enough in their way,
but it's not your way or mine, and even on earth that bit
about pale Britannia was done to death.

Well, CHARLES, they have been celebrating you, I see, in
your well-loved haunts, visiting Gad's Hill in cheerful state,
and recalling to one another the places consecrated by your
genius. It was well done, a pious pilgrimage to a happy
shrine. It is right that they should sometimes think of us who
pass our days far removed from the cheerful laughter and the
friendly voices of living men. What would they say if we told
them the truth? Would they pity us or envy if they knew that
we existed among the creatures of our own creating, each of us
in his own little kingdom with his own retainers and his own
population made for him by his brain? Had I but known in
time, I think I might have spared myself a snob or two. *Barry*
Lyndon amused me at first, but he's a drunken unprincipled
rascal. Something of a coward too, as you may judge when I
tell you that old *Costigan* cuffed him soundly last week for
having threatened to kick *Jos Sedley*, and *Barry*, though he
made much noise, never gave a cuff in return. I always sus-
pected the rogue's bluster, and now I know. You, too, could
be happy, I believe, without *Jonas* or *Carker*, and even *Mrs.*
Gamp may prove a trial. But *que faire?* They are but as we
made them, and, such as they are, we must endure them.

•No matter, come on Tuesday and let us renew our life and our
youth and the happy days that are no more. Be sure of this,
whatever else you may be doubtful of: no man ever had for
you a more loyal regard and admiration than he who now writes
to you and asks you to bear him company. And in your genial
soul, what room can there be for anything but noble loyalty
and generous good fellowship? Farewell.

Yours, as ever, in friendship and esteem,

W. M. THACKERAY.

MCCORIOLANUS PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

DURING the playing of *Coriolanus* at the Lyceum the playing
of the orchestra, to the ears of the uninitiated, seemed to be
but the pleasant Mackenzieish flavouring to the somewhat
heavy Shakspearean dish. Severed from its close connection
with *Volumnia's* big boy, and produced by itself at an after-
noon concert at Queen's Hall, even Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,
conducting his own work in person, must have been satisfied
not only with the orchestra's admirable performance, but also
with its enthusiastic reception by an audience in whose
ears, when it was given at the theatre as part and parcel of
the play, its beauties would probably have passed unnoticed.

In a drama, music that would stand by its own intrinsic
merit, or fall by the absence of it, has but a poor chance
of being taken seriously and at its real value when blended
into the action and overpowered by such dialogue as falls to
the lot of the Hectorlike youthful Roman warrior. Sir ALEC's
is a musical dish *à part*, and the more frequently it is heard,
as given on this occasion, the more popular will it become.

And while on the subject of this same afternoon concert, it
must be recorded how admirably VERDI's *Requiem* was rendered
by Mesdames MARIE BREMA and SOBRINO, Messieurs PLANÇON
and ANSELM, and a chorus which differed from our gay young
opera choristers and light-of-other-days singers at Covent
Garden in being as nearly perfect in every respect as possible.
Those who were not present on this occasion missed a great
treat, though maybe they were consoled by some other equally
great treat in another quarter of the musical world.

WHY did the Oval "look round"?

Because there were so many "maidens" bold there.

BACILLUS AMORIS.

A German pathologist is reported to have discovered a serum which kills the *Bacillus amoris*.—*Daily Paper*.]

LET pathology work as it will,
And puzzle its brains as it pleases
To find out a serum to kill
The oldest of mortal diseases;
But bootless and vain is its aim,
And most ineffective its lore is,
For hark! how its victims exclaim,
"Thrice welcome, *Bacillus amoris*!"

"I can't write my leader," cried JONES,
"My thoughts will not centre upon it,"
While SMITH in the counting-house owns
He is trying his hand at a sonnet.
Yet they are not incensed when they see
How their wits have been wandering,
nor is
Their anger directed at thee,
Seductive *Bacillus amoris*.

What follows is perfectly plain:
It means a most shocking dispersal
Of energy, money and brain,
And the havoc is quite universal;
All suffer alike, rich and poor,
Red Radicals, crusted old Tories—
And is there no possible cure
For this fatal *Bacillus amoris*?

Some doctors by poverty swear,
And all other serums disparage,
While others will solemnly swear
There's nothing so certain as marriage;
Some tell you that honeymoons kill
With absolute sureness. What stories!
I've tried all the three, and I still
Am a prey to *Bacillus amoris*.



'HAPPY THOUGHT!'

Harry. "OH, NELLIE DARLING, I'M SO UNHAPPY! I FEEL WE SHALL NEVER GET YOUR FATHER'S CONSENT TO OUR MARRIAGE."

Nellie. "OH, HARRY DEAR, I FEEL WE SHALL . . . I HAVE AN IDEA! . . . WE MUST GET MAMMA TO OBJECT, AND IT'S SURE TO COME RIGHT!"

[We understand the banns were published within a week.—ED. P.]

AN INVOCATION.

["Commerce states that the habit of tea-drinking is becoming prevalent in Persia."]

WAKE from the dust, old OMAR, with surprise
And rub the earth from your bewildered eyes.
Wipe from your raiment wine's besotting stain,
In modern Persia other cults arise.

Not in the tavern where the ribald throng
Of vetoed juices come to raise your song,
The cups that cheer but not inebriate
Should be your theme—rich syrupy Souchong.

A cosy table in an A. B. C.,
A buttered scone, is good enough for me,
A willing maid to answer to my call,
And for a Jug of Wine—a Cup of Tea.

I sent my soul the nation's drink to scan,
Westward to Frisco, eastward to Japan,
And everywhere the fragrant cup I find,
And everywhere the heathen Chinaman.

Some quaff their Bass, or Special Scotch, and some
Cocktails, some Veuve Cliquot or costly Mumm,—

Ah, give me but one meal, at five o'clock,
And for the music but a kettle-drum.

So, OMAR (since all booms must terminate),
While Bridge and Ping-pong now usurp your state,
You yet may win another lease of life,
By posing as a Temperance Advocate.

A SEASIDE ROUNDEL.

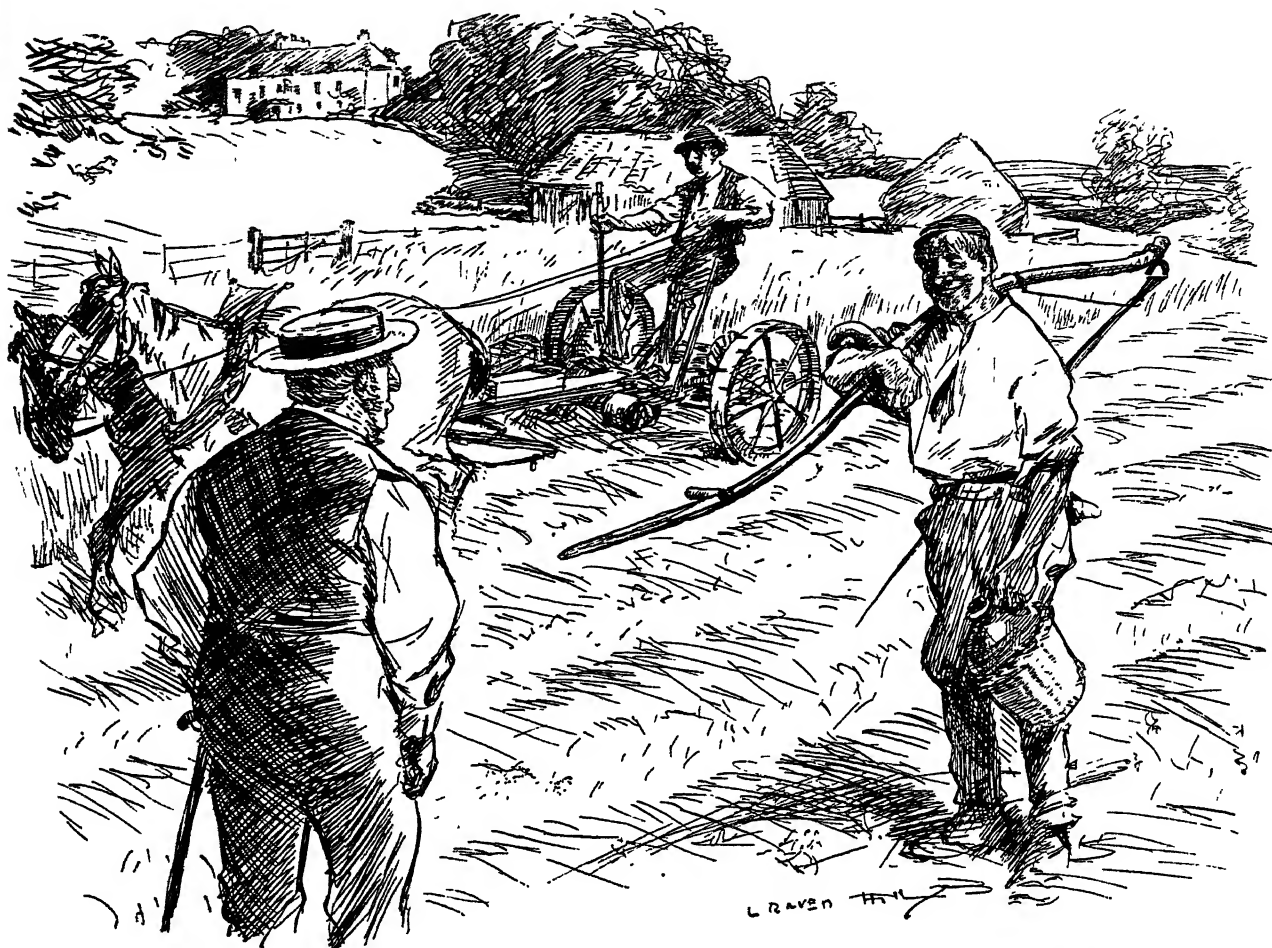
On the sands as loitering I stand
Where my point of view the scene commands,
I survey the prospect fair and grand
On the sands.

Niggers, half a dozen German bands,
Photographic touts, persistent, bland,
Chiromancers reading dirty hands,

Nursemaids, children, preachers, skiffs that land
Trippers with cigars of fearful brands,
Donkeys—everything, in short, but sand—
On the sands.

"SPRING, SPRING! BEAUTIFUL SPRING!"

IN a daily paper, under the heading of "Fashionable Furniture," there appeared an explanatory sub-title suggesting "What Spring Brides should buy for the Home." "Spring Brides!" What elastic young women they ought to be! Female "Bounders," it is to be feared. And, of course, everything to match, as, naturally, in the very fitness of things, the Bouncing Bridegroom would buy his Bounding Bride (lovely title for a Romance, *The Bounder's Bride*!) a mansion in Spring Gardens, where there would be fountains of spring water, and where every room would be furnished with spring cushions, spring chairs, the house itself having been, of course, quite recently "spring-cleaned."



Farmer. "THERE'S NO NEED TO ASK WHERE YOU'VE A-BIN 'ANGING ABOUT ALL THIS TIME,—YOU'VE A-BIN AT THE 'BLACK DOG.' I WISH TO GOODNESS THAT 'ERE PUBLIC WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE!"
 Giles. "SO D' I. I WISH 'TWERE IN THIS 'ERE FIELD, I DO!"

A RECORD BANQUET.

THE banquet given to "Our Sir JOHN TENNIEL" was a splendid public tribute, as the Chairman, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, in a speech [replete with most refined and delicate humour, felicitously expressed it, "to a great artist and a great gentleman." "And," as the words of the old chorus—suddenly started as if by inspiration, and on this occasion sung "with one heart and voice" in unison, by all present upstanding—have it, "So say all of us." So sang "all of us" present, and so feel and say all to whom the work of Mr. *Punch's* great cartoonist is familiar during the last half-century.

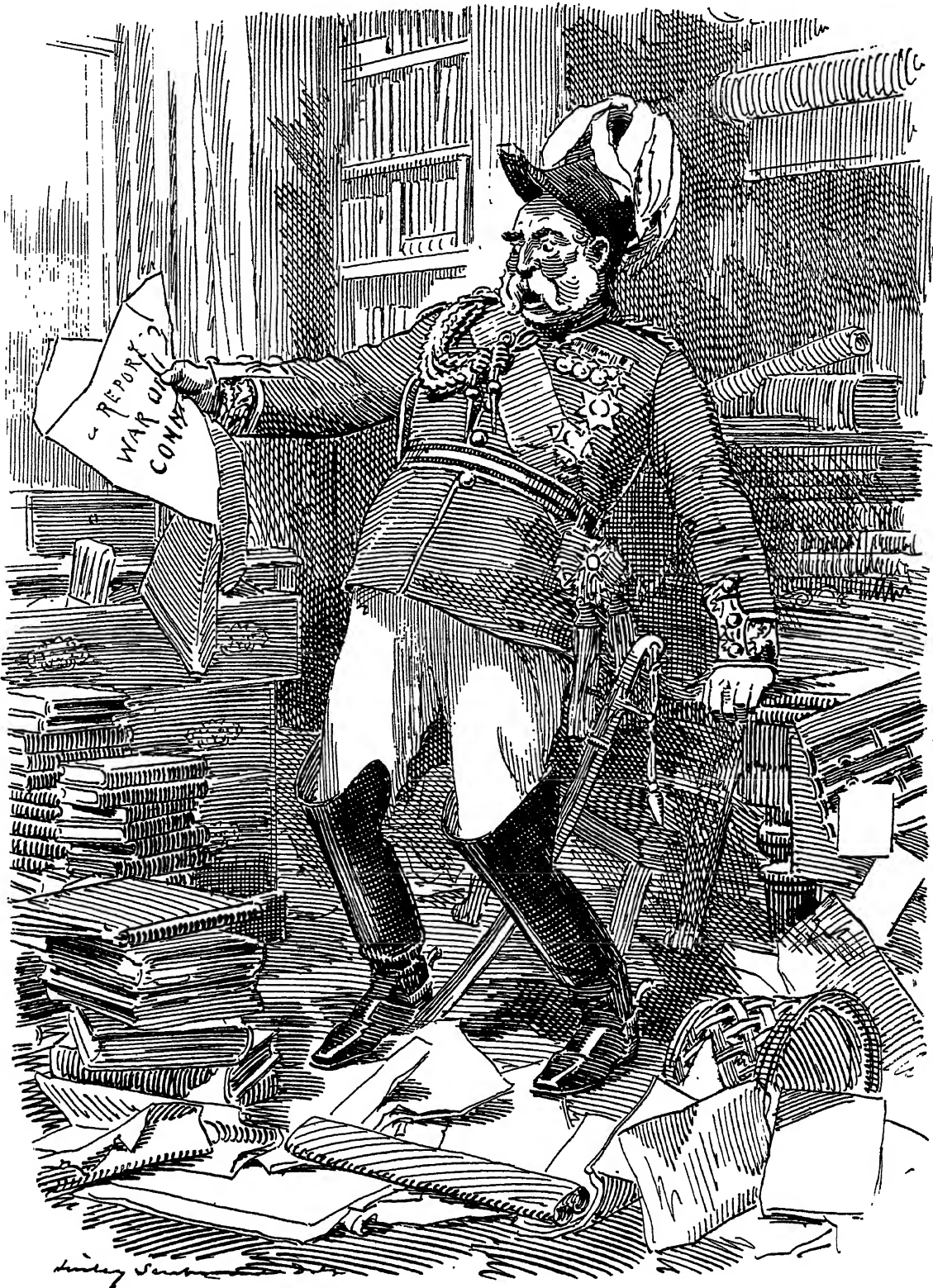
For some seconds the guest of the evening, rising to reply, could scarcely restrain his emotion, nor summon up from "the vasty depths" of his large heart the words that would not "come when they were called." If, like the blessed and aristocratic Ben de Vere (so often quoted), "'twas his to speak," then 'twas ours to cheer. The eloquent speeches were silvery indeed, but this most eloquent silence was golden. More than a mere few in that great company experienced a certain choky sensation in the throat, and a stronger throb of the pulse that proved how their hearts were in warmest sympathy with the silent orator, whose pathetic pause was just that "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

At that supreme moment there was not a man amongst us who would not have forgotten injuries and shaken hands with

his bitterest foe. The pathos of those blanks in Sir JOHN'S speech was sublime; those blanks, indeed, were prizes distributed to all present as lasting memorials of a gathering absolutely unique in its character.

As was the occasion, so was the *recherché* dinner: artistically ordered, excellently served, wines of the very best, as perfect a model to all public-dinner caterers as were the few speeches delivered perfect models of post-prandial oratory. And yet, brilliant as was the entire evening, all present, as Mr. AUGUSTIN BIRRELL finely said, "had had from Sir JOHN TENNIEL a speech which made one in love with silence."

All sympathised with the Chairman in regretting the enforced absence of Lord ROSEBURY, to whom the initiative of this banquet was due, and, in mentioning this, it will not be considered a breach of etiquette to add that Lord JAMES OF HEREFORD and Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD are to be specially thanked for their invaluable assistance and hearty co-operation which had helped to somewhat lighten the labours of the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. CHARLES WILLIE MATHEWS, who, on Lord ROSEBURY'S suggestion, had most willingly undertaken a task of no little difficulty as a labour of love, purely out of a sense of the highest personal esteem for Sir JOHN TENNIEL, as "great gentleman and great artist," whose admirable work in the service of the British Public, and for the matter of that of the civilised world, for over half a century, ought to receive, as it now has done, the heartiest public recognition.



A SOUL ABOVE BUSINESS.

GENERAL MUDDLE. "GOOD GAD, SIR! WHAT! RUN THE WAR OFFICE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES!! HOPE WE HAVEN'T COME TO THAT YET."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.—If anything could abash the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, or bring the crimson blush



"DOT ONE PENNY."

(Sir Fr-d-r-ck D-x-n dot H-rtl-nd)

to the cheek of DON'T KEIR HARDIE, it was DIXON-HARTLAND's demonstration of the dirt-cheapness of British Royalty. Select Committee to which King's Civil List originally referred unanimously agreed to certain resolutions. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE alone in his opposition; drew up report of his own, which stood in severe minority of one; had satisfaction of seeing it printed for benefit of posterity side by side with Majority Report. Restated his objections on earlier stage of Bill. Reasonable to suppose that would serve. To-night House in Committee on the Bill. Coming back refreshed with Whitsun holidays the SAGE begins *ab ovo*, as a Member long gone over to the majority once said on the third reading of a drainage Bill. Puts down amendments to every clause of Bill; some hours of sultry night passed by overwhelming majority in walking through the No Lobby.

It was on amendment to reduce total amount of Civil List from £470,000 to £415,000, that DIXON-HARTLAND interposed. A busy man, a banker, author of the *Genealogical History of the Royal Houses of Europe*, FREDERICK DIXON DIXON-HARTLAND, Bart., felt the time had come to bring the loyal foot down on the head of the incipient dragon of Democracy. The SAGE insisted £470,000 a year too much to pay for Royalty; DON'T KEIR HARDIE, frowning above voluminous blood-red necktie that must have cost at least one-and-nine in the Borough, backed him up.

"Very well," said the many-syllabled HARTLAND; "we'll see."

Devoted the reasonably long Whitsun recess to preparation of table designed to show comparative cheapness of home-bred

Royalty; worked the sum out in decimal fractions; nothing like being precise in these matters.

"The cost of Royalty in Germany per head of the population," he said, glancing sternly over his spectacles at the shrinking figure of the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, "is dot 3½d.; in Italy it is dot 4½d.; in Spain," here he turned his regard upon DON'T KEIR HARDIE, who ostentatiously affected complete indifference, "it is dot 4d., plus the sixteenth part of a penny; in Russia it is dot 5d."

Committee beginning to simmer with laughter F. D. D-H., sternly regarding the two prisoners in the dock opposite, emphatically repeated the dot; Committee broke into irreverent laughter.

"DIXON-HARTLAND's getting quite dotty," someone whispered, and the laughter rose again.

The Baronet, temporarily withdrawing his gaze from benches below the Gangway opposite, turned with amazement to regard the laughing faces that circled him.

"In this country," he added, in tones of tragic solemnity, "the cost of Royalty is dot one penny."

After this nothing more was heard or said amid the whirlwind of laughter. F. D. D-H. sat down; but he had made his point—I mean his dot, and aggressive Democracy was ground to powder.

Business done.—Civil List passed after much exercise in Division Lobby.

Tuesday night.—"Man and boy, I've been in the House of Commons twenty-eight years," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "and I never saw the game played quite so low down as to-night."

Appointed business, statement by PRINCE ARTHUR affecting affairs through remainder of Session. There being only thirty-nine Questions on Paper, reasonable to suppose that motion appropriating remaining time of Session would come on about four o'clock. An hour's talk would serve, and at five o'clock the House would settle down to debate on Factories and Workshops' Bill, which affects the health and comfort of hundreds of thousands of men and women. This forecast founded on assumption that House of Commons is a business assembly, its affairs controlled by dictates of common-sense. That's just where the bottom falls out of the bucket. What happened was that two Private Bills, one affecting a Gas Company, the other a Railway Company, took precedence, waiving aside the Leader of the House, Members with Questions, Ministers with Answers.

The two first and freshest hours of sitting appropriated for these Bills, it looked as if business really at hand. "Oh, no, you don't," said JOHN DILLON.

Among list of private business was a Provisional Order affecting the Arizona Copper Company. What's the Arizona Copper Company to the Irish Member, or

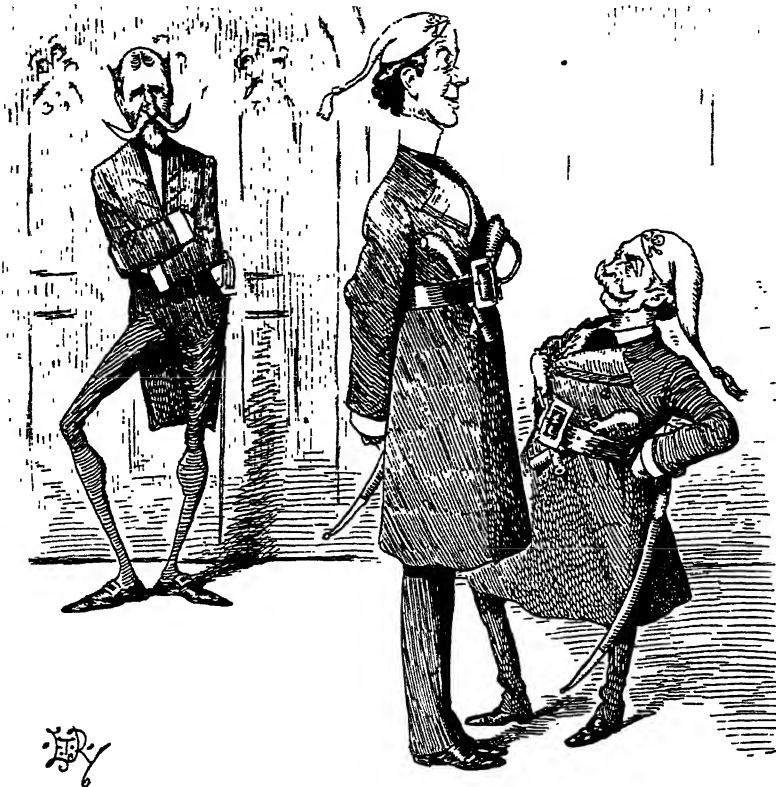
the Irish Member to it, that he should weep for it? Nothing more than HECUBA was to the player who rehearsed before *Hamlet*. But it would serve as well as anything to obstruct business and prevent the case of the factory workers being fairly considered. Accordingly, another half-hour wasted, whilst DILLON and REDMOND *ainé* talked about Arizona Copper Company, on which they frankly confessed they knew absolutely nothing. Meanwhile the SPEAKER sat in Chair impotent to prevent this prank, and the mightiest Legislative Assembly in the world, whose word can launch a thousand ships or place in the field an army that could storm the topmost towers of Ilium, quietly suffered.

The Factories' Bill was not taken in hand till half-past nine, with the knowledge that Debate might not extend beyond midnight. Thus two hours and a-half were allotted to business and six and a-half to approaching it. PRINCE ARTHUR remarked that it is impossible for outside public to understand certain nuances of procedure. That is true; but the public will understand the bald statement of fact here set forth, and, in imitation of WILSON BARRETT in a shelved play, will throw up gaunt arms and cry aloud, "How long? How long?"

Business done.—Remainder of Session commandeered for public business. The Divine SARA reviewed Parliamentary forces from the Ladies' Gallery. Much puzzled by its construction. "Your Poet



"I do not propose, Mr. Speaker, to enlarge on this topic."
(Sir M-r-k St-w-rt.)



"CORSAIRS" IN THE OFFING.

Law and Order keeps an eye on two piratical craft.
(Cap'en T-mmy B-wl-s, and Mr. R-g-n-l-d M-ck-nna.)

was wrong, *cher* TOBIE," she said, "Iron bars do make a cage."

Thursday night.—House laughed when, the other day, C.-B. announced discovery that if of six battalions you send three out of the country six don't remain. Laughed again to-night when CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES delicately alluded to fragment of the Gibraltar Defences Commission still serving. Originally there were four Members. Having mentioned that in certain circumstances he had resigned, the CAP'EN added, "I do not know what has since occurred with what remained of the Commission."

Numerically, the fragment was three-quarters of the whole. But in estimating value something more than numerals must be taken into account. For example, there's Great Britain, Jersey, Alderney and Sark—four islands. If by some convulsion of Nature Great Britain were whelmed in the sea, Jersey, Alderney and Sark remaining intact, we, regardless of their aggregate number, would naturally allude to them as "what remained of the Islands." Thus the CAP'EN was, as usual, right, the frivolous House only too ready to ripple the stagnant water of its procedure with gust of laughter.

Business done.—Two hours appropriated for private Bill; one hour and a half for Questions, mostly frivolous; another hour and a half for motion for adjournment in

order that CAP'EN TOMMY might reel off his speech about Gibraltar. This brought Sitting up to eight o'clock, leaving four hours for work out of a possible nine.

Friday night.—PLUTARCH having given up writing, HENRY BROADHURST takes pen in hand and gives us the history of his life (HUTCHINSON). A very good book it is; interesting story of honest, arduous daily life, simply, modestly told. His acquaintance with the Home Office is intimate and unique. In his early capacity as a stonemason he helped to build it; many years later he sat in one of its carpeted rooms Under-Secretary for State for the Department. Every soldier knows he carries in his knapsack the *bâton* of a Field Marshal. BROADHURST has proved that the working mason may carry in his basket the quill pen of a Minister of the Crown.

The story is creditable alike to English public life and HENRY BROADHURST's share in it. The only dark spot, lightly touched, is that wherein the petty jealousies of the class he had served since boyhood found issue in persistent calumny and organized effort to withdraw from him the support of the working man. BROADHURST met the unequal contest pluckily and straightforwardly, and in the end overcame.

With pardonable pride, the ex-stonemason habitually declined invitations to

dinner with the great. Occasionally he varied from his practice, notably in attending a little dinner given by Lord (then Sir HENRY) JAMES at Greenwich. Amongst the company were the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, DON JOSÉ, and Mr. ASQUITH. It was towards the end of the Session of 1886, when there was talk of re-union of the Liberal Party. BROADHURST surmises that this dinner was specially designed to that end. All of which makes more pointed his contribution to the conversation.

The host asked him across the table whether he had lately brought his bull-terrier down to the House of Commons.

"I replied," he writes, "I thought the time was coming when it would be necessary to bring it in order to clear out the rats. The meeting," he adds, "at once became more genial, and a very pleasant evening was the immediate outcome." The book was worth writing, if only for inclusion of this delicious passage.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

MORE DUCAL REFLECTIONS.

["The Government were justified in assuming that they still had the confidence of the country, but they should have had no right to be surprised if a different conclusion had been formed."—*The Duke of Devonshire.*]

You gentlemen of common-sense

Require no demonstration

That we possess the confidence

Of all the British nation;

Though were we in the painful plight

Of being left without it,

I do not think we've any right

To be surprised about it.

The war, of course, we've carried through

In triumph, every action

Therewith connected giving u-

niversal satisfaction;

Though had the public changed their views

As blunder followed blunder,

It had, I think, been inexcusable in us to wonder.

Tax-payers are delighted at

The new financial cycle

For which they daily breathe their gratitude to good Sir MICHAEL;

Though had their sage opinions veered, With taxes always rising,

To me it would not have appeared

Remarkably surprising.

Our social programme—Bills to house,

Our liquor legislation,

And old-age pension schemes arouse

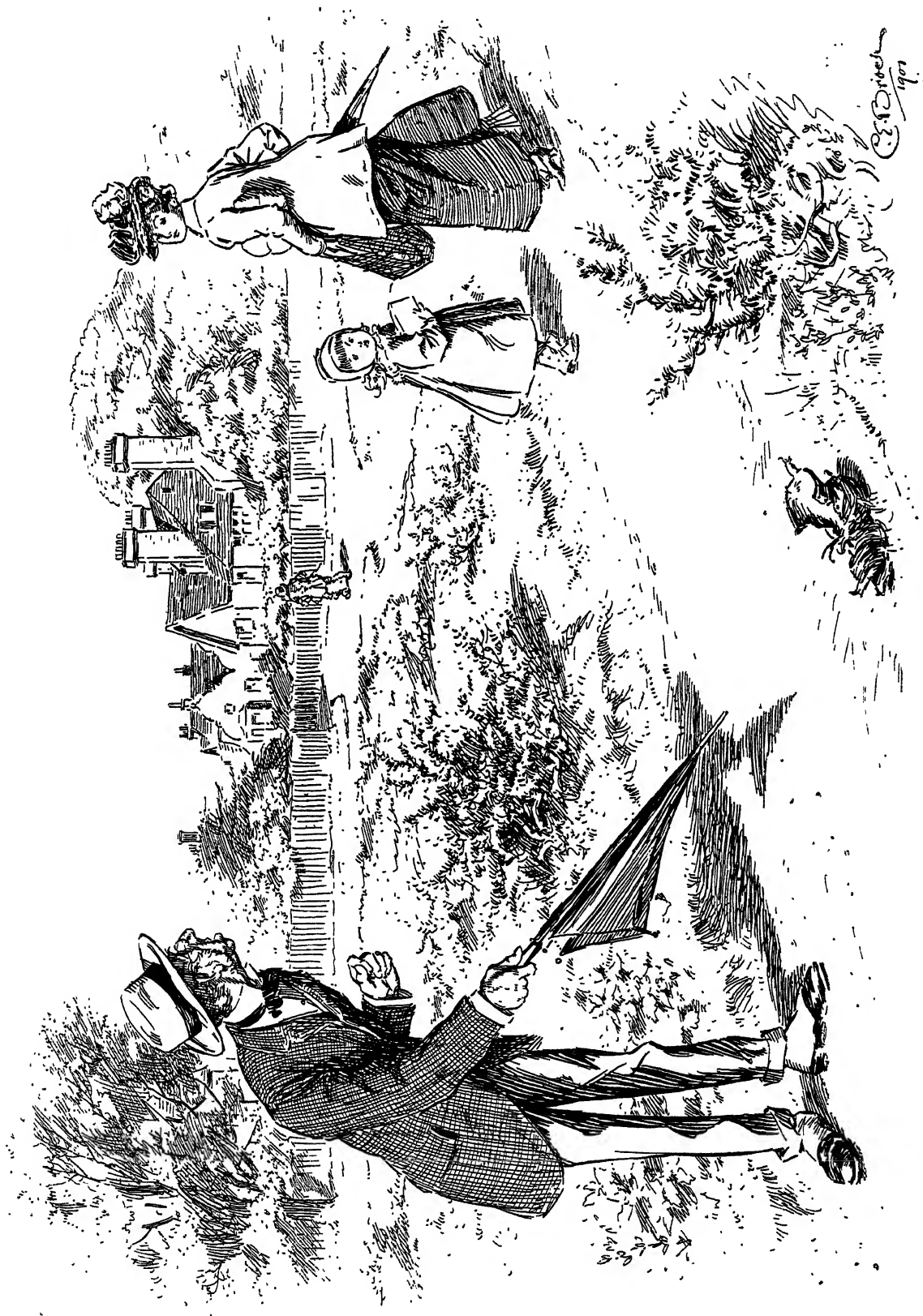
The country's admiration.

Though had they looked on what we've done

With odium unbounded,

I must confess that I, for one,

Had hardly been astounded.



Short-sighted Old Gentleman. "Excuse me, but I think you've dropped one of your parcels!"

ANOTHER "REAL CONVERSATION."

A SERIES of "Real Conversations" between that distinguished dramatic critic Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER and various prominent dramatists is now appearing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* amid thunders of applause. Mr. *Punch*, green with jealousy, has decided that he cannot allow a mere magazine to have the monopoly of these earth-shaking interviews. He has, therefore, intercepted the manuscript of a "Real Conversation" between Mr. ARCHER and Señor ECHEGARAY, whose play *Mariana*, now being performed at the Royalty, was so enthusiastically praised on its production by the critic of the *World*.

SCENE—*The Arboretum of the Playgoers' Club.* DATE—*The future.* Señor ECHEGARAY discovered in an armchair reading the "*Daily Telegraph*." To him Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER:—

W. A. (*magisterially*). Señor ECHEGARAY, I see you are reading the *Telegraph*. I should have thought that was hardly the sort of paper a dramatist should read!

Señor EcheGARAY (*unsuspiciously*). There is some other paper you would recommend, perhaps?

W. A. (*severely*). There is only one journal, my dear Sir, that need engross the attention of a person connected with play writing. I refer to the *World*. My own weekly articles on the drama appear in its columns. They, and they only, represent a true and correct judgment on such poor plays as are now produced.

S. E. Indeed?

W. A. Most certainly. You saw my article on *Mariana*, of course?

S. E. (*putting down paper*). Yes.

W. A. Powerful, wasn't it? Weighty! I compared your play to *Romeo and Juliet*, you remember.

S. E. (*yawning*). It was really very handsome of you.

W. A. (*simpering*). Not at all. You saw the connection, of course?

S. E. (*nervously*). Well, the fact is, I am not sure that I did.

W. A. (*veered*). I think that's rather dull of you. *Mariana* dies in the last act. So does *Juliet*. Both are passionately beloved. What more would you have?

S. E. (*puzzled*). That's true, of course. (*Doubtfully*) But the differences are even more considerable. *Juliet* loves her husband, and kills herself for love of him. *Mariana* hates her husband, and is killed by him for loving someone else. The parallel is not very close, after all.

W. A. (*huffed*). You think not? Well, of course, you must have your own opinion. But you will find I am right. Besides, you can't deny that they are both love tragedies!

S. E. No doubt. But—

W. A. (*triumphantly*). Well then!

S. E. (*giving up the struggle and accepting this fatuity with a good grace*). The comparison is more profound than I had imagined.

W. A. (*pleased*). I felt certain I should convince you. And now let us talk of something else. I am sure, Señor, that you cannot have been in London for even a week without realising that the English drama is in a sad condition.

S. E. You don't say so?

W. A. Positively moribund, I assure you. Not a star in its firmament, if I may so express myself. Except, of course, Mr. PHILLIPS.

S. E. PHILLIPS? I don't think I know the name.

W. A. You shock me! Our only genius. I discovered him. I always do discover people. It is my speciality. I discovered you, for instance.

S. E. I am vastly obliged to you.

W. A. But I shall come to that presently. Just now I am speaking of the state of the British Drama. In "Real Conversations" it is important to keep to the point.

S. E. (*bored*). No doubt.

W. A. The fact is, all our plays are regrettably cheerful just now. Quite healthy, in fact. There's nothing morbid about them. That's a bad sign!

S. E. Of course.

W. A. (*opening his ponderous and marble jaw for a set speech*). Dean SWIFT, you may remember, said that a nice man was a man full of nasty ideas. This applies especially to playwrights. It follows, therefore, that you cannot have really nice plays without nasty plots. And as nasty plots seem particularly scarce just now the British Drama is naturally in a bad way.

S. E. Inevitably.

W. A. What we want is a few gloomy dramatists like yourself to put things right. What with our happy endings and our unimpeachable morality our home-grown plays just now are unspeakably depressing. *Sweet and Twenty*, for instance. What a drama! The scene, a country parsonage. The end, virtue rewarded. How morbid! If only dear IBSEN—I discovered him, you know—would write another *Ghosts*, how unspeakably refreshing it would be!

S. E. (*glancing furtively at his "Daily Telegraph"*). Most refreshing.

W. A. (*sadly*). But he never will. *When we Dead awaken* showed a sad falling away. Not half full-blooded enough. Too allusive altogether.

S. E. Quite so.

W. A. (*majestically, noticing that his hearer's mind is straying to abandoned newspaper*). I was going to announce, therefore, if you are giving me your attention, that with my assistance a great future might await your dramas in England.

S. E. (*hurriedly concealing abandoned newspaper aforesaid*). You are very good.

W. A. Now that dear IBSEN's genius is so universally recognised he hardly requires all my time, and I propose to devote some of it to pressing your claims—in a translation of course—on the attention of the British public.

S. E. This is really most kind of you.

W. A. There is only one serious obstacle that I foresee.

S. E. (*smiling*). You will surmount it.

W. A. (*sternly*). I must beg you to be serious. (Señor ECHEGARAY looks glum.) The obstacle is in your name.

S. E. My name?

W. A. Yes. It will be years before even the elect will feel certain how to pronounce it. I have had the same difficulty in popularising dear MAETERLINCK. IBSEN, of course, anyone can say after a fashion. It is true they make it rhyme with GIBSON—a most regrettable error—but, at least, it does not frighten them. Your name is quite another matter. I suppose you couldn't change it?

S. E. Afraid I could hardly manage that.

W. A. (*gloomily*). It's very unfortunate. However, I shall explain to my readers that they must sneeze before attempting to pronounce it. That will get the vocal chords into the proper position. Thus:—Hu-tsschg-ray.

S. E. (*encouragingly*). Excellent. Bravo!

W. A. (*proudly*). I knew I should manage it. And now I must say good-bye. On looking through my notes I see I have done most of the talking. But that is as it should be. In an interview the person interviewed gives his views. In a "Real Conversation" the interviewer does so. That's the whole difference. Good-bye again. [*Exit busily, pocketing note-book.*]

ST. J. H.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

(By the Special Correspondent.)

Old Style—Half a Century Ago. I give more details of the latest fight. The general at sunrise ordered an attack. (*Then follow ten thousand words of descriptive matter.*) I need scarcely say that the mistakes were patent, and can easily be recounted. (*Then follow ten thousand words of criticism.*) To sum up, although the battle was not a Waterloo, still British valour was once more to the front. (*Then follow ten thousand words of eulogy.*)

New Style—Present Day. Battle over. Details anticipated by Official Despatch. No good sending any more news, as all the other fellows (thanks to the Press censor) have got the same intelligence. Question whether it was worth while going to the expense of sending us here. So wire to say am coming home. The General can do his own reporting. Don't want us.

THE MISSIONARY OF MANNERS.

["A number of New York women have started a league whose mission is to enforce politeness from the guards of trains and conductors of electric tramcars."—*Morning Leader*.]

LADIES, transatlantic ladies,
When your mission is fulfilled
Will you take a trip to England and the
speech refine and gild
Of the cabby whose response is
To his more than proper fare
An impertinent rejoinder and a 4.7 swear?

Ladies, transatlantic ladies,
Here your presence is required;
In the manners of our waiters there is
much to be desired.
Do you think from scornful gesture
You could force them to desist
When we choose the brand of claret that
is the lowest on the list?

Ladies, transatlantic ladies,
When you've finished with the masses
Will you turn attention to a section of the
upper classes?
From experience I know you
Could the manners much improve
Of the play and party-goers with the
policy of SHOVE!!

PUBLIC PASSION;

OR, 'TWIXT LOVE AND FASHION.

["During the last few years London has been getting more and more gregarious, and this season it is becoming almost Continental. We English are being infected with a passion for living in public."—*The Queen*.]

Being a Letter from Ina Sigisbie to Mrs. Selina Truman.

MY DEAREST SELINA,—I am in the greatest difficulty, and want your advice. In the first place, the War Office is being thoroughly reorganized, and EVAN has been made a major. Isn't it glorious! It is in the *Gazette* this week, and looks so smart in print. I believe he is really very, very fond of me, and if ever we are alone he will pop the momentous question. If ever we are alone! Oh, the awful thought. It seems utterly impossible. We are never at home. We even breakfast out now on the Thames Embankment, and sip our coffee and batter in the tops of our eggs to the tune of a Parisian mazurka. That's papa's idea.

Once EVAN came with the REDWRYSTS and their little Anglo-Indian set, and if ever a man's eyes spoke a tumultuous, pent-up passion EVAN's did that morning. In future, all love-making will be done by signs, because we can't make love in public, and privacy is one of the privileges of the poor. I tried to show EVAN my true feelings by raising and lowering my eyebrows, until mama asked me to try the corner of my handkerchief if I had anything in my eye, and not make such distressing grimaces. I have persuaded



She. "AND ARE ALL THESE LOVELY THINGS ABOUT WHICH YOU WRITE IMAGINARY?"
The Poet. "OH, NO, MISS ETHEL. I HAVE ONLY TO OPEN MY EYES AND I SEE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL BEFORE ME."

She. "OH, HOW I WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME!"

him to be manicured (my nails simply gleam, darling) so that we could meet, but Lord WRINKLE seems to live there. We have run into him every time.

If only we could have a meal at home, of course the thing could be managed. Even with servants coming in and out, I believe he would risk some sort of preliminary canter over the course of true love. But our meals have been arranged at all the fashionable hotels and restaurants right through the season, including dinner-parties given and accepted. We lunch invariably at Prince's, we have tea invariably at CLARIDGE'S, we have dinner invariably at the Carlton, we have supper at the New Club or the Savoy. Always surrounded by a host of chattering people, with an occasional fringe of relatives. Mama, whose energy is simply astounding, goes through it all without turning a hair. And EVAN and the moon are equally remote. What shall I do?

That spiteful Aunt EMMELINE has an eye on EVAN for MAUD (who, my dear, is as thin and hop-poley as ever), and continually throws them together. You see, not being so frightfully fashionable as us, they have some of their meals at home—doesn't it sound funny?—and ask him alone. Can't you see what a terrible strait I'm in? I'm sure he loves me as much as I adore him, and yet the dictates of fashion won't let us alone, or rather, won't let us be alone.

At the TUMNAL TINTZ'S the other night we had Bridge tables instead of *petits chevaux*, and I got EVAN for a partner for

two rubbers. Wasn't it luck! Of course whenever I had to declare trumps, I said "Hearts!" and gave him such a sweet look. And when he left the declaration to me, I said "Hearts!" with such a deep sigh, often sacrificing hundreds of points in another suit. We lost over eight pounds each, and I don't believe he saw what I meant. Love-making like this is too expensive. But what is a girl to do? I can think of nothing. Shall I send him a telegram, "Someone loves you tremendously beginning with I"? or put a line in the agony column of one of the papers, "If Major EVAN STILLWAYS will communicate, etc., he will hear of something to his advantage"? This might seem conceited. I would be ill if I thought I should be taken home. Then I could get convalescent and receive an "occasional visitor." But I believe it's fashionable to go to hospitals now and be ill among all sorts and conditions of people. Dearest and sweetest SELINA, do advise me by return.

Your unhappy
INA SIGISBIE.

THE GROWL OF A GARDENER.

THE balmy breath of Spring should bring
The buds that should so soon be flowers;
Yet I in June can scarcely sing
Of kindly May or April showers.
For buds, alack! are buds, not bloom;
We cannot bind them into posies.
That beastly East wind was their doom;
In June I want not buds but roses!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Whirligig (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by MAYNE LINDSAY, is a kaleidoscopic - cinematographic romance. Such the Baron, with his head aching after desperate struggles through its mazes and tangles, considers is a perfectly fair description of this wonderful work. "Wonderful, indeed; would it were impossible!" as the Unwieldy Lexicographer observed of a fantasia on the violoncello. *The Whirligig* is a most appropriate title for the story, which would, perhaps, not have come into existence but for the popularity of a certain kind of romance whereof *The Prisoner of Zenda* is the model. Once, in the very thickest of the tangle, the Baron endeavoured to retrace his steps to find a fresh starting point, but all in vain. And this is a pity, for the melodramatic situations are good in themselves; the duels, the hairbreadth escapes, the fights, the scrimmages are described with great spirit, and the illustrations are clever. But what the plot may be the Baron leaves to some SHERLOCK HOLMES-like critic to unravel.

Just to return for a moment to a book the Baron had the pleasure of remarking upon the other day, namely, *Sa Majesté l'Amour*, for the sake of quoting MAX O'RELL's frank appreciation "*de ce philosophe maussade* THOMAS CARLYLE," of whom he writes:—

"CARLYLE a traité le monde comme il traitait sa femme. Il lui écrivait des lettres dans lesquelles il lui exprimait tout son amour; mais quand il l'avait auprès de lui, il ne pouvait jamais réussir à trouver un mot aimable à lui dire, ce qui eût aidé à la rendre plus heureuse."

Absolutely true. The Baron can recall more than one Carlylesque philosopher, who might be fitly described as "sage and onions," with the onions for the predominant partner in this summarised character. Certainly MAX O'RELL is an amusing and a genial cynic.

Yeoman Service (SMITH ELDER)

is the title given by Lady MAUD ROLLESTON to gleanings from the diary she kept in South Africa, visiting it as the wife of an Imperial Yeomanry officer at the front. It has the charm of the lark's song, inasmuch as publication was unpremeditated. We have conveyed in simple language, suitable to the literature of private correspondence, a lady's impressions of what she saw and heard amid the stirring scenes of war. There have been some hard things said about the crusade of the West End to South Africa. Slumming being out of fashion, fine ladies took to hospital-nursing. Lady MAUD really did some practical work, setting up, principally out of her private funds, a Convalescent Home at Kimberley. All the same, when, in her journeying, she accidentally came within range of Lord KITCHENER's glance at a railway station she found it judicious to secrete herself about the premises. Lady MAUD ingeniously puts the case against herself and far less worthy searchers after a new form of excitement. Permission to go up to Lindley wheedled out of the General, and afterwards retracted, she writes: "I was horribly disappointed, but it was a great mercy I did not go. I should certainly have been very much in the way, and I might, indeed, have cost

valuable men's lives, and enough had been lost out there without that." My Baronite quite agrees with Lady MAUD.

Letters of an Eton Boy (CASSELL & Co.). "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*" "Ancient Etonians," says the Baron to himself, "will enjoy looking back on happy days at 'my Tutor's,' unhappy winter mornings at 6.30 school, haphazard saying lessons at a later hour in the dingy class-room of some strict, sharp-eyed and sharp-eared master, who was quite 'up to' those who were 'up to' him; glorious Fourths of June, the first champagne, the last swishing, the leave and licence, the delights, the dangers, and the anything-but-laborious days in the playing fields, in the Five Courts, on the Ascot Road, and, "after four," up to Surley and back again for the roll-call, when some of us were conspicuous by our "absence," and others were punished for taking on themselves to answer for us, quite by mistake, of course. Yes," repeated the Baron, pulling up short, "I've no doubt of it; there isn't an old, or let us

say an elderly, Etonian to whom this book will not come as a tickle in the ribs, waking him up to any number of pleasant memories!" In the seventeenth letter Mr. NUGENT BANKES makes his juvenile hero relate how he and the youthful Thespians at his tutor's performed a burlesque called *Villikins and his Dinah*, written aforetime by one who, when at Eton, wrote his first farce, and, with a distinguished cast, performed it in his tutor's pupil-room, the author being then about two years younger than the heroine of the old ballad on which the burlesque was founded, namely, *Miss Dinah*, who was "seventeen years old, with a very large fortune in sil-i-ver and gold." The dates of days and months head these letters, but what was the year? Whenever it was, the "slang" of the place seems to have remained unchanged since "the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago," i.e. in 1851; but there was, apparently, more work to be got through in Mr. NUGENT BANKES' time than there was



THE ONLY WAY TO ENJOY A MOTOR-CAR RIDE THROUGH A DUSTY COUNTRY. ADOPT COSTUMES OF THE ABOVE TYPE, HERMETICALLY SEALED AND WARRANTED DUST-PROOF.

at the period of the Baron's "pupil-room" days, though, judging from these letters, it doesn't follow at all that more work was done then or is done now any better than of yore. Seemingly, these later Etonians are inclined to resent having masters placed over them who had not been educated at Eton, as in the instance of "the new master named HALL," who teaches "Minerallogy." This young letter-writer stays at Eton for seven years, so was a pretty old boy by the time he took leave of the Head Master, who, of course, bade him farewell with best wishes for his happiness.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

WATERLOO UP-TO-DATE.

(A Fact.)

Belgian Guide. Ze brave PICTON 'e fall in ze arms of vic-toire—

Facetious Britisher. Where was Lord ROBERTS?

Guide (not to be done). Lord ROBERT 'e stand on zis montagne, and 'e cry, "Hoop, Garde, and at zem!"



SOCIETY'S LATEST CRAZE.

(A nice quiet game for the home.)

THIS IS ONLY A LITTLE GAME OF "PING-PONG" IN PROGRESS, AND SOME OF THE BALLS ARE MISSING!

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

SIR, you're not a bird of passage, but you sometimes, I suppose, When you're tired of pricking folly with your verses or your prose,

You must sometimes, as I fancy, take a whim to go and range To some other part of London or the country for a change.

That means hunting for a house, Sir; it's a weary job at best, Full of carking disappointments, void of happiness or rest. There are houses by the hundred, but they never seem to be Just the thing—at least, I find them quite unsuitable for me.

There are houses in Belgravia, very frowning, very tall, Storeyed palaces of stucco, with a most extensive hall; With electric light and nurseries, and a set of gloomy rooms, Like a range of mausoleums in an avenue of tombs.

There a man might live and flourish, if he cared to take his place As an undistinguished atom in illimitable space. He would find it hard at starting, but discomforts he might baulk With a telescope to see with and a megaphone to talk.

There are tidy little houses where a doll could live at ease, With her tiny cups and saucers giving everlasting teas. With my shoulders on the ceiling and my feet upon the floor, I should stay inside for ever if I once got through the door.

They have billiard-rooms, these houses, which they always advertise

As containing billiard-tables of a full and proper size.

They attract me, I admit it, but I doubt if they would do With their margins of six inches for your body and your cue.

Then the fixtures, oh, the fixtures: there are some that seem to stay,

There are some the former tenant seems to pack and take away. There are some he kindly leaves you, which are generally those That you take (although you hate them) and you pay for through the nose.

So I fancy on the whole, Sir, though I really want to go To some other part of London which is closer to the Row, I'll avoid the storeyed palace, and refuse the stuffy cram Of the tidy little doll's house, and be happy where I am.

R. C. L.

PAX VOBISCUM.

Foreigner (in Langham Place on Wednesday evening, June 19). Vy for dey fight? Is it an émeute—a revolution?

Policeman XXX (wiping the gore off his face). No, Sir; it's what they call a Peace Meeting.

[Foreigner flies, marvelling at the ways of ces drôles de Rosbifs.]

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

VI.—THE HENLEY SECTION.

Dedicated, with sincere admiration, to the Poet (not the Regatta).

- JUNE 1ST, 2ND.—Out of the large-limbed night,
Dewy and lush by tasselled glade and lawn,
The rumble and roar of roistering carts,
Insistent as the unconsolable sea,
Rolls in to Covent's ducal marts,
Groaning with vegetable greenery.
And, look, the upward lark
Urges his spiral indeterminate flight,
Thus early drunk with joy. Nay, do but hark
How the lithe milkman at his watery trade
Maddens the slumber-sodden kitchen-maid
With virile voluntaries to the dawn!
- 3RD.—Now, while the City wakes
To the old implacable game once more,
To the lucre-lust too hoary for life to slake,
Let us afield, Dear Boy, and briefly skirt
The pungent fumes of Piccadilly's floor,
And press to where the boon and buxom Park
Trembles through all her shimmering trees, alert
To breathe the inviolate incense borne
On virgin airs of morn.
- 4TH—6TH.—But lo! what artless cavalcade is here,
That spurns the Rotten Way
With strenuous four-foot thud and glimpses seen
Of middle distance, saddle and thigh between,
Worshipping, Orient-wise, the risen day?
Be still, poor fluttering heart, and vail thy fear!
This is no heathen orgie; in their eyes
I trace no hint of hierophantic mirth;
No passionate impulse fires the sombre cheek,
Sallow with crude
And unassimilated food;
Insane of appetite, but otherwise
Comparatively sane,
In these consenting solitudes,
Ere Fashion's tardier foot invade
A peace designed for penitential moods,
Unvexed of the vulgar gaze, they seek
To blood the anæmic vein
And stem the stomach's irrepressible girth.
Behold, it is the Fatty-Liver Brigade!
- 7TH. . . . The Turf
Ring—
The state of the odds by the layers of odds
Bruited preposterous
Over the railings
Into the plunger's infatuate ear.
- 8TH—10TH. In days that succeeded
The purely chaotic
Condition of Nature,
Rhymeless, amorphous,
Much like the metre
These verses are made in—
In the commencement,
As I was remarking,
Turf was a feature
In Eden, the well-known
Site of Creation.
There lay the prime horse,
Absolute, thoroughbred,
Showing no blot

In his family 'scutcheon.
Unbridled, unpaddocked,
Unnoted of tipsters,
He took through the Garden
His usual canter,
Or sat on me, downy, absorbing his meal.

- 11TH. . . . Then spake our Parent:
"Ho! what a noble beast!
He, on his backbone,
Unless I'm mistaken,
Will carry posterity
Over green places
On wings of the morning;
The joy of my offspring and pride of the Race!"

- 12TH. . . . Such was our Forefather's
Dim adumbration;
There have been other
More recent allusions
To sport on the flat;
This was the first of them;
Then and thenceforward
I am the Turf.

- 13TH—16TH. Circeling and sweeping
Round Tattenham corner,
Prone down the hillside,
The hell-trap of Holocaust,
Flashes the field.
Out on the home-straight
(Lo! where the Derby dog,
Openly imbecile,
Seizes this crucial
Occasion for crossing)
Forth fares the favourite
(CANNON to rear of him)
Rightly ignoring
The weight on his withers,
The subtly prehensile
Midget from over there;
And to the manifest
Mirth of his backers,
Lifts his homunculus
First past the post.
That is my moment,
Crowded, delirious!
What did I tell you?
I am the Turf.

The Turf

Turf—

The state of the odds by the layers of odds
Bruited preposterous
Over the railings
Into the plunger's infatuate tympanum—
I am the Turf.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

"TO INTRODUCE IT INTO CHINA."—*San Toi.*

[“An amazing story comes from China. The Heir-Apparent has, it is said, been greatly misbehaving himself and indulging in riotous pleasures. The Empress took him to task, and to her intense surprise the young man treated her to some saucy and flippant replies. It is difficult to imagine anyone being saucy and flippant with the Dowager-Empress.”—*The Globe.*]

Dowager-Empress (severely). Not liking your nicee new flends. Shall spankee spankee if you no givee them up. Last week, I see you with HO-WOT-FUN at Lun-Shon. HO-WOT-FUN plentee bad man; too mutchee Boun-Dah.

Emperor (sticking cheap cigarette in mouth and puffing smoke in "Aunt's" face.) Wot-Ho, olegal! You makee me laughee. Last night I go to Sing-Song; plenty larks. To-night, I go to

Empire—plover place for EMPEROR. Last week I go racing and lose plenty tael. Me backee everly beastlee second, and no can do a winner. Ho-WOT-FUN plente pidgin man, makee lots of oof.

Dowager - Empress (angrily). Ho-WOT-FUN lose his head if he winnee his tael! You no be flends with him, or I givee him chop chop! (*Beckoning up the Lord High Executioner.*) Whatee you do yesterday?

Emperor (reflectively). Lettee me see: I comee home with the milk, at five in mornin'. Had flee blandy sodas—eatee red herrin' for breakfast—go to Pleecee Court and pay ten tael fine for blackee poleecyman's eye. If no payee fine, must do in plison seven days. Had Lun-Shon with two Pitti La-Dis and dlive over to see Po-Lo at Hur-Ling-Hum, aftilwards—Dinee at Clubbee with ploglessive mandarin GO-ING-IT: go to Boxee matchee, and then on to Mu-sik-all and blought home aftilwards by another poleecyman! Tomoller day, olegal, I takee takce you!

"ON APPRO."

Or, How to Dress on Nothing a Year.

[Ladies have been known, it is whispered, to order articles of fashionable costume "on trial" the day before an important social event, and to return them as "unsatisfactory" the day after.]

OH, Ascot-loving maids and dames,
Divinities of high degree,
Can this be true (I name no names!)
That in the current *Sketch* I see,
How you display fine feathers free?

Fair Unknown whom I shyly viewed,
How were you singled from the rest,
The many-headed multitude
Of women, each superbly drest?
Alas! the reason's manifest!

It was the hat, supremely smart,
That graced your exquisite *coiffure*,
And captivated every heart,
The Lawn and Paddock's cynosure
Beyond all rivalry secure!

And now I deeply grieve to learn
Your triumph was by means unfair;
Your milliner explains in turn
The tale of this *confection* rare
Your ladyship had deigned to wear.

She says—how *could* you be so mean?
You ordered it "upon appro."
You flaunted in its borrowed sheen
(Madame was there to see the show—
You never dreamt that *she* would go!)

Next day she got a little note
To say you sent the headgear back—
"Twas not quite suitable," you wrote;
That milliner is looking black,
A process-server's on your track!

A. A. S.



EASY PROBLEM PICTURE. "NAME THE WINNER!"

JUDGING FROM THEIR COUNTENANCES, WHICH OF THESE TWO, WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM A RACE MEETING, HAS "MADE A BIT"?

SELF-EVIDENT.

(A Dialogue of the Day.)

Official. You think it absolutely necessary to have a large force of police in readiness?

Organiser. Certainly, supported by a strong reserve in case of need.

Off. Do you think the constables will be sufficient?

Org. Scarcely. I speak under correction, but I think the military might be also valuable.

Off. Would infantry be enough?

Org. They would be better if they could be backed up by cavalry and artillery.

Off. Would the Fire Brigade be of any assistance?

Org. Undoubtedly, for not only could the hose be turned on to objectionable persons, but water would be in abundance in case of incendiary conflagrations.

Off. The navy, of course, would not be required?

Org. Well, perhaps their services might be dispensed with, but it would be well to rely to some extent upon the marines.

Off. Is there anything else you can suggest?

Org. No, for of course we shall have our own band of well-armed supporters.

Off. I beg your pardon, but would you, please, again state the object of your meeting?

Org. The object of our meeting is the cause of Peace.

OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 15.—*Otello* in Italian. Signor TAMAGNO, appearing as the Moor, could not have had a more enthusiastic reception than that given him after his long absence from Covent Garden. There is "No Moor at present" except Tam Agno, and there won't be until August, when *Otello* has departed and sportsmen gone to the Moors. Odd, that the revival of *Otello* should have synchronised with the visit of the Moorish Embassy to London.

Madame EAMES superb as Dear *Desdemona*, but not equally great in her dramatic rendering of the Shakspearean character. Can't expect everything in perfection, especially in opera, where the motto is "singing first and acting afterwards." Plenty of enthusiasm in the audience: loud calls, then smiling recipients of "musical honours." All good, and MANCINELLI evidently delighted.

Again at the Opera must be asked the question, "*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*" And the answer must be, "Up above the 'fies' so high." Given *La Bohème*, and the supply of snow is so plentiful for that charming opera as to continue for several nights sparsely falling, quite unexpectedly, in the most unlikely places. For the sake of the Syndicate's reputation this fall should be stopped, or else the report will get about that "the House is full of 'paper.'" *Abst. omen.*

Wednesday, June 19.—MELBA to hear as *Marguerite* Is ever a genuine musical treat. To MELBA'S *Marguerite* with lovely notes, The Syndicate for *Faust* selected COATES. Whate'er the tenors whom they choose to oust, They can't make COATES to fit exactly *Faust*. "No time for measurement! take what we've got! COATES ready-made is here upon the spot," Decides Sartorial Syndicate by votes. After his *Faust* they asked, "Who'll cut out COATES?" As *Mephistopheles*, good Monsieur PLANÇON Made every note of his most fiendish *chanson* Tell with a force that charmed us one and all, Winning applause and heartiest recall. Summon'd by sounds not in the least uncertain, He and the others came before the curtain. *Faust* in best French the "principals" all sing; Not so the chorus, that's a different thing. These, without principals, or with, insist On singing in Italian as they list. Although all sang as if they were inspired, The *mise-en-scène* left things to be desired. With MANCINELLI as conductor clever, The orchestra was just as good as ever. A great success achieved, the opera ended. Alas, outside the pelting rain descended! Commissionaires, though usually dabs At swiftly running and procuring cabs, Did not, as on the other nights, abound, And sadly owned that cabs could not be found! The why or wherefore nobody explained; But one thing very certain was, it rained. The carriage folk of course were well provided, While for the rest they had to do as I did, And walk, much dreading lest we should be soured, Until we cabbied it. Oh, how we blessed *Faust*!

Thursday.—*Carmen*. Never mind whether 'tis French or Italian, and on this occasion it was in BIZET's native tongue. *Carmen*, as rendered to-night, is delightful. CALVÉ, as *Carmen*, simply perfect. All the artfulness, all the heartlessness, all the fascination of the character, all the character itself—well, who has not seen CALVÉ as *Carmen* has never *Carmen* seen. And such a caste! As *Don José*, the weak, the tortured lover, M. SALEZA is one of the best. The entire caste excellent, dramatically and musically. ANCONA, as the gay *Escamillo*, charming us with "*Toréador contento*," as if we had never heard it before. Then the humour of the two scoundrels, played, sung, and stepped by Messieurs GILBERT and FORGEUR, comes, as fresh as if the pie had only just been opened and the birds had begun to sing. The incomparable BAUERMEISTER as *Frasquita* and charming Mlle. MAUBOURG as *Mercedes* both delightful as the fascinating gipsies, Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, as the loving and trusting *Micaëla*, singing angelically and in sweet simplicity, contrasting with all the devil-may-care-iness

around her. STEDMAN'S boys up to the mark and doing their best, as if the holidays had already commenced, and Conductor M. PH. FLON conducting the orchestra with such spirit as to leave nothing to be desired except that we may see and hear many such readings of *Carmen*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Doom Castle (BLACKWOOD) is a romance happily named. By the title, Mr. NEIL MUNRO, possibly unconsciously, sounds the keynote of a story with dark and gloomy background. Whilst the reader is affected by this pervading influence, he is none the less, perhaps all the more, moved by the stirring story. Mr. MUNRO has really written a romance, a rare achievement in these prosaic days. He is the more venturesome since he has not shrunk from meeting WALTER SCOTT on his native heath, or footing it with STEVENSON in company with the kind of Scot he most affected. My Baronite doesn't particularly care for the Duke of Argyll and his Duchess, who are rather Dresden-china figures. But Count Victor is a life-and-blood Frenchman, serving admirably as a foil to the sombre Scot and the terrible weather he comes in contact with during his sojourn in the country of Argyll. *Sim MacTaggart*, the roué Chamberlain, equally successful in the boudoirs of Paris and the drear land round *Doom Castle*, is admirably drawn, as is the ruined lord of *Doom*. Best of all is *Mungo*, the factotum put to infinite shifts to make the lean larder maintain the ancient hospitality of the the Castle.

Paul le Maître, by FREDERIC CARREL (JOHN LONG), is not within measurable distance of *The Progress of Pauline Kessler* by the same author. The canvas is too crowded, and there is so very "much ado about nothing," that the reader finds himself searching for the chief persons, who are lost to sight in a crowd of nobodies and anybodies. It is a restless Zolaesque and George-Mooresque sort of novel. Of all the characters that begin well and end badly there is none that doeth good, no not one, and they all go out of their way to become abominable. There is an exception to the rule, but he is a half-hearted nonentity, a person of no importance. The chief characters are of animal type, and their squalid story, such as it is, could have been told in a very few chapters, sufficient, that is, to interest the trained skipping reader of the masculine gender, for with the gentler sex the Baron feels sure this book would find scant favour.

The Baron was under the impression that the old original "Cheshire Cheese" had disappeared with the old original "Cock Tavern," but "from information received" through the latest re-edited re-publication on this subject, entitled *The Book of the Cheese* compiled by the late T. W. REID and edited by R. D. ADAMS, M.A. (FISHER UNWIN), it appears that the ancient tavern still exists. The traditions associated with the old place are very interesting, as also are the illustrations by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., HERBERT RAILTON, PENNEL, ALLEN, and CRUIKSHANK. The form, however, of the book might, the Baron suggests, be recast with considerable advantage to the extension of its future popularity.

"The Manager of *Bradshaw's Guide* presents his compliments, and begs the Baron's acceptance of a facsimile of the first edition of *Bradshaw's Guide*." It is a gem! Perfect! A pocket guide dated October 10, 1839. Quite a curiosity. It seems that people in those days didn't want to come up to London, but ranged only about Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, there and thereabouts. Considering the novelty and the luxury, the fares were reasonable too! Worth while examining it for the sake of the few lines contained in the brochure, which at dinner-parties and in club smoking-rooms are all worth quoting.

And here is a "surprise-packet" prepared by some of Mr. *Punch's* young men, just to show him what they can do when they like, after the manner of *Todgers* ("Oh, *Todgers's* could do it when

it chose"), entitled *Punch's Holiday Book*, edited by E. T. REED, of Prehistoric Fame, and calculated to rejoice the hearts of all those who can take a holiday and with it this book, or, if unable to obtain a long or short "vac," may enjoy the sketches, poems and articles, all good and well chosen, during such time as they can spare from work. Mr. Punch, who has only just dipped into it and come up again refreshed, has one whisper for the ear of the clever collector of these well-considered trifles and well-executed cuts, which is, that to speak of "Mr. Punch" as "Punch," without the prefix of "Mister," is—ahem—well just a trifle too familiar. Does the Reedy-witted Editor of this *Holiday Book* call to mind the just indignation of the devoted Sam Weller against "some person or persons unknown" who, as he supposed, had taken liberties with the honoured name of "Pickwick"? Apart from his own hebdomadal publication, which is uniquely "Punch," he appears everywhere, and is addressed by everybody as "Mr. Punch," not a "veteran" by any manner of means, but ever young, ever wise, genial to all, satirical but kindly, and everybody's best friend. The contributors to the *Holiday Book* have done their best to "deserve success," at least, so says the benevolent

BARON DE B.-W.

LEST MEN FORGET;

Or, A Girl's best Friend is the River.

[This is to be a river season. Father Thames is an excellent matchmaker.—*Lady's Pictorial*.]

OH, what is a maid to do
When never a swain will woo;
When Viennese dresses
And eddying tresses
And eyes of a heavenly blue,
Are treated with high disdain
By the cold and the careless swain,
When soft showered glances
At dinners and dances
Are sadly but truly vain?

Ah, then, must a maid despair?
Ah, no, but betimes repair
With her magical tresses
And summery dresses

To upper Thames reaches, where
She turns her wan cheek to the sun
(Of lesser swains she will none);
Her glorious flame,

Well skilled in the game,
Flings kisses that burn like fun.

And cheeks that had lost their charm
Grow rosy and soft and warm;
Eyes lately so dull
Of sun-light are full

As masculine hearts with alarm.
For jealousy by degrees
Steals over the swain who sees
The cheek he was slighting
Another delighting,
And so he is brought to his knees.



A LONG SHOT.

(Before the commencement of the Polo Match.)

Young Lady (making her first acquaintance with the game). "OH, I WISH YOU WOULD BEGIN. I'M SO ANXIOUS TO SEE THE SWEET PONIES KICK THE BALL ABOUT!"

[Her only excuse is that she hails from a great football county.]

PABULUM.

["Mutton at every meal was not calculated to promote digestion, or to encourage the love of mutton, and the same was true of the classics."—*Lord Avebury to the Students of the City and Guilds of London Institute*.]

O COME and feast on reason's cates
And luscious fruits, on golden plates,
Outspread by education,
Come, quaff the goblet, clear and cool,
By Science at the Muses' pool
Filled for your delectation.

No longer now old classic food—
Gross gobbets, joints ill-cooked and crude
Raised by the pedant's breeding—

The gorged and jaded appetite
Shall bolt unchewed, instead of bite,
And dining be mere feeding.

For now the dainty taste may play
With lighter food, in many a way
That our skilled teachers dish us,
Who offer from their bill of fare
A morsel here, a tit-bit there,
All toothsome and delicious.

So, while the sated soul, set free
To sip of science like a bee
And shame the grosser glutton,
Culls culture (like JACK HORNER'S plum),
The classics, in the time to come,
Shall be as dead as—mutton.

BABS THE INSUFFERABLE.

An Undramatic Sequel.

THE *Hysteria*, on which BABS the Insufferable and her brother MONTACUTE were returning from their Eastern tour, steamed slowly into Plymouth Sound.

The news of her arrival struck a chill into the heart of Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE, which even the presence of salmon mayonnaise on the menu at luncheon failed to dispel.

"We must really get married at once," she said to Mr. JELLIBOND TINNEY, as she helped herself for the fourth time. "Then we can go away and settle somewhere else, and BABS can live at Dane Court with her brother. He will be of age in a few weeks."

"Do you think MONTACUTE will stand that?" enquired JELLIBOND, dubiously.

"Of course he will," replied Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE, helping herself to a cutlet. "MONTACUTE is curiously stupid. He quite likes BABS. If he didn't he would not have taken her abroad with him."

"Let us hope that travelling will not have sharpened his intelligence," said JELLIBOND. "When will they be here?"

"I expect them to dinner."

JELLIBOND groaned. "You had better ask the CADENHOUSES to dine too," he suggested. "It will give BABS someone to be rude to besides ourselves."

"How thoughtful you are, JELLIBOND," said Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE. "I will write to them directly after luncheon. Shall I tell them BABS will be here?"

"Not if you want them to come," answered JELLIBOND, grimly.

BABS's greeting to her family, on her arrival, was characteristic. Tea was in the drawing-room when she entered, and Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE was preparing to attack her fourth muffin.

"Hallo, mother!" she said. "Still eating! If you don't take care you'll die of apoplexy."

"Really, BABS, how can you say such things!" replied her mother, nervously.

"You here too, TINNEY?" she went on, turning to JELLIBOND. "Hanging on to the *mater's* skirts as usual."

"My dear BABS, is that a way to address your future father-in-law?" JELLIBOND asked with heavy geniality.

"Oh, hang fathers-in-law!" said BABS. "I wish the relationship didn't exist."

"So do I," JELLIBOND answered sweetly.

When the CADENHOUSES arrived she greeted them in her usual sprightly manner.

"You're looking more than usually plain this evening, Aunt LORRAINE," she said, as they sat down to dinner. "I wonder why CADENHOUSE married you instead of me."

"That's easily answered," replied her aunt, acidly. "He thought he would rather be your uncle than your husband."

"Had you there, BABS!" MONTACUTE observed from his end of the table.

"Shut up, 'Cute," his sister answered. "One rude person is quite enough in any family."

"I do hope you're not going to quarrel, children," said Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE, anxiously. "It will quite spoil my dinner."

"I don't think *that* will, *mater*," answered BABS; "you're too fat as it is, *mater*."

CADENHOUSE gasped.

"Is she always like this at home?" he murmured to his wife.

"Always," replied Lady CADENHOUSE.

"It is her idea of humour."

"What an escape I had!" thought CADENHOUSE.

"When are you going to be married, *mater*?" asked MONTACUTE, presently. Abruptness was a peculiarity of the KINGCONSTANCE family.

"As soon as we can find a house, dear," said his mother.

"JELLIBOND heard of one in Gloucestershire the other day."

"If you imagine I'm going to bury myself in Gloucestershire, you're much mistaken," said BABS.

"Of course not," said Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE, greatly relieved; "you will stay here with 'CUTE.'"

"Thank you," put in MONTACUTE, drily; "I would rather you left me out of your arrangements."

"But you know you will like to have your sister with you," said Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE, persuasively.

"My dear mother, do be serious," answered MONTACUTE. "Is it likely that I should like BABS to live with me? Would anybody like it? Do you like it yourself?"

"No," said his mother, "I'm afraid I don't."

"No more should I," said MONTACUTE decisively.

Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE wrung her hands. "JELLIBOND said this would happen," she moaned, "and I didn't believe him. Was ever anything so unfortunate!"

"Cheer up, *mater*," said BABS, coming to the rescue, "I shall be all right. I'll go and stay with CADENHOUSE."

"Pardon me," returned Lady CADENHOUSE, "you will do nothing of the kind. Nothing would induce me to consent to such an arrangement."

"You are always so selfish, LORRAINE," said Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE, plaintively. "It's in the family, I suppose."

"When I have the misfortune to have a niece whose manners are absolutely insufferable," snapped Lady CADENHOUSE, "I can scarcely be blamed for not wishing to have her permanently in my house."

"Cat!" interjected BABS.

"I think, perhaps, I have a suggestion which might meet the difficulty," said JELLIBOND gently.

"You are always so clever, JELLIBOND," said Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE.

"A life spent in compounding American drinks, and in the practise of hypnotism to induce people to swallow them, tends to sharpen the faculties," JELLIBOND observed modestly.

"Go ahead, TINNEY," said BABS.

"My suggestion is," JELLIBOND said sweetly, "that this young lady should be given an allowance—a small allowance—by her mother, and go and 'live her life.' I think that is the phrase. She might then indulge in any eccentricities of deportment which she fancies without annoying her relatives."

"But she can't possibly live by herself," put in Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE. "She will want a chaperon."

"BABS is so very modern that that perhaps might be dispensed with," replied JELLIBOND. "Besides, I doubt whether you could get any chaperon to stay. Chaperons are very independent nowadays. They are almost as bad as housemaids."

"That is true," said Lady CADENHOUSE.

"If, however, you dislike the idea of her living alone," JELLIBOND went on, "she might, perhaps, board with Mrs. GRAND, or share rooms with the Heavenly Twins. Or she might live at one of those advanced clubs, where the food is cheap and the committee are not too particular. Ultimately, of course, she would start a crusade. Disagreeable women always end by starting crusades. But I daresay you would not object to that."

"Not at all," said Mrs. KINGCONSTANCE. "It all sounds very suitable. When do you think she could start, LORRAINE? Would to-morrow be too soon?"

"Nothing could possibly be too soon," replied Lady CADENHOUSE.

And that was the end of BABS the Insufferable.

ST. J. H.

A WANDERING IN WIERTZLAND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It was WILSON WAGGLETHORPE who conceived the idea of wandering to Wiertzland. He had never set eyes on the paintings of the weird impressionist, but somewhere or another he had come across a reputed portrait of the eccentric Belgian, and thenceforth his mind became, if I may so put it, be-Wiertzed. He was certain that WIERTZ was the grandest limner who had ever existed in the land of D. TENIERS and P. P. RUBENS. And I was so persuaded by WAGGLETHORPE that, lo, and behold! one fine evening found us crossing the North Sea on board of the G. E. R.'s comfortable ship the *Colchester*.

I cannot say, before we retired to rest, that WAGGLETHORPE'S conduct was in any way extraordinary; but the next morning, when I ascended on to the deck to survey the very red, green and yellow hues (representing houses, meadows and water)

of the Scheldt and country, I was surprised, when my friend drew me on one side, and whispered, "Look, there is WIERTZ in the flesh." He pointed to a gentleman who had no peculiarity about him, in so far as I could see, but the fact that he wore a Peagreen Waistcoat. He might have been WIERTZ, but his flesh was not superabundant, and he was drinking rum and milk, and not, as might have been supposed, Wiertz-key and water. His appearance, however, greatly impressed WILSON WAGGLETHORPE, who, relying upon the authenticity of the WIERTZ likeness (cut out of an American paper), still asserted that it was the painter *redivivus*. The portrait, I afterwards discovered, was that of a Texan filibuster; but let that pass—as he did—away.

On arrival at Antwerp, WILSON WAGGLETHORPE immediately proceeded to provide himself with the coins of Belgium and several other Continental states. I may here state that this monetary collection comprised (1) a two-franc piece bearing the image and superscription of pear-headed LOUIS PHILIPPE, (2) a coin with a female figure supposed to be Helvetia, (3) a solid piece of silver revealing very indistinctly the features of the Ré Galantuomo VICTOR EMMANUEL, (4) a Greek token of dubious minting, (5) a Wallachian para; and (6) what looked like a Nijni-Novgorod goods label, together with other currency, all of which was refused by the subjects of King LEOPOLD.

Now, it so happened that when WAGGLETHORPE was collecting his cash, there appeared at the self-same house of call the Man in the Pea-green Waistcoat, otherwise WIERTZ restored like an Old Master. WAGGLETHORPE immediately put down his income of dubious doubloons to the malevolent influence of the stranger. A curious theory, considering his infatuation for WIERTZ's work, which he had never seen. And also, curiously enough, on six separate occasions, when WAGGLETHORPE was endeavouring to pass away the coins, WIERTZ's double appeared—once at the Zoo, when WILSON was paying for some nuts for the monkeys; again, at the Music Hall just after a spirited artist had done seven "turns" in unbroken succession; again, in the *wagon-lit* carriage, bound for Brussels, when my friend was attempting to compel the *contrôleur* to give him whiskey, which he did not sell; also, when he was stealing away from a cab; and, lastly, when he was trying to defraud a bookstall clerk in respect of a Tauchnitz novel. On each and every occasion there was the Man in the Pea-green Waistcoat, surveying WAGGLETHORPE with an unearthly and undeniable smile.

On arrival at Brussels we chartered a driver to take us to the Musée Wiertz. The charioteer swore that he



THE SALE OF INTOXICANTS TO CHILDREN BILL.

"IT'S ANOTHER HINJUSTICE TO HUS POOR WIMMEN, IT IS! THEY WON'T LET US SEND THE KIDS FOR IT NOW, AN' IF MY HELDEST BOY GOES FOR IT 'E 'AS 'ARF OF IT 'ISSELF, 'AN' IF MY OLD MAN GOES 'E NEVER COMES BACK; SO THE HEND OF IT IS, I 'AVE TO GO FOR IT MYSELF!"

had never heard of the establishment, but by dint of promises of *pourboires* he finally, after taking us to a horticultural show, a home for sick animals, and the Hotel de Ville, brought us to the desired edifice. WAGGLETHORPE immediately glued his eyes to the little holes through which the visitor gazes at the Wiertzian spectres. He chuckled with delight, and was also much taken with a delineation of NAPOLEON I., in a warmer place than the Tuileries was supposed to be before it was burned by the Communists. Then he turned round and selected several catalogues and photographs, and I saw him hand the LOUIS PHILIPPE coin to the

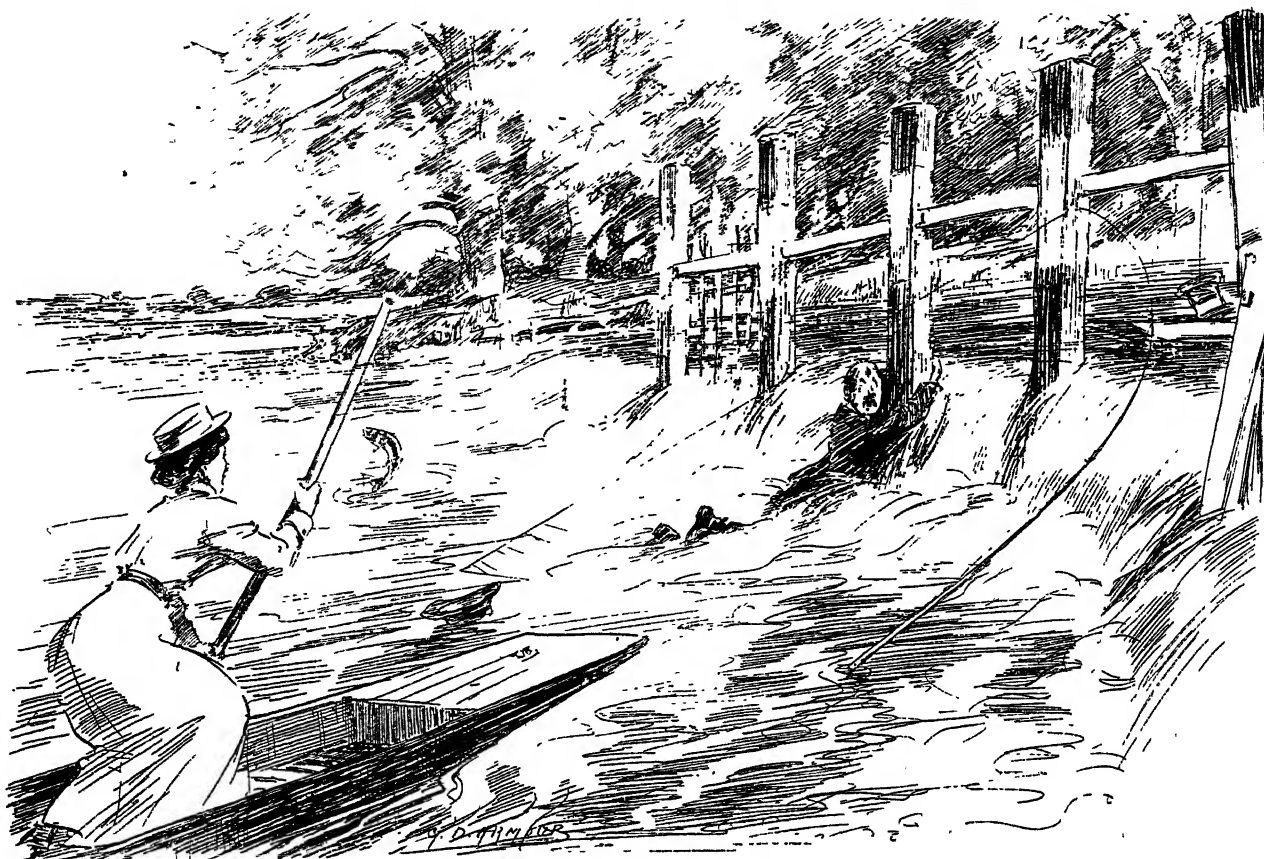
attendant. The latter raised his head and said, in unmistakable and coarse English, "Look 'ere, governor, 'adn't you better drop it?" It was the Man in the Pea-green Waistcoat!

WAGGLETHORPE gave a fearful yell, and flinging down the whole of his base metals, fled from the Museum.

I met him subsequently at the Gare du Nord, wrestling with much absinthe. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I was right. That man was WIERTZ, after all."

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Your obedient Servant,
NICHOLAS NIBBS.

Doggerbank House, Fulwell.



NIL DESPERANDUM.

Tomkins (who has hooked his first Thames trout, fallen out of his punt, and come over the weir). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY BRING ME MY ROD, AND PLEASE KEEP THE POINT WELL UP, AND GIVE HIM PLenty OF LINE!"

"STRANDED."

[*"MR. RITCHIE is to be asked whether he has observed the loss and inconvenience arising from the consecutive manner in which numerous authorities 'take up' the most frequented streets."*—*Daily Telegraph.*]

(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

LONDONERS will rejoice to hear that the passage of the Strand and Fleet Street has at length been forced. For many weary months this strongly entrenched position has held out against the traffic, not one-tenth part of which has been able to pass. The enemy's earthworks, fosses and artificially-made barricades of scaffold poles have been so well held by strong bodies (especially strong when the weather has been at all warm) that the citizens have almost despaired of ever "getting through." But under cover of the darkness last night, General Omnibus's contingent, in the absence of most part of the enemy on public (house) duty succeeded in forcing the passage.

This morning, terms of peace have been arranged. On condition that the citizens do not press their advantage, the Trades Unions controlling the working army have agreed that at the end of five years, when the indentures of the apprentices (whom they are now instructing in landscape gardening in the London streets) shall have run out, they will once more allow the general body of Londoners to use their own roads. These terms were accepted without demur, as being much more favourable than any which the hapless citizens had ever expected.

SECOND-DAIRY EDUCATION.—Instruction in turning cream into butter.

PETERED OUT.

My love, I cannot make you any verses,
I've used up every single rhyme I know.
My still-born stanzas merely end in curses,
Prosaic wrath your former poet nurses,
And more, my dear, what infinitely worse is,
BROWN makes his go.

BROWN, who could never shine among the shiners,
BROWN, who was envious of the praise I got,
Least useful of the wretched penny-a-liners,
One of the legion of perpetual whiners,
Sits high amongst the most luxurious diners,
And I do not.

My love, the songs I made to give you pleasure
Brought me my name and ruined me completely,
For I have spent the last of all my treasure,
Squandered for you Love's last mellifluous measure,
Sung all my voice away through work and leisure—
Sung far too sweetly;
But though I starve, now I can sing no more,
I keep the love that made me sing before.

WHY was the stable door locked when the horse had bolted?
To keep the "chaff" from getting about!

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR A WELSHER.—Cut and (don't) come again.



PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.

DAME HARCOURT. "AHA! AT LAST HE IS PLAYING SOMETHING DISTINCTLY RESEMBLING AN AIR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 17.—No use shirking fact that REDMOND *Cadet's* comrades look upon him with newly-born suspicion. Constitutionally quick-witted, familiar by pained experience, from the days of SADLER downwards, with the tendency of patriots to make personally advantageous terms with the Saxon, they don't like the *Cadet's* goings-on to-night. They may do him injustice; certainly the circumstance is peculiar. Except that his legs are more substantial, his voice more resonant, he in relation to public life recalls Mr. *Sim Tappertit*, captain of the 'Prentice Knights, later, when times grew stirring, known as The United Bulldogs. He has the ponderous gravity, the occasional aloofness, the fatal fluency, and, above all, the boundless ambition of the politician who disturbed the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND.

It must also be said that to one of his temperament and ability the situation is tempting. It is true C.B. is nominally leader of the Liberal Party, and the other night the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD amicably dined in his company. But the Liberal Party is at least a Trinity of organism. To-night one section of it has come to the fore. Taking no counsel with Front Bench, LLOYD-GEORGE moved adjournment in order to hold up to contempt and detestation of delighted foreigners his countrymen, who at the close of more than eighteen months' hard fighting and incessant toil are doing their best for the women and children abandoned by the Boers. Amid rapturous cheers from "the foreign element" in the House, boasted of by REDMOND *Ainé*, LLOYD-GEORGE denounced Englishmen in charge of the refugee camps as guilty of deliberate ill-treatment of women and children, a parallel for which he found only in the dealing of Spain with Cuba.

JOHN ELLIS, not to be outdone, likened state of things under British flag to the Black Hole of Calcutta. BRYN ROBERTS, happily inarticulate, bobbed up and down on the Bench and shook his gory hat at the Secretary of State for War. That man of Peace, Captain PRIE, gnashed his teeth over Mr. HALDANE, whose judicial habit led him to invite production of proof of the infamies charged against absent men.

REDMOND *Cadet* saw his opportunity, and seized it by the hair. Hero were sheep—or, in recognition of their belligerent attitude, rams—without a shepherd. Now was the time to strike in, and show them where one was to be found. He could rant with the loudest of them. To denounce anything British, to bring gross charges against anyone bearing the commission of the Sovereign, or endowed with the authority of the Executive, had been his pastime from boyhood. If Englishmen and Welsh-

men were fouling the national nest, should an Irish Member refrain from applauding them? REDMOND *Cadet* thought not.

Moreover, there was the ulterior motive suspected by PATRICK O'BRIEN, sniffed at by Mr. FLAVIN. Last Session REDMOND *Cadet* was one night discovered on the Front Opposition Bench. The incident was regarded at the time as a mere ebullition of the high spirits which sometimes tempt the street *gamin* to walk behind an unconscious swell mimicking his manner. To-night there is uneasy suspicion in the Irish camp that it had deeper meaning.

and gazing reflectively round the House, he asked another. "What is small coal?"

JOICEY, sitting opposite, thrust his hand in his trousers' pocket and drew it forth with look of keen disappointment on a face prematurely seamed with the Shilling Coal Tax. "The Right Hon. Gentleman," he said, "should give notice of that Question." If he had only known, he would have brought down a handful of small coal, which, chucked at the head of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, might have carried conviction. As it was, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, ignoring in-



A STUDY IN LATTERDAY "LIBERALISM."

Warm and tolerant reception of a good Liberal who ventured to hazard the assertion that in all probability our fellow-countrymen in South Africa were *not* engaged in carrying through a wanton and criminal war with the grossest barbarity to women and children. These outrageously "Jingo" sentiments were naturally received with every symptom of horror and detestation on the Radical benches.

(Mr. H-l-d-ne, K.C.)

Why should REDMOND *Cadet* play second fiddle among Irishmen below the Gangway when he might lead at least a section of the historic Liberal Party? Listening to tirades delivered below and above the Gangway on Opposition side, there seems distinct appropriateness in the bold scheme born to-night in a busy brain.

Business done.—Factories' Bill read a second time, at the fag end of a sitting whose freshest hours were snatched for surprise attack on the caretakers of the Boer refugees.

Tuesday night.—"What is a pound?" asked a great financial authority long since gathered to his fathers. The ingathering took place before the problem was solved. SARK says, in the Bankruptcy Court of to-day, a pound varies. Sometimes it's one and threepence; occasionally it runs up to fifteen shillings. The remark seems inconsequential. It was Sir ROBERT PEELE's classic question the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had in his mind when, leaning his elbow on the box

terrurpion, repeated the enquiry, "What is small coal?"

Echo answered, "What?" And there was no other response. Even the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD who, since he migrated to Monmouthshire, has become personally acquainted with the Coal Industry, had no readier or fuller reply. Difficulty arose on rumour that, his heart softening towards the ruined millionaires of the coal mines, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had been tempted to reduce by one-half the export duty on small coal. ST. MICHAEL now explained he was quite ready to take that step. But whilst meditating on it he found himself faced by the problem he had stated.

Others of analogous form have proved not impregnable.

"What is Truth?" asked the Sunday School teacher of attentive class. "Please, Sir, it's sixpence," answered a small boy whose father was in the bookstall business.

"What is small coal?" the CHANCELLOR

OF THE EXCHEQUER asked for the third time, and over the silent House there broke no murmur of response.

Business done.—Civil List Bill read a third time.

House of Lords, Thursday night.—The MARKISS has infinite scorn for his fellow men. It is intensified in contemplation of the assembly in which, nearly sixty years ago, Lord ROBERT CECIL won his spurs. Would rather not allude to its existence. If it be forced on his unwilling attention waives it off with contemptuous gesture. When, as to-night, House of Commons is bracketed with what the MARKISS calls "the Drunkards' Bill" (it is really the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER'S) his contempt becomes vitriolic. Bill coming up for third reading, SPENCER wanted to know what course Government would take in the Commons. Would it be carried through this session?

"That depends," snapped the MARKISS, "upon the action of persons with whom the noble EARL has closer political connection than I can claim."

All he could say was that the Measure would appear with a Ministerialist asterisk affixed. A sign, he believed, which "meant so much in another place."

Poor, pallid print can convey no idea of the scorn conveyed in this reference to the House of Commons' custom whereby Ministerial Bills are distinguished on the Orders of the Day by an asterisk. "Starving a Bill," it is called in that poor, maudlin assembly. Contemplation of the process increased the MARKISS'S amusement at the childishness of the House of Commons. Pressed to say whether the Licensing Bill would be similarly distinguished on its Agenda, he became almost funny.

"I am not," he said, "invested with the power of distributing these much envied stars. If the noble lord will give me a day's notice, I will tell him something about that form of astronomy."

Noble Lords loyally, not too loudly, laughed. They knew by hearsay of the existence of the House of Commons. They even have heard some talk of a pretension or desire on its part to abolish the House of Lords! It was scarcely worth noticing; but well enough to have it occasionally snubbed in this exquisitely humorous fashion.

"When I hear the MARKISS referring to the House of Commons," said the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, "it subtly conveys to my mind the impression that he is holding it out with a pair of tongs whilst he talks over its head."

Business done.—Budget Bill further discussed in the Commons.

Friday night.—Committee of House of Lords have taken in hand subject of the Declaration made by Sovereign on his Accession that justly and deeply affronts our Catholic fellow citizens. ATTORNEY-

GENERAL FOR IRELAND tells me he has received from an Orange Lodge in Belfast copy of a resolution just passed. It approves and applauds the barbaric phrase on the ground that it is "a great bulwark of civil and religious liberty." When we come to think of it, recalling the objectionable phrase and all it implies to the detriment of some millions of fellow-citizens, this is the grimmest piece of unconscious humour I recall.

Mr. GLADSTONE once told the MEMBER FOR SARK he well remembered in his early days, on taking his seat in the House of Commons reciting and subscribing an Oath of Allegiance equally offensive to Catholic citizens.

"On one occasion," Mr. G. said, "following on a general election, I sang the words very small so as not to offend the just susceptibilities of DANIEL O'CONNELL, who stood close by me taking the Oath in the form then specially prescribed for Catholics."

Business done.—Scotch Votes in Committee.

TO SHAKSPEARE AND HIS WORKS.

MARRED, murdered, misquoted,
Adapted, mistaken;
And volubly voted
The product of Bacon,
And prefaced with comment,
Abridged, annotated,
By men of no moment
Curtailed and collated.

Sold, sold, sold and re-sold,
Bound, bound, bound again,
With edges and tops gold,
Or sprinkled or plain.
The Poems in vellum,
The Dramas in cloth:
And together they sell 'em,
Or separate, or both.

Recited and acted,
And bellowed and spouted,
Extracted, redacted,
By amateurs shouted,
And edited, edited
By old or new men,
And frequently credited
With some acumen.

Rhymed, sonnet-ed, ode-d
In immature verse
With eulogy loaded,
Or just the reverse.
Imitated, dissected
And parodied, too,
Essayed and Selected
For someone's Review.

Trimmed, twisted, translated,
To suit every tongue,
Pruned, cut, expurgated
(A gift for the young),
Explained, illustrated,
And turned into prose,
Criticized, emendated!
And read? Goodness knows!

A SONG OF SCIENCE.

[The United States Fisheries Commission are making efforts to evolve some hybrid fish of an entirely new type by mixing the eggs at spawning time. . . . Another marvel which will possibly be produced is the turtle with an edible shell, by crossing the soft-shell crab with a terrapin.]—*Daily Paper.*

O LIST while I sing
You the following song,
Quite a short little thing
That will not keep you long,
In praise of American science,
Which appears to be going it strong.

We know that our kin
Work wonders not small;
A yarn they can spin
Out of nothing at all,
And on the most slender foundations
Build stories amazingly tall.

For turtle, as such,
No longer they wish,
They are seeking a much
More luxurious dish,
So, instead of just crossing the fish-pond,
They've taken to crossing the fish.

To soften the shell
Is their object and care,
And they've managed quite well,
As you're doubtless aware,
In doing the trick with their nut trees—
At least, they're all colonels out there;

And before this same year
Has worn itself out,
We shall all of us hear
Of fresh wonders, no doubt,
That they've crossed a cucumber with
salmon,
And Whitstable oysters with stout.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I perceive that there is a movement on foot, initiated by the Patriot DOOGAN, M.P., for teaching the Irish language to the youthful REDMONDS and HEALEYS of the Emerald Isle. I am sorry that the Government has not acquiesced in the motion. I, myself, would bring in a measure compelling all Hibernian Members of Parliament to denounce (they never speak) in their native tongue. Just fancy the rapture with which they would inveigh in a language incapable of comprehension by a single Sassenach! And what a mighty relief to the other legislators! If necessary, the Speaker might be provided with an Anglo-Irish Dictionary, or possibly a new post (open to Nationalists only) might be created, viz., Interpreter for Ireland.

Trusting that my suggestion may be supported by you.

I am, yours obediently,

LINDLEY MURRAY WALKER.

The College, Torkington-on-the-Marsh.



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